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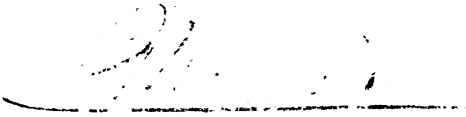

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Mirror

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PREFACE.

REFLECTIVE Reader, we submit to you our Miscellany of the last Six Months, in the confident hope that we have successfully garnered its contents for your entertainment and instruction. Of this two-fold object we have been mindful in every column; for,

> Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,
> With all the bounteous summer's store,
> If the mind thirst and hunger still:
> The poor rich man 's emphatically poor.

Thus the sober and sincere old Cowley sang, nearly two centuries since, mayhap beneath his porch at Chertsey; and the truth of his axiom has ripened in our days a thousand-fold.

The present volume is rife with Memorials of Eminent Persons; a class of Illustrations with which we are ever anxious to grace our pages. Among them we may name the Mausoleum of Marshal Saxe, a Continental wonder; a portrait of the First English General, "the earliest master in the science of Turenne and Wellington;" a portrait of Sir Thomas White, one of the British benefactors; Brustolini's Statues of the Protestant Reformers, admirable as works of art, and valuable as historical portraitures; Lacock Abbey, and the chivalric history of its pious Foundress; Penshurst Place, and the Sydneys, a pleasant piece of antiquarianism; the Gold Medal presented by Charles I. to the faithful Bishop Juxon; and Two Monuments set up within the year—to James Watt and to Sir Richard Keats. To these may be added an exquisite Vignette of the Birthplace of Cowper; and a view of the retreat of Wordsworth, among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland; with a Portrait of the Reformer of Poetry.

The Public Improvements in the Metropolis have yielded five striking novelties; as the Pantheon Bazaar in

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Oxford-street, a tasteful enterprise; the New Receiving House in Hyde Park, and the City of London New School.—interesting monuments of British humanity and philanthropy. Next is the Catholic New Church, St. John's Wood; and the Interior of the Adelaide Gallery, with many details of the scientific productions assembled therein.

The published Travels of the period have furnished a few subjects of note and interest: as the Tombs of the Memlook Kings of Egypt, and the Pyramids of Meroe; an inhabited tree in Caffraria; Cape Horn and a condensed description of that inhospitable shore; and a Tiger Hunt in India. The novelties in Natural History obtained from similar sources are the Proteus, with its anomalous economy; and the Italian Tailor-bird, and its Nest, a result of wisdom and contrivance not to be passed over.

To point at the other attractive pieces would occupy more space than we can command: but, it may be mentioned that, independently of the kind aid of our Correspondents, we have written, condensed, and re-written papers, including notices of New Books, nearly to the extent of one-fifth of the whole volume. The information thus conveyed will, we trust, be found of sterling worth, and, in every-day parlance, up to the spirit of the times. Olden literature has not, however, been neglected: for, as well observed by Sir William Temple, "books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed."

In conclusion, we thank our Correspondents for their co-operation and suggestions, and our Subscribers for their continued support; and we promise renewed exertion in our ensuing volume.

London, December 21, 1835.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the founder of the Lake School of Poetry, was born in 1770, of a respectable family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. He received his early education at the grammar-school at Hawkshead, where he greatly excelled in his classical studies. Here his taste for poetry illustrated the truth of his own maxim in after life:

The Child's the Father to the Man;

for, at the early age of thirteen, he is said to have written the following sonnet:—

Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale and mountain, and the starless sky,
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt and home-created, seems to heal
That grief for which the senses will supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My friends! restrain
These busy cares that would allay my pain:
Oh! leave me to myself; nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

In 1787, Mr. Wordsworth removed to Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. and M.A. In one of the long vacations, he made a pedestrian tour on the Continent, the poetical impressions of which he published in 1793, in a volume of Descriptive Sketches, which occasioned Coleridge to remark: "Seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original, poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." In the same year, Wordsworth published An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady. Both these poems contain many fine specimens of picturesque description; but, it is curious to observe how different is their style from that which the writer afterwards adopted.

On Wordsworth's quitting college, he visited various parts of England; and, at length, settled at the foot of the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire, in a romantic, old, family mansion of the St. Aubyns, which was then in the possession of a friend of the poet, who gave him the free use of it. In this neighbourhood also, at Nether-Stowey, lived Coleridge. The two young poets passed much of their time in rambling among the hills or on the sea-shore. Mr. Wordsworth was then a friend, and Mr. Coleridge an enthusiast, of liberty; which circumstance led to a ludicrous suspicion of their being two dangerous jacobins. They, however, were only plotting a poetical reform; for, here, Mr. Wordsworth planned and partly wrote, his Lyrical Ballads, as an experiment to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetical diction, and making use only of such words as had, probably, been common in ordinary language since the days of Henry II. A volume of the Ballads was published in 1798, which was reprinted in 1807, when an additional volume appeared.

Of Wordsworth's habits and personal appearance at this date, we gather

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some traits from a delightful paper* in the Liberal; the writer of which describes the poet's figure as gaunt and Don-Quixote-like, and quaintly dressed in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll—a lounge in his gait: a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples; a fire in his eye; an intense, high, narrow forehead; a Roman nose; cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling; and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. He spoke with a mixture of clear, gushing accents in his voice, a deep, guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern burr. One day, Wordsworth read his friends the story of Peter Bell in the open air; when the comment made upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics. In his recitation was a chant which acted as a spell upon the hearer, and disarmed his judgment; his manner was equable, sustained, and internal; he always wrote, (if he could,) walking up and down a straight gravel-walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption.

In 1798, Wordsworth, in company with his sister, revisited the Continent. In 1803, he settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland: in the same year, he married a Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, by whom he has several children. He next removed to Rydal Mount, Westmoreland, where he resides to the present time.†

In 1809, Mr. Wordsworth published his only prose production,‡ a pamphlet Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each other; the object of which publication was to recommend a vigorous prosecution of the war in Spain.

In 1814, appeared in quarto, the first Part of Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion, which contains some of the finest of his narrative poems, and is as original in its composition and subjects, as it is honourable to the taste and benevolence of the writer. His other poems are as follow: the White Doe of Rylstone, founded upon a tradition of Bolton Priory, 4to., 1815; a Thanksgiving Ode, January 13, 1816, and other minor pieces, 1816; Peter Bell, a Tale in Verse, 1819; the Wagoner, 1819; the River Duddon, a Series of Sonnets; Vaudracour and Julia, with other pieces, 1820; Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820, 1822; and Ecclesiastical Sketches published in the same year. Most of these works have been several times reprinted; the last edition appearing in four volumes in the year 1834; since which have been published Yarrow Revisited and other poems, noticed and quoted in vol. xxv. of the Mirror. A volume of Selections from Mr. Wordsworth's Poems has likewise been printed, by the poet's permission, for the use of schools.

To this bare enumeration of Mr. Wordsworth's poems, we can but add a glance at his genius. He is, with propriety, styled the Reformer of Poetry; and though his theories have been, for many years, controverted by critics of every grade, they have made more progress in public opinion within the last ten years than the previous thirty. This is late justice; but, happily it comes in time to gild the sunset of the poet's life; for, to be only esteemed after death is but a poor recompense for being treated with neglect while we are living.§ Foremost among Mr. Wordsworth's reforms are the improvement of poetical diction, and the association of poety with philosophy, so as to carry out the high, moral aim of the latter with the inherent beauty of the former. Poetry is, in some particulars, more plainly spoken than she was used to be; and some things are now called by their right names which were before consi-

* My First Acquaintance with the Poets, vol. ii.

† An Engraving of Mr. Wordsworth's cottage at Rydal will be found at page 433 of the present volume.

‡ Excepting a Description of the Scenery of the Lakes, appended to the River Duddon, and subsequently reprinted in a Pocket Guide form.

§ An Estimate of the Genius of Wordsworth will be found appended to our notice of his last volume, Yarrow Revisited, in the Mirror, vol. xxv., 346.

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dered to be more favourably presented to the poetical reader under any other denominations than those which belong to them in real life. The writer of these observations, after acknowledging Mr. Wordsworth as the greatest poet and philosopher of his age, asserts that his poetry "is endowed with a beauty, which does not, like the toys and gauds of metricious verse, grow dim to the eyes of age; but, such as it is to us in our youth it remains, whilst life and intelligence remain, extending its influence in proportion as we advance in years, and seek to substitute for naturally declining excitabilities, the scene of dignity and power, of solid intellectual aggrandizement and moral purification."*

Specimens of the simple yet majestic beauty of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry would lead us many pages beyond our limit. In the last edition of his works, there are contained no less than between three and four hundred sonnets. To none of the minor forms of poetry are his powers better adapted than to the sonnet; there is none to which discrimination of thought and aptitude in language are more essential; and there never was a poet who reached so far to perfection in these particulars as Mr. Wordsworth. Witness:

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic! you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound.
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas! too few!

"When have poetry and criticism mingled more genially than in these fourteen lines of rapid retrospect, into which, without any apparent labour of compression, how much is compressed! What ease, gracefulness, and variety attend the procession of the verses, and, after rising in animation, with what a *gentle fall* does it die away upon the ear at the close!"

The last published of Wordsworth's minor pieces is the following extempore effusion, upon reading in the Newcastle Journal, the notice of the death of the poet, James Hogg:

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wander'd,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death, upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

Nor has the rolling year twice measured
From sign to sign, his steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source.

The rapt one, of the Godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature, sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which, with thee, O Crabbe, forth-looking
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou, too, art gone before; yet why
For ripe fruit seasonably gathered
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

No more of old, romantic sorrows
For slaughter'd youth and love-lorn maid,
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Nov. 30, 1835.

Note.—In the above is an expression borrowed from a Sonnet by Mr. G. Bell, the author of a small volume of poems lately printed at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddow, he says, "Yon dark cloud 'rakes,' and shrouds its noble brow." These poems, though incorrect often in expression and metre, do honour to their unpretending author; and may be added to the number of proofs daily occurring, that a finer perception of the appearances of nature is spreading through the humbler classes of society.

Coleridge was accustomed to consider Wordsworth "nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed, and his own." Poor James Hogg valued Wordsworth's writings for their aptitude for quotation breathing the very soul of poetry. Professor Wilson is

* See a masterly and eloquent view of Wordsworth's poetry in the Quarterly Review, No. CIV.

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represented to have said Wordsworth "is remarkable for the manner which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life: he thinks of nothing else: everything ministers to it: everything is done with reference to it: he is all and only a poet." Hazlitt describes Mr. Wordsworth as "above the middle size, with marked features; reminding one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour, kept under by the manners of the age, or the pretensions of the person. In company, he is often silent, indolent, and reserved. Chantry's bust of Wordsworth wants the marking traits: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression."

Through the personal friendship of Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Wordsworth obtained, several years since, the distributorship of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland, which office he now holds.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 728.] SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

MAUSOLEUM OF MARSHAL SAXE,

AT STRASBOURG.

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MAUSOLEUM OF MARSHAL SAXE.

The prefixed Engraving represents one of the most celebrated curiosities of the Continent —the magnificent monument to Marshal Saxe, in the Protestant church of St. Thomas, at Strasbourg. The inscription denotes it to be the tribute of Louis XV. to the memory of his bravest hero; although its erection was not completed until two years, (in 1776,) after the King's death. It was designed and executed in marble, by J. B. Pigalle, the royal sculptor, and is rather admired for its grandeur than its simplicity — for its vastness, rather than its details. It is based on an obelisk, against the wall of the church, and it fills the chancel, or where the altar is usually placed. The design represents the hero, having defeated the lion, wolf, and eagle, the representatives of war, about to step into his tomb, with characteristic placidity and fortitude. His brow is bound with the laurel of victory, and he bears the riband and bâton of office. On his left is a cherub extinguishing a torch, and in tears; and at his feet is the figure of France, which seems to hold him back, and implore his stay of the draped figure of Death, (as the skeleton, profile, hands, and foot denote,) below, who holds up a glass to bespeak that the conqueror's sand is run out. At the opposite end of the tomb or sarcophagus is a stalwart soldier in deep lamentation. Beneath are gracefully emblazoned the arms of the Marshal, with bâtons, and the chain and jewel of his order. The figures in this superb group are, it is said, of unequal merit; those of the Marshal and suppliant France being most admired for their dignity and graceful beauty.

The original of the Cut is a finely executed, large print, by Chretien de Mechel, à Basle.* To this may not inappropriately be appended a brief outline of the hero, whose splendid services this monument is designed to commemorate.

Maurice, Count of Saxe, was born October 19, 1696, at Dresden, and was the natural son of Frederick Augustus II., King of Poland, and Aurora, Countess of Koningsmark. In childhood, he is said to have evinced some presages of his warlike genius. He was taught to read and write with the utmost difficulty; nor could he ever be prevailed upon to study a few hours in the morning, otherwise than by a promise that he should ride on horseback in the afternoon. When a mere boy, he joined the allied army, under the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene. He was at the siege of Lisle in 1708, when only twelve years old; and he mounted the trenches several times both at the city and the fortress, in sight of the King his father, who admired his intrepidity. At the siege of Tournay, in the year following, he twice narrowly escaped death; and at the battle of Malplaquet, far from being shocked at the carnage around him, he declared, in the evening, that "he was well pleased with the day." In 1711, he followed the King of Poland to Stralsund, where he swam over the river, in sight of the enemy, with his pistol in his hand, during which time he saw, without any seeming emotion, three officers and above twenty soldiers fall by his side. When he retired to Dresden, the King, who had witnessed his courage and abilities, raised a company of horse for him. Count Saxe spent the whole winter in teaching his regiment some new evolutions, which he had invented, and next marched against the Swedes in the following year. This regiment suffered much at the battle of Gadelbush, where he made them return three times to the attack. At the close of the campaign, Count Saxe married the young Countess de Loben, a rich and amiable lady named Victoria, which name, Count Saxe afterwards said, contributed as much to fix his choice on the Countess, as her beauty and large fortune. This lady brought him a son, who died young. Shortly after, upon a disagreement with her, he procured his marriage to be dissolved.

Count Saxe continued to signalize himself in the war against Sweden, and was at the memorable siege of Stralsund, in December, 1715; when Charles XII. was blocked up, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in the midst of his grenadiers. The conduct of this celebrated warrior inspired Count Saxe with a high degree of veneration, which he ever retained for his memory. He next served against the Turks in Hungary in 1717, and on his return to Poland in 1718, received the order of the white eagle from the king.

In 1720, Count Saxe visited France, and the duke of Orleans, then regent, gave him a brevet of marechal de camp. The Count afterwards obtained leave from his Polish majesty to serve in France, where, in 1722, he purchased a German regiment, the ancient exercise of which he changed for one of his own invention; and, the chevalier Folard, on seeing this exercise, foretold immediately, in his commentary on Polybius, that Count Saxe would be a great general. During his residence in France, he learned mathematics and the art of fortification, with surprising facility, till the year 1725, when schemes of ambition led him to discontinue these studies; for, in the following year, he became a candidate for the Duchy of Courland, and was unanimously elected, chiefly by aid of the duchess dowager, second daughter of the Czar Iwan Alexiowitz, brother of Peter the Great.

* There is a lithograph of this noble tomb prefixed to a book called *A July up the Rhine*; but it is rather a caricature than a representation, and is altogether miserably executed.

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Count Saxe's election was opposed by Austria and Russia, and he could not maintain his ground in Courland, though he would have done so, had he returned the Duchess' passion; and he would likewise have shared the throne of Russia, which this princess afterwards ascended.*

Count Saxe returned to Paris in 1729, resumed his study of mathematics, and acquired a taste for mechanics. He next distinguished himself on the Rhine, at the lines of Etlingen, and the siege of Philipsburg, after which he was made lieutenant-general, in August, 1734. Hostilities having recommenced on the death of the emperor Charles VI., Count Saxe took Prague by assault, Nov. 26, 1741, then Egra and Ellebogen, raised a regiment of Hullans, and brought back Marechal de Broglio's army upon the Rhine, where he fixed various posts, and seized the trenches of Lauterburg. He was appointed Marechal of France in 1744, and commanded the main body of the army in Flanders, where his superior tactics paralyzed the enemy, and made them afraid to undertake anything. This campaign in Flanders did Count Saxe great honour, and ranks as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the military art. He won the famous battle of Fontenoi, under the King's (Louis XV.) command, May 11, 1745: Louis viewed the victory at a safe distance; but Marshal Saxe, though sick and weak, gave his orders with such presence of mind, vigilance, courage, and judgment, as made him the admiration of the whole army. This victory was followed by the capture of Tournay, which the French besieged, of Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Ostend, Ath, &c.; and, when the campaign was supposed to be finished, the Count took Brussels, February 28, 1746. In the same year, and his next campaign, he won the battle of Raucoux; and Louis, to reward such a succession of glorious services, declared Count Saxe marshal-general of his camps and armies, January 12, 1747. Marshal Saxe then carried troops into Zealand, gained the battle of Lanfelt, July following, approved the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, and took Maestricht, May 7, 1748. These victories led to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in the same year.

Marshal Saxe went afterwards to Chambord which the King had given him, ordered his regiment of Hullans thither, and kept a stud of wild horses. He visited Berlin some time after, and was magnificently entertained by the King of Prussia. On his return to Paris, he planned the colonization of the isle of Tobago; but relinquished the scheme, when he found that England and Holland opposed it. Marshal Saxe died, after a nine days' illness, at Chambord, November 30, 1750, aged 54. He wrote a book on the art of war, which has been translated into English.

Marshal Saxe was a man of ordinary stature, of a robust constitution, and extraordinary strength. To an aspect, noble, warlike, and mild, he joined many excellent qualities of disposition. Affable in his manners, and disposed to sympathize with the unfortunate, his generosity sometimes carried him beyond the limits of his fortune. He was remarkably careful of the lives of his men. One day, a general officer was pointing out to him a post which would have been of great use; "It will only cost you," said he, "a dozen grenadiers."—"That would do very well," replied the marshal, "were it only a dozen lieutenant-generals." He had been educated and died in the Lutheran religion. "It is a pity," said the Queen of France, when she heard of his death, "that we cannot say a single *De profundis* for a man who has made us sing so many *Te Deums*." Religion had not much influence on his general conduct; but on his deathbed he is said to have reviewed his errors with remorse, and expressed much penitence.

* In refusing the hand of the Duchess, Count Saxe only kept a vow which he made on the dissolution of his marriage—never to wed again.

MISS LANDON.

THE present day is rich enough in female talent, to put to shame the contemptuous reflections, which, from the courtly Chesterfield downwards, have been cast on the mental endowments of the sex. "Women," says that polite detractor, "have but one object in life, which is their beauty,—they are but children of a larger growth." A fair array of names, however, brighten and adorn the paths of literature, in fiction, in poetry, in biography, in astronomy. Mrs. Somerville, following in the starry track of Newton, has explored the worlds "beyond this visible, diurnal sphere," and in her little work on the most pure and elevating of all the sciences, has given a name to female literature, which will live when the ephemeral celebrity of those who seek only to amuse, shall have glided smoothly down the waters of oblivion.

It is pleasant to cast our eyes on female names, which have delighted and adorned the years gone by; "few indeed, and far between," but sweetly do their memories still shine through the gathering mistiness of time. The spiritual and sainted Mrs. Rowe; the chastely-elegant Anna Seward; the useful Mrs. Barbauld; the wildly-imaginative Mrs. Radcliffe; the tender, graceful, but unhappy Mrs. Robinson; the melancholy Charlotte Smith; the epistolary beauty of Mrs. Grant; the moral truth and excellence of "dear, didactic" Mrs. West; the pious Mrs. Carter; the acute and witty Jane Taylor; the rigid, sententious, and gifted Hannah More. But, how differently must we view the erring

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and perverted genius of Mary Woolstoncraft, over whose daring and most deplorable departure from all which gives charms to the talent of her sex, the admirers of her extraordinary powers must ever mourn. We revolt at minds, however gifted, when they are distorted to purposes of evil, obscuring the intellectual ray in the mists of error, quenching "the vital spark of heavenly flame," which was bestowed to enlighten and adorn, in the dull vapours of infidelity and scepticism of all held sacred by the wise and good. Again, how much more repulsive is this mental deformity, when contemplated in woman, "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," and making us fain to regret that such a one had not been rather born with the limited faculties of Jane Taylor's lady of three ideas, "stiff as the plaitings in her Sunday cap;" over the sandy desert of whose brain, no original thought ever wandered to startle or alarm.

But, turn we from this mournful wreck to the name of Miss Landon—the sparkling, the impassioned "L. E. L."—whose rare and varied fancy has charmed so often—from the pretty, but sometimes immature, outpourings of her youthful muse, to the world-knowledge, the experience, and close study of human nature, to be found in her aphorisms. It is interesting to mark the developement of her mind,—her sanguine and ardent fancy, when "life had not lost its rich romantic hues, but human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth," mellowed to the searching and observant mind, which has learned in the haunts of life much to shade all glowing imaginings, in the clear, cold hues of truth. She had not wandered far, ere she found the flowers of early hope wither beneath the wintry blasts, which, during our pilgrimage on earth, so often scatter human wishes and aspirings. Hence the spiritual and heavenward flight which her muse has taken. Her *Easter Offering*, in which the most important of all themes forms the chief subject, at once gives evidence of her genius and her piety. Still young, how much has the world taught her of its treachery, its selfishness, its faithless seemings! Discernment of character, keen insight of the human heart, and tracing of actions to their motives, are the excellencies of her *Francesca Carrara*. She has, like Byron, grown old in thought, not years, "piercing the depths of time."

"True poetry," a pleasing writer has observed, "reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness and enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, and strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid pictures of its tenderest and loftiest emotions." These attributes belong in no ordinary degree to many of the efforts of Miss Landon's muse. A sweet picture of the tender memories of bereaved affection may be found in her little effusion, entitled *Tivoli*. The mourner is visiting the place after the death of her, for whose sake he had formerly come to this land of the summer, when "on her cheek pale omen sat:"

When last I gazed, fair Tivoli,
Upon these falls of thine,
Another step was by my side,
Another hand in mine;
And mirrored in those gentle eyes,
To me thou wert a paradise.
I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,
Yet not one accent hear,
Lost in the mighty waterfall,
Although we were so near.

Again her clear brow turned too clear,
Her bright cheek turn'd too bright,
And her eyes, but for tenderness,
Had been too full of light.
It was as if her beauty grew
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.

Long years have past, and toil and care
Have sometimes been to me,
What, in my earliest despair,
I dreamt not they could be.
But here the past comes back again,
Oh, why so utterly in vain?

There is a change come o'er thy hills,
A shadow o'er thy sky;
The shadow is from my own heart,
The change in my own eye,—
It is our feelings give the tone,
To whatsoe'er we gaze upon.

Yet thou art lovely—but, alas!
Not lovely as of yore,
And of thy beauty I but ask
To look on it no more!
Earth does not hold a spot for me,
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli!

A spirited sketch is her *Lost Ship*, with its mysterious fate, its buried treasures, and the vain longings of bereaved ones for those whose dirge the moan of ocean sings:

Deep in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing,
She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin wall,
And many a curious dagger,
But rust has spoiled them all.

We only know from England,
She sailed far o'er the main;
We only know to England,
She never came again!

And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep;
And years were spent in hoping,
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story,
Upon their native shore;
God rest those souls in heaven,
Who met on earth no more!

We would not go so far as to say with Hazlitt, that "all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it;" but we may surely love what lifts the mind above ordinary life, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with all that is pure and noble. "Poetry," says Lord Bacon, "has something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it

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into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." ANNE R.

Kirton Lindsey.

THE ROSE-GARDEN OF IRIM.

(*From the Persian.*)

WHEN Shaddad, who was King of Yemen, heard the description of Paradise, he said: "I have no necessity for Paradise; for I will make a Paradise for myself, the like of which, men cannot have beheld." He commanded his men artificers, that they should search for a spot fit for forming a garden. They hastened to every quarter, till they found a pleasant, airy, and elevated spot, on the borders of Syria. Then he appointed a hundred of his emirs, who were his councillors, to bring masters and skilful persons from every country and kingdom; and he gave command to the kings of India and Greece, and sovereigns of various states, that they should send gold, and silver, and pearls, and precious stones, and whatever was found in their countries. At length, a beginning was made on the structure. They laid in the work a red brick of gold, and a white brick of silver; and they fixed in the divisions and joinings of them, pearls and precious stones. Every day there were strings of forty camels, fully laden with gold, and silver, and pearls, and precious stones, which were used in the building. They erected a royal palace, the walls and roofs of which were of gold, and silver, and diamonds: there were two thousand rooms, and a thousand halls and vestibules; and all the walls were set with pearls, and rubies, and turquoises, and emeralds, and other gems. Before every one of the rooms were set up trees of gold and silver, the leaves of which were of emeralds; and on which, instead of fruit, hung clusters of pearls; and on the ground, like sand, were strewed musk, and amber, and saffron. Between the trees of gold and silver, was planted a fruit-tree, to amuse and to be eaten. In short, after five hundred years, the place arrived at completion. This they named the Rose-garden of Irim.

They informed the infidel Shaddad of its completion; when he, with the desire of viewing it, marched from his capital, with pomp and the utmost splendour, with forces and attendants. When he arrived near it, two hundred thousand youthful slaves, whom he had brought with him from Damasan, he made into four divisions, and stationed them on four spaces, which were without the garden. As Shaddad and his grandees were approaching the Rose-garden, and he wishing the horse on which he was mounted to gallop, there was a great cry uttered, so that Shaddad trembled within himself; and, on looking up, he saw a person of great fierceness and majesty:—"Who art thou?" said Shaddad.—"I am the angel of death," answered the spirit; and I am come to seize thy impure soul."—"Grant me leisure," said Shaddad, "that I may enter into this Paradise."—"It is not my order," answered the angel of death.—Then Shaddad, from fear of him, endeavoured to descend from his horse; but when, with one foot in the stirrup, he attempted to place the other on the ground, the seizer of souls bore from hence the spirit of the infidel, and he fell dead on the earth. And lightning came forth, which burnt to dust the slaves and whatever was on the plain, even the Rose-garden of Irim; and the Paradise of the infidel became hidden for ever. W. G. C.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

1. BROWN'S ANECDOTES OF QUADRUPEDS.

Animals nestling in or on the bodies of others.—At page 138 is an anecdote from Buffon, who says, that a weasel with three young ones were extracted from the carcass of a wolf that had been suspended to a tree by the hind legs. In the thorax of the putrefied carcass, the weasel had formed a nest of leaves and herbage for her young. To this anecdote we shall connect some of a similar nature respecting other animals, which have not naturally this parasitic propensity. Mrs. G. Vasey, in her *Natural Historian*, states that the common hog's hide is so thick, and his fat so insensible to pain, that instances have occurred of mice gnawing their way into the fat on the back without incommoding the animal, (vol. i. p. 236.) In Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, the Rev. Mr. Bree, in a very amusing article on the singular nidification of birds, tells us that "at Knowle Hall, Warwickshire, a wren, (*Troglodytes Europæus,*) built its nest in the skeleton body of a heron, which had been nailed up against a wall, and formed part of what has been facetiously called "the countryman's museum." Another Correspondent to the valuable periodical just mentioned, states that a tomtit built its nest and reared its young, for two successive years, in the mouth of Tom Otter, a murderer who was executed and hung in chains, (vol. v. p. 289.) Captain Lyon says, that in the course of one of his voyages, the nest of a snow-bunting, (*Emberiza Nivalis,*) was found built on the neck of a dead child; and Gilbert White records the circumstance of a swallow having "built its nest on the wings and body of an owl, that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy the most ele-

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gant private museum in Great Britain."—(*Nat. Hist. of Selborne*, part 2. letter xviii.)

Tiger, (p. 287.)—A story is here told of a party of travellers having kidnapped a tiger-cub which they carried away with them. "Being left at liberty and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length, when having attained a vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, begun to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief, a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized upon the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened; it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey, tore it with fury to pieces, and, growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles." An anecdote equally illustrative of an animal abandoning its artifical for its natural taste, when once it has learned what it is, is related by M. D'Obsonville of a tame ichneumon, which he kept and fed with milk and baked meat mixed with rice. "One day I brought him," he says, "a small water-serpent alive, being desirous to know how far his instinct would carry him against a being with which he was hitherto totally unacquainted. His first emotion seemed to be astonishment mixed with anger, for his hair became erect; but, in an instant after, he slipped behind the reptile, and with remarkable agility, leaped upon its head, seized it, and crushed it between his teeth. This essay, and new aliment, seemed to have awakened in him his innate and destructive voracity, which till then had given way to the gentleness he had acquired from his education. I had about my house several curious kinds of fowls, among which he had been brought up, and which, till then, he had suffered to go and come unmolested; but, a few days after, when he found himself alone, he strangled them every one, ate a little, and, as appeared, drank the blood of two."

Mice eating Flies, (p. 400.)—An anecdote is introduced, from Bingley's *British Quadrupeds*, respecting a tame harvest-mouse, which was in the habit of catching and eating house-flies. A correspondent to the *Magazine of Natural History* has also, it may be mentioned, recorded the circumstance of some species of mouse exhibiting a similar propensity towards the flies called Aphides; and Mr. Rennie, in his *Insect Miscellanies*, (p. 378,) says, he "once had a whole drawer of insects destroyed by mice."—J. H. F.

Manners and Customs.

THE CHILIANS.

(*From Dr. Meyen's Voyage round the World.*)

It is greatly to be regretted, that the numerous English travellers, who, in the hope of wealth, have lately visited these countries, and for the most part returned disappointed, should publish their journals, in which this amiable nation is often sketched in the most offensive manner, in return for the many tokens of hospitality and friendly reception which assuredly they have invariably experienced, when they did not exhibit too much arrogance. The women have been made the peculiar object of attack, and often even individually named, whereby succeeding travellers have suffered great disadvantages, for already has the fashion disappeared of admitting every stranger of condition into the circle of the best families without the formality of a direct introduction. The ladies dread the stiff Englishman, who cannot enter into the spirit of their manners, and makes them a subject of merriment so soon as he is out of the room. He considers himself distinguished when he receives a bunch of flowers from a lady, though, in fact, this sort of courtesy is designed merely as a help to conversation. The Englishman calls the people dirty, because a basin of water goes round after dinner, and the whole company, men and women, dip their hands in it by turns, although these good people intend nothing further than to indicate the footing of confidence on which they wish to live with their guests.

The Chilians rise early, and the ladies immediately hurry off to mass, arrayed in black silk with long black veils. They are attended by female servants, bearing fine cushions for their mistresses to kneel upon. After mass they take chocolate, coffee, or China tea; maté, or Paraguay tea, being now entirely banished from the houses of the higher class. The men, who appear to trouble themselves very little about mass, usually employ the time devoted by the women to religious observances in strolling through the streets and market-places. During the forenoon, the ladies pay visits in their carriages; little two-wheeled coaches with glass windows, drawn by two mules, the coachman being seated upon one. Men and women never ride together in these carriages, which, indeed, are intended for women exclusively. As the heat increases with the advancing day, all life and action disappear from the streets, and by the afternoon all business is quite over. Two o'clock is the ordinary hour of dinner, which is soon ready, for the mode of living is singularly moderate; soon after dinner comes the siesta, which commonly lasts till six. During this time, a stillness, like that of death, reigns through the uni-

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form streets of the city, which are heated to an extraordinary temperature by the unintermitting rays of the sun. All the shops are closed, and there is no one to speak to; none but curious strangers, and soldiers upon guard, are to be seen in the squares. Nothing less than an earthquake would be powerful enough to rouse the inhabitants of this town from the lethargy into which they fall, not so much perhaps from the intolerable heat as from habit. During our stay such an earthquake took place about three o'clock in the afternoon. *Misericordia! Un temblor! Un temblor!* resounded on all sides, and the inhabitants hurried out of their houses, often in the most laughable attire, for they had been surprised in the midst of their sleep. As the heat abates, the houses re-open, the shopkeepers expose their goods, and the squares are again filled with workmen. The bustle re-commences, the people stream towards the churches, and the promenades are filled; but on a sudden, as the sun sets, the bell calls to prayer, and heads are bared and all is still. Thousands and thousands of people, on horseback and in carriages, all huddled up together, as they chance to be confounded in the crowd, are instantly prostrated by the sound of this bell, as by catalepsy, and turn their thoughts to their common Creator. With alternating pauses an harmonious ringing of bells sounds from the different towers, admirably arranged with a view to effect, until the striking of the clock sets the mass again in motion. Then the noise redoubles, as if to overtake what has been lost in the preceding moments. *Buenas noches! buenas noches!* is the salutation then exchanged amongst acquaintance.

In the evening, from nine to ten o'clock, family visits are paid, and these last till long after midnight. Particular invitations are not the fashion here; any one once presented to the family by a friend of the house has the right of entry ever after; he may come as often as he chooses, and go away again if he does not find amusement in the circle which he happens to meet, without its being taken ill. When the rooms are lighted, and the doors open, it is a sign that the family are at home, and receive visits. The gentleman of the house, however, is rarely of the party; we have been for weeks in the habit of going in and out of houses without ever becoming acquainted with their masters. The ladies are splendidly dressed, and adorned with fragrant flowers in their hair, when they receive visits; a conversation begins, which is particularly remarkable for witty allusions and plays on words, whilst music, singing, and dancing by single pairs at a time, help to pass away the night; new guests are constantly coming in, and others departing to join a second or third company. People here assemble only for amusement, and not for eating and drinking, which in many other countries is the principal matter; but some preserved fruit is commonly offered, which here and over the whole west coast of South America is so renowned under the name of *dulce*. It is usual to take only a few teaspoonsful and then a glass of water. In houses of distinction the *dulce* is handed round in small crystal saucers; in inferior houses one vessel goes round, and each guest helps himself in his turn. Frequently at these evening meetings the ladies have flowers brought to them, and, with a taste and elegance peculiar to themselves, form them into little bouquets, which they present to the gentlemen; but this, as I have already said, is meant merely as an invitation to converse. Most commonly the ladies sit still and exhibit their skill in the management of the fan, which they learn to use with an adroitness and grace such as no one assuredly could match in our country. From their earliest youth the management of the fan is the daily study of the young women of Santiago.

The Chilian ladies, equally with the Peruvian, are liable to some degree of censure for surrendering themselves too unreservedly to their natural passion for dress. This makes them forget their other duties, and I have conversed with many a worthy father of a family who has broken out into the bitterest complaints about it. A Chilian woman, even of the middle class, wears nothing but silk stockings, with silk shoes so very thin that they cannot last beyond a few days; her church-going dress consists of velvet, silk, and lace; she wears the largest and costliest French tortoise-shell combs in her hair, often two or even three of them at a time, merely for the sake of show. She walks about at home in the finest China silk kerchiefs, and lies with them upon the carpets. It is not merely that domestic happiness is so frequently disturbed, and many a matrimonial union prevented because the necessary means are wanting to the men; we may even regard this folly as a cause powerful enough to bring about the ruin of the state, unless effective means can be found of counteracting its extravagance. Good, that is, practical girl-schools of the European kind, should be established; not such as the celebrated institution of Mora at Santiago, which, in my opinion, promotes the very thing which should be as much as possible repressed.

It is well worth remarking, that it is only since the casting off of the Spanish yoke that this luxury in dress has taken such exclusive possession of the women; but no one in this country dares to speak against it openly, although it is tacitly disapproved by all, for possibly in no country are the men so completely under the dominion of the women as in Chili; this, however, is a natural con

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sequence of their beauty and charming manners.

FESTIVAL OF ST. HERBERT.

ST. HERBERT has left his name to the island which he inhabited in Derwentwater. He had his yearly festival here in Romish times: on the 13th of April, the vicar of Crosthwaite used to perform mass in his chapel on the island, to the joint honour of the Hermit and St. Cuthbert, for they had been friends while they lived, and after death, their memories were not divided. Forty days' indulgence was granted to every one who devoutly attended. What a happy holiday must that have been for all these vales; and how joyous, on a fine spring day, must the lake have appeared, with boats and banners from every chapelry; and how must the chapel have adorned that little isle, giving a human and religious character to the solitude! Its ruins are still there, in such a state of total dilapidation, that they only make the island, mere wilderness as it is now become, more melancholy!—*Southey's Colloquies.*

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

ON August 6, 1638, at the assizes held before Judge Berkeley, at Durham, the singular spectacle was presented of trial by waging battle being offered and accepted, for deciding the right to lands at Thickley, betwixt Ralph Claxton, demandant, and Richard Lilburne, (father of the well-known John Lilburne,) tenant. The defendant appeared at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by his attorney, and brought in his champion, George Cheney, in full array, with his stave and sand-bag, who threw down his gauntlet on the floor of the Court, with five small pieces of coin in it. The tenant then introduced his champion, William Peverell, armed in the same manner, who also threw down his gage. The judge, after examining the champions, ordered them into the custody of the two bailiffs of the Court, till eight o'clock next morning, when they were ordered to put in pledges to appear at the Court of Pleas on the 15th of September, when it was again deferred to December 22; and the King desired the Judges of the northern circuit to hold conference and consider how the cause might be tried some other way. The result of the conference was, that six of the Judges overruled the objection by Mr. Justice Berkeley, that the champions were hired, the exception being too late after battle waged and sureties given, and that, in fact, Lilburne was entitled to his trial by battle, if he persisted. Means were found, notwithstanding, to defer the trial by battle from year to year, by finding some error in the record, till, at length, it was ordered that a bill should be brought in to abolish this mode of decision.—*Sykes's Local Records.*

WEDDING DINNER.

ON May 21, 1753, a wedding was thus solemnized at Bishopwearmouth, between two young persons. All acquaintances and relations on both sides were invited to the nuptials. They set forward to church at half-past seven o'clock, preceded by three violins and a bagpipe. Seventy couple went hand in hand, all distinguished by blue cockades, besides an innumerable crowd. The bill of fare for dinner was as follows:—5 bushels of malt brewed for table beer, 10 bushels for ale, 16 quarters of lamb, 8 turkeys, 10 green geese, 8 hams, and 4 dozen of hens, 12 ducks, 20 quarters of mutton, 10 quarters of veal, 16 neats' tongues, a quarter of beef roasted whole, 20 stones of beef boiled, 6 bushels of white peas, 80 pounds of butter, 16 pies; the bride's cake was carried between two persons on a hand-barrow to the bakehouse; 20 gallons of brandy, 8 dozen of lemons, 7 stones of double refined sugar, 10 bushels of wheat, a hundred weight of tobacco, 6 gross of pipes, tarts, whip-posset, cheesecakes, and jellies innumerable. The formalities of singing, throwing the stocking, and sack-posset, were not forgotten.—*Ibid.*

SINGULAR IMPRISONMENT.

IN 1301, King Edward I. ordered the Countess of Buchan to be placed in a wooden cage in the shape of a crown, and shut up in one of the towers of Berwick Castle, for crowning Robert Bruce, at Scoone. She was attended by two Englishwomen, and remained six years in this confinement.—*Ibid.*

CURIOUS HORN.

PUSEY is a village in Berkshire, and only remarkable, (says Britton,) for having belonged to one family since the reign of Canute, who gave it their ancestors by the medium of a *horn*, which is now in the possession of the owner of the estate, and bears the following inscription:—"KYNG KNOWO GAVE WYLLYAM PEWSE YYS HORN TO HOLDE BY THY LOND."

This horn is described by Mr. Gough as being of a dark-brown, tortoise-shell colour, mounted at each end with rings of silver, and a third round the middle, on which the inscription is written in characters of much later date than those of the time of Canute. The horn is of an ox or buffalo; two feet are fixed to the middle ring, and the stopper is shaped like a dog's head.

ANCIENT PUNISHMENTS.

THE Cut shows two secular penances, which were inflicted upon disturbers of the peace, at Newcastle, so long since as the year 1649. First, is a representation of Robert

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ANCIENT PUNISHMENTS.

(The Branks.) (Drunkard in the Cloak.)

Sharp, an officer of the Corporation, leading Ann Bidlestone, through the town, with the branks, or gossip's bridle on her head. This contrivance was described at page 360 of our vol. xxiii.; but, the above is a practical, whole-length illustration of its utility, when it did the present work of education.

Next is a drunken fellow wearing "the Newcastle Cloak," which was a cask, one end being out, and the other having a hole through it, sufficient for the offender to pass his head through, by which means the vessel rested on his shoulders; holes being made in the front for his hands. Thus the drunkard was led through the streets as a spectacle of contempt.

It need scarcely be added that both these punishments have long been laid aside. The date of their infliction, as in the Cut, is September 14, 1649, as appears in Sykes's *Local Records of Northumberland and Durham*, (second edition,) a book, by the way, to our taste; and we wish every county in England had so diligent a chronologist as the editor of these entertaining volumes.

The branks are still preserved in the Town Court of Newcastle; but, Mr. Sykes shrewdly asks, why has the cloak been laid aside? The women of our time, (Heaven bless them!) do not require to be branked; they speak with silver, not iron, tongues; but, we fear, the men get as drunk as in the "good old times" at Newcastle. Why then should the cloak be thrown by? It would, certainly, prove more efficacious in restraining drunkenness than a shilling or a five-shilling fine. A wine-drinker, at our elbow, suggests that the cloak be recommended to Temperance Societies, and that it be embellished after Rippingville's pictures of Drunkenness. Then, indeed, sugar hogsheads would look up; though a *puncheon* sawn asunder would fit a pair of drunkards. Lastly, let this punishment be inflicted on all—

Whether with ale irriguous or champagne.

New Books.

NEW FACTS REGARDING THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

We are indebted for this very interesting contribution to our knowledge of the life of Shakspeare, to Mr. J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. Steevens, the commentator, long since stated, "all that is known with any degree of certainty, concerning Shakspeare is — that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." Yet there are scarcely any of his distinguished contemporaries, regarding the events of whose lives we are better informed. Mr. Collier supplied a few novel particulars in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*; and he here adds more, of a most authentic kind, and of considerable importance. The most interesting of these are derived from the MSS. of Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I. They are preserved at Bridgewater House, and Lord Francis Egerton gave Mr. Collier instant and unrestrained access to them. The Rev. H. J. Todd had been there before him, and had classed some of the documents and correspondence; but large bundles of papers, ranging in point of date between 1581, when Lord Ellesmere was made Solicitor-General, and 1616, when he retired from the Chancellorship, remained unexplored; and it was evident that many of them had never been opened from the time when, perhaps, his

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own hands tied them together. Among these, in a most unpromising heap, chiefly of legal documents, Mr. Collier met with the majority of the new facts, which he has here submitted to the public, relying, for their interest, in "the magic of the name of Shakspeare."

To make the matter more intelligible, Mr. Collier carries the reader back to the period when our drama was first represented in regular theatres, the most ancient of which were "the Theatre," and "the Curtain," in Shoreditch, supposed to have been built about the year 1570. The Blackfriars Playhouse, (where, in the winter, Shakspeare's dramas were acted, the performances at the Globe, which was open to the sky, being necessarily confined to the spring, summer, and autumn,) was erected in 1576. As early as 1579, the City authorities endeavoured to dislodge the players from this refuge, to which they had been driven by the refusal of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to allow dramatic representations within the boundaries of their jurisdiction. The Blackfriars was supposed to be a privileged precinct, to which the power of the Lord Mayor did not extend, the exemption being derived from times when the site was occupied by the dwelling and grounds of a religious fraternity. In the above year, the Corporation intruded there a regular police to eject the poor players; and, about the same time, certain inhabitants of the Blackfriars also presented a petition to the Privy Council, which, perhaps, led that body to require the opinion of the two Justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, upon the disputed question; and their decision is among the papers of Lord Ellesmere. It was in favour of the claim of the City magistrates, who, however, still allowed the players to be at the Blackfriars Theatre, backed, as they were, by the interest of the Earl of Leicester, who had obtained the Patent for them in 1574.

Shakspeare is believed to have joined this company, (Burbage's,) seven or eight years subsequently to 1579: he came to London for that purpose in 1586 or 1587, and did not begin to write for the Stage, even by the alteration of older plays, until 1590 or 1591. The earliest date at which Shakspeare's name has hitherto been mentioned in connexion with the Blackfriars Theatre, is 1596; but the MSS. at Bridgewater House enable Mr. Collier to furnish not only the name of Shakspeare, but the names of the whole company of sharers seven years earlier, and only two or three years after our great dramatist first made his appearance in London; Shakspeare, in 1589, having made such way in his profession, as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, in the Blackfriars Theatre.

This information, Mr. Collier thinks sufficient contradiction to the story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door; and, had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589, as it indisputably appears he was, on the authority of a certificate, which must have been transmitted to Lord Ellesmere.

Mr. Collier then enumerates the company, of whom we shall only notice Thomas Green, a native of Stratford-upon-Avon, who is thought by Malone, to have been the immediate cause of Shakspeare's application to be admitted one of the Queen's servants; but Mr. Collier shows that Green's introduction was not necessary.

Next are John Taylor, probably the father of Joseph Taylor, an eminent actor in the reign of James I.; Anthony Wadeson, an author whose name occurs here, for the first time, as an actor; Thomas Pope; Nicholas Towley, or Tooley; William Kempe, and Robert Armyn; all known as Shakspeare's theatrical associates; and George Peele, the dramatic poet, who, Mr. Collier conjectured some years ago, was upon the stage early in life.

Thus, we see that in 1589, Shakspeare's name is placed twelfth in the list of the sixteen members of the company; in 1596, he had so far advanced that it was inserted fifth in a company of eight; in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James I. on his accession: all which circumstances show that Shakspeare from the first was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station.

Mr. Collier next refers to the renewal of the Corporation attempts to dislodge the players; and one of the consequent inquiries throws a strong and certain light upon the interesting question of the amount of Shakspeare's property about five years before he retired to his native town, to enjoy, in tranquillity, the fruits of his genius and industry during the busy period of his life, extending from 1586 or 1587, when he probably first came to London, to 1612 or 1613, when he quitted it.

Defeated in the attempt to expel the King's Servants, (as the Blackfriars Actors were now called,) by force of law, the Corporation endeavoured to buy them out; and among the papers of Lord Ellesmere is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the Company in 1608, and among the rest, of Shakspeare himself; which document was drawn up to ascertain what sum would compensate the players for their removal. Hence we learn, that Shakspeare's property in the Blackfriars Theatre, including the wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more than 1,400*l.*, which would be equal to 6 or 7,000*l.* of our present money: indeed, next to

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Richard Burbage, the son of the builder of the Theatre, Shakspeare was the largest claimant.

This information is important, considering how scanty have hitherto been all details regarding the pecuniary circumstances of our great poet. Till now all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property, generally, in the time of Shakspeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realized, as an author of plays, and as an actor of them. Malone "suspected that the whole clear receipt of a theatre was divided into forty shares," and proceeds to guess at the mode in which the money was distributed. Here, we have positive proof, that, at the Blackfriars, the profits was divided into twenty shares; and, though their value may have been overstated, yet, if each share produced on an average, or, (to use the terms of the document,) "one year with another," 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or somewhat less than 3,400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income from the receipts at the Blackfriars Theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would, therefore, be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* At about this date it appears, that from 12*l.* to 15*l.* were usually given for new dramatic productions. To the above income would be added the sums received by Shakspeare for either new or altered plays. We have a right to conclude that the Globe was, at least, as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a larger theatre, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented. At the lowest computation, therefore, Mr. Collier is inclined to put Shakspeare's yearly income at 300*l.*, or not far short of 1,500*l.* of our present money. We are to recollect, that in 1608, he had produced most of his greatest works, the plausible conjecture being, that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. How, and for what sum, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, it is useless to attempt to speculate.

Among the shareholders of the theatres, it may be mentioned, are Hemminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, in 1623.

In connexion with the question of the property of Shakspeare, Mr. Collier notices a document of some curiosity, which has been pointed out to him among the fines preserved at the Chapter House, Westminster. It relates to the puchase in 1603, of a messuage, with barn, granary, garden, and orchard, at Stratford-upon-Avon, for 60*l.* In May, 1602, as is stated in most of the recent memoirs of Shakspeare, he had bought 107 acres of land, which he attached to his house of New Place; and, in the same month of the subsequent year, (as is no where mentioned,) he made the above additional bargain.

It is known that, in 1605, Shakspeare gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford; so that the author of the anonymous tract called *Ratsey's Ghost*, (printed without date, but not earlier than 1606,) might well make his hero tell the poor itinerant Player, in obvious reference to the success of Shakspeare, "when thou feelest thy purse well lined, *buy thee some place of lordship* in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to high dignity and reputation * * * * for I have heard indeed of *some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.*" Shakspeare came to London a penniless fugitive, and returned, "weary of playing" and of plays, to spend his last years in his birth-place, comparatively in "high dignity and reputation," and, if not "exceeding wealthy," with a very comfortable independence.

Another very interesting document, preserved at Bridgewater House, is the copy of a letter signed H. S., and addressed, as we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, on behalf of the Players at Blackfriars, when assailed by the Corporation of London. It has no date but evidently refers to the attempted dislodgment; and it was found in the same bundle as the paper of the claims of the shareholders for compensation. This letter personally introduces Richard Burbage and William Shakspeare, "two of the chiefe of the companie," who placed this document in the hands of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. The initials H. S., Mr. Collier takes to be those of Henry Southampton, who was the noble patron of Shakspeare, and who, in this very letter, calls the Poet his "especial friend." It is natural to suppose that the young nobleman who had presented Shakspeare, (if such be the fact, and there is no sufficient reason to deny it,) with 1,000*l.* as a free gift, not many years before, would take the strongest interest in his welfare. Mr. Collier quotes this letter, and an excellent appeal it is for the "poore players."

Besides establishing the friendship of Lord Southampton and Shakspeare, this letter refers to the dramatist as "till of late an actor of good account," which may serve to settle his rank in the company; for, had Shakspeare deserved anything like the praise merited by Burbage, Lord Southampton would have spoken more highly of his performances; and we may reckon it a fortunate circumstance that his moderate success as an actor led him to apply himself with more assiduity to dramatic composition. The language of Lord Southampton certainly decides that our great poet had recently

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quitted the stage; and we may conclude, therefore, contrary to the received opinion, that he remained a performer for some time after his name appeared in the list at the end of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, as acted in 1603.

Let us now hear Mr. Collier's own account of his ecstasy on finding these new, curious, and important particulars, "regarding a Poet who, above all others, ancient or modern, native or foreign, has been the object of admiration." He continues:—

"When I took up the copy of Lord Southampton's letter and glanced over it hastily, I could scarcely believe my eyes, to see such names as Shakspeare and Burbage in connexion in a manuscript of the time. There was a remarkable coincidence also in the discovery, for it happened on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth and death. I will not attempt to describe my joy and surprise, and I can only liken it to the unexpected gratification I experienced two or three years ago, when I turned out, from some ancient depositories of the Duke of Devonshire, the original designs of Inigo Jones, not only for the scenery, but for the dresses and characters of the different masques by Ben Jonson, Campion, Townshend, &c. presented at Court in the reigns of our first James and Charles. The sketches were sometimes accompanied by explanations in the handwriting of the great artist, a few of which incidentally illustrate Shakspeare, who, however was never employed for any of these royal entertainments: annexed to one of the drawings was the following written description, from whence we learn how the actor of the part of Falstaff was usually habited in the time of Shakspeare.

'Like a Sr. Jon Falstaff: in a roabe of russet, quite low, with a great belley, like a swolen man, long moustacheos, the sheows [shoes] shorte, and out of them greate toes like naked feete: buskins to sheaw a great, swolen leg. A cupp coming fourth like a beake—a great head and balde, and a little cap *alla Venetiane*, greay—a rodd and a scroule of parchment.'"

The remaining pages of Mr. Collier's little volume relate to documents showing that Shakspeare endeavoured to procure the office of Master of the Queen's Revels, in 1603; having obtained which, he would have been at the head of a company of juvenile performers, styled "the Children of the Queen's Revels;" adding a list of plays which the little folks were to perform. At the foot of one of these documents is the subsequent enumeration of theatres at that time open in the metropolis and its neighbourhood.

"Bl. Fr. and Globe
Wh. Fr. and Parish Garden
Curten and Fortune
Hope and Swanne } All in or near London."

The Hope and the Swan were both in Southwark, very near each other, and probably both in the hands of Philip Henslowe, the old pawn-broking manager, to whose Diary we owe so many particulars regarding old plays, players, and playhouses.

We have only to add our acknowledgment to Mr. Collier for these details, which are in the form of a letter to his friend, Mr. Amyot, Treas. Soc. Ant. It is throughout a delightful piece of epistolary writing, independently of its association with the name of Shakspeare. It is brief—only sixty pages; but Mr. Collier, in the right spirit of enthusiasm, says, had he consulted his own inclination, he should have made it at least four times as long, by adding a great deal of other new matter relating to Shakspeare, his works, and his fellow dramatists and actors. Nor does Mr. Collier forget his personal thankfulness, and the obligations of literature, to Lord Francis Egerton, who, in allowing the documents to be transcribed, has laid open the manuscript stores of his noble family with a liberality worthy of his rank and race.

MISCELLANIES, NO. II.

By Washington Irving.

[We promised to return to this charming volume, and we do so in a few pages of the author's best manner: for, of a truth, he revels in greenwood, glade, and forest haunt.]

Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest.

During my sojourn at Newstead Abbey, I took great delight in riding and rambling about the neighbourhood, studying out the traces of merry Sherwood Forest, and visiting the haunts of Robin Hood. The reliques of the old forest are few and scattered; but as to the bold outlaw that once held a kind of freebooting sway over it, these is scarce a hill or dale, a cliff or cavern, a well or fountain, in this part of the country, that is not connected with his memory. The very names of some of the tenants on the Newstead estate, such as Beardall and Hardstaff, sound as if they may have been borne in old times by some stalwart fellows of the outlaw gang.

One of the first of my antiquarian rambles was on horseback, in company with Colonel Wildman and his lady, who undertook to guide me to some of the mouldering monuments of the forest. One of these stands in front of the very gate of Newstead Park, and is known throughout the country by the name of "the Pilgrim Oak." It is a venerable tree of great size, overshadowing a wide area of the road. Under its shade the rustics of the neighbourhood have been accustomed to assemble on certain holidays and celebrate their rural festivals. This custom has been handed down from father to son for several generations, until the oak had acquired a kind of sacred character. The old Lord Byron, however, in whose eyes nothing was sacred, when he laid his desolating hand on the groves and forests of Newstead, doomed, likewise, this traditional tree to the axe.

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Fortunately, the good people of Nottingham heard of the danger of their favourite oak, and hastened to ransom it from destruction. They afterwards made a present of it to the poet, when he came to the estate, and the Pilgrim Oak is likely to continue a rural gathering-place for many coming generations.

From this magnificent and time-honoured tree, we continued on our sylvan research, in quest of another oak of more ancient date and less flourishing condition. A ride of two or three miles, the latter part across open wastes, once clothed with forest, now bare and cheerless, brought us to the tree in question. It was the Oak of Ravenshead, one of the last survivors of Old Sherwood, and which had evidently once held a high head in the forest. It was now a mere wreck, crazed by time and blasted by lightning, and standing alone, on a naked waste, like a ruined column in a desert.

" The scenes are desert now, and bare
Where flourish'd once a forest fair.
* * * *
You lonely oak, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell:
Since, he so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough:
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made.
Here, in my shade, methinks he'd say,
The mighty stag at noontide lay,
While doe and roe and red-deer good
Have bounded by through gay green wood."

At no great distance from the Ravenshead Oak is a small cave, which goes by the name of Robin Hood's Stable. It is in the breast of a hill scooped out of brown freestone, with rude attempts at columns and arches. Within are two niches, which served, it is said, as stalls for the bold outlaw's horses. To this retreat he retired, when hotly pursued by the law; for the place was a secret even from his band. The cave is overshadowed by an oak and alder, and is hardly discoverable even at the present day; but when the country was overrun with forest it must have been completely concealed.

Another of these rambling rides in quest of popular antiquities, was to a chain of rocky cliffs, called Kirkby Crags, which skirt the Robin Hood Hills. Here, leaving my horse at the foot of the crags, I scaled their rugged sides, and seated myself in a niche of the rocks, called Robin Hood's Chair. It commands a wide prospect over the valley of Newstead, and here the bold outlaw is said to have taken his seat, and kept a look-out upon the roads below, watching for merchants and bishops, and other wealthy travellers, upon whom to pounce down, like an eagle from his eyrie.

Descending from the cliffs, and remounting my horse, a ride of a mile or two farther along a narrow "robber path," as it was called, which wound up into the hills between perpendicular rocks, led to an artificial cavern cut in the face of a cliff, with a door and window wrought through the living stone. This bears the name of Friar Tuck's cell or hermitage, where, according to tradition, that jovial anchorite used to make good cheer and boisterous revel with his freebooting comrades.

Such were some of the vestiges of Old Sherwood and its renowned "yeomandrie," which I visited in the neighbourhood of Newstead. The worthy clergyman, who officiated as chaplain at the Abbey, seeing my zeal in the cause, informed me of a considerable tract of the ancient forest, still in existence, about ten miles distant. There were many fine old oaks in it, he said, that had stood for centuries, but were now shattered and "stag-headed;" that is to say, their upper branches were bare and blasted, and straggling out like the antlers of a deer. Their trunks, too, were hollow, and full of crows and jackdaws, who made them their nestling-places. He occasionally rode over to the forest, in the long summer evenings, and pleased himself with loitering in the twilight about the green alleys and under the venerable trees.

The description given by the chaplain made me anxious to visit this remnant of old Sherwood, and he kindly offered to be my guide and companion. We accordingly sallied forth one morning, on horseback on this sylvan expedition. Our ride took us through a part of the country where King John had once held a hunting-seat; the ruins of which are still to be seen. At that time the whole neighbourhood was an open, royal forest, or frank-chase as it was termed: for John was an enemy to parks and warrens and other inclosures, by which game was forced in for the private benefit and recreation of the nobles and the clergy.

Here, on the brow of a gentle hill that commanded an extensive prospect of what had once been forest, stood another of those monumental trees, which, to my mind, gave a peculiar interest to this neighbourhood. It was the "Parliament Oak," so called in memory of an assemblage of the kind held by King John beneath its shade. The lapse of upwards of six centuries had reduced this once mighty tree to a mere crumbling fragment, yet, like a gigantic torso in ancient statuary, the grandeur of its mutilated trunk gave evidence of what it had been in the days of its glory.

A ride of a few miles farther brought us at length among the venerable and classic shades of Sherwood. Here I was delighted to find myself in a genuine wild wood, of primitive and natural growth, so rarely to be met with in this thickly peopled and highly cultivated country. It reminded me of the aboriginal forests of my native land. I rode through natural alleys and greenwood glades carpeted with grass and shaded by lofty and

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beautiful beeches. What most interested me, however, was to behold around the mighty trunks of veteran oaks, the patriarchs of Sherwood Forest. They were shattered, hollow, and moss grown, it is true, and their "leafy honours" were nearly departed; but, like mouldering towers, they were noble and picturesque in their decay, and gave evidence, even in their ruins, of their ancient grandeur.

The horn of Robin Hood again seemed to sound through the forest. I saw his sylvan chivalry, half huntsmen, half freebooters, trooping across the distant glades, or feasting and revelling beneath the trees. I was going on to embody, in this way, all the ballad scenes that had delighted me when a boy, when the distant sound of a woodcutter's axe roused me from my day-dream. The boding apprehensions which it awakened were too soon verified: I had not ridden much farther when I came to an open space where the work of destruction was going on. Around me lay the prostrate trunks of venerable oaks, once the towering and magnificent lords of the forest, and a number of woodcutters were hacking and hewing at another gigantic tree, just tottering to its fall.

Alas for old Sherwood Forest! it had fallen into the possession of a noble agriculturist, a modern utilitarian, who had no feeling for poetry or forest scenery. In a little while and this glorious woodland will be laid low; its green glades turned into sheepwalks, its legendary bowers supplanted by turnip fields, and "merry Sherwood" will exist but in ballad and tradition.

"Oh, for the poetical superstitions," thought I, "of the olden time! that shed a sanctity over every grove; that gave to each tree its tutelar genius or nymph, and threatened disaster to all who molested the hamadryads in their leafy abodes. Alas! for the sordid propensity of modern days, when every thing is coined into gold, and this once holyday planet of ours is turned into a mere 'working-day world.'"

My cobweb fancies put to flight, and my feelings out of tune, I left the Forest in a far different mood from that in which I entered it, and rode silently along, until, on reaching the summit of a gentle eminence, the chime of evening bells came on the breeze across the heath from a distant village.

I paused to listen.

"They are merely the evening bells of Mansfield," said my companion.

"Of Mansfield!" Here was another of the legendary names of this storied neighbourhood, that called up early and pleasant associations. The famous old ballad of the King and the Miller of Mansfield came at once to mind, and the chime of the bells put me again in good humour.

A little farther on, and we came again on the traces of Robin Hood. Here was Fountain Dale, where he had his encounter with that stalwart shaveling Friar Tuck, who was a kind of saint militant, alternately wearing the casque and the cowl.

> "The curtal fryer kept Fountain Dale
> Seven long years and more;
> There was neither lord, knight, or earl,
> Could make him yield before."

The moat is still shown which is said to have surrounded the stronghold of this jovial and fighting friar, and the place where he and Robin Hood had their sturdy trial of strength and prowess, in the memorable conflict which lasted

> "From ten o'clock that very day
> Until four in the afternoon,"

and ended in the treaty of fellowship. As to the hardy feats, both by sword and trencher, performed by this "curtal fryer," behold, are they not recorded at length in the ancient ballads, and in the magic pages of Ivanhoe?

The evening was fast coming on, and the twilight thickening, as we rode through these haunts, famous in outlaw story. A melancholy seemed to gather over the landscape as we proceeded; for our course lay by shadowy woods, and across naked heaths, and lonely roads, marked by some of those dismal names, with which the country people in England are apt to make dreary places still more dreary. The horrors of "Thieves' Wood," and of "the Murderer's Stone," and of "the Hag Nook," had all to be encountered in the gathering gloom of evening, and threatened to beset our path with more than mortal peril. Happily, however, we passed all these ominous places unharmed, and arrived in safety at the portal of Newstead Abbey, highly satisfied with our greenwood forays.

Notes of a Reader.

FACTS RELATING TO INDIA.

(*From Mr. Thornton's recent Work.*)

European Influence.—The British authority in India is paramount. That of the French is almost annihilated. They still occupy Pondicherry, and one or two other places of small importance, but they no longer dispute with the English the dominion of the East. The Portuguese linger in a few spots, the scenes of their former commercial grandeur. The Danes have possession of a few settlements, neither extensive nor important. The Dutch retain Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and some other islands: but from none of these has Britain at this time any thing to fear. Her rivals have fallen before her, and left her in possession of the most gigantic dominion that ever was appended to a foreign state.

Irrigation.—The culture of a large portion of India depends upon irrigation. To promote this, tanks have been constructed in immense numbers, and the repairs and re-

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stonation of reservoirs form a heavy charge upon the government. These tanks are constantly liable to accidents, and in one district of the Madras presidency, North Arcot, no less than eleven hundred burst in one year, 1827.

Tobacco.—India produces some good tobacco, though in small quantities. There is a kind grown to a very limited extent in the northern circars, and converted into snuff at Masulipatam, on the coast of Coromandel. This snuff is highly valued in England. Some good tobacco is also raised in Bundelcund. Capital, knowledge, and care, are probably all that are wanting to render the production of tobacco of marketable quality more general.

Coffee.—The cultivation of coffee in India is of recent introduction, the first plantation having been established in 1823.

Sugar.—India may become the greatest sugar country in the world, and it is our duty to the people committed to our rule to secure to them this important branch of trade. The course prescribed by our own interest is not less clear. A large share of the profits of British capital employed in India, will return to increase the resources of our own country. The time, too, is peculiarly fitted for the experiment, and the present circumstances of our West India possessions urge it with a voice which it would be the extreme of folly to disregard. A change has taken place, the consequences of which are yet in the bosom of Time; but the best informed and the most sagacious regard them with gloomy forebodings. Some venture to predict that the period is approaching when all labour will cease in the West Indies, excepting so much as is necessary to preserve existence, in a climate where the wants of man are few. It scarcely admits of doubt that there will be a reduction both in the breadth of cultivation and the amount of produce; and it is worth remembering that the great and sudden prosperity of the indigo trade in Bengal was caused by the destruction of the plantations in St. Domingo.

The East India Company.—The history of the world affords nothing more extraordinary than the present posture of the Company. Formed exclusively for the prosecution of a desirable branch of commerce, it has renounced trade, yet continues to exist for purposes which its founders never contemplated. Called incidentally to the exercise of civil and military power, it continues to wield that power now that its original character has disappeared, and when it has no longer any interest in those commercial advantages which it was the single purpose of its conquests to secure.

Timber.—The forests of India might be rendered of far greater importance than they have hitherto been. Dr. Wallich, who visited many parts of India with an especial view to the forests, states that they contain every description of timber in the world, or a substitute for it.

Effects of Machinery.—The piece-goods of India, formerly an important article of export, are now superseded not only in the British market, but in her own; and Manchester and Glasgow furnish clothing to the people of India. The fabrics produced by machinery are not indeed equal in strength or durability to those manufactured by manual labour, but the vast difference in price insures them a preference in every market.

Relations of England and India.—India should not be regarded in the light of a foreign country, but as an integral part of the British empire, separated by distance but united with it by a common interest.

Operation of Commerce.—India, by exporting opium, assists in supplying England with tea. China, by consuming opium, facilitates the revenue operations between India and England. England, by consuming tea, contributes to increase the demand for the opium of India.

Cotton.—The soil and climate of India are admirably adapted to the growth of cotton, and every variety is produced there. But from the carelessness and mismanagement which mark every stage, both of culture and preparation for the market, the price which India cotton bears is greatly inferior to that commanded by the cotton of America. Yet the cotton of the East is capable of producing fabrics of unequalled strength and durability.

Trade with Caubul.—Caubul is a great and increasing consumer of Indian and British commodities. The manufactures of our own country have in a great degree superseded those of Russia, which formerly commanded an extensive sale in Caubul. Through the last-named country both Indian and British goods are transmitted to Bokhara, where the introduction of the latter has had the same effect, of displacing in a great degree the goods of Russia. If this trade were pushed as it might be, the supply of Bokhara with muslins and woollens might be secured exclusively to India and England. With a view to the extension of our commerce with these countries, Lieutenant Burnes suggests the propriety of imitating the Russians, by establishing fairs or bazaars on the frontier of our Indian empire adjoining Caubul, and the suggestion certainly deserves attention.

The Post.—The Post Office is in almost all countries a monopoly. India is an exception to this rule. The present mode of conveying the mail is by runners, who travel at the rate of about four miles an hour. In some parts of the Deccan, a horse post has been tried, and in one instance a light carriage. The nature of the country is at present unfavourable for the use of these improvements;

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but as it advances in prosperity, the importance of rapid and certain modes of communication will become apparent, and the means will doubtless be provided. The post is yet little used by the natives, and the revenue derived from it is trifling.

Food for Silk-worms. — Silk-worms in India are fed not only on the mulberry, but also on the *palma christi*, or castor-oil plant, and several kinds of the laurel tribe.

Railways.—Canals must depend for their utility upon a regular supply of water; and in many parts of India it might be difficult to secure it. In such circumstances railways present an admirable substitute. Even where the difficulty of obtaining water was not great, railways might be preferable in cases where the probable amount of traffic was limited. The expense of such works would be far less than in England. In our country an enormous proportion of the expense, varying from a third to a half, arises from the purchases of land, fencings, parliamentary and law proceedings, and other causes independent of the mere construction of the railway. In India some of these charges might be avoided altogether, and others would be very much reduced. The actual expense of the work would also be less than that of similar undertakings in England. As the traffic would be comparatively small, a single road, with occasional passing places, would be sufficient; and as the weight of the carriages and lading would be much less, the rails might be proportionably lighter. Labour in India is vastly cheaper than in England; and, under these circumstances, the cost of railways would be extremely moderate. At present, perhaps, the use of animal power would be the most advantageous; but this, of course, would form one point of inquiry with those who might be disposed to undertake such works. There are various lines upon which railways would be immediately profitable; and if the resources of India should be improved to the full amount of their capabilities, a necessity for fresh lines would be created, whilst the old ones would become increasingly lucrative.

Steam Communication with India.—Supposing a very rapid communication between England and India to be necessary, it would be indispensable that it should be constant. Neither by the Euphrates nor the Red Sea could this advantage be attained. For several months in the year we could not expect to navigate the former, and the latter would be unapproachable during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon. If it be not physically impossible for a steamer to make way against the monsoon, her progress must be very slow, and the wear and tear of the vessel and machinery ruinous. If effected at all, therefore, the voyage could not be performed with certainty, as to time, and the principal advantage proposed would, consequently, be lost. There is yet one most serious objection which applies to the two routes—they both traverse countries frequently visited by the plague.

The Gatherer.

Pleasures of Knowledge. — How much pleasure of reflection and contemplation is lost to the ignorant whose outward sense wanders over the objects that surround it, deriving from them but half the delight that they give the wise and well-informed; even fancy is at fault, for fancy itself scarce devises images more strange, and beautiful, and wonderful, than the reality of things presents to those who understand their properties and natures.—*Mrs. Butler.*

England and America.—Until Americans have found a tongue for themselves, they must still be the children of England, for they speak the words her children speak by the fireside of her homes. Oh, England! noble, noble land! They may be proud of many things, these inheritors of a new world, but of nothing more than that they are descended from Englishmen; that their fathers once trod the soil whereon has grown more goodness, more greatness, more beauty, and more truth, than on any other earth under God's sun.—*Ibid.*

Servan was a saint of approved prowess and great good-nature: he slew a dragon in single combat, turned water into wine, and once, when a hospitable poor man killed his only pig to entertain him and his religious companions, he supped upon the pork, and restored the pig to life next morning.— *Legend of St. Kentigern.*

Kean once played *Young Norval* to Mrs Siddons's *Lady Randolph:* after the play, as Kean used to relate, Mrs. Siddons came to him, and patting him on the head, said, "You have played very well, sir, very well. It's a pity,—but there's too little of you to do anything.

Our most unreasonable prejudices are generally the strongest.—*Jonathan Boucher.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Answers in Part 167, now publishing, and on the Wrapper of No. 727.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 729.] SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1835. [Price 2d.

THE FIRST ENGLISH GENERAL,

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

The name of Sir John Hawkwood is worthy to be remembered, as that of the first distinguished commander who appeared in Europe, subsequent to the destruction of the Roman Empire. No one occurs previously to the middle of the fourteenth century, the period in which Hawkwood flourished, to whom history has unequivocally assigned the character of a general. "It is very rarely that we find even the order of battle specified. The monks, our only chroniclers, are poor judges of martial exercise; yet, as war is the main topic of all annals, we could hardly remain ignorant of any distinguished skill in its operations. The neglect of military science did not proceed from any predilection for the arts of peace. It arose out of the general manners of society, and out of the nature and composition of armies in the middle ages."*

* Hallam.

Sir John Hawkwood has been slightly noticed by his contemporaries, who call him Aucud, or Augutus; and he, probably, would not have been brought into a conspicuous point of view, but for the engraved portrait of him presented to the Society of Antiquaries in 1775, by Lord Hailes; from which print the above engraving has been copied.

Hawkwood is said by the concurrent testimony of our writers, to have been the son of a tanner of Sible Hedingham, in Essex, where he was born in the reign of Edward II. Morant, the historian of Essex, says, the manor of Hawkwood, in the parish of Hedingham, takes its name from Sir John. But it was holden before him by Stephen Hawkwood, probably his father, a circumstance which would lead one to doubt the meanness of his birth as well as of his profession. Persons who gave names to manors were generally of more considerable rank;

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and this manor appears to have been in the family from the time of King John.

Our hero, as may be remembered,* is said to have been apprenticed to a tailor in London; but was soon pressed into the service of Edward III. for his French wars, where his valour caused him to be promoted from a common soldier to the rank of captain; and, for some farther good service, he was knighted by the king, though he was accounted the poorest knight in the army. His general, the Black Prince, highly esteemed him for his courageous conduct, of which he gave extraordinary proofs at the battle of Poictiers.

After the peace of Bretagne, in 1360, Sir John finding his estate too small to support his title and dignity, associated himself with certain companies formed by persons of various nations, who, having found employment in the wars between England and France, and having held governments, or built and fortified houses in the latter kingdom, which they were now obliged to give up, found themselves reduced to the desperate method of supporting themselves and their soldiers by marauding and pillaging, or by engaging in the service of less states, which happened to be at war with each other. By this adventurous mode of life, Hawkwood, in a few months, acquired great wealth. Success, which "colours all things in life," drew around him an accession of followers and power; and thus, he roved from one country to another, till at length he reached the Po. There he made prisoners indiscriminately. The clergy he pillaged, but spared the laity. The court of Rome was greatly alarmed at these outrages, and prepared to oppose the banditti; but, upon the arrival of certain Englishmen on the banks of the Po, Hawkwood resigned his command to them, and professed submission to the king of England, to whose servants he presented a large share of his ill-gotten wealth.

The first appearance of Hawkwood in Italy was in the Pisan service in 1364; after which period he was everywhere considered as a most accomplished soldier, and fought in the service of many of the Italian states. In 1387, we find him in a hazardous service in defence of the state of Florence. One of his most memorable exploits was his retreat to the river Oglio, when he placed his best horse in the rear till the enemy had crossed the river, on the opposite bank of which he stationed 400 English archers on horseback. The rear, by their assistance, crossed the river, and followed the rest, who, after fording the Mincio, encamped within ten miles of the Adige. The greatest danger remained here. The enemy had broken down the banks of the river, and let out its waters, swollen by the melting of the snow, to overflow the plains. Hawkwood's troops, surprised at midnight by the increasing floods, had no resource but immediately to mount their horses, and, leaving all their baggage behind them, marched in the morning slowly through the water, which reached their horses' bellies. By evening, with great difficulty, they reached Baldo, a town in the Paduan. Some of the weaker horses sank under the fatigue. Many of the foot perished with cold, and struggling against the water; and others supported themselves by laying hold on the tails of the stronger horses. The pursuers seeing the country under water, and concluding the whole army had perished, returned. The historian of this event observes, it was universally agreed that no other general could have got over so many difficulties and dangers, and led back his small army out of the heart of the enemy's country, with only the loss occasioned by the floods, which no precaution could have prevented. Muratori considers this retreat paralleled only in the exploits of the most illustrious Roman generals. At the end of 1391, the Florentines made peace, and discharged all their foreign auxiliaries, except Hawkwood, whom they retained, with 1,000 men under his command.

For thirty years, Hawkwood had been continually engaged in the service of the Visconti, of the Pope, or of the Florentines, to whom he devoted himself for the latter part of his life, with more fidelity and steadiness than he had shown in his first campaigns. The Florentines, however, soon lost Hawkwood, who died March 6, 1393, advanced in years, at his house, in the street called Pulverosa, near Florence. His death was received with the general lamentation of the whole city, and his funeral was celebrated with much magnificence. His bier, adorned with gold and jewels, was supported by the first officers of the republic, followed by horses splendidly caparisoned, banners, and other military insignia, and the whole body of the citizens. His remains were deposited in the church of Sta. Reparata, where a monument of him on horseback was set up by a public decree. On the dome of the same church is likewise a representation of Hawkwood mounted on a pacing gelding, whose bridle, with the square ornament embossed on it, is covered with crimson velvet or cloth, the saddle being also red, stuffed or quilted. He is dressed in armour, with a surcoat flowing on from his shoulders, but girt about his body; his greaves are covered with silk or cloth, but the knee-pieces may be distinguished under them: his shoes, which are, probably, part of his greaves, are pointed according to the fashion of the times. His hands are bare: in his right hand he holds a yellow baton of office, which rests on his thigh; in his left, the bridle. His head,

* See Mirror, vol. xix., p. 77.

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which has very short hair, is covered with a cap not unlike our earl's coronet, with a border of wrought work.

Sir John had a cenotaph in the church of his native town, Hedingham, erected by his executors; and it remains in tolerable preservation near the upper end of the fourth aisle. The arch of this very interesting tomb is enriched with tracery, and adorned with hawks and their bells, and emblems of hunting, as a hare, a boar, a boar sounding a conch shell, &c. Under this arch is a low altar-tomb with five shields in quatre-foils, formerly painted. In the south window of the chantry chapel are painted hawks, hawks' bells, and escallops, which last are part of the Hawkwood arms, as the first were, probably, a crest, as well as a rebus of the name; and we find a hawk volant on Sir John's seal. In the north and west side of the tower are two hawks on perches, in neat relief, in rondeaux hollowed in the wall; which, probably, denote that some of the family built the tower. Mr. Morant supposes that some of them rebuilt this church about the reign of Edward III.; but none appeared to have been in circumstances equal to such munificence, before our hero; and perhaps his heirs were the rebuilders.

Every contemporary historian speaks with admiration of Sir John Hawkwood's skilful tactics in battle, his stratagems, his well-conducted retreats; praise which is hardly bestowed, certainly not so continually, on any former leader. The circumstances of the times must be the apology for the frequent changes of his service, which led him to engage as suited his interest. He was a soldier of fortune; and his abilities in the field caused him to be coveted by rival states. The Florentines offered him the best terms, and to them he ever after adhered with irreproachable fidelity.

Mr. Hallam observes with reference to the age in which Sir John Hawkwood flourished, that "in the fourteenth century, we begin to perceive something more of a scientific character in military proceedings; and historians, for the first time, discover that success does not entirely depend upon intrepidity and physical prowess. Many distinguished officers were found in the school of Edward III. Yet their excellencies were, perhaps, rather those of active partisans than of experienced generals. Their successes are still due rather to daring enthusiasm, than to wary and calculating combination. Like inexpert chess players, they surprise us by happy sallies against rule, or display their talents in rescuing themselves from the consequence of their own mistakes. Thus, the admirable arrangements of the Black Prince at the battle of Poictiers hardly redeemed the temerity which placed him in a situation where the egregious folly of his adversary alone could have permitted him to triumph. Hawkwood, therefore, appears to be *the first general of modern times;* the earliest master, however imperfect, in the science of Turenne and Wellington."

Over and above Hawkwood's successes in war, we should not omit to record his labours in peace. Part of the wealth which he had acquired in his campaigns was—a circumstance not unusual with the warriors of the middle ages—devoted to charitable purposes: in particular, an English hospital for the reception of poor travellers at Rome, was long an honourable monument of his munificence: such benevolence raising him even above his belligerent celebrity.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

2. PETER PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT ANIMALS.

This is a work evidently intended for the young, and like the majority of juvenile works on natural history, contains much matter calculated to perpetuate those errors which naturalists are anxious to correct. The woodcuts amounting to two hundred and eighty, are of a very superior kind, and would be creditable to a much better work.

Pheasant, (p. 211.)—"An American feels a strong emotion of surprise and pleasure when he first looks on one of these noble birds."—And well he may. "It is recorded," says the authoress of the *Natural Historian*, "that when Cœsus, king of Lydia, was seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence, and all the blazing pomp of eastern splendour, he asked Solon if he had ever beheld anything so fine. The Greek philosopher, no way moved by the objects before him, or taking a pride in his native simplicity, replied, he had seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, and, therefore, could be astonished at no other finery; and certainly nothing can exceed this beautiful creature's variety and richness of colour."

Robin of America, (p. 216.)—This bird, designated a robin by the Americans, is a species of thrush, the migratory or red-breasted thrush.

Wren, (p. 228.)—An anecdote related by Jesse concerning the sagacity of a thrush, is carelessly introduced into the account of the wren, where it is totally out of place.

Nightingale, (p. 233.)—Peter tells his readers, that Philomel does not sing until the blackbird, thrush, stock-dove, and ring-dove "have lulled each other to rest." This is a repetition of a favourite and common notion, but one, nevertheless, false; for the nightingale constantly sings, especially during the time of incubation, by day, in defiance of poetical and fictitious nonsense.

Snow-bird, (p. 240.)—"The snow-birds are the most numerous of the sparrow kind."

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They are not of the sparrow kind, (*Passerinæ*,) but of the bunting kind, (*Emberizæ*.)

Gold-fish, (p. 285.)—Peter states that this fish was introduced into England in 1661. Pennant and others, however, say it was in the year 1691.

Grasshopper, (p. 315.)—"It feeds on grass, and utters a chirping note, which is supposed to be caused by the fluttering of its wings." The chirping is produced by the insect rubbing the serrated part of its legs against the elytra or wing-cases, as we well know from having often witnessed the performance. De Geer and others assure us that grasshoppers, locusts, and crickets are furnished with a remarkable formation resembling a drum, which greatly contributes in increasing the sound. This apparatus consists of a concavity, across which is distended a membrane; connected with this is an oval aperture, which has been compared to the hole in military drums, violins, and guitars. Mr. Rennie found that when this aperture was closed by a piece of wafer, the insect could no longer produce its usual sound, but merely a muffled scraping.

Dragon-fly, (p. 318.)—Peter says there are "three or four different kinds of dragon-flies," and "they bite fiercely when they are taken." A reference to Stephens's *Systematic Catalogue of British Insects*, or some such work, would have shown the author that there are many more species of this insect than three. The structure of their mandibles seems to disqualify them for biting human flesh, though they are well adapted for the seizure of their insect prey.

Spiders, (p. 322.)—It is here stated that *all* spiders are "furnished with eight eyes." Most species have that number, but *all* have not, for *Argyroneta aquatica*, *Segestria perfida*, and *Drysdera erythrina* have only six eyes.

Silkworm, (p. 314.)—This is spoken of as being literally a sort of *worm*, which it is not; but the larva or caterpillar of a species of moth, scientifically termed the *Bombyx mori*.

3. Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcester.—By Dr. C. Hastings.

The present work, which is a sort of prospectus of the natural productions of Worcester, is published under the direction of that county's Natural History Society, which was established in 1833, and judging from the number of its members, about two hundred, and other circumstances, is likely to succeed in all its objects. We cannot refrain from expressing our pleasure, at seeing in the list of the Society's members, the names of nearly forty ladies, one of whom in particular, Mrs. Perrott, appears from this work, and from her excellent articles in the *Analyst*, to be an active and zealous observer of nature.

Man's peculiar Endowments, (p. 50.)—Dr. Hastings speaking of the endowments of man, says,—"He alone is blessed with the power, (apparently denied to the lower animals,) of communicating his thoughts, wishes, wants, and feelings; he alone can look back on, reflect upon, and contemplate the past; he alone can look forward to, and calculate the destinies of the future." In this passage, there is, indubitably, more assumption than truth. Whether animals communicate their thoughts, or have thoughts to communicate, it seems beyond our power to ascertain, and the same we may say with respect to their wishes. Do not hunger and thirst make animals express their wants, and do not love, rage, and other passions, make them express their feelings? That they can contemplate the past seems quite proved by their recognising individuals from whom, years ago, they received either caresses or blows. Whether they can conceive and calculate future destinies may remain a question. Tolerable evidence of the communication of events, even among insects, is afforded by the fact of bees announcing to each other the death of their queen, and ants conversing, as it were, with their mandibles and antennæ—a circumstance first discovered, we believe, by the two Hubers. It appears to have been no question with the ancients—

"Whether beasts confabulate or not,"—

as the power of understanding their languages, was attributed to Melampus, Thales, Apollonius, Tiresias, Soloman, and to an Irish Franciscan of the seventeenth century.

J. H. F.

Anecdote Gallery.

Timely Relief.

The respectable nurse, or confidential female servant, of some young ladies nearly related to the writer, saw one day in walking to Thorpe, (a pretty and populous village near Norwich,) a poor, miserable, half-starved, ragged lad, sitting by the roadside, sharpening a knife: he might have been about fourteen years of age, and his meagre, haggard, and wildly despairing looks induced Lucy to speak to him. The poor boy was friendless and forlorn; he had not a farthing wherewith to procure himself food, and had not eaten anything for many hours. He wanted, he said, to go to Yarmouth; but, without money, and without strength from starvation, found he could not proceed to that town. Lucy gave him, with a shilling, a little friendly advice, begging him not to despair, but ever, under the most distressing circumstances, to trust to the care and kindness of his Father in heaven. Perhaps, she could not, in the beautiful words of Coleridge, speak of "the good God who made

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and who loves us all;" but she succeeded fully in cheering the mind of the destitute boy, and gratefully thanking her, he walked on to Thorpe, in his way to Yarmouth.

Two years afterwards, Lucy met, and, we believe, on the same road, a tall, fine, happy-looking young man, in a sailor's dress, who accosted her:—"And do you not know me, my kind, my best friend?" said he, smiling at her air of embarrassment and surprise: "but no wonder, for I'm somewhat different now, I guess, from what I was when you first beheld me here, and rescued me from destitution and death! When you spoke to me that day, I was sharpening a knife; it was intended for my own throat. So wretched and so hopeless was I, that I had resolved to live no longer: but, blessed be God, he brought you near me, put it into your heart to pity and relieve me; and, whilst your money bought me bread, your words turned away my desperate purpose; all the road going to Yarmouth, I thought of what you had said, and felt that the God who could send a friend at the very moment of need, was indeed a Father, and worthy to be trusted. My errand to Yarmouth was, to endeavour to obtain a situation of some sort in a vessel, where I could make myself useful; my dress tells you I succeeded, and am now, though not rich, far from destitute; besides, what is better, I have friends, and am happy: —all this, under Providence, I owe to you, but how much more, in preventing me from cutting short my own life, another world only can reveal!" M. L. B.

UNTIMELY REFUSAL OF RELIEF.

A BAKER in Paris, a very charitable man, who had always, upon principle, a liard, a centime, a sous, or a roll, to bestow upon the poor, became, at length, so beset and imposed on, that weary of the visitation of the pauper host, he solemnly vowed he would never more relieve one of them. How often are men made, like Jephthah, to repent of rash vows! And not long after taking this, a miserable object presented himself at the baker's door, imploring a crust of bread for pity's sake—he was starving.—"Starving, indeed!" cried the baker; "that's the old story; but I'm not now to be so taken in. March, sirrah!—you'll get nothing here, I assure you!"—The emaciated, miserable object crawled away; the boulanger had the curiosity to watch him, and saw, alas! that his tale had been but too true; for many steps he had not proceeded from this beneficent tradesman's now inhospitable door, ere he fell to the ground dead!

So shocked was the good baker by this circumstance, that he opened his house to all beggars as before; and retracting his first vow, made another equally solemn, that none hereafter who applied to him for relief, should ever depart from his door without it. M. L. B.

The Public Journals.

TO THE MONKEY THAT DESCENDED IN A PARACHUTE.*

"Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise."—*Pope.*

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

"MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour."
Thine 'twas, oh! Prince of Poesy to sing
Of Satan's scarce imaginable spring,
Horrid descent, through space; and of the flower
Of Human hope that fell in Eden's bower.
Oh! that the smallest feather of thy wing
For me were left; or that a wish could bring
To my dry pen one drop of thy rich shower.
Then might I tell, and taste of Fame's sweet fruit,
Not of descents that dazzle and appal,—
Of spirits doom'd, and stars that downward shoot,
Of Lucifer, or angel-flights at all;—
Not of the fall of *Man*, but of a brute:
Oh! then might I relate—the Monkey's Fall!

Oh! for a line as long as his renown,
Or equal to the height at which he sat,
(Ye short hexameters, come up to that!)
But yester-eve, above the tiptoe town:
Eager before to see him mounting up,
More eager now to see him toppling down,
With Death to sup!
Few minutes then had pass'd, since I had seen,
The creature there like Mahomet's coffin hung,
Borne round the gardens with a conscious mien
That spoke as with a tongue,
And seem'd in native dialect to say—
"I and two *human* things ascend to-day!"
And from his car of wire he freely flung
Glances to all the fair and grins to men,
With nutshells now and then.
"'Tis no mere monkey that you here survey,"
(By looks said he,)
"The lion of the gardens you may see
Even in me!
Who listens to the roaring of the *others?*
Or minds the Hungarian brothers?
They may for once confess themselves defeated.
And as for *Green*—he's really too conceited,
If he believes on him these thousands wait;
I pity his poor human vanity.
I am the hero of Victoria's *fête*,
Whate'er *my* fate, on coming down, may be."

And so he was! Oh, parish of St. James!
Oh, Court exulting in your bright attire!
How he eclipsed your gaudiest dukes and dames!
Oh, Aristocracy! were *he* your sire,
You might have worn a crimson robe with grace,
But, henceforth, be the crimson in your face.
The wearer of *that* suit a king was born,—
So had we sworn.
Yet how submissive!—see how he submits;
As little pride as fear,
Cometh his philosophic spirit near:
Just like a seer,
He sits.

See, to his car they chain him—to its bottom,—
Pronounce "a sentence," bid "prepare,"
Yet no wish 'scapes him that the bears had got 'em!
How would a little *biped* work his grinders,
And storm, and shriek, and tear,
And kick, and curse his binders!
But *he*—he leaves them almost unupbraided,
He in no clap-trap call on freedom raves,
When thus the subject's liberty's invaded;
Nor once cries "Britons never will be slaves!"

* On the occasion of the fête given at the Surrey Zoological Gardens in honour of the birth-day of the Princess Victoria.

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Nor talks of equal rights and equal laws,
Nor rants about his "cause;"
Nor promises to read
Dread lessons to the tyrannizing factions;
Nor threatens Mr. Cross with fifty actions;
But lets his foes proceed,
And never says a word about "proceedings."
His doctrine still—though doom'd to such a distance
From all his hopes of future fun and feedings—
Passive obedience and non-resistance!

Spare him, oh! spare the creature yet, good Cross;
He is aggrieved, and you'll be sorely grieved!—
Think what must be your loss,
If the false parachute should come down closed!
State—and the statement may be well believed—
The principal performer's *indisposed*.
What evil has he done
That he should be the one!
Why have him "taken up?" You never can
Possess the right—he may be maim'd past cure?
Before he makes this dread ascent for man,
You of his own assent should feel secure.
"You *bought* him, he is yours?" Why, that is true,
And this idea in your mind may swim,
That *he* should willingly come down for you,
Because *you* came down handsomely for him!

No more, break off! Mercy, you plead too late,—
The cords are loosen'd, the ballon is up!
Up, up it goeth at a glorious rate,
And with it draws, depending from a line
E'en as the thread of spider frail and fine,
The Feature of the Fête.
Oh! he hath surely drain'd life's latest cup!
We gaze with mingled feelings? with the scoff
There comes a shudder, pity checks the gibe:
Never was monkey yet so "taken off,"
Even when Landseer took off all the tribe!
On, on, they eastward sweep, and still they soar,
And lessen more and more;
The monkey swings with them where'er they go,—
How can we treat our "poor relation" so!
"Sweet little cherub" sitting up aloft,
With Green above you and with green below,
'Twixt man and man may your descent be slow,
Your tumble soft!
What are his thoughts?—that he shall go, perhaps,
Back to his woods, and kinsmen for him grieving;
Or, as he rises, thinks what little chaps
He now is leaving.
Ha! he *returns*,—for, see, that spider's thread
Is severing from the car; Green now leaves go;
The height appears at least a mile or so!
Down, down the monkey comes, and o'er his head
The parachute—unspread!
Is he alive, or no?
His rocket-flight must surely end in gloom.
Another moment,—now you can descry
His snow-white plume
In the blue sky;—
No wonder the "white feather" he is showing—
Gods! how he's going.
Now nearer see him, looking like a doll,
Not to be class'd, I fear, with breating things.
Pinion'd,—ah! would instead that he had *wings!*
What was thy fall to this, oh son of Sol?
But see, look quick, how moves the parachute!
The air has caught, and opens every flute,—
Lo! 'tis expanded o'er the little brute!

How exquisite the gentleness, the grace,
The novel beauty of that calm descending!
Keep it, sweet element, at this same pace,
And we will scarcely fear an evil ending!
Less awful grows the space;
One almost sees his face,
Peering about in little fright or pain,
Alone with his umbrella, without rein.
Nearer the earth,—safe, almost safe is he,
Much musing on his vehicle's easy action,—
For what should monkeys know of "gravity,"
Though something of "attraction?"
An instant more,—and now the farthest tree
Concealeth the airy voyager from view:
Again he's on the earth!
Now is it mourning, Mr. Cross, or mirth?
Soon, soon as feet can fly a mile or two,
He's here—alive—unhurt—most gently hurld,—
The living monkey that has seen the World.

All who would moralize life's ups and downs,
The rise of caps and bells, the fall of clowns,
To thee full many an admiring trope owe,
Illustrious Jacopo!

New Monthly Magazine.

ELEPHANTS.

By the Author of Jacob Faithful, &c.

When I was in India I was very partial to elephants; there was a most splendid elephant, which had been captured by the expedition sent to Martaban; he stood four or five feet higher than elephants usually do, and was a great favourite of his master, the rajah. When this animal was captured there was great difficulty in getting him on board of the transport. A raft was made, and he was very unwillingly persuaded to trust his huge carcass upon it; he was then towed off with about thirty of the natives on the raft, attending him; the largest purchases and blocks were procured to hoist him in, the main-yards doubly secured, and the fall brought to the capstern. The elephant had been properly slung, the capstern was manned, and his huge bulk was lifted in the air, but he had not risen a foot before the ropes gave way, and down he came again on the raft with a heavy surge, a novelty which he did not appear to approve of. A new fall was rove, and they again manued the capstern; this time the tackle held, and up went the gentleman in the air; but he had not forgotten the previous accident, and upon what ground it is impossible to say, he ascribed his treatment to the natives, who were assisting him on the raft. As he slowly mounted in the air, he looked about him very wroth, his eyes and his trunk being the only portions of his frame at liberty. These he turned about in every direction as he ascended—at last, as he passed by the main channels, he perceived the half of a maintop-sail yard, which had been carried away in the slings, lying on the goose-necks; it was a weapon that suited him admirably; he seized hold of it, and whirling it once round with his trunk, directed the piece of wood with such good aim, that he swept about twenty of the natives off the raft, to take their chance with a strong tide and plenty of alligators. It was the self-possession of the animal which I admired so much, swinging in the air in so unusual a position for an elephant, he was as collected as if he had been roaming in his own wild forests. He arrived and was disembarked at Rangoon, and it was an amusement to me, whenever I could find time to watch this animal, and two others much smaller in size who were with him; but he was my particular pet. Perhaps the reader

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will like to have the diary of an elephant when not on active service. At what time animals get up who never lie down without being ordered, it is not very easy to say. The elephants are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the extreme heat of the sun; they stand under this tree, to which they are chained by their hind legs. Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the respective keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, cast themselves loose, and in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper; they then march off with him to the nearest forest, and on their arrival commence breaking down the branches of the trees, selecting those which are most agreeable to their palates, and arranging them in two enormous faggots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make witheys and bind up their two faggots, and then twist another to connect the two, so as to hang them over their backs down on each side, and having thus made their provision, they return home; the keeper may or may not be present during this performance. All depends upon whether the elephants are well trained, and have been long in servitude. Upon their return, the elephants pass the chains again round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before; they then amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the others. Now when an elephant has had enough to eat, he generally selects a long bough, and pulling off all the lateral branches, leaves a bush at the end forming a sort of whisk to keep off the flies and musquitoes; for although the hide of the elephant is very thick, still it is broken into crannies and cracks, into which the vermin insert themselves. Sometimes they have the following ingenious method of defending themselves against these tormentors—they put the end of their trunk down in the dust, draw up as large a quantity as they can, and turning their trunks over their heads, pour it out over their skin, powdering and filling up the interstices, after which they take the long branch I have before mentioned, and amuse themselves by flapping it right and left, and in all directions about their bodies, wherever the insects may settle.

And now for an instance of self-denial, which I have often witnessed on the part of my friend the large elephant. I have observed him very busy, flapping right and flapping left, evidently much annoyed by the persecution of the musquitoes; by-the-by, no one can have an idea how hard the tiger-musquito can bite. I will, however, give an instance of it, for the truth of which I cannot positively vouch; but I remember that once, when it rained torrents, and we were on a boating expedition, a marine who, to keep his charge dry, had his fore-finger inserted in the barrel of his musket, pulled it out in a great hurry, exclaiming to his comrade, "may I be shot, Bill, if one of them beggars ha'n't bit me *right* through the barrel of my musket." This *per parenthèse*, and now to proceed: As I said before, the elephant showed, by constant flagellation of his person, that he was much annoyed by his persecutors, and just at that time, the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round as a ball, which in India I believe they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindostanee—"*Watch it*," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of of Indian ink, and driving away every musquito which came near it; this he continued for upwards of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned. It was really a beautiful sight, and causing much reflection. Here was a monster, whose bulk exceeded that of the infant by at least ten thousand times, acknowledging that the image of his maker, even in its lowest degree of perfection, was divine; silently proving the truth of the sacred announcement, that God had "given to man dominion over the beasts of the field." And here too was a brute animal setting an example of devotion and self-denial, which but few Christians, none indeed but a mother, could have practised.

As I am on the subject, I may as well inform my readers how and in which way this elephant and I parted company, for it was equally characteristic of the animal. The army was ordered to march, and the elephants were called into requisition to carry the tents. The Quarter-Master General, the man with four eyes, as the natives called him, because he wore spectacles, superintended the loading of the animals—tent upon tent was heaped upon my friend, who said nothing, till at last he found that they were overdoing the thing, and then he roared out his complaints, which the keeper explained; but there was still one more tent to be carried, and, therefore, as one more or less could make no difference, it was ordered to be put upon his back. The elephant said no more, but he turned sulky—enough was as good as a feast with him, and he considered this treatment as no joke. Now it so happened that at the time the main street, and the only street of the town, which was at least half a mile long, was crowded to suffocation with tattoos, or little ponies, and small oxen, every one of them loaded with a couple of cases of claret, or brandy, or something else, slung on each side of them, attended by

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coolies, who, with their hooting, and pushing, and beating, and screaming, created a very bustling and lively scene. When the last tent was put on the elephant he was like a mountain, with canvass on each side of him, bulging out to a width equal to his own; there was just room for him to pass through the two rows of houses on each side of the street, and not ten inches to spare: he was ordered by the keeper to go on—he obeyed the order certainly, but in what way—he threw his trunk up in the air, screamed a loud shriek of indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal in speed to a horse's gallop, right down the street, mowing down before him every poney, bullock, and cooley that barred his passage; the confusion was indescribable, all the little animals were with their legs in the air, claret and brandy poured in rivulets down the street, coolies screamed as they threw themselves into the doors and windows, and at one fell swoop the angry gentleman demolished the major part of the comforts of the officers, who were little aware how much they were to sacrifice for the sake of an extra tent. With my eyes I followed my friend in his reckless career, until he was enveloped and hid from my view in a cloud of dust, and that was my farewell of him. I turned round, and observed close to me the quarter-master-general, looking with all his *four eyes* at the effects of his inhumanity.—*Metropolitan.*

SABBATH SONNET. — COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The Halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

We cannot allow these verses to adorn, with a sad beauty, the pages of this (Blackwood's) Magazine—more especially as they are the last composed by their distinguished writer, and that only a few days before her death—without at least a passing tribute of regret over an event which has cast a shadow of gloom over the sunshiny fields of cotemporary literature. But two months ago, the beautiful lyric, entitled Despondency and Aspiration, appeared in these pages, and now the sweet fountain of music from which that prophetic strain gushed has ceased to flow. The highly-gifted and accomplished, the patient, the meek, and long-suffering Felicia Hemans is no more. She died on the night of Saturday the 16th of May, at Dublin, and met her fate with all the calm resignation of a Christian, conscious that her spirit was winging its flight to another and a better world, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Without disparagement of the living, we scarcely hesitate to say, that in Mrs. Hemans our female literature has lost, perhaps, its brightest ornament. To Joanna Baillie she might be inferior not only in vigour of conception, but in the power of metaphysically analyzing those sentiments and feelings, which constitute the basis of human action; to Mrs. Jameson in that critical perception which, from detached fragments of spoken thought, can discriminate the links which bind all into a distinctive character;—to Miss Landon in eloquent facility;—to Caroline Bowles in simple pathos;—and to Mary Mitford in power of thought;—but as a female writer, influencing the female mind, she has undoubtedly stood, for some by-past years, the very first in the first rank; and this pre-eminence has been acknowledged, not only in her own land, but wherever the English tongue is spoken, whether on the banks of the eastern Ganges, or the western Mississippi. Her path was her own; and shoals of imitators have arisen alike at home, and on the other side of the Atlantic, who, destitute of her animating genius, have mimicked her themes, and parodied her sentiments and language, without being able to reach its height. In her poetry, religious truth, and intellectual beauty meet together; and assuredly it is not the less calculated to refine the taste and exalt the imagination, because it addresses itself almost exclusively to the better feelings of our nature alone. Over all her pictures of humanity are spread the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, delicacy of perception and conception, sublimity of religious faith, and warmth of patriotism; and turning from the dark and degraded, whether in subject or sentiment, she seeks out those verdant oases in the desert of human life, on which the affections may most pleasantly rest. Her poetry is intensely and entirely feminine—and, in our estimation, this is the highest praise which could be awarded it—it could have been written by a woman only; for although in the "Records" of her sex we have the female character delineated in all the varied phases of baffled passion and of ill-requited affection; of heroical self-denial, and of withering hope deferred; of devotedness tried in the furnace of affliction, and of

> "Gentle feelings long subdued
> Subdued, and cherished long;"

yet its energy resembles that of the dove, "pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate," and its exaltation of thought is not of the

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daring kind, which doubts and derides, or even questions, but which clings to the anchor of hope, and looks forward with faith and reverential fear.

Mrs. Hemans has written much, and, as with all authors in like predicament, her strains are of various degrees of excellence. Independently of this, her different works will be differently estimated, as to their relative value, by different minds; but, among the lyrics of the English language which can scarcely die, we hesitate not to assign places to The Hebrew Mother—The Treasures of the Deep—The Spirit's Return—The Homes of England—The Better Land—The Hour of Death—The Trumpet—and The Graves of a Household. In these "gems of purest ray serene," the peculiar genius of Mrs. Hemans breathes, and burns, and shines pre-eminent; for her forte lay in depicting whatever tends to beautify and embellish domestic life—the gentle overflowings of love and friendship—"homebred delights and heart-felt happiness"—the associations of local attachment—and the influences of religious feelings over the soul, whether arising from the varied circumstances and situations of man, or from the aspects of external nature. We would only here add, by way of remark, that the writings of Mrs. Hemans seem to divide themselves into two pretty distinct portions—the first comprehending her Modern Greece, Wallace, Dartmoor, Sceptic, Historic Scenes, and other productions, up to the publication of the Forest Sanctuary; and the latter comprehending that volume, The Records of Woman, The Scenes and Hymns of Life, and all her subsequent productions. In her earlier works she follows the classic model as contradistinguished from the romantic, and they are inferior in that polish of style and almost gorgeous richness of language, in which her maturer compositions are set. It is evident that new stores of thought were latterly opened up to her, in a more extended acquaintance with the literature of Spain and Germany.

Mrs. Hemans died in her forty-first year. She was born in Liverpool:—her father was a native of Ireland, and, by her mother, a German lady, she was descended from a Venetian family of rank. She married in early life—unhappily;—and left five sons, more than one of whom are of high promise. She passed many years in the quiet seclusion of St. Asaph's in North Wales with her mother; three at Wavertree, near Liverpool, after the death of that revered parent; and thence she removed to Dublin, where so recently she breathed her last.

Antiquariana.

LEWES CASTLE.

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LEWES CASTLE.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

Sussex is thickly studded with fragments of antiquity, few of which are better known than the remains of the ancient castle at Lewes. Of the town, the earliest authentic records commence with the Roman sway, when Lewes is thought to have been the station Mutuantenis, or Mantuantonis, "a mutation or mansion situate by a water or river: so is Lewes situate."—*Burrell MSS.*

The origin of the castle is said to have been a considerable time before the Conquest, and has been attributed to Alfred. Athelstan established two mints in Lewes, considered to be an indication of very great consequence at that period. At the era of Domesday, it had been made the chief seat and barony of the Earls de Warren, who possessed the whole rape; one of whom, in 1266, obtained a murage grant from Henry III. to fortify the town with the aid of several dues and customs. It had a market established soon after the Conquest, and a merchant guild, of great eminence; and a Cluniac Priory, founded at the conclusion of the thirteenth century, by the first Earl de Warren, and Gundreda, his wife, whose annual revenue, at the Dissolution, amounted to the clear sum of 920*l.* It had formerly, including its suburbs of Cliffe, Westout, and Southover, thirteen churches, which are now reduced to six.

The castle is chiefly remarkable for having had *two keeps*, raised on mounds, and inclosed within its walls: one at the western extremity remains tolerably perfect, and has a very commanding appearance, hanging, clothed with ivy, over the street of the town. Very little of the primitive architecture of the castle is, however, discernible; for the building has been rather modernized than restored in its repairs, which have been very liberal. A large square tower at the entrance, probably of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with machicolations, is, probably, the most ornamental feature of the structure. The view from hence is very pleasing, and will repay the ascent.—*Parry's Coast of Sussex.*

New Books.

THE EMPRESS. A NOVEL.

By G. Bennett, Esq., Author of the Albanians.

[The plot of this work embraces the most infamous period of the renowned, but cruel and licentious Agrippina the younger, after she had married her uncle Claudius, and accordingly become "the Empres" of Rome. Upon the novelist's canvass, therefore, figure the four-wived Claudius; Britannicus, his son by Messalina; Nero, the son of Agrippina by Domitius Œnobarbus; the beautiful Lollia Paulina, the divorced wife of Caligula; Narcissus, banished, and driven to suicide by the intrigues of Agrippina; Octavia, the daughter of Claudius; and Acceronia, another lovely Roman. The love-plot consists mainly of the intrigues of Agrippina to aid Nero, in supplanting Lucius Silanus in the affections of Octavia: the poisoning of Claudius and Britannicus to make way for Nero to the throne, also by Agrippina; and the murders of Acceronia and Agrippina, instigated by Nero. To aid in this diabolical work we have Locusta, the celebrated wild woman, or witch; and Camillus, a dwarf, but most important personage in the villany. To these actors and events are added incidental illustrations of the customs of the old Romans—their luxurious festivals, their refined cruelties, and debasing superstitions, with glimpses of their domestic manners—all which receive additional interest from the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries since their existence. It need scarcely be added, that with such materials, assisted by the classic precision of Tacitus in the history of the period, Mr. Bennett has sustained the interest of two volumes, the extent of his work; and, unlike nine out of ten books of the day, "the Empress" might, perhaps, with advantage, have been extended to a third volume. The incidents would not then have succeeded each other with such rapidity as they now do; and space would have been allowed for that repose which is often so requisite in the working of a plot, or bringing about its main events. If the want of this repose be a fault, it is, at least, a rare one in a novel. The work will, doubtless, be read with zest; but, if it be urged that the career of crime in its pages is too dark and rapid, the writer may plead historical truth, though he be chargeable with the omission of redeeming light in the many pictures of infamy which he has so strongly painted. The dialogue throughout the work is neatly written, and has much natural energy, and many refined touches of passion, and highly-wrought poetic feeling: the *scenes*, or incidental illustrations of manners have, likewise, great merit, with due allowance for the *splendor loci*, and its mingled terror and delight. Our quotations shall be from these portions of the work, as they may give the reader an idea of its attractive character, without anticipating the interest of the plot.

The Empress' Dwarf Page.

His hair which was of the richest gold colour, hung in a profusion of shining ringlets over a brow as fair as the most delicate female's; his eyes were of an indistinct colour, approaching to pink, and gave a peculiar expression to his countenance, but not an unpleasant one; his features were pleasing; his complexion healthy; his costume was

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fancifully composed of a shirt of silver cloth, descending to his knees, and bound in at the waist by a jewelled belt, which fastened in the front with a diamond clasp; over this was thrown, negligently, a Persian shawl of considerable value, with a blue ground, and a deep border of curious workmanship; a small poinard with a jewelled hilt hung at his girdle, and a kind of turban was placed upon the table at which he sat.

Terrific Earthquake.

Scarcely had Silanus passed the threshold, when he felt the ground heave under him, and immediately a low, murmuring sound broke upon the awful stillness that succeeded, as if the heavens had become breathless through fear at the convulsions of the earth. Alarmed at the threatening aspect of Nature, he ascended the hundred steps, leading to the principal entrance of the magnificent Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and, from their summit, beheld the tottering and falling edifices, that with every shock strewed the streets with ruins, and listened with grief to the wailings of the unfortunate multitude wandering through the City, increasing each other's terror with loud clamours of despair. The devout thronged the temples which were choked up to suffocation; those who could not obtain access, knelt down in the streets, and heaped dust upon their heads in anguish, calling upon the gods to restrain their vengeance and save the city from destruction. Augurs ascended their towers in every direction: Prophets and Seers increased the confusion of the populace. A dreadful shock loosened the triple row of columns that supported the portico under which Silanus stood, and the gilded marble rolled with a sound like thunder down the spacious field of the Campus Martius. A massive block of Parian stone bounded over his head, while he stood fixed with awe upon the spot, gazing upon the glittering fragments, as they descended with the velocity of thunderbolts to the plain beneath. A sudden darkness covered the city, and strange prodigies were seen,—meteors fell from the clouds,—the sun was obscured,—birds of evil omen hovered about the palace of Claudius, and swooping to the right hand, disappeared with loud screams! Silanus, struck with superstitious terrors, joined the throng that continued to press within the Temple, from which, after performing his devotions, and breathing his supplications to Jupiter, he slowly departed, and forcing his way through the crowded streets, he reached his palace, wearied with exertion, and filled with sorrow for the accumulated calamities that overwhelmed the city.

Scene in the Circus.

By an order from Claudius, the wild beasts were loosened from their dens. Five noble lions, of Numidian breed, fresh from the mountains, leaped into the circus. At the same moment, the sluices, which were formed for conveying vast quantities of water into the arena for the exhibition of the Naumachia, were opened in every quarter. The water rushed into the circus, and with it the dreadful monsters of the Nile:—crocodiles of an enormous size, kept without food for many days, were again let loose in their native element. The men, terrified at the approach of the furious animals, fighting with one another or advancing to attack them, stood, for a moment, powerless. But six remained, and those, exhausted by their former toil, unarmed and defenceless, destitute of any weapons to inflict a mortal wound, if we except the chirotheca, (boxing gloves,) cried aloud for swords to sustain the unequal contest; which, by a sign from Claudius, were granted, and the arms of the secutores, (a particular class of gladiators, who fought with sword and buckler,) were flung to their assistance. In front and rear, the furious beasts were seen chased by the scaly monsters, or, in close contact, dragged beneath the water; now rising to inhale the air, (which rang with the acclamations of the people,) and now sinking again in deadly conflict with their silent and voracious enemies. The men were soon compelled to defend themselves; the water, which was now breast-high, was dyed with blood; and, after a desperate struggle, but one man remained to excite the pity or admiration of the spectators. He had, however, but one animal to encounter; the rest had perished beneath the swords of the men, who died, likewise, under the claws or in the fangs of the beasts they fought with. This struggle was long and doubtful; at length the man, whose body was dreadfully lacerated, defended himself but weakly, and retreated beneath the first row of spectators, casting looks of entreaty for some pitying hand to save him. They had fallen into the Euripus, a canal of ten feet broad, and ten in depth, (which at all times parted the spectators from the actors in the games,) and here the dexterity of the swimmer was superior to the strength of the lion, who, unable to feel the bottom, roared with alarm, and splashed about to keep himself upon the surface, receiving numberless wounds from the sword which his antagonist still faintly wielded.

At length exhausted, and seeing no hope of succour in the countenances of the beholders, the brave combatant was about to resign himself to his fate, when a young patrician, who during the sports had sat apart from his companions, with his eyes fixed upon one of the royal party, (whose cheek was blanched with the hues of death, as she gazed upon the barbarous scene she was compelled to witness,) darted to the

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spot, and separating the large folds of his toga, flung a part of it to him for assistance. The hope of life gave fresh vigour to the dying strength of the unfortunate victim; he grasped the welcome succour, and began to climb by its help; but the lion, although pierced with countless wounds, still lingered near his prey. The sword was buried in his side—but the sword-arm of the man was in his claws. The patrician still held one end of the toga he had flung to him, when a number of others, impatient to behold the event of the contest, pressed forward to the edge of the Euripus, and, by their eagerness, precipitated Lucius Silanus into the canal.

A shriek of anguish was heard in the podium, and the Emperor's family were seen hastening from their seats, and quitting the circus. The man and beast sank together in the clasp of death, and were seen no more, nor even thought of in the interest excited by the accident that befell Silanus, who had scarcely crossed the canal, and gained a footing in the shallow water which covered the arena, when the voices of the spectators were raised to put him on his guard, a sword flung to him from the balcony of the mæniana was dexterously caught, at the moment when a crocodile (who, during the late combat, had escaped the notice of the people,) had opened its enormous jaws to seize upon its defenceless prey. By a rapid movement he evaded the impending death, and by a dexterous blow struck out an eye of the unwieldy monster, who sank to the bottom. Lucius did the same, and for some moments, the ruffled waters alone gave evidence that the struggle was not at an end. At length they appeared—the tunic of Silanus was torn and bloody, and the breast of his foe who rose erect above him, spouted blood from sundry wounds he had inflicted, by skilfully insinuating himself under the creature's belly. The circus rang with encouraging shouts, and the water, which was ordered to be drained off at the moment the accident occurred, becoming shallower, rendered his motions more free and active. They fell together—the crocodile below, the gallant youth above; who, by a successful stroke, laid open its entrails, as it dropped upon its back. The victory was complete—and Silanus, exhausted from the exertion, quitted the circus, followed by the applauding shouts of the delighted spectators.

House of Nero.

The walls of this delightful room were formed of the most beautiful Grecian marble, brought from the celebrated quarry on Mount Pentelicus, near Athens, adorned with various devices from the fabulous history of the Greeks, &c., and executed by the finest sculptors and artists. The splendid ceiling was supported by twelve columns of Parian marble, of the Ionian order; in the centre appeared a group of figures beautifully chiselled, representing the contest between Ænomaus and Pelops in the chariot race at Olympia, at which Jupiter presided—on the right hand of the god was Ænomaus, with his wife Sterope, a daughter of Atlas; and at the heads of the four steeds harnessed to his chariot, stood his charioteer, the treacherous Myrtillus, and two grooms in attendance. In this corner of the picture was seen the river Cladeus. Upon the left of Jupiter, stood Pelops and Hippodamia, with the chariot, horses, charioteer, and groom; and in the left corner the river Alpheus. This subject was copied by Phidias from the original, in the temple of Jupiter, at Olympia; it engrossed the entire centre of the ceiling, and upon each side of it were two other subjects. The first comprised a number of figures, representing the various exercises of the Olympic games; the second was the spirited subject of Hercules, and his band of warriors, overcoming the Amazons, with Theseus fighting by his side.—On the right hand wall of the apartment, was a painting, supposed to have been executed by Pansænus, the brother of Phidias, which four hundred years had been unable to deprive of its beautiful tints—Jupiter at war with the Titans. This was supported by two smaller ones, expressive of the trials of skill between Apollo and Mars with the cæstus, and Mercury in the foot-race, in both of which games, Apollo appeared as the victor. On the opposite side was a beautiful enamel of the fate of Prometheus. He was stretched upon his back, and chained to the rock, with a vulture perched upon his breast, which was laid open, and bleeding profusely. The face of Prometheus expressed the agony he endured, and one shackled hand was lifted up to heaven, as if to deprecate its anger; while Hercules stood over them with his club upraised, as if about to slay the vulture. At the upper end of the room a contrivance had been made, to waft delicious perfumes through it, at regular periods. The cornices reflected a glare of light, from the various devices of precious stones that enriched them. Vases of the most costly workmanship, filled with aromatic plants and flowers, were placed around; and goblets, formed from the solid topaz, or more precious ruby. All that could fascinate the eye, and gratify the senses, were collected in this emporium of earth's treasures; but these were common to the eyes of Nero, and having lost their novelty, were no longer valued. Possession robs the fairest treasure of its charms, with those who, unrestrained, can always cull the first bright flower their fickle fancies covet.

[By the way, a circumstance connected with this work remains to be noticed. In the Preface, Mr. Bennett explains that the

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MS. of "the Empress" has been in the publisher's possession for more than twelve months; and he is induced to make this statement lest the reader should suspect him of plagiarism from Mr. Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*; we may add, although the scenes of both works resemble each other, the circumstances and situations of Mr. Bennett's work differ so materially as to acquit him of every thing but a coincidence, such as will by no means detract from his originality or talent.]

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[We have before referred to this work by way of quotation; and now proceed to a few more of its oracular thoughts upon points and subjects of popular and debatable interest. Not a word need be added in praise of the vigour and purity in which these opinions are expressed, nor of the warmth with which they must strike the imagination of the reader. Their laconic energy and polish have, indeed, rarely been equalled by any writer of modern times.]

Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago!—O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

Schiller has the material Sublime;* to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakspeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditater; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.

I think Old Mortality and Guy Mannering the best of the Scotch novels.

It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the "Remorse;" and was in the midst of Alhadra's description of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and cried out,—"Please, ma'am, master says, Will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?"

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.

A rogue is a roundabout fool; a fool *in circumbendibus*.

St. John's logic is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel; whilst St. Paul displays all the intricacies of the Greek system.

Kean is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hypertragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello.

I cannot say I expect much from mere Egyptian antiquities. Everything really, that is, intellectually, great in that country seems to me of Grecian origin.

The Earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven, of Futurity.

Up to twenty-one, I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

I have often told you that I do not think there is any jealousy, properly so called, in the character of Othello. There is no predisposition to suspicion, which I take to be an essential term in the definition of the word. Desdemona very truly told Emilia that he was not jealous, that is, of a jealous habit, and he says so as truly of himself. Iago's suggestions, you see, are quite new to him; they do not correspond with anything of a like nature previously in his mind. If Desdemona had, in fact, been guilty, no one would have thought of calling Othello's conduct that of a jealous man. He could not act otherwise than he did with the lights he had; whereas jealousy can never be strictly

* This expression—"material sublime"—like a hundred others which have slipped into general use, came originally from Mr. Coleridge, and was by him, in the first instance, applied to Schiller's Robbers.—See Act iv. sc. 5.—Ed.

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right. See how utterly unlike Othello is to Leontes, in the Winter's Tale, or even to Leonatus, in Cymbeline! The jealousy of the first proceeds from an evident trifle, and something like hatred is mingled with it; and the conduct of Leonatus in accepting the wager, and exposing his wife to the trial, denotes a jealous temper already formed.

Craniology is worth some consideration, although it is merely in its rudiments and guesses yet. But all the coincidences which have been observed could scarcely be by accident. The confusion and absurdity, however, will be endless until some names or proper terms are discovered for the organs, which are not taken from their mental application or significancy. The forepart of the head is generally given up to the higher intellectual powers; the hinder part to the sensual emotions.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.

Some folks apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the Falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last, a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said:—"How majestic!"—(It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying—"Thank you, sir! that *is* the exact word for it,"—when he added, *eodem flatu*)—"Yes! how very *pretty!*"

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose = words in their best order;—poetry = the *best* words in the best order.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

It is a small thing that the patient knows of his own state; yet some things he *does* know better than his physician.

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.

You may understand by *insect*, life in sections—diffused generally over all the parts.

The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends than the elephant.*

* I remember Mr. C. was accustomed to consider the ant as the most intellectual, and the dog as the most affectionate, of the irrational creatures, so far as our present acquaintance with the facts of natural history enables us to judge.—Ed.

Notes of a Reader.

EUROPEAN PAUPERISM.

M. DE VILLENEUVE BARGEMONT, (*ancien préfet,*) has published a work on the statistics of pauperism in Europe, to which he gives the title of *Christian Political Economy*. He estimates the indigent population of Europe at 10,897,333 individuals out of 226,445,200, the whole population. He thus distributes them:—

England contains about 3,900,000 poor, being one-sixth of the whole population, which is taken at 23,400,000. The agricultural and the manufacturing population are in the ratio of two to three; and the work performed by machinery exceeds that of 180,000,000 workmen. In London there are about 105,000 poor out of 1,350,000 inhabitants. In Liverpool, 27,000 out of 80,000. In Cork, 26,000 out of 60,000. In Sunderland, 14,000 out of 17,000.

In Germany, where the employment is chiefly agricultural, there are about 680,000 poor, or one-twentieth of the whole population. The agricultural population is three times greater than the manufacturing.

In Austria the proportion between the poor and the general population is 1 in 25, or 1,280,000 out of 32,000,000. Here the agricultural population is, compared with the manufacturing, in the ratio of 4 to 1. Denmark is nearly on a par with Austria, the poor being 1 in 25, and agricultural employment 4 to 1 more than manufacturing. In Spain, out of a population of 13,900,000 inhabitants, 450,000 are poor, or 1-30th. The agricultural population is here 5 to 1 more than the manufacturing. In France there are about 1,600,000 poor out of 32,000,000 inhabitants, or 1 in 20, and the agricultural population compared with the manufacturing 4 to 1. This proportion, however, of course varies according to the different localities. M. de Villeneuve has divided France into three regions or zones of pauperism, containing about 20 departments, 10,062,769 inhabitants, and 770,626 poor, showing that 1-30th of the population are destitute.

In Italy the proportion is 1 out of 25 poor. The entire population is 19,044,000, the numbers of the poor 750,000; and the agricultural population is five times greater than the manufacturing. Belgium and Holland are about on a par with England; the ratio between the entire population and the poor 7 to 1, and that of the manufacturing and agricultural 3 to 2. The population of Portugal is 3,530,000, of which about 141,000 are poor, or 1 in 25; and agricultural employment is five times greater than manufacturing. Prussia contains 12,778,000 inhabitants, of which 425,000 are poor, a proportion of 1 in 30. The agricultural population

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compared with the manufacturing is here also 5 to 1. Russia in Europe contains a population of 52,500,000, of which 525,000 are poor, being a proportion of 1 in 100. Manufactures are here at a low ebb; the manufacturing population as compared with the agricultural is only 1 to 14. The population of Sweden is 3,866,000, out of which 154,000, or 1-25th may be considered poor. Agriculture is here 4 to 1 greater than manufactures. Switzerland has a population of 1.714,000, of which 17,000 are destitute.—*Times.*

EATABLE BIRDS' NESTS.

There is a peculiar kind of bird-nest abounding on the Philippine islands, which is in high request amongst Chinese gourmands. Mr. Trelawney, in his *Adventures of a Younger Son,* tells us that the price of a moderate cargo is occasionally immense, and relates an amusing story of an ignorant English captain, who threw overboard enough of them to have made the fortune of his family. Dr. Meyen thus explains the precise composition of this luxury:—The weed which composes this branch of commerce is the *Sphærococcus cartilagineus var. setaceus aq.,* which is found in great abundance in this part of India. It is eaten by the bird *Hirundo esculenta,* which builds the nests in question, and is used in the preparation of its precious nest. The swallow eats the fresh weeds and permits them to soften for some time in its stomach, after which it throws up the mass, now converted into a jelly, and sticks it together to form the nest. The nests, which are subsequently smeared over with dirt and feathers, are brought in their raw state to China, where they are cleaned in immense warehouses built for the purpose, and then exposed for sale. These so celebrated Indian nests are, therefore, hardly anything more than the softened *Sphærococcus cartilagineus* which we have brought with us from the Chinese seas, and their effect is no other than that of fine jelly. In the preparation of these nests such a number of fine stimulants are generally added, that they of right occupy the first rank amongst relishes at the tables of the Chinese. The Japanese had long ago discovered that these costly bird-nests are nothing more than softened sea-weed, and now prepare the substance itself in an artist-like manner. Some of our own epicures may be glad to learn that the *Sphærococcus crispus,* which Dr. Meyen thinks would serve just as well for the composition of this luxury, is to be found in large quantities on the western and northern coasts of Great Britain.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

St. Servan had a tame robin, who used to feed from his hand, perch upon his head or shoulder while he was reading or praying, and flutter its wings and sing, as if bearing part in his devotions. The boys of the monastery one day twisted its head off, and accused Kentigern of having killed it. To prove his innocence, he made a cross upon the head, and put it on again, and the bird was nothing the worse for what it had undergone.

Calvaries in Catholic countries, (such as that at Antwerp, engraved in our last volume,) lead to any superstition at this time. Formerly there were foul abuses connected with such representations, and it was the detection of some such that induced Elizabeth reluctantly to give up her intention of having the crucifix retained in our churches, as it is in the Lutheran.

Festivals, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country; it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse. For the same reason, the loss of local observances is to be regretted: who is there that does not remember their effect upon himself in early life.—*Southey.*

Up with the Sun.—We rise with the sun at Christmas; it were but continuing to do so till the middle of April, and without any perceptible change we should find ourselves then rising at five o'clock; at which hour we might continue till September, and then accommodate ourselves again to the change of season, regulating always the time of retiring in the same proportion. They who require eight hours sleep would, upon such a system, go to bed at nine during four months. —*Ibid.*

Handel.—At the coronation of George II., the bishops having selected the words for the anthem, sent them, for composition, to Handel, who returned them, observing, that he read his bible, and could choose a subject for himself. He fixed on the lines—"My heart is inditing a good matter." It was a remark of Mrs. Cibber, the actress, justified by the fact, that with the hand of a giant, he had the finger of a child: his knuckles were concave, and dimpled as those of an infant; but his touch was so smooth and imperceptible, that his fingers seemed to grow to the instrument. He had a favourite Rucker harpsichord, the keys of which by incessant practice, were hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. W. G. C.

Turtle Soup.—Turtles often become emaciated and sickly before they reach this country, in which case the soup would be incomparably improved by leaving out the turtle, and substituting a good calf's head.

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The present Speaker of the House of Commons was once a pupil under Mr. Molineux, at Macclesfield School, where he was entered as a boarder in July, 1784. He was known at the school as Abercrombie *minimus*. His elder brothers, George and John, entered in January, 1780, the first being called Abercrombie *major*, and the second Abercrombie, *minor*. Their father, Colonel Abercrombie, afterwards General Abercrombie, brought them to Macclesfield from Scotland. Of him it may be truly said, his life was illustrious, and his death glorious.

There were once five brothers at the same school at the same time, the sons of a Colonel Tucker, who lived at Chester. They were thus designated according to their ages:—Tucker maximus, Tucker major, Tucker minor, Tucker minimus, and Tucker quintus.

R. ROPER.

Books.—Pope Ganganelli is said to have expressed a whimsical opinion, that all the books in the world might be reduced to 6,000 volumes in folio, by epitomizing, expurgating, and destroying whatever the chosen and plenipotential committee of literature should, in their wisdom, think proper to condemn.

Kean was born in chambers in Gray's Inn, on "St. Patrick's Day, in the morning," 1787 or 1789, uncertain.

Catastrophe.—At Trenton Falls, a young lady and her lover were going along the water side, and, in order to retain hold of her hand, he walked upon a narrow ridge, where he could hardly balance himself: the girl said, "Oh, if you walk there, I shall let you go:" she did so, and in the same instant he slipped from the rock, and was dragged away to that dark death.

Kean's Acting.—Kean possessed what few actors can lay claim to, namely originality. He impressed *character* on almost everything which he attempted. He did not merely recite his part, but act it—a very different matter. You could not confound his acting with that of any other man; nor, as a consequence, the character which he represented, with any other character in the play. It was, (right or wrong,) distinguishable from others. This is, after an inferior fashion, what Shakspeare has done, and what Sir Walter Scott, and Cervantes, and Fielding have done. This is, in short, the *Intellectual Style.*—*Life of Kean.*

The Great American Aloe.—A noble specimen of the variegated variety of this plant will shortly bloom at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It is believed to be about 70 years old. The crown of the plant opened on the 8th of June, and the flower stem has been growing at the rate of about four inches a day; it is calculated by gardeners that the stem will reach to the height of from 24 to 28 feet, that the number of flower buds will be from 3 to 4,000, and that it will continue blooming nearly six weeks. The period at which the aloe arrives at maturity varies according to circumstances. In hot, or otherwise favourable climates, it grows rapidly; but in colder regions, or under the care of the gardener, it requires the longest period that has been assigned to it, which has given rise to the common error that the flowering occurs only at the end of 100 years. A building is about to be erected for its protection, and every care taken to accelerate its development, when having produced its gigantic flowers and existed the period assigned for it, the plant perishes.—A CORRESPONDENT.

Though I misse the flowry fields,
With those sweets the spring-tyde yeelds,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepheards chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excell,
Than the sweet-voyced Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remaines at last,
But remembrance (poore reliefe)
That more makes, than mends my griefe:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envie's evill will.
(Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortal's power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolated place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.

Wither's Shepheard's Hunting, 1615.

Ballad.—*By* MOORE.*

Her last words at parting, how can I forget?
Deep treasur'd, through life, in my heart they shall stay,
Like music, whose charms in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
Let Fortune assail me—her threat'nings are vain:
These still-breathing words shall my talisman be—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well though the Pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasur'd supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.
So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

* Written and composed for Mr. Parry, jun., and sung by him, for the first time, at Mr. and Madame Stockhausen's late concert.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXV.

(*From the Globe, July* 1, 1835.)

"The Mirror—still the best, as it is the oldest, of the cheap periodicals."

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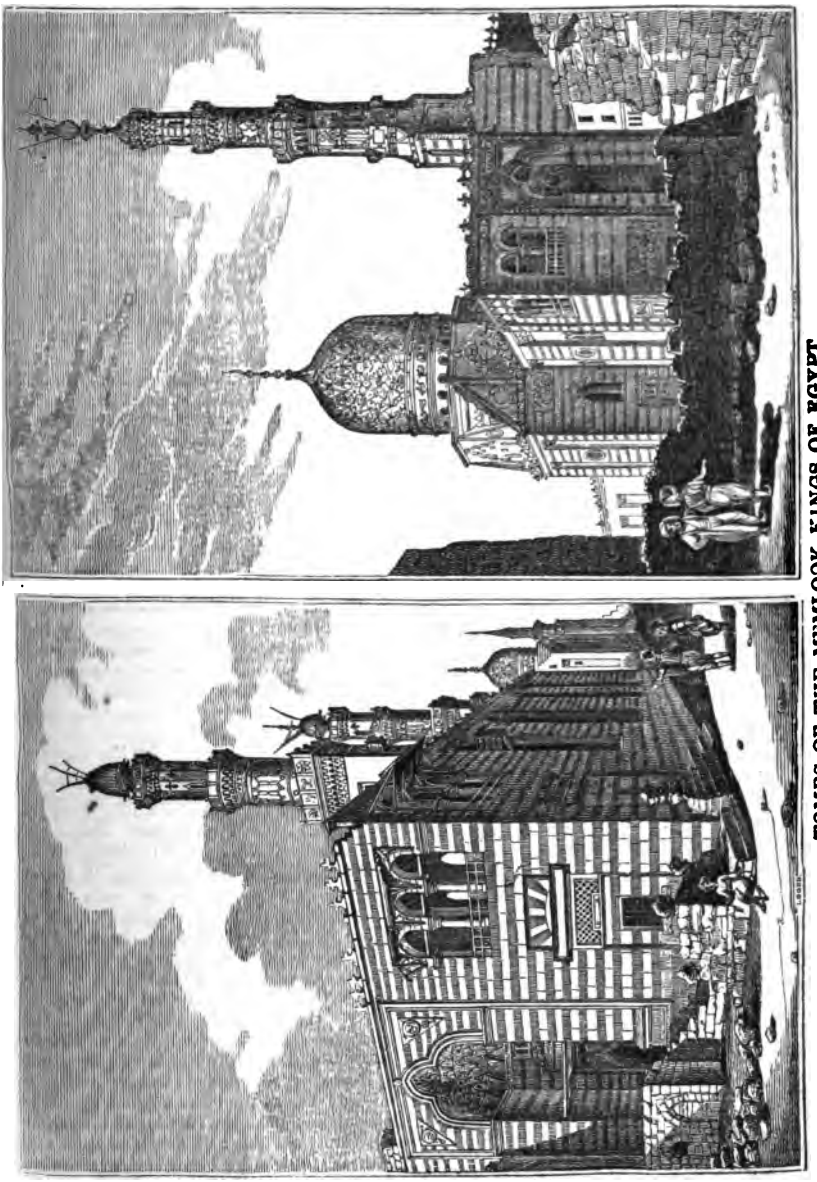
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 730.] SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1835. [PRICE 2d.



TOMBS OF THE MEMLOOK KINGS OF EGYPT.

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TOMBS OF THE MEMLOOK KINGS OF EGYPT.

The tombs of the Memlook* Kings, erroneously styled of the Khalifs, or Caliphs, are situated in the sandy plain, about a mile east of the city of Cairo. They were erected by the Kings of the Circassian or Bosgite dynasty, who reigned from 1382 to the invasion of Soltan Seleem in 1517; and they have received the general appellation of El Quaeed Bai, or Kaitbay, from one of those princes, who died and was buried there in 1496.

"These mausolea are many in number, constructed in the purest style of Saracenic architecture, with magnificent domes, spacious areas, and elegant arcades, surmounted by minarets of great height, and encircled by several tiers of light stone galleries. Narrow, winding staircases, the exact counterpart of those in our Gothic churches, lead to the summit, with small doorways at intervals, opening into galleries, from whence the muzzeins once summoned the faithful to prayer. From the top of these lofty towers is a varied and extensive view over the tombs, environs, and city of Cairo."†

Attached to each tomb are a handsome mosque, schools, and dwelling houses. The mosque consists of a large, quadrangular court, flanked on the east and west by an arcade, with a roof and small cupolas. In the eastern arcade stands the pulpit, constructed in the most chaste and elegant manner, with stone, adorned by slender columns, tracery, and sculptured foliage. "Edifices like these," observes Mr. St. John, from their stately, masculine simplicity, deformed by no bestial imagery, awakening no degrading associations, are beheld in their mouldering decay, with a reverence akin to what we experience in the presence of honourable old age; since they were erected for the service of God, and never polluted by the trace of an idol. The tombs are situated in spacious apartments, and surrounded by a skreen of open woodwork, protecting them from wanton dilapidation. Those of the women, secluded even in death, stand apart, at the opposite end of the chamber, where, from a sentiment higher and purer than that of jealousy, their very graves are hidden from the public eye. Delicacy, so refined, could never, I apprehend, have existed independently of very exalted love."‡ A few devout persons still repair to the mosques to pray; and two or three Arab families, perhaps by hereditary right, perform the pious office of protecting them from profanation; yet, otherwise, it is impossible to look upon these splendid monuments of Saracenic architecture, without feeling regret at their neglected condition and approaching ruin.

The annexed Engravings are from two of the embellishments of Mr. Wilkinson's recently published *General View of Egypt*. Foremost in one of the views, is the Tomb of Soltán Bergoóg; that in the distance being the Tomb of Soltán el Ghoóree. In the second view, the building with the elaborately finished dome, wrought as if covered with network, and with a lofty minaret, is the Tomb of Soltán Kaïtbay, already mentioned.

To the right of these tombs, amid innumerable Mohammedan graves, stands the humble tomb which covers the remains of Burckhardt. It is repaired and kept clean by Osman Effendi, a personal friend of the traveller, who has carried his respect for him beyond the grave; and but for whose care it would soon be utterly forgotten, since it is distinguished neither by name nor inscription. The ordinary Turkish tombs differ very little from those in our own churchyards, consisting of a slab, with an upright columnar stone at either end; the one at the head being surmounted by a larger turban over a male, and a smaller one over a female grave. In some cases, the tombs of women are adorned with the figure of a rose, probably emblematic of the virgin state. All these tombs, being hollow, with a small arched opening at either end, are inhabited by dogs, jackals, snakes, and other beasts and reptiles; hence it is that Mohammedan cemeteries are the constant haunt of wild beasts.

* Memlook signifies a captive, or one in possession of another. These princes were originally slaves, and rose by merit, ambition, or intrigue, to the rank of beys and Kings of Egypt. The first Memlook dynasty, the Baharite, was founded by the slaves of Saleh Eiyoob. The Memlooks who possessed Egypt at the time of the French invasion are called *Ghoox*, or warriors.—*Wilkinson's Topography of Thebes.*

† Egypt, and Mohammed Ali. By J. A. St. John.

‡ Ibid.

The Naturalist.

THE SNOWY OWL FISHING.

At the break of day, one morning, (says Mr. Audubon,) when I lay hidden in a pile of floated logs, at the Falls of the Ohio, waiting for a shot at some wild geese, I had an opportunity of seeing this owl secure fish in the following manner:—While watching for their prey on the borders of the *pots*, they invariably lay flat on the rock, with the body placed along the border of the hole, the head also laid down, but turned towards the water. One might have supposed the bird sound asleep, as it would remain in the same position until a good opportunity of securing a fish occurred, which, I believe, was never missed; for, as the latter unwittingly rose to the surface, near the edge, that instant the owl thrust out the foot next the water, and, with the quickness of lightning, seized it, and drew it out. The owl then removed to

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the distance of a few yards, devoured its prey, and returned to the same hole; or, if it had not perceived any more fish, flew only a few yards over the many pots there, marked a likely one, and alighted a little distance from it. It then squatted, moved slowly towards the edge, and lay as before, watching for an opportunity. Whenever a fish of any size was hooked, as I may say, the owl struck the other foot also into it, and flew off with it to a considerable distance. In two instances of this kind, I saw the bird carry its prey across the Western or Indiana Shute, into the woods, as if to be quite out of harm's way. I never heard it utter a single note on such occasions, even when two birds joined in the repast, which was frequently the case, when the fish that had been caught was of a large size. At sunrise, or shortly after, the owls flew to the woods, and I did not see them until the next morning, when, after witnessing the same feats, I watched an opportunity, and killed both at one shot.

THE MARTIN.

Dr. Forster describes the martin, or martlet, as being rather less than the swallow, and easily distinguishable from it, by the bright, white colour of all the under parts of the body. It builds under the eaves of houses, in crags of rocks and precipices near the sea, has sometimes three broods in the year, and constructs its curious nest like that of the swallow, with mud and straw, lined with feathers on the inside. In heraldry, the arms of a fourth child are known by the addition of a martin.

LOVE-NOTE OF THE WOODPECKER.

It is not a little singular, (says a recent writer,) that the love-note of the woodpecker should not be a voice like that of most other birds, but a tapping upon the trunk of a tree. The muscles of the neck of the bird are so constructed, that it can repeat the strokes of its bill with a celerity of which it is difficult to form a notion. They absolutely make one running jar, so that it is impossible to count them. We have often tried with a stop-watch, but could never ascertain the number for a minute, although we are certain that it must be many hundreds; and as, from the sound, the space passed over must be, at least, three inches backwards and as much forwards at every stroke, which, in the rude estimate we are able to form, would make the motion of its beak one of the most rapid of animal motions—nearly two hundred miles in the hour; yet the bird will continue tapping away for some considerable time.

UTILITY OF ROOKS.

In an ash-tree on a farm near Oswestry, Shropshire, there was, in the spring of 1832, about sixty nests of rooks. These birds produce about five young ones each. A great difference of opinion exists, whether the rooks are useful or injurious to the farmer. It is stated by Pennant, that the rook, instead of being proscribed, should be treated as the farmer's friend, as it clears his ground of caterpillars, that do incredible damage by eating the roots of the corn. In Suffolk, and in some parts of Norfolk, the farmers encourage the breed of rooks, as the only means of freeing their lands from the grub which produces the cockchafer, and which, in this state, destroys the roots of corn and grass to such a degree, that Mr. Stillingfleet says, that he has seen a piece of pasture land where the turf might be turned up with the foot.

NEST OF THE MAGPIE.

The magpie excels all our large birds in its architectural skill, though several of the olden naturalists were inclined to attribute to it more ingenuity than facts will corroborate. Albertus Magnus says, that it not only constructs two passages for its nest, one for entering, and another for going out, but frequently makes two nests on contiguous trees, with the design of misleading plunderers, who may as readily choose the empty nest as the one containing the eggs. Others maintain that the opening opposite is for the tail of the bird while hatching; but before we speculate upon the use of this second opening, it would be well to ascertain its existence. Among the numerous magpie's nests which I have seen, (says Mr. Rennie,) a second opening is by no means apparent, though, in some instances, the twigs may appear more loosely woven than in others, but seldom so much as to admit a passage to the bird.

A FLIGHT OF CROSSBILLS.

At West Felton, Shropshire, (says a recent observer,) in July, 1821, this rare and beautiful bird was seen, in a flight of about eighteen or twenty, alighting on the tops of pine-trees and larch; the cone of which it opens with adroit neatness, holding it in one claw like a parrot, and picking out the seeds. They also eat excrescent knobs, or the insects formed therein, by the *cynips*, at the ends of the young spruce branches. They were of various colours; brown, green, yellow, and crimson, and some entirely of the most lovely rose-colour; hanging and climbing in fanciful attitudes, and much resembling a group of small paroquets. Their unusual note, somewhat like the quick chirp of linnets, but much louder, first attracted attention. The same mandible of the bill crossed on the right side in some birds, and on the left in others. These birds are natives of Ger-

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many and the Pyrenees, and are very rarely seen in England.

MIGRATION OF THE WOODCOCK.

ACCORDING to a recent writer, the woodcock, during summer, is found in Lapland, Norway, and Sweden. In the markets of the latter country, their eggs are exposed for sale, and are considered a great dainty, by which means, the number of these birds are greatly reduced. Many are lost on their passage from one country to another. Mr. Travers, of Cornwall, when at a great distance from land, where the feathered tribes are seldom met with, observed a woodcock hovering over the ship; when first discovered, it was high in the air, but gradually descended, until it reached the deck, where it suffered itself to be taken by the hand. In 1799, during a gale of wind, a couple of woodcocks alighted upon the deck of the Glory man-of-war, whilst cruising in the Channel.—[For this and the six preceding notices, acknowledgment is due to W. G. C.]

New Books.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EXCURSION TO THE MONASTERIES OF ALCOBACA AND BATALHA.

[THIS delightful volume is from the pen of Mr. Beckford, the accomplished author of *Vathek*. It relates Twelve Days' Visit to the interesting monastic piles named in the title-page. The excursion was made forty years ago, or, in June, 1794, though the recollections were written but a month since from very slight notes, which the author met with in examining some miscellaneous papers. "Flattering himself that, perhaps, they might not be totally unworthy of expansion, he invoked the powers of memory—and behold, up rose this series of recollections"—written, we must add, in the fresh and gay vein of youthful enjoyment.

The monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha are two of the richest and most splendid establishments in the kingdom of Portugal. The former is in a small town to the north of Lisbon, and the latter in a village beyond it, about fifty-two miles from the Portuguese metropolis. Thither Mr. Beckford journeyed, by desire of the Prince Regent of Portugal, with the Grand Prior of Aviz and the Prior of St. Vincent's, as his conductors and companions; the three tourists, with their usual followers, "forming altogether a caravan which, camels and dromedaries excepted, would have cut no despicable figure even on the route of Mecca or Mesched-Ali." The party met at Mr. Beckford's quinta, commanding in full prospect the entrance of the Tagus. "It was settled," says Mr. Beckford, "that the Grand Prior should loll in his dormeuse or in my chaise just as he best pleased, and look at nothing calculated to excite the fatigue of reflection: topographical inquiries were to be waived completely, and no questions asked about who endowed such a church or raised such a palace. We were to proceed, or rather creep along, by short and facile stages: stopping to dine, and sup, and repose, as delectably as in the most commodious of homes. Everything that could be thought of, or even dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was to be carried in our train, and nothing left behind but Care and Sorrow: two spectres, who, had they dared to mount on our shoulders, would have been driven off with a high hand by the Prior of St. Vincent's, than whom a more delightful companion never existed since the days of those polished and gifted canons and cardinals who formed such a galaxy of talent and facetiousness round Leo the Tenth."]

The First Day.

On the first evening the party reached the villa-hermitage of St. Vincent, a portion of the road thither being bordered by aloes, sprouting ten or twelve feet high, in shape and colour not unlike gigantic asparagus.

The Second Day

Was passed in the grounds of the hermitage, amongst well-cultivated vegetables, fields of Indian wheat as healthy and vigorous as any that ever flourished in the islands which float about like rafts on the Lake of Mexico; and the most extensive orchards of orange, apricots, and other fruit-trees, perhaps, in Portugal. Here also was one of the grandest objects of the vegetable world—a bay-tree, consisting of about thirty stems, from two feet to thirty-eight inches in diameter, springing from one root, and rising sixty-four feet. Their return from this day's ramble lay through shady alleys of curious citron-trees, collected from every part of the Portuguese dominions, divided by tall canes, mantled with vines. The nightingales were singing in the recesses of woods impenetrable to the sun, and frogs were croaking a deep thorough bass to this enchanting melody. In the cool of the evening, they drove to a palace of the patriarch, where was a gallery lined with the richest marbles of Spain and Portugal, disposed in panels, and ornamented with an overwhelming profusion of doubly and trebly gilt bronze ornaments, in that style of lavish expenditure carried to such triumphant excess by the most magnificent of modern Solomons, King John the Fifth.

The Third Day.

The morning collation was served in a summer pavilion on the banks of a river, and the party was joined by a Chinese missionary, who, on being asked how many words of truth there were in Sir William Chambers's essay on Chinese gardening—replied, "ten-tousand-time-ten-tousand;" adding: "I

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have seen greater wonders than he—I have seen in the depth of winter a whole extent of garden warmed by a deliciously mild and scented vapour, and all the trees covered with silken leaves and artificial flowers, and, on a pool of water, as clear and transparent as the sky it reflected, hundreds of gaily-enamelled ducks, formed of metal, swimming by mechanism, and by mechanism opening all their bills and uttering their accustomed sound with their usual volubility, and swallowing the food the eunuchs of the palace cast to them,—ay, and returning it again, to all appearance most happily digested, the emperor standing by all the while, laughing at my surprise, and believing himself neither more nor less, I am entirely convinced, than an incarnation of the god Fo!"

The conversation being ended, to mass the party went; and the evening of this day was like the morning—all warmth, and chat, and idleness.

The Fourth Day.

The party reached Cadafaiz, an ample domain, like St. Vincent, under the government of Mr. Beckford's hospitable friend. There they found themselves in a most comfortable antiquated mansion; the floors neatly matted, the tables covered with the finest white linen, and in bright clear caraffes of Venetian glass, the most beautiful carnations. The wide, latticed windows of the apartment allotted to the author, commanded the view of a boundless vineyard in full luxuriant leaf, divided by long, broad tracts of thyme and camomile. From this immense sea of green leaves rose a number of plum, pear, orange, and apricot trees; the latter procured by the monks directly from Damascus, and bearing that most delicious fruit of its kind called "eggs of the sun" by the Persians;—even insects and worms seemed to respect it, for no trace could be discovered of their having preyed on its smooth glowing rind and surrounding foliage. Beyond these truly Hesperian orchards, very lofty hills swell into the most picturesque forms, varied by ledges of rock, and completely inclose this calm retirement.

The Fifth Day

The visiters reached Alcobaça. The first sight of this regal monastery is very imposing; and the picturesque, well-wooded, and well-watered village, out of the quiet bosom of which it appears to rise, relieves the mind from a sense of oppression the huge domineering bulk of the conventual buildings inspires. They had no sooner hove in sight, than a most tremendous ring of bells of extraordinary power announced their speedy arrival. The whole community, including fathers, friars, and subordinates, at least 400 strong, were drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform before the monastery, to bid them welcome. At their head the Abbot himself, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, advanced to give them a cordial embrace. Preceded by the Abbot and his right reverend brethren of Avis and St. Vincent's, Mr. Beckford entered the spacious, massive, and somewhat severe Saxon-looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most solemn and religious. To this altar his high clerical conductors repaired, whilst the full harmonious tones of several stately organs, accompanied by the choir, proclaimed that they were in the act of adoring the real Presence. While these devout prostrations were performing, Mr. Beckford visited the sepulchral chapel, where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. The light was so subdued and hazy, that he could hardly distinguish the elaborate sculpture of the tomb, which reminded him, both as to design and execution, of the Beauchamp monument at Warwick, so rich in fretwork and imagery. Our author's affecting reveries upon this sacred object were broken up by the Grand Priors entering, hand in hand, all three together. "To the kitchen," said they in perfect unison,—"to the kitchen, and that immediately; you will then judge whether we have been wanting in zeal to regale you." The author continues:—"Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field."

The party were then led to their apartment, which had only bare walls, for the monks had not sufficient notice to put up the hangings. Though the walls were naked, the ceiling was gilt and painted, the floor spread with the finest Persian carpets; and the tables in rich velvet petticoats, were decked out with superb ewers and basins of chased silver, and towels

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bordered with point lace—a strange mixture of simplicity and magnificence. From this apartment, the Abbot himself came to lead Mr. Beckford to the saloon, superb indeed, covered with pictures, and lighted up by a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. Right in the centre of this stately room stood a most ample table, covered with fringed embroidered linen, and round it four ponderous *fauteuils* for the guest and the three prelates; so they formed a very comfortable *partie quarrée*.

"The banquet itself consisted of not only the most excellent usual fare, but rarities and delicacies of past seasons and distant countries; exquisite sausages, potted lampreys, strange messes from the Brazils, and others still stranger from China (edible birds' nests and sharks' fins), dressed after the latest mode of Macao by a Chinese lay brother. Confectionery and fruits were out of the question here; they awaited the party in an adjoining still more spacious and sumptuous saloon, to which they retired from the effluvia of viands and sauces."

In this apartment were ten or twelve principal personages of the neighbourhood, most eager to enjoy a stare at the stranger whom their lordly habit delighted to honour. The table being removed, four lads of fifteen or sixteen, came in, bearing cassolettes of Goa filigree, steaming with a fuming vapour of Calambac, the finest quality of wood of aloes. The saloon was next cleared, and a crowd of clarionet and guitar players, dressed in silk dominoes, like the serenaders in Italian burlettas, followed by a posse of young monks and young gentlemen in secular dresses as stiff as buckram, began an endless succession of the most tiresome minuets, ten times longer, and alas! ten times less ridiculous than even the long minuet at Bath. Tired to death of remaining motionless, and desirous of exhibiting something a little out of the common way, Mr. Beckford gently hinted a wish to dance, and that he should have no objection were one of the three right reverend priors to take him out. It would not do—they kept their state: so that our author was happy when the blessed hour of rest came.

The Sixth Day.

Our tourist rose early, slipped out of his pompous apartment, and strayed about endless corridors—not a soul stirring; a gloomy hall, encumbered with gilded ornaments, and grim with the ill-sculptured effigies of kings; and another chamber, with white walls, and pictures in black lacquered frames. One portrait, the full size of life, by a very ancient Portuguese artist, represented St. Thomas à Becket, and looked the character in perfection:—"lofty in stature and expression of countenance; pale, but resolute, like one devoted to death in his great cause." From this chamber, our author wandered down several flights of stairs to a cloister of the earliest Norman architecture, having in the centre a fountain of very primitive form, spouting forth clear water abundantly into a marble basin. "Twisting and straggling over this uncouth mass of sculpture were several orange-trees, gnarled and crabbed, but covered with fruit and flowers, their branches grotesque and fantastic, exactly such as a Japanese would delight in, and copy on his caskets and screens; their age most venerable, for the traditions of the convent asserted that they were the very first imported from China into Portugal. There was some comfort in these objects; every other in the place looked dingy and dismal, and steeped in a green and yellow melancholy." Continuing his solitary ramble to the refectory, Mr. Beckford was there invited to breakfast, though but by one of the fathers. The Prior of Aviz having supped too amply the night before, did not appear; but he of St. Vincent's, all kindness and good digestion, did the honours with cordial grace, and made tea as skilfully as the most complete old dowager in Christendom. My lord of Alcobaça was absent,—engaged, as was stated, and readily believed, upon conventual affairs. Breakfast finished, but not soon, the whole morning was taken up with seeing sights—as a most gorgeous and glistening sacristy, worthy of Versailles itself, adorned with furbelows of gilt bronze, flaunting over panels of jasper and porphyry; copes and vestments, some almost as ancient as the reign of Alfonso Henriquez, and others embroidered at Rome with gold and pearl, by no means barbaric. One of the sacristans produced from an elaborately carved press, the identical rock crystal candlesticks and cross, studded with sapphires, which were taken by John I. from the King of Castile's portable chapel, after the hard fought conflict of Aljubarota; and several golden reliquaries, wrought by St. Eloy: one of the latter, in particular, the model of a cathedral, was admirable.

The hour of siesta having arrived, the sacristan could no longer keep his eyes open; not so our visiter, who longed for rural scenery, trees and rocks, and running waters. The sleepy sacristan, accordingly, called a young monk, who was sitting in a nook, peeling walnuts, to attend the stranger through the domain. "No human being was to be heard or seen; no poultry were parading about: and except a beautiful white macaw perched on a broken wall, and nestling his bill under his feathers, not a single member of the feathered creation was visible. There was a holy calm in this mid-day silence—a sacredness, as if all nature had been fearful to disturb the slumbers of universal Pan." At last, the monk could proceed no further, and lay down to sleep under a cypress-tree. Mr.

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Beckford rambled on alone, and attracted to a secluded garden-house by music, reconnoitred a delightful Brasileira, at a latticed window. The gallant is admitted, and the mother of the beauty tells her tale of love, until he is warned to quit by the cry of "Jesu Maria José! he comes! he comes!"

It was now half-past one, and the world of Alcobaça was alive again:—the peasant had resumed her distaff, the monk his breviary, the ox his labour, and the sound of the nora, or water-wheel, was heard in the land. Upon Mr. Beckford's return to the monastery, the party was again assembled, and off they started for Batalha. Taking the route of Aljubarota, and having reached a table-land, "here, on this very plain," says the author, "was fought in 1385 the fierce battle which placed the diadem of Portugal on the brow of the glorious and intrepid bastard. It was down that ravine the Castilian cavalry poured along in utter confusion, so hotly pursued that three thousand were slain. On yonder mound stood the King of Castile's tent and temporary chapel, which he abandoned, with all its rich and jewelled furniture, to the conquerors, and scampered off in such alarm that he scarcely knew whether he had preserved his head on his shoulders, till safe within the walls of Santarem, where he tore his hair and plucked off his beard by handfuls, and raved and ranted like a maniac."

Towards night-fall, the party reached Batalha, in a solitary vale, bounded by shrubby hills; a few huts peeping out of dense masses of foliage; and high above their almost level surface, rose the great church, with its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses, pinnacles, and fretted spires, towering in all their pride, and marking the ground with deep shadows that appeared interminable, so far and so wide were they stretched along. Lights glimmered here and there in various parts of the edifice, but a strong glare of torches pointed out its principal entrance, where stood the whole community waiting to receive the visiters. After an enormous supper, the party retired, Mr. Beckford to a pleasant chamber, with clean white walls, checkered with the reflection of waving boughs, and within sound of a rivulet softened by distance. Seating himself in the deep recess of a capacious window which was wide open, the balsamic air and serene moonlight quieted his agitated spirits: one lonely nightingale had taken possession of a bay-tree just beneath him, and was pouring forth its ecstatic notes at distant intervals. In a long pause, the sound of a loud but melancholy voice echoing through the arched avenues of the vast garden, caught his ear, pronouncing distinctly these appalling words: "Judgment! judgment! tremble at the anger of an offended God! Woe to Portugal! woe! woe!" The writer's hair stood on end, and there issued forth from a dark thicket, a tall, majestic, deadly pale old man, who moved slowly on, his eye fixed as stone, sighing profoundly, and at fifty paces distance, renewing the doleful—"Woe! woe!" Mr. Beckford adds, "Shall I confess that my blood ran cold—that all idle, all wanton thoughts left my bosom, and that I passed an hour or two at my window fixed and immovable. Just as day dawned, I crept to bed, and fell into a profound sleep."

[Next morning this mystery was solved; but we must keep the reader on the tenters of suspense for a week, when we shall return to this very charming work.]

Domestic Hints.

THE BRUGES STOVE.

The following improvement in the construction of a cooking-stove, is at once so simple and important as to induce us to recommend it to special attention.

By this stove a joint of meat may be roasted, two good-sized pies baked, a pudding, and two sorts of vegetables boiled, and sufficient room and heat left to prepare half a dozen sorts of sauces or gravies, all at one and the same time, with an expenditure of 6 lbs of coke and 2 lbs. of coal, the value of which would not exceed *one penny*. The oven, too, remains in a state to bake any other articles, when the pies and meat are withdrawn. At this rate, the cost of roasting a leg of mutton would not exceed *one farthing*. This stove is portable, requires no setting, and may be placed in any apartment where there is a chimney or flue for the reception of the funnel. The following sketches, the one a perspective view, and the other a section, will at once explain the manner of its construction. A A are two doors to the oven, which is heated by a conical furnace (*d*) in the centre; this furnace becomes after a time, red hot, or at least sufficiently so to furnish heat for roasting. The hot air and smoke pass off from the furnace through the aperture *h*, and are made to circulate round the oven by means of the flue *f f*; after which they escape by the funnel F in the atmosphere or chimney of the room where the stove is placed. The conical shape of the furnace, besides being that which on scientifical principles is best suited to combstion, is attended with this advantage, that by having two or three movable grates, of sizes corresponding to the conical diminution, you can increase or diminish the fire at pleasure. The furnace as made by Messrs. Cottam and Hallen, has three ledges for this purpose, but this it will be seen is not necessary, and as receptacles for dust they are objectionable. B is the ash-drawer, and in front of this there is an aperture for conveying a stream of fresh air to the furnace. C and E E are sauce-

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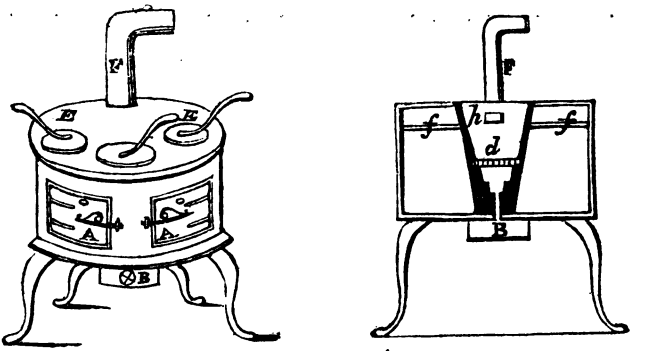

(The Bruges Stove.)

pans inserted in the top of the oven; the first directly over the fire, and the two others over the smoke-flue *f*. The roasting and baking are done in the space round the furnace.—*Abridged from Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage Architecture.*

The Public Journals.

A MASQUERADE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

(*From Polar Scenes—in the United Service Journal.*)

Notice was given that a grand Venetian carnival or masquerade would be held on board the Fury, to commence at six in the evening, and sanctioned by authority. It was also stated in the programme, that all the musical talent in the country was engaged for the occasion, and every attention would be paid on the part of the stewards to promote the conviviality of the evening—no one to be admitted except in character or domino—and no bad characters eligible. This notice was pasted up in the most conspicuous part of the ship, with a lively sketch appended to it, of a blind fiddler à la Cruikshank, led by a tottering old woman, with the sorry remnant of a soldier's coat on her back, and a round hat.

Novelty has more or less its charms everywhere and for every one—from London to its antipodes and back again. On the present occasion, its influence in facilitating our ways and means was singularly successful. Masks and caps made of paper, wigs made of oakum, false calves, bonnets, shawls, gowns, and petticoats, were eagerly sought after, and as ingeniously contrived. In fact, the lower deck every evening presented a more than usual scene of busy animation, patching, darning, and transforming old clothes; making liveries out of red and green baize, lawyers' gowns of black bunting, and ladies' stays of good stiff number-one canvass—paste, putty, vermillion, and ivory-black, with features of mystery and cunning, some working dexterously with smiles of self-satisfaction, others perplexed and embarrassed in their schemes, and all equally anxious to disguise as much as possible the dress in which they hoped to disguise themselves.

A masquerade in the polar regions! Who ever heard of such a thing? It was as little thought of when we left England, as our attending the carnivals of Venice during our absence; and had the idea then occurred to us, we should have thought the first as improbable as we knew the second to be impossible. In amateur plays, the difficulty of disguising one's self, and the still greater difficulty of casting the characters, may have suggested this kind of amusement; but I should have deemed it impossible to evade the lynx-eyed scrutiny of my companions, when the few places of concealment which a ship affords is considered.

I believe that when a case of necessity is made known on board a man-of-war, and particularly upon an occasion of this kind, which is yet more singular, there are few things which may not be procured without stirring one foot from the vessel, however ridiculous their being in the possession of a sailor may appear; and it was laughable enough to find our wants relieved as they became public,—that is, indirectly,—through the medium of one, two, and often three agents, to escape detection. When, for instance, the plays were first introduced on a former voyage, an amateur wanted a pair of spurs to complete his costume. Who could have imagined that such an article would have found a resting-place in one of the discovery ships! The armourer set to work, when, to the astonishment of every one, an old sailor, who had never trusted himself on the back of a horse in his life, produced a pair from the bottom of his chest, wrapped in a piece of flannel, as highly polished as if they had done duty at the Horse Guards the week before. Upon the present occasion, a mask, a domino, a lady's fan, and some other things of an equally

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novel nature, were found by one of the officers, which, we concluded, must have been dropped into his trunk by his fair fille-de-chambre, when she packed it for him.

At last the eventful evening arrived, and no schoolboys ever broke loose from the trammels of their pedagogue with more searching anticipation of Christmas enjoyments, than did our seamen. The arrangements on board the Fury were too good to pass unnoticed, everything was so well adapted for the purpose for which it was designed. A rough sign over a raised platform, at the extreme end of the central part of the forecastle, exhibited the jolly sailor just landed from his voyage of discovery, with a well-filled purse in one hand, and a long pipe in the other. He had his blooming wife under his arm, and the Hecla and Fury were visible in the background. It is almost needless to add, that the jolly-faced landlady of the Jolly Sailor did ample justice to the good humour which rallied round her. At the farther end of the quarter-deck, another rude sign announced that the celebrated Swiss giantess, lately exhibited at most of the courts in Europe, patronized by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and never before seen in the polar regions, to which she had been imported at very considerable risk and expense, might be viewed by the public for the trifling sum of one shilling; children admitted for half price, and an excellent band in attendance. A ludicrous group of Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners, enjoying themselves over some of Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s entire, was naturally caricatured by one of our officers, in a transparency opposite the Jolly Sailor; and in the centre of the room, the orchestra was fitted up, in which the performers were instrumental in enlivening the scene. A reception-room was prepared on the lower deck for rheumatic or frost-bitten amateurs, or fashionable dandizettes, whose curtailed garments were not proof against the harsh clime of the Polar regions.

The characters began to assemble at six o'clock, and the busy scene of merry-making was soon at its meridian. The first who appeared was an elderly gentleman, whose dress, although somewhat the worse for wear, bespoke respectability, and whose peruke announced him a strict observer of old times. He regretted the indisposition of one of his carriage horses, owing to the badness of the roads, and deplored the uncivilized state of the country, not affording the common convenience of a sedan chair, or even a jarvey. This character was admirable throughout, and not recognised until the close of the evening, to be Sir Edward Parry's steward. A lady of distinction in an evening ball dress of light blue silk, with flounces of cut paper to imitate Brussels point, was followed by her servant, a native of Africa, in livery,—green baize, turned up with silver,—the embroidered parts a little tarnished,—were by Captain Hoppner and Mr. Crosier. A strolling fiddler, whose admirably constructed crutch well supplied the loss of his left leg, which he had left on the plain of Waterloo, and whose military attire presented a sorry remnant of the uniform of the regiment he had served in,—solicited alms for the support of nine starving children,—and his wife received the charity of the benevolent in an old hat,—exceedingly well supported by Sir Edward Parry and Mr. Halse. The next group which appeared, excited marked attention, and many were the efforts made to discover who they were; but they were secure in the success of their impenetrable disguise. It consisted of a hawking umbrella-mender, with his wife and daughter, as itinerant ballad-singers,—the latter, so sensitively tenacious of her charms, that she constantly appealed to her mother, under whose cloak she endeavoured to hide herself for protection. The produce of a small basket of tape, thread, and needles, helped to support this indigent family; and the style of their dialogue was in perfect keeping with their appearance. I never saw a better group than this,—and I once paid an exorbitant sum for seeing many worse. There was a good deal of low wit and good humour in their individual parts, which was well supported by Lieutenant Sherer and two of the Hecla's seamen. A miserably clad old soldier, whose exertion in keeping a pathway across the street clean, for the convenience of the public, which, by the by, he had previously strewed dirt over, to their no small annoyance, that he might have something to sweep,—went off with *eclat*, by Lieutenant Ross. And a wandering Jew, whose promissory notes were issued with characteristic caution, by a seaman of the Fury. A dialogue between a Scotch laird and a southern middleman, on the value of land, the breed of black cattle, and the average market-prices, was inimitably kept up by two of our sailors. There was a clown, whose buffoonery in descanting on the wonderful merits of the Swiss giantess was worthy a disciple of Grimaldi himself. He was quick at repartée, and yet he acknowledged himself as great a fool as any of the company. We had also a country practitioner in medicine, who was excellent; and a widow of one of the seamen of the last expedition, who made many appeals in a pathetic tone in behalf of her infant, which she carried in her arms,—urging its weak state, for it was not yet weaned,—"Rest thee, babe," in a shrill squeaking voice, with a strong nasal twang, quieted the sleeping innocent. Watchmen, riotous sailors with more money than wit, chimney-sweepers, young ladies, and a recruiting party, filled up the amusements of the evening, with a number of songs in

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character. Each man had three tickets, which entitled him to three glasses of rum or brandy punch; and the Jolly Sailor, before alluded to, was the rallying point throughout the evening, and so well attended, that the landlord and his wife, who, by the by, were capital in their station, had no sinecure. Precisely at ten o'clock the company retired —the sailors well pleased with their evening's frolic, and the officers to discuss the merits of a good supper, and the various characters who had exhibited on the occasion.

There was not, throughout the festive scene, a single instance of inebriation on the part of the seamen. The rooms, as I have elsewhere stated, were tastefully fitted-up, and of the hundred who were present, it would have been difficult to find one who had not banished all care from his mind that night. The difference of the temperature between the lower and the upper deck was seventy degrees.

Manners and Customs.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

By Washington Irving.

Sherwood Forest is a region that still retains much of the quaint customs and holyday games of the olden time. A day or two after my arrival at the Abbey, as I was walking in the cloisters, I heard the sound of rustic music, and now and then a burst of merriment, proceeding from the interior of the mansion. Presently the chamberlain came to me, and informed me that a party of country lads were in the servants' hall, performing Plough Monday antics, and invited me to witness their mummery. I gladly assented, for I am somewhat curious about these reliques of popular usages. The servants' hall was a fit place for the exhibition of an old Gothic game. It was a chamber of great extent, which, in monkish times, had been the refectory of the Abbey. A row of massive columns extended lengthwise through the centre, from whence sprang Gothic arches, supporting the low vaulted ceiling. Here was a set of rustics dressed up in something of the style represented in the books concerning popular antiquities. One was in a rough garb of frieze, with his head muffled in bearskin, and a bell dangling behind him, that jingled at every movement. He was the clown or fool of the party, probably a traditional representative of the ancient satyr. The rest were decorated with ribands, and armed with wooden swords. The leader of the troop recited the old ballad of St. George and the Dragon, which has been current among the country people for ages; his companions accompanied the recitation with some rude attempt at acting, while the clown cut all kinds of antics.

To these succeeded a set of morrice dancers, gaily dressed up with ribands and hawks' bells. In this troop we had Robin Hood and Maid Marian; the latter represented by a smooth-faced boy: also, Beelzebub, equipped with a broom, and accompanied by his wife, Bessy, a termagant old beldame.

These rude pageants are the lingering remains of the old customs of Plough Monday, when bands of rustics, fantastically dressed, and furnished with pipe and tabor, dragged what was called the "fool plough" from house to house, singing ballads and performing antics, for which they were rewarded with money and good cheer.

But it is not in "merry Sherwood Forest" alone that these remnants of old times prevail. They are to be met with in most of the counties north of the Trent, which classic stream seems to be the boundary line of primitive customs. During my recent Christmas sojourn at Barlborough Hall, in the skirts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, I had witnessed many of the rustic festivities peculiar to that joyous season, which have rashly been pronounced obsolete by those who draw their experience merely from city life. I had seen the great Yule clog put on the fire on Christmas Eve, and the wassail bowl sent round, brimming with its spicy beverage. I had heard carols beneath my window, by the choristers of the neighbouring village, who went their rounds, about the ancient hall, at midnight, according to immemorial Christmas custom. We had mummers and mimers, too, with ballads and traditional dialogues, and the famous old interlude of the Hobby Horse, all represented in the antechamber and servants' hall, by rustics, who inherited the custom and the poetry from preceding generations.

The boar's head, crowned with rosemary, had taken its honoured station among the Christmas cheer; the festal board had been attended by glee singers and minstrels from the village, to entertain the company with hereditary songs and catches during their repast; and the old Pyrrhic game of the sword dance, handed down from the time of the Romans, was admirably performed in the courtyard of the mansion, by a band of young men, lithe and supple in their forms, and graceful in their movements, who, I was told, went the rounds of the villages and country seats during the Christmas holydays.

I specify these rural pageants and ceremonials, which I saw during my sojourn in this neighbourhood, because it has been deemed that some of the anecdotes of holyday customs, given in my preceding writings, related to usages which have entirely passed away. Critics who reside in cities have little idea of the primitive manners and observances which still prevail in remote and rural neighbourhoods.

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In fact, in crossing the Trent, one seems to step back into old times; and in the villages of Sherwood Forest we are in a black-letter region. The moss-grown cottages, the lowly mansions of grey stone, the Gothic crosses at each end of the villages, and the tall maypole in the centre, transport us, in imagination, to foregone centuries. Every thing has a quaint and antiquated air.—*Miscellanies*, No. II.

Anecdote Gallery.

A MODERN RELIC.

When Kean quitted America, he came away richer by a huge quantity of transatlantic gold, and a considerable increase of professional reputation. But this was not all. He had acquired something more,—a secret treasure. His money was transmitted to England; his fame was noised about the world; but the new acquisition was hugged close to his heart, and revealed only to a chosen few.

Cooke was buried in New York; and when Kean was there, he visited what was supposed to be his grave. Being a great admirer of the dead tragedian, he caused his body to be taken up and removed to another place, and over the new grave he erected a monument, in honour of the actor's genius. In the transition from the old grave to the new, Kean abstracted one of the toe-bones. It was a little, black relic, and might have passed for a tobacco-stopper. Some persons even said, "How do you know that this belonged to Cooke?" but the indignation of Kean at such scepticism, stifled all further questioning. He deposited the bone in his dressing-case, perfectly satisfied with its identity, locked it carefully up, and brought it to England.

When he arrived here, the Drury Lane Company, rejoicing at the return of their "head," resolved to meet and welcome him at some distance from London, and, by their presence, grace his entry into the metropolis. Elliston, as the principal person of the company, led the procession. The actors followed, according to rank, and in due time arrived at Barnet. This was the place which Kean had appointed for receiving them. They were all to breakfast there, and then to return, in the tragedian's train, to London. On encountering the great actor, they were about to welcome him, each after his own fashion, when he stopped them, with a serious air.—"Before you say a word, my merry men," said he—"Behold! Fall down, and kiss this relic! This is the toe-bone of the greatest creature that ever walked the earth—of George Frederic Cooke. He was lying without a monument till I put one over him. Come, down with you all, and kiss the bone!" Elliston, between doubt and reverence, fell upon his knees, and kissed the ridiculous relic. Another dropped down with difficulty; ("Our son was fat.") Then another came, and another; and thus actor after actor followed, from the beginning to the end of the line, till all had performed the ceremony.

In an hour or two, the procession formed again, and with Kean at its head, took the road to London. Our hero, still a treasurer (of relics), although he had given up the post of master and treasurer to the Drury Lane Fund, led the way to his house in Clarges Street. Arrived there, the greater part of his brother actors left him, and Kean proceeded to the library. His first words were to his wife, "I have brought Charles a fortune. I have brought something that the Directors of the British Museum would give ten thousand pounds for; but—they shan't have it." Mrs. Kean, lost in wonder, inquired what it was. "Look here!" said he, producing it. "Here it is. Here is the toe-bone of the greatest man that ever lived—the illustrious George Frederic Cooke!" With that he proceeded to deposit it gently on the mantel-piece, saying, in caution, "Now, observe—I put this on the mantel-piece; but let no one dare to touch it. You may all look at it,—at a distance; but be sure that no one presumes to handle it."

Here it remained for several months. Occasionally, to an *intelligent* visiter, he would explain the merits of the bone; but otherwise it was honoured only by his own single admiration. His wife detested the bone. The servants hated it. The maids were afraid of it. They thought, probably, that it would get up and act. But no one ventured to hazard the tragedian's displeasure by meddling with it. At last,—it was one dull evening, when Kean had been absent from home for several days, and his wife was tired of waiting and watching for him—the detestable toe-bone presented itself to her sight. A few bitter words escaped her. She felt inclined to commit profanation on the relic, but contented herself with walking up and down, eyeing the object of her husband's adoration with most sincere disgust. She approached again, and finally seized the bone, protecting her fingers by a piece of paper, and "canted it," without ceremony, into the adjoining garden. This garden belonged to the Duke of Portland, and contained a well, which was dry; and it was into this well that the illustrious bone descended. In an instant, the House of Portland was unconsciously richer, by ten thousand pounds, than it had been the hour before. The toe-bone was theirs! *Was*, do we say? Nay, it *is* theirs still—up to this present writing.

It may easily be supposed, that a deed of this sort could not have been perpetrated without important consequences. Accord-

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ingly, Mrs. Kean soon began to experience some fearful alarms; and these were not allayed by a thundering rap at the door, which announced the tragedian's return. The door was opened, and he went straight into the library—very drunk. Whenever he was drunk, he went to the toe for consolation. But now,—the toe was not there! He rang the bell furiously. His wife answered the summons, when an inquiry, made in a terrible voice, met her at the door of the room:—"Have you seen Cooke's toe-bone?" After a little pause, she said, "Cooke's toe-bone, my dear?"—"Yes," returned he sternly; "why do you reiterate my words? Cooke's toe-bone, I say."—"My dear," said his wife submissively, "I'll go down and look for it, if you wish:" and she went accordingly. In the mean time, all the servants were called up, (called out of their beds,) to assist in the search. The search, as will be guessed, was fruitless. The tragedian waxed solemn.—"Answer me," said he, "on your souls:—What has become of Cooke's toe-bone?" None of them knew. Each could disclaim any participation in the robbery with a very safe conscience. He was satisfied as to their ignorance, and sent them out of the room; and then, turning to his wife, he addressed her gravely and almost sadly,—"Mary, your son has lost his fortune. He was worth 10,000*l.* Now he is a beggar." It occurred to the culprit that another trip to America, would have enabled her husband to bring home even a foot of the great Cooke, instead of a toe-bone only; but she did not hazard the observation.

Notwithstanding the above anecdote, which the reader may rely on, we have not heard that our hero was ever limited to the embraces of a strait waistcoat, or put under the care of a committee.—*Barry Cornwall's Life of Kean.*

Select Biography.

CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

THE newspapers have announced the death of this celebrated comedian, at Devonport, on the 27th ult. They have since published the well-known details of his amusing biography, which may assist in the brief sketch we are about to present to our readers.

Charles Mathews was born on the 28th of June, 1776; consequently, had he lived but one day longer, he would have completed his 59th year. His father was James Mathews, "a serious bookseller," that is, a bookseller of religious habits, as well as a dealer in religious books. He resided at No. 18 in the Strand, and died in 1804. Charles Mathews used to relate that he had ascertained from his nurse that he was "a long, lanky, scraggy child, very good tempered, with a face that could by no means be called regular features; in fact, she said she used frequently to laugh at the oddity of his countenance." He received his education at Merchant Tailors' School; where he first attempted mimicry on the peculiar manners of three brothers, schoolfellows, whose traits were happily embodied in one of those Entertainments of which we shall hereafter speak. Having left school, he was apprenticed to his father: to use his own words, he "made but a sorry apprentice; and, indeed, he was very sorry that he was an apprentice." He was bound before the celebrated John Wilkes, of political notoriety, whose eccentricities he then noted, so as to embody them, many years after, in a highly-coloured portrait, as Wilkes sat in his chamberlain's robe and chair. By reading plays, Mathews imbibed a strong partiality for them; though his father's shop-shelves contained little to suit his taste, being principally filled with standard works on divinity and religious tracts. About this time he became acquainted with Elliston, then also a boy, and both received lessons in the French language from the same school-mistress in the Strand. Elliston was then, (September, 1791,) getting up the tragedy of the "Distrest Mother," in the first floor of the pastry-cook's shop, No. 421, Strand, and Mathews undertook to perform Phœnix; but he admits that he was "terribly outshone by Master Elliston." Nothing damped, he next waited upon Macklin to request he would hear him recite and give him his opinion of his talents. His reception may be guessed: Macklin received his first line, "My name is Norval," as Sheridan did the dog-tax debate, with "Bow, wow, wow," and asserted that he had only found himself and another person to possess the qualifications requisite for an actor.

But Macklin's bearish manners were known, and did not stifle young Mathews's aspirations. In 1793, he joined a friend and paid fifteen guineas to appear at the Richmond theatre. The play was "Richard the Third;" Mathews, Richmond, and his friend, Richard—the former selecting this character "for the fencing;" and in the last scene, he kept Richard fighting for "twenty-five minutes by the Richmond clock." He next appeared in Old Doiley, (Who's the Dupe?) at Canterbury; where he repeated Richmond with a fight of 40 minutes. Mathews's father was, of course, averse to his son's playing; and, it is related that being informed he was at a certain town for that purpose, the old man went with the determination of hissing him off the stage: but, on his return, he told his friends that, although he saw his son's name in large letters in the play-bills, and was resolved to check his career, yet the audience so laughed at his performance, that he laughed too; and they so applauded, that he did the same.

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On his return to London, Mathews met Suett, (" Dickey Suett,") and was next engaged by Macklin for the Dublin theatre; at starting, his father giving him twenty guineas, with a promise of the same sum whenever he should return and resume his situation behind the counter. He made his *debut* at Dublin in the part of Lingo, (Agreeable Surprise), for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, the original Cowslip; and in a few weeks repeated the performance with great success. Daly was the manager: Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, was then *starring* it. George Frederick Cooke was also there, and noticed Mathews by an invitation to supper. Through the common vanity of objecting to play minor parts, Mathews soon began to grow disgusted with the stage, and in 1795 he left Dublin, with the intention of returning to his father. The vessel, however, in which he sailed, being driven by stress of weather into Swansea, he accepted an engagement at the theatre, and was so successful that he there continued to play upwards of two years. Meanwhile, his fame had reached Tate Wilkinson, the York manager; who, on the departure of Emery for London, engaged Mathews to fill his place. He succeeded, in two senses of the term; for at York he built up a public and private reputation that made him the greatest provincial favourite whilst there, and subsequently, the most successful star. When first at York, he was so thin, that Tate Wilkinson observed, he never saw any one so thin to be alive.

In 1803, Mathews returned to London, not to claim his father's twenty guineas, but to establish himself upon the stage, through the offer of George Colman, to appear at the Haymarket theatre. He did so, on May 16, as Jabal, (Cumberland's Jew); and this and a few other performances stamped his fame.

Next year he appeared at Drury-lane; but, from timidity, he failed. He remained at the Haymarket theatre from 1804 to 1809. In 1812, he made his *debut* at Covent-garden, where he remained three seasons; but he seldom performed. In the summer, he returned to the Haymarket, at which theatre he may be said to have established his reputation as one of the best comic actors of his day; his most successful characters being Somno, (Sleep Walker); Buskin, (Killing no Murder); Sir Fretful Plagiary, (Critic); Dick Cypher, (Hit or Miss); and Flexible, (Love, Law, and Physic). With Liston, as Apollo Belvi, in the second farce, and as Lubin Log, in the last, Mathews's performances reached high popularity; never, indeed, had broad humour better representatives, some of their scenes being racy enough to break a quinsey. Flexible's " charge to the jury," after the manner of the late Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, will long be remembered; and, we believe, so close was the imitation, that the actor received a rebuke for the perfection with which he practised his art. But the most striking proofs yet afforded of the versatility of Mathews, was his performance of six characters in one piece, (the Actress of All-work,) which drew crowded houses for many nights. On the occasion of his benefit, he also played Macheath, dressing the character as when the Beggar's Opera was first produced.

Ambitious of excellence in his art, and that too in the national drama, Mr. Mathews keenly felt the ungenerous treatment of the Covent-garden manager in refusing him proper scope for his abilities. He resolved on resenting this injustice by giving an entertainment by himself; and, in 1818, he announced himself, for the first time, " At Home," at the English Opera House. The attempt, though a bold one, was not entirely novel: for the success of Charles Dibdin's monopolylogues was not forgotten; though Dibdin had the advantage of much better compositions than ever formed the staple of Mathews's entertainments. Their success was signal, and such as to induce the managers of Drury-lane and Covent-garden to attempt to interdict the performances, in which they failed. In 1819, and three following years, he resumed these profitable labours in The Trip to Paris—Country Cousins—Travels in Earth, Air, and Water—and Youthful Days of Mr. Mathews. These entertainments have been repeated in almost every theatre in the United Kingdom, and some of them before royal parties.

In 1822, Mr. Mathews visited America, where he performed with great applause in the regular drama,—and in his " At Homes." In Philadelphia, the latter were attended by many of the gentry who were then too fastidious to witness regular plays; and this circumstance gave rise to some ill-natured remarks on our comedian, who was stigmatized as an itinerant mimic, and libellously abused in the *Philadelphia Gazette*. Mr. Mathews made these attacks the subject of an action for libel, and obtained heavy damages.

Among the results of Mr. Mathew's transatlantic visit was the material of his next entertainment—A Trip to America,—in which he drew more finished sketches of American manners and peculiarities than we had then been accustomed to; and, it should be added, that while he did not spare the crudities of American society, he did not colour them so highly as have subsequent tourists; whilst his characteristics were totally devoid of ill-feeling. After his return, too, he performed in several pieces at the English Opera House, in some of which, to use a familiar phrase, he worked out the American character with extraordinary effect. Indeed, to Mathews the stage must be held indebted

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for its first legitimate impersonation of a native of the United States.

In 1828, upon the secession of Mr. Terry, his partner, Mr. Yates, was joined by Mr. Mathews in the proprietorship of the Adelphi theatre, where he played for a season or two; and where, since that period, he gave his "At Home," though with somewhat diminished success.

Mr. Mathews re-appeared at Drury-lane theatre in the season of 1828, when he performed his most popular characters. His last appearance in the regular drama was as Polonius, in Hamlet, on May 30, 1832, when Mr. Young took his leave of the stage.

Last year, Mr. Mathews revisited the United States; though it had been affirmed that he dare not cross the Atlantic after his vivid sketches of the Americans; but, he had formed a just estimate of his hold over their risible faculties, as well as of their common sense. He met with slight opposition, which he put down at once in a very able and manly address; and thenceforth his reception was as enthusiastic as on his first visit. Writing from New York, soon after his arrival there, he says, "Briefly, I am well, and successful to the extent of my hopes—expectations—wishes; my wife is well also. There has been an attempt at opposition—but a very trifling one. There is an opposition theatre, from whence, it is supposed, emanated a hand-bill, industriously circulated, to prevent my being heard at all on my first appearance. I was, however, to the discomfiture of my enemies, received with huzzas and waving of hats. The house was crammed. The bill gave me a *grievance*—an opportunity to address them, and I did, I flatter myself, speak so boldly and independently on the subject, that I silenced for ever, (which means during my engagement,) the attempts to injure me. I pledged myself to perform the Trip, as I had in London, and on that rest my hopes of refuting the charges brought against me. In short, I triumphed, and the Yankees have evinced their good sense in bearing with good humour the jokes against them. The 'Militia Muster Folk,' and 'Uncle Ben,' (ditto Judge,) went as well as in England."* By the way, the militia scene is not a whit more highly coloured than Mrs. Butler's description of the same squad; and something should be allowed for the license of a song; though, in Mathews's case it was not requisite.

The change of climate, and the severity of the voyage out and home, shattered Mr. Mathews's constitution, weakened by the arduous exertions in the peculiar branch of his profession. He landed at Liverpool, and it may be added that he but reached the shores which gave him birth to go to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." He lay ill for some days at Liverpool; thence he was removed to a friend's at Crick, near Daventry, where he slightly recovered. He was then removed to Devonport, for change of air; where, last of all came death. His disease was ossification of the heart, under which he had laboured for some years.

About eighteen years since, Mr. Mathews broke his leg, having been, with Mr. Terry, thrown out of his gig. The lameness caused by attempting to walk and act too soon afterwards painfully impeded his movements: this infirmity increased with his years; yet any sympathizing inquiry respecting it was disliked by Mr. Mathews.

Mr. Mathews was twice married. His first lady was Miss E. K. Strong, of Exeter, who had written a novel or two, and poems that enjoyed some provincial celebrity. She was united to Mr. Mathews in 1797, (just after the bridegroom was of age,) and died of consumption in the spring of 1802. In the following year, Mr. Mathews married Miss Jackson, half-sister to Miss Fanny Kelly, who has just quitted the stage. Mrs. Mathews, who left the stage many years since, was an agreeable singer, and the original Fanny, in Killing no Murder. She accompanied Mr. Mathews in his last passage to America, and lives to lament his loss; with an only son, who has evinced considerable talent as a dramatist and as an architect.

The genius of Mr. Mathews was of a peculiar kind, and of greater rarity than we have time or space to illustrate. It has been well asked, "Who that has seen him can forget him? who that has not can have an idea of his powers?" Persons who had not seen him could seldom understand how one person amused an audience for three hours, when a whole company so often fail to effect that object. Seated before a small green-covered table, with two reflecting lamps, this master of his art, by aid of a few articles of dress for disguise, would assume a dozen characters, changing look, manner, voice, and every other delineation as rapidly as he put on the dress. He had Protean features, the natural expression of which was serious; though he succeeded better in portraying the ludicrous than the grave: he could twinkle his eyes, and give with them the rich leer and roll of broad humour; while every other feature curled and beamed with smile and laugh that were delightfully contagious. Before the strong light of his table lamps, his face had a rosy, jocund freshness, with ease and flexibility, which never reminded you of effort in his changes to please you. Indeed, it was by this ease and absence of effort, that he carried his audience with him. There was no over-listening on their part to catch his touches of humour, nor was there any apparent excitement on his part, (save on a few fitting occasions,) to produce them.

* Letter, quoted in the Athenæum, July 4.

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Seated in the convenient area of the Adelphi Theatre, you could hear his anecdotes as comfortably as you would listen to a pleasant fellow at a large table. Alas! how he was wont to set that table on a roar. To us, the main secret of his success lay in telling a story, an art in which so few persons excel; for, we often caught ourselves in cachinatory ecstasies at some anecdote or *bon mot* as old as the time of Miller. It would be an almost endless task to select examples of excellence from his performances, in which all the powers of pleasing were so strongly concentrated. We have said that he succeeded best in the ludicrous; yet he occasionally worked up pathos to an almost painful pitch. Witness his portrait of Monsieur Mallet, the distressed, affectionate Frenchman, whose woeful face you could scarcely believe of the same features as had just before thrown you into convulsive laughter. Persons who visited Mathews with the prepossession that they should not be entertained, must often have found themselves, ere parting, in the condition of Dr. Johnson, when he was resolved not to be pleased with Foote; until the dog was so very comical, that the Doctor was obliged to lay down his knife and fork, throw himself back in his chair, and fairly laugh it out with the rest. In scenes of highly-wrought passion, as in portraying the recklessness of vice, and its attendant despair, Mr. Mathews was powerfully effective; though such portraits were neither coarse with caricature, nor deformed by vulgarity. Indeed, decorum was never overstepped in any of Mr. Mathews's motley-minded performances; for, in his portraits from low life, we had all its grotesqueness with its vulgarities suppressed, and its wit without its indelicacies. The *vraisemblance* was unique, as in the coach-cad; the perfection of which you had only to step to the entrance of the theatre to test.

Mathews's powers of mimicry were unrivalled. He seized upon eccentric points of character, and portrayed them with astonishing felicity. Yet he did not require any person to be strongly marked, to take him off. We cannot say of him, as Johnson said of Foote, "he is like a painter who can draw the portrait of a man who has a wen on his face, and who is, therefore, easily known." On the contrary, Mathews not only gave you something different from himself, but he possessed the rare art of extracting his personal nature from his assumptions; and he was Sir Fretful or Morbleu, without one shade of Mathews about him. His imitations were perfection. "They were," as Sir Walter Scott once said to Lord Byron, "imitations of the *mind* to those who had the key; but, as the majority had it not, they were contented with admiring those of the person, and pronounced him a mimic, who ought to be considered an accurate and philosophical observer of human nature, blessed with the rare talent of identifying himself with the the minds of others." This is high praise from so high a hand as Scott; but Mathews's imitation of Curran, we believe to justify it: Scott said it could hardly be called an imitation —"it is a *continuation*, and is inimitable." But, because Mathews was an imitator, we are not to deny him the claim of originality: the designs for all his "At Homes" being furnished by himself, though written by others. Hence, almost all his *dramatis personæ* were creations of his fancy; and he was, therefore, as much an actor as Garrick could have been. The finish of his sketches was as surprising as their vigour, and his extreme versatility, more extraordinary than both. No man since Garrick ever went through such a range of characters. We need not search far for parallels; as in Mathews's success in Buskin, and Garrick's *ruse* to load the coach to Versailles, by personating different passengers.

Mr. Mathews resided for some time in a neat cottage, built in the style of old English rusticity, at the foot of Highgate-hill. Here he assembled an extensive collection of paintings, prints, and other memorials of dramatists, actors, and actresses, contemporary with himself, and of by-gone times. These memorials he cherished with honourable professional enthusiasm; and he spared nothing to increase his stock. We know the fact of his giving five pounds to a brother actor, (his inferior in circumstances,) for two or three original letters of Sheridan, which he had discovered among a heap of MS., sold to a cheesemonger as waste-paper. A few years since, Mr. Mathews disposed of the above cottage; and his collection of dramatic memorials was exhibited for some weeks in the metropolis, with the advantage of a catalogue *raisonnée*, drawn up with considerable skill, by Mr. Mathews, jun.

Mr. Mathews has left a reputation of twofold excellence; that of an honourable man and an admirable actor.

The Gatherer.

Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius' meals cost a million;
But I like what is good,
When or where be my food,
In chop-house or royal pavilion.

At all feasts, (if enough,)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingales' tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.

—*From an unpublished song, by Captain Morris.*

In Russia, raw turnip is handed about in slices, in the first houses, upon a silver salver, with brandy, as a whet before dinner.

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Royal Meals.—When the allied monarchs arrived in Paris, in 1814, they were compelled to contract with a restaurateur, (Véry,) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3,000 francs (125*l.*) a day, exclusive of wine.—*Quarterly Review*, (just published.)

Famine.—At the late siege of Oporto, cats and dogs were eagerly sought after; apes' flesh brought a high price—fowls were sold for 30*s.* a piece, and the ex-emperor himself was pressed for a dinner. The loss of life was immense, 16,000 civilians and 7,000 soldiers having perished.—*Ibid.*

Ices were introduced into France so early as the middle of the seventeenth century.

Thunder and Lightning.—At the Cape of Good Hope, thunder can scarcely ever be heard more than twenty or thirty miles from the flash which produces it. Lightning, on the other hand, may be seen, or, at least, its reflection in the clouds, forming what is called sheet lightning,) at the distance of 150 or 200 miles.—*Sir John Herschel.*

Lines, written by Mr. Waterton, in an album at an inn, near Niagara:

He sprained his foot, and hurt his toe,
On the rough road near Buffalo.
It quite distresses him to stagger a-
Long the sharp rocks of famed Niagara.
So thus he's doomed to drink the measure
Of pain, in lieu of that of pleasure.
On Hope's delusive pinions borne
He came for wool and goes back shorn.
N. B.—Here he alludes to nothing but
Th' adventure of his toe and foot;
Save this, he sees all that which can
Delight and charm the soul of man,
But feels it not,—because his toe
And foot together plague him so.

Mozart being once on a visit at Marseilles went to the opera incognito to hear the performance of his *Villanella Rapita*. He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal arias, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a common-place character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart, the clamour suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, and which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera, Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel. W. G. C.

As most erroneous impressions regarding the pecuniary circumstances of the late Mrs. Hemans have been recently made on the public mind,—through what channel we know not,—we have much pleasure in saying, that such statements were quite unfounded. Indeed, the exertions of her own fine and fertile genius—appreciated as it was by the world—made such a circumstance sufficiently improbable, and must have rendered her moderately independent, even if she not possessed a regular allowance from her husband, as well as from her brother, Sir Henry Browne. On her younger brother, Major Browne, she had an unlimited credit; and to either of these relatives it would be scarcely a compliment to say, that they would have despised themselves, had they allowed so noble a creature as their sister to have experienced the pressure of that, or of any other distress, which it was in their power to remove.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Duty on Paper.—The excise upon paper, of three pence a pound, (including all that is cut to waste,) and the absurd duty on foreign books imported, are serious obstructions to the progress of knowledge, especially the former. It prevents many a cheap work from being undertaken, and has caused some excellent ones to be discontinued. It amounts to a heavy burden upon all cheap books, falling infinitely lighter upon those of a high price. The admirable works, of which thousands are sold to the common people, pay, it is calculated, in the proportion of thirty to forty per cent. upon the prime cost; while the books bought by the rich do not pay above five or six per cent. Can any thing be more absurd, or more iniquitous, than such a duty? The repeal of one half of it would be an incalculable advantage to the community, and would cetainly not diminish, probably would increase, the total amount of the receipts.—*From the British and Foreign Review*, No. 1., (just published.)

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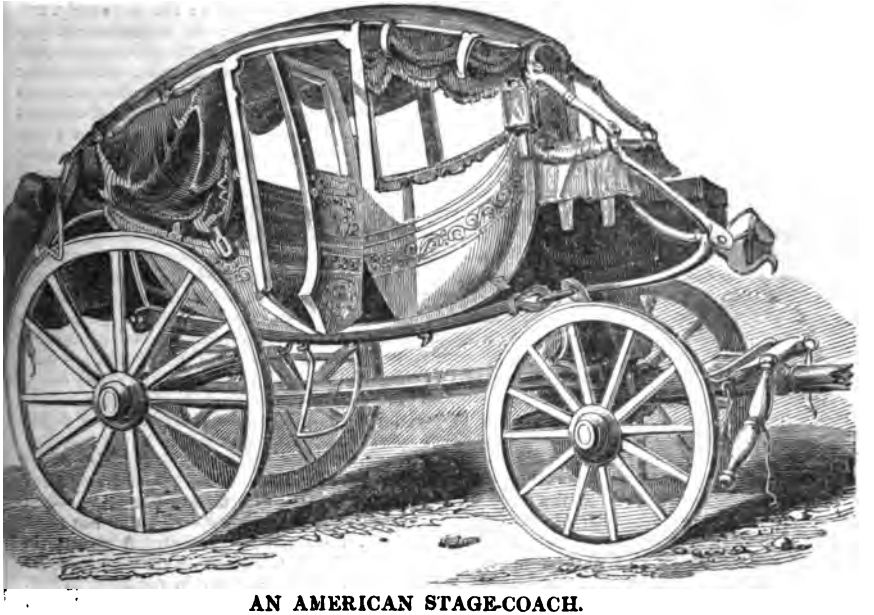

AN AMERICAN STAGE-COACH.

Captain Basil Hall, in his Travels in North America, about seven years since, etched the original of the above Engraving, as a specimen of the vehicles in which our transatlantic brethren "get along." It must be considered a sorry sample of coach-building, and rather resembles a Swiss than a British carriage. Indeed, we have seen scores of such vehicles in the yards of inns on the Continent: strength and stability it may possess; but, for elegance it must yield to our hackney-coach. We conclude from different travellers that it may be received as a fair average of American stage-coach building; though, it may be mentioned that Philadelphia surpasses all other places in America in the manufacture of coaches; and holds the same pre-eminence as London does in England, or, we may say, in the world; for British carriages are not elsewhere equalled. The Continental nobility prefer them; and the English-built stage-coach is no longer confined to British roads.* This superiority is easily explained; the manufacture of elegant coaches being a proof of high mechanical skill, from the number of clever artisans employed in the construction and outfit.

Captain Hall tells us that the above coach is constructed of the strongest materials; the springs being of hide. It has only one door, and carries nine passengers inside, on three seats, the centre one being a movable bench, with a broad leather band, or back support.

In Mr. Stuart's Travels, in 1828, we find a more minute description of the American stage-coach, at the same time corroborative of Captain Hall's outline. Mr. Stuart describes the Albany and Auburn stage, (in the state of New York,) as a huge coach of elliptical shape, hung low on leathern belts, and drawn by four horses. The coach is somewhat wider than a six-seated English stage-coach, and is much longer, so that there is sufficient space for a seat in the middle, and accommodation for nine inside passen-

* The carriages, stud of horses, coachmen, and grooms of Louis Phillippe, are, or were, a few years since, English; and their fine, spick-and-span turnout in the courtyard of the Palais Royal was long the admiration of the Parisians.—By the way, the Burmese Rath, or State Carriage, exhibited in London, in 1825, (and engraved in the Mirror, vol. vi. p. 385,) was considered to denote considerable excellence in Burmese coach-building; but, lately, we believe, the coach itself has been ascertained to be of English construction and exported to Burmah.

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gers. The door is placed as in English coaches (though there is but one door): the driver's seat is so low, that his head is pretty much on a level with the top of the coach. There is only room for one outside passenger, who sits on the same seat with the driver. The baggage is placed, not very securely, at the back of the coach, within leathern aprons, which are buckled or tied up with ropes or chains. The top of the coach is fixed on a frame, but the leathern curtains all round the carriage may be rolled up in fine weather, to afford air, and allow the country to be seen. The old-fashioned American stages, of which some are even yet in use, contain four seats, the driver having his place on the front bench, and all the passengers entering in a very inconvenient way by the fore-part of the carriage, and sitting with their faces to the front, which was open.

Of travelling in these vehicles, Mr. Stuart gives some interesting details, which may be compared with the usual conduct of stage-coach company in England.

"Having been told that the people of this country are very subject to sickness in the stages, and, on that account, anxious to sit with their faces to the front of the carriage, we took possession of the front, or foremost, nearest to the driver's seat, as being the least popular, with our faces to the back of the carriage. The Chancellor of the State was the first passenger, after we set out, for whom we called. He placed himself in the most distant seat, but gave it up to a family, consisting of two ladies and children, whom we picked up at Cruttenden's, in the upper part of the town, which is the chief hotel at Albany. The ladies were from Providence in Rhode Island, and on an excursion of pleasure to Niagara. There is no such thing as post-chaise travelling in any part of the United States. Journeys are usually performed either in the four-horse stages, or in steam-boats; but on most of the roads of very great resort, extra stages may be obtained, which may be regulated, as the passengers incline, as to the time they are to be on the road. In general, however, the travelling of this country by land is performed in the regular stages, it being the ordinary custom of the country for all descriptions of persons to travel by the same conveyance, and, while travelling to eat together. The present President of the United States, Mr. Adams, whose private residence is near Boston, travels to Washington, the seat of the government, by steam-boat, and the regular stage.

People going short journeys, of course, make use of their own carriages. The close carriage of Britain is rarely seen, but barouches and gigs are common; and small wagons, and dearborns, which are a light, four-wheeled carriage, on springs of wood, with a movable seat, frequently covered on the top, are in general use.

"The road on which we were driven to Schenectady was in many parts rough, and not well engineered, but wide; and there were rows of large Lombardy poplars on each side of a great part of it: the soil sandy, and by no means fertile; the orchards not productive: the wood chiefly oak, cedar, and pine,—the greater part of pine. The driver stopped twice on the way to give water to his horses, on account, I presume, of the heat of the weather; and the ladies from Providence also got water for themselves and their children, always asking, before they tasted it, whether the water was good? The persons waiting at the doors of the hotels on the road,—for every the most trifling inn, or house of public entertainment, is styled a hotel,—very civilly handed tumblers of water to the passengers, without payment of any kind. The conversation of the passengers was far more unrestrained than it probably would have been with foreigners, — more especially the chief judge of the state, one of the party,—in an English stage-coach; nor did the judge presume in the slightest degree on his high official situation."

On his journey to Niagara, Mr. Stuart notes:—"We found the stage partly filled before we prepared to take our seats,—half an hour before sunrise,—and did not reach Auburn until nearly sunset. A gentleman who had taken his seat in the back row, insisted on giving it up to my wife, so decidedly, as being her right, that she had no alternative, although it was a matter of indifference to her on which row she sat. In the same row with that gentleman was a poor woman, the widow of a labourer on one of the lakes, with a child, to whom the gentlemen, two of whom were persons of no small consideration in point of fortune, showed the same attention and wish to be of use, as they could have done to any other female, whatever might be her rank in society."

In justice, we observe that Mr. Stuart reports the hacks or hackney-coaches of New York to be light, some of them not above 1,100 pounds weight, the roof being supported upon a metal frame. Curtains are let down in a moment in case of rain, or for protection from the sun. The horses are generally active and good. Mrs. Butler likewise testifies to this superiority of the New York to the London hackney-coaches: the filthy vehicles and jaded horses, such as you see on our coach-stands, would disgrace America; and London cabriolets are in every respect inferior to those of Paris, whence we borrowed the idea. Again, the horses are better treated in New York than in our metropolis, where men cannot even be kept humane by act of parliament.

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ANTIQUE TOWER IN CHESHIRE.*

In the village of Brimstage, about three miles from Upper Tranmere,† on the field road to Porgate, there is an ancient tower, adjoining and apparently forming a part of a farm-house; it is ascended by a round, stone staircase of fifty-two steps.

The occupier of the farm-house states, that the agent of the Earl of Shrewsbury, (who owns it,) has discovered that it was standing five hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been erected as a watch-tower, to overlook the Welsh mountains. As this ancient building may be passed without observation, it may be as well mentioned, that it stands directly opposite the public house, known by the sign of "the Red Cat."—We have been induced to insert the above, in the hope that it may meet the eye of an antiquary, who may be able to favour us with some particulars relative to this time-honoured edifice.

* From the Liverpool Albion.

† Tranmere is one of the ferries, opposite Liverpool, on the Cheshire side of the river Mersey.

The Public Journals.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

Felix Hoppy, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies at Little Pedlington, has confered upon the world *in* general, and upon me in particular, a never-sufficiently-to-be-appreciated favour, by the publication of the Little Pedlington Guide. At the approach of the summer-season,—that season when London, (and since the pacification of Europe, all England,) is declared to be unendurable by all those who fancy they shall be happier any where than where they happen to be, and who possess the means and the opportunity of indulging in the experiment of change of place; at the approach of that season, this present, I found myself, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." The self-proposed question, "And where shall I go *this* year?" I could not answer in any way to my satisfaction.

As for the hundredth time I exclaimed, "And where shall I go this year?" a packet was sent me by my bookseller, who has a general order to supply me with all voyages, travels, journeys, tours, road-books, guides, and atlases, as soon as published. The parcel contained new editions of "Denham's Travels in Africa," of "Humboldt's in South America," and of "Parry's Voyages;" together with, just published, and wet from the press, "The Stranger's Guide through Little Pedlington, by Felix Hoppy, Esq., M.C." Throwing aside the rest as unimportant to my present purpose, I, on the instant, perused this last. No longer was I doubtful concerning my "whereabout." Little Pedlington, thought I, must be a Paradise! So I resolved to book a place for that same evening in the Little Pedlington mail.

Not a little was my astonishment on learning that there was *no* mail to that celebrated place; but great indeed was it when I was informed that there was no public conveyance whatever *direct* thither! However, I found that the Winklemouth coach, (which ran nearer to it than any other,) would set me down at Poppleton-End; that there I should be *pretty* sure of meeting with some one who would carry my luggage to Squashmire-gate, a short three miles; and that from thence to Little Pedlington, a distance of eight miles, there or thereabouts, a coach ran regularly three times a week during the season. Too happy to get there in any manner, I took a place in the Winklemouth coach, and, shortly afterwards, was rattling on towards the goal of my desires.

Between four and five in the morning, the coach pulled up at the corner of a narrow cart-road, of no very inviting appearance, the soil being of clay, and the holes and wheel-tracks filled with water by the late heavy rains. A slight, drizzling rain was falling then. The country for miles round was a dead flat, and not a house or shelter of any kind, save here and there a tree, was to be seen.

"Poppleton-End, sir," said the guard, as he let down the step.

"What! is *this* Poppleton-End?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied he, (adding with a leer which clearly indicated that he was satisfied with the excellence of his joke,) "and has been, time out of mind."

"But I have a heavy valise with me," said I, as I alighted.

"Yes, sir," replied the guard, taking it down from the top of the coach, and placing it against the boundary-stone at the corner of the lane; "it is precious heavy indeed."

"Well—I was informed that I should find somebody here who would carry it to Squashmire-gate; but there is no person within sight, and I can't carry it myself."

"Why, no, sir, I don't very well see how you can; at least," continued he, in the same facetious tone, "it wouldn't be altogether pleasant. Hows'ever, sir, you have a very good chance of Blind Bob coming up with his truck in about half an hour—or so."

"And pray, guard," inquired I, rather peevishly, "where am I to wait during that half-hour or so?"

"Why, sir, if you should chance to miss Blind Bob, you might, perhaps, find it a *leetle* awkward with that large trunk of yours; so if you'll take my advice, sir, you'll wait where you are. Good morning, sir. I don't think it will be much of a rain, sir. All right, Bill, get on." So saying, he mounted the coach, and left me seated beneath my umbrella on the boundary-stone at Poppleton-

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End, at half-past four of the morning, in a drizzling rain.

At five, at half-past five, at six o'clock, there I still sat, and not a human creature had come near me. The abominable rain, too! Rain! it was unworthy the name of rain. A good, honest, manly shower, which would have made one wet through and through in five seconds I could have borne without complaint; but to be made to suffer the intolerable sensation of dampness merely, by a snivelling, drivelling, mizzling, drizzling, sputter, and that too, by dint of the exercise of its petty spite for a full hour and a half!

At length I perceived, at some distance down the lane, a man dragging along a truck, at what seemed to me a tolerably brisk pace, considering the state of the road. He drew it by means of a strap passing over his shoulders and across his chest: and he carried in his hand a stout staff, which he occasionally struck upon the ground, though, apparently, not for support. He was rather above the middle height, broad, square, and muscular,—a cart-horse of a fellow. On arriving within two steps of my resting-place, he stopped, and with a voice of ten-boatswain power, shouted—

"Any one here for Squash'ire-gate?"

"Yes," said I, almost stunned by the report, "don't you see? I am here?"

"I wish I could," said he; "but as I have lived Blind Bob all my life, Blind Bob I shall die."

"Blind!" I exclaimed; "under the circumstances you have chosen a strange occupation."

"We can't choose what we like in this world, sir: if I warn't blind, I'd never ha' chose to get my living by being a guide, that I promise you."

On my informing him that I had a portmanteau with me, and indicating the spot where it stood, he moved towards it, and lifting it up, he tossed it, heavy as it was, over his shoulder into the truck, and instantly set forward towards Squashmire-gate.

The "short three miles," turning out, as matter of course, to be "a long five," and the whole of the road for that agreeable distance being ankle-deep in mud, it was nearly nine o'clock when we came to the end of this portion of the journey.

Squashmire-gate cannot, with strict regard to truth, be termed a pretty place; but as it puts forth no claim to that character, and as it is, moreover, the last stage of the road to Little Pedlington, it would be ungrateful as well as unjust to criticize it severely. It consists merely of a small public-house, of the most modest pretensions, situate on one side of a crooked road, slushy and miry; a small farriery on the other; a barn, a pig-sty, and a horse-trough. And such is Squashmire-gate, where I was doomed to exist, asbest I could, till the arrival of the coach—a term of three mortal hours!

Well! breakfast would beguile half an hour; so I ordered breakfast, which I took to the accompaniment of "a concord of sweet sounds:" the squeaking of a child cutting its teeth, the croaking of a raven in a wicker cage, the creaking of the signboard on its rusty hinges, the occasional braying of a donkey, and the ceaseless yelping of a cur confined in a cupboard.

Breakfast ended, and only half-past nine! What was to be done next? Are there any books in the house? No, not one. A newspaper? No. Then bring me pen, ink, and paper. They were "quite out of paper, the cat had just broken the ink-bottle, and somehow they had mislaid *the* pen:—a circumstance the importance of which was considerably diminished by the two previous accidents.

I turned for amusement to the window-panes. There was not a line, nor a word, nor a letter, nor a scratch to be seen. The vulgar scribble upon the glass, by which one is usually offended at country inns, would to me, in my then desolate condition, have been delight ineffable. To have been informed that *J. P. and C. S. dined hear on the 15th off June;* or that *Ephraim Trist lovs Jane Higs;* or that *Susen Miles is a beatifull cretear;* or even such tender exclamations as *O? Mariar?* or *O Poly!!*—this, the smallest information, would not only have been thankfully received, but it would have become to me matter of profound interest. But, not a line, not a letter!

At length, after the lapse of considerable time, it came to be ten o'clock.

"And pray, my good woman," inquired I of the hostess, "is there no chance of the Little Pedlington coach coming through earlier than twelve to-day?"

"Not earlier, sir; indeed I shouldn't wonder if it's *arter* instead of *afore*, seeing the state of the roads?"

"What!" shouted Blind Bob, who was in the kitchen, and overheard our short colloquy. "What! *afore!* and with them 'ere roads! The Lippleton 'Wonder' won't be here afore three to-day. *Blesh* you, it *can't*."

"Three!" I exclaimed. "It is impossible to remain here till three o'clock; I shall die of impatience or *ennui*. Can I have a chaise, or a gig?"

"No, sir," replied the woman; "we have nothing of *that* sort. To be sure, we have a one-horse kind of a cart"—here was a prospect of escape—"but our horse died Friday week, and my good man hasn't yet been able to suit himself with another."

"Then," said I, "as the rain has ceased, I'll leave my portmanteau to be sent on by the 'Wonder,' and will walk the eight miles to Little Pedlington."

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"What!" again shouted my evil genius, for as such I now began to consider him; "eight mile? It's thirteen good mile any day of the year; and as you must go round by Lob's Farm, 'cause of the waters being out at Slush-lane, it's a pretty tightish seventeen just now."

I surrendered at discretion to the irresistible attack upon my patience, and striking the table with a force which caused the astonished tea-pot to leap an inch high——

"And must I," I exclaimed, "*must* I remain in this infernal place, for the whole of this miserable day?"

The poor woman, evidently hurt at the opprobrious term which I had cast upon her *village*, (for such, I suppose, she considered Squashmire-gate to be,) slowly shook her head, and with a look of mild rebuke, and in a corresponding tone.—"Sir," she said, "all the world can't be Lippleton; if it *was*, it would be much too fine a place, and too good for us poor sinners to live in."

Although this was adding fuel to the fire of my impatience, I was at once overcome by the gentleness of the woman's manner; and unwilling that she should consider me as an incarnation of slander and detraction, I "explained," somewhat after the Parliamentary fashion; assuring her, that by the phrase, "infernal place," I meant nothing more than that it was the sweetest spot on earth, but that I was anxious to proceed on my journey. And now, having satisfied her that I meant no offence to Squashmire-gate, "Consider," said I, "consider that I have yet five hours to remain here: you cannot furnish me either with books, or paper, or with any earthly thing which would serve to lighten the time;" adding, in the most imploring tone I could assume, "tell me, tell me what *can* I do to amuse myself?"

The landlady looked at me as if she felt my appeal in its fullest force; then fondly casting her eyes on the sick, squalling child, which she carried on her arm; then again looking at me, she said—"I'm sure I hardly know, sir, *what* you can do; but if you would like to nurse baby for two or three hours you are heartily welcome, indeed you are, sir."

Nothing, perhaps, could more strikingly illustrate the forlorn and helpless condition to which I was reduced, than that it should have instigated one human being to venture such a proposal to another. Inviting as was the offer, I declined it, taking due credit to myself for so exemplary a display of self-denial.

The weather cleared, and the impartial sun shed a portion of its brightness even upon the ugliness of Squashmire-gate. The landlady seized the auspicious moment to vindicate the reputation of the place, and leading me to the door, exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "*Now*, look, sir! It stands to reason, you know, that no place can look pretty in bad weather."

Yet could I not exult in my position. Perhaps the first impression may have produced an unfavourable prejudice on my mind; yet a barn, a horse-trough, a pig-sty, and a smithy, with here and there a stunted tree, were not materials out of which to extract beauty, or capable of exciting pleasurable emotions. No; in these my cooler moments of reflection, I still maintain that Squashmire-gate is *not* a pretty place.

I walked, or rather waded, outside the house. I peeped into the pig-sty, looked into the barn, examined the smithy, and counted the ducks in the pond. Next, to vary my amusement, I began with the barn, then proceeded to inspect the pig-sty, then on to the duck-pond, and so forth. But by the greatest possible exercise of my ingenuity, I could not force the time on beyond half-past eleven, "and here I must needs remain till three!" thought I.

Upon occasions like the present, when one happens to be coach-bound, or otherwise detained in a country-place, the churchyard is an infallible resource, and an epitaph-hunt will generally repay the labour of the chase.

I inquired whereabouts was the church.

"Just over at Hogsnorton, sir."

"And what's the distance to Hogsnorton, ma'am?"

"We call it five mile; but it may be five mile and a half."

"Hogsnorton five and a half!" shouted Bob; it's seven mile or so any day."

The "or so" was sufficient; so I decided against a pilgrimage to Hogsnorton.

* * * * * *

"Order dinner," said a generally-too-late friend with whom I had agreed to dine at a tavern one day; "Order dinner at six for half-past, and I will positively be with you at seven." The Little Pedlington "Wonder" being expected up at three, it consequently arrived at half-past four. And "Oh! what damned minutes told I o'er" in that long interval!

The Little Pedlington "Wonder" was a heavy, lumbering coach, licensed to carry six inside and fourteen out; was drawn by two skinny horses, and driven by a coachman built after the exact fashion of the coach he drove, *id est*, lumbering and heavy.

"Full out, room for one in," was the coachman's reply to my question whether I could have a place. I expressed my disappointment at not having an outside place, as I should thus be deprived of obtaining the first possible view of Little Pedlington; nor was my disappointment diminished by Coachee's remark that that was, *indeed*, a sight!

"And how long will it be before you start, coachman?"

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"About a quarter of an hour, sir," was the reply.

"What!" bellowed forth my everlasting friend, Bob; "a quarter of an hour! You'll not get away from here afore six, Master Giles, and you know you won't."

Mr. Giles was part proprietor of the "Wonder," (the only coach on that road,) which he drove up one day and down another; so, there being no opposition, he carried matters with a high hand, deferring to the wishes or the convenience of one only person that ever travelled by the "Wonder," which one was himself.

"Six!" said Giles, taking up the word of blind Bob; "why, to be sure, mustn't I have a bit of summut to eat? and mustn't I rest a bit? and mustn't my cattle rest a bit? How *can* I get off afore six? My tits are tolerable good ones; but if I didn't give 'em a rest here and there, how'd ever they'd get on to Lippleton, I should like to know?"

Considering the appearance of his "tits," the load they had to drag, and the roads along which they were doomed to drag it, that question was, certainly, a "poser." When I was told of the Little Pedlington "Wonder," my expectations were of a rapidity of progress second in degree only to that of flying; but in the present case, the sole claim which the vehicle could conscientiously make to the title was, that it could be prevailed upon to move at all. It was, therefore, not without trepidation that I ventured to inquire at *about* what time we were *likely* to get into Little Pedlington.

"Why," replied Giles, "we must take the long road this afternoon, on account of the waters; so we shan't get in *much* afore nine."

"And very fair travelling too," said I, happy, at length, at knowing when this day of disagreeables was to terminate: "seventeen miles in three hours is not to be complained of under the circumstances."

"What!" again shouted the inveterate Blind Bob; "nine! you'll not see Lippleton afore eleven to-night. Why, the "Wonder" never does more nor four mile an hour at the best o' times, and here's the long road to take, and as heavy as putty. Besides, won't you stop three times more to rest the horses? I say you'll not see Lippleton afore eleven; it stands to reason, and you know you won't."

"Why, you stupid old fool!" said Giles, "you say yourself I must stop three times to rest the horses: then how *can* I get in afore eleven? Some folks talk as if they were out of their common senses."

* * * * * *

At length, the welcome moment for our departure arrived.

"I think," said Giles, as he clumsily clambered up to his box—"I think we shall have a little more rain yet."

"What!" for the last time cried our Job's comforter; "a little? You'll have rain enough to *drownd* you long afore you're half way to Lippleton, and thunder along with it, mind if you don't. I can feel it in my head, and it stands to reason."

I took my place inside the coach; and now, being fairly on my road to that haven of bliss, Little Pedlington, I soon forgot all the past annoyances of the day. Yet was not my position one of absolute comfort. I was jammed in between two corpulent ladies, of whom one was suffering under a violent tooth-ach, and the other from head-ach. Opposite to me was a stout man with a strong Stilton cheese on his knee; another saturated with the fumes of bad cigars with which he had been regaling himself; and the third had with him a packet of red herrings.

We proceeded at what might be the pace of a hearse in a hurry—something short of four miles an hour. At every hovel by the roadside, Mr. Giles pulled up to enjoy his "tithe of talk" with its inhabitants. Remonstrance and entreaty on the part of us, the impatient travellers, were useless. He plainly told us, that, as there was no opposition on the road, he had always had his own way; and that he saw no reason why he should be baulked of it now. Then he stopped at one small public-house to eat, and at the next to drink, and at another to rest. A long journey, fairly performed, is not an affair to complain of; but, oh! the torments of a short one prolonged by needless delay! At ten o'clock we had yet six miles of ours to accomplish. The night was dark; suddenly, as the sea-song has it, "The rain a deluge poured," and, (to continue the quotation,) "loud roared the dreadful thunder," when—within about two miles of Little Pedlington—crash! the pole broke. Whether or not the horses took fright, I have never had any means of ascertaining: certain it is, they neither became unmanageable, nor did they run away; they were not in a state to do either; so like jaded, sensible horses as they were, they stood stock-still. After considerable delay, and many fruitless attempts to repair the accident, we were compelled to walk through a pelting shower the remainder of the way.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

THE SHIP.

Where art thou going, mighty ship?
Thy sails are on the wind,
And the ocean, with a roaring sweep,
Is racing on behind.

The sea-birds wheel above thy mast,
And the waters fly below,
And the foaming billows, flashing fast,
Are leaping up thy prow,

And 'midst the clouds thy fluttering flag,
Is streaming strong and well,

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As if to bid yon beacon crag,
A last and gay farewell.
Where art thou going? "Far away,
To seek a distant shore—
Gaze ye upon me while ye may,
You will not see me more.

"My flag is dancing in the sky,
My sails are on the breeze,
And the wild bird screams exultingly,
As we bound along the seas.

"A hundred guns are on my deck,
And a thousand men below—
And my wings are spread without a speck,
As white as driven snow.

"Gaze while ye may—ye can but see
My panoply and pride—
Ye can but hear the hissing sea
Dashed gaily from my side.

"Hush! bootless sobs and yearning sighs,
Ye broken hearts be still,
Lest yonder landsman's envious eyes
Dream we have aught of ill—

"Lest he should think of care or woe
Amidst our gallant crew,
Or souls that hear the blithe winds blow,
With cheeks of ashen hue.

"Hurrah! hurrah! our homes we quit,
And those who are therein—
Will they be safe and standing yet,
When we cross the waves again?

"Hurrah! hurrah! a glorious land
Is rising far away—
What grave upon that stranger strand
Shall wrap our unknown clay?

"Hurrah! hurrah! beneath our keel
A thousand fathoms sleep—
And fleets are there—but with hearts of steel
We'll gaily o'er them sweep.

"On—on—the worm is at our heart,
But the shout upon our lip—
And who shall play the craven's part
In our proud and gallant ship?

"And who shall let the groan be heard
Which lips are gnawed to save;
Or the tears be seen, that, without a word,
Are falling on the wave?

"On, on—the sea-birds heed us not—
And the shores are shrinking fast—"
And scarce the landsman from his cot
Can see our lessening mast—

"But sighs him as he turns away
To trim his evening hearth,
That aught should be so proud and gay
Without one care of earth."

Blackwood's Magazine.

FAMILY POETRY.—THE CONFESSION.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest;
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flutterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.

'Tis not *her* coldness, father,'
That chills my labouring breast—
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate and can't digest.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Manners and Customs.

MIDSUMMER EVE IN IRELAND.

THE following account of a curious ceremony, commencing at twelve at night, at Stoole, near Downpatrick, appeared some time since in the *Hibernian Magazine*:—Its sacred mount is consecrated to St. Patrick, and the plain contains three wells, to which the most extraordinary virtues are attributed. Here and there are heaps of stones, around some of which appear great numbers of people running, with as much speed as possible; around others, crowds of worshippers kneel with bare legs and feet, as an indispensable part of the penance. The men, without coats, with handkerchiefs on their heads instead of hats, having gone seven times round each heap, kiss the ground, cross themselves, and proceed to the hill; here they ascend on their bare knees, by a path so steep and rugged, that it would be difficult to walk up: many hold their hands clasped at the back of their necks, and several carry large stones on their heads. Having repeated this ceremony seven times, they go to what is called St. Patrick's chair, which is two great, flat stones fixed upright in the hill; here they cross and bless themselves as they step in between these stones, and while repeating prayers, an old man, seated for the purpose, turns them round on their feet three times, for which he is paid; the devotee then goes to conclude his penance at a pile of stones, named the altar. While this busy scene of superstition is continued by the multitude, the wells and the streams issuing from them are thronged by crowds of halt, maimed, and blind, pressing to wash away their infirmities with water consecrated by their patron saint; and so powerful is the impression of its efficacy on their minds, that many of those who go to be healed, and who are not totally blind, or altogether crippled, believe for a time, that they are, by means of its miraculous virtues, perfectly restored.

W. G. C.

DEATH OMEN.

A SINGULAR tradition is current in the ancient and noble family of Ferrers, which, if not sanctioned by sound philosophy, still claims a kindred with those more memorable events, in connexion with which it has been handed down to our times. The park of Chartley, in Staffordshire, is a wild and romantic spot, and was formerly attached to the Royal Forest of Needwood, and the Honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which

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the ancient family of Ferrers were the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the Duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrers, after his defeat at Burton-bridge, where he led the rebellious Barons against Henry III. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the battle of Burton-bridge, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great house of Ferrers happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition which, to this day, has been current among the common people —that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park, is a sure omen of death within the same year to a member of the lord's family; and, by a noticeable coincidence, a calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the last earl and countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, of his daughter, Mrs. William Joliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present Nobleman, and his daughter Lady Frances Shirley, have each been preceded by the ominous birth of a calf. In the spring of the present year, an animal perfectly black was calved by one of this weird tribe in the park of Chartley, and it has recently been followed by the death of the amiable countess. — *Abridged from the Staffordshire Chronicle.*

RUSSIA.

An inn generally derives half its comfort from the cleanly appearance of the servants, especially the females; but at St. Petersburgh, long-bearded, dirty-looking men perform the duties of women elsewhere, and a delicate lady may fancy the inconvenience and annoyance of having her bed arrayed by a big, lubberly Russian: however, it is easy to be contented, as luxuries may be procured, and if you are not very fastidious about what you eat or drink, you may always find yourself pretty comfortable, with the exception of the first night, when an attack is made upon your person by about a million of insects, which leaves your skin with swelling over swelling, like the outside of an artichoke.

When you reside at an hotel in Russia, you are warned by the propietor never to leave the key of your rooms on the outside, as it will invariably be stolen. So little is common honesty known among the Russians, that there is a proverb which says, "Would you know whether a Muscovite is an honest fellow or not, see whether he has any hair in the palm of his hand." It is by no means uncommon for a Russian tradesman to ask double the price he intends to take; and, sometimes the reduction is so great, that the buyer doubts if he has got the same article he first bargained for. The fur traders have a method of dying the hair so uncommonly well, that they often take in their own countrymen with the bear-skins. The following anecdote of Peter the Great is a proof that he knew his subjects well. When his minister requested that the Jews might be exiled from Russia, Peter replied, "No, no; leave my long beards alone, the Jews will soon go without an order."

The merchants' club at Moscow closes at two o'clock in the morning; those who disobey this regulation, pay a fine which doubles every half hour.

Ladies of the highest rank in St. Petersburgh, smoke their cigars with as much eagerness, and with no more gentility, than an English fishwoman takes her pipe. There are boxes with sand placed in corners of their rooms.

Dogs are not allowed to run loose about the streets at St. Petersburgh; all found so are lawful prizes to the police, who sometimes have a regular hunt after them, when a net is spread directly across a street, and the animals drawn into it.

Red is so favourite a colour in Russia, that the word denoting it is synonymous with beautiful.

In Russia, theatrical performers are not received in society; they are not upon terms with literati, nor do they study deeply. One of the causes, (says a distinguished Russian,) of our dramatic weakness is, that hissing is prohibited; the auditory have no other mode of expressing their disapprobation, otherwise than by intense silence, or the *chut*, that is, bestowing applause at improper times; though the chut be no very grateful sound, it does not work with adequate effect upon the ears of the actor, nor inspire him with those feelings of salutary awe to which the French stage is probably indebted for its proudest stars. Every thing here is of a different stamp; the parsimony of the stage management discourages authorship, and the only remuneration the dramatist receives is the produce of the second night, from which the expenses are deducted.—W. G. C.

ASHANTEE PALACE.

Above is a specimen of the architecture of Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, on and near the Gold Coast of Guinea. It represents the palace of Ouso Adoom, the king's nephew, and the building assigned as the head-quarters of the British Mission, superintended by Joseph Dupuis, Esq., in the spring of the year 1820.

Mr. Dupuis was lighted by some of the king's torch-bearers to this abode, which the king had allotted for his separate use; while

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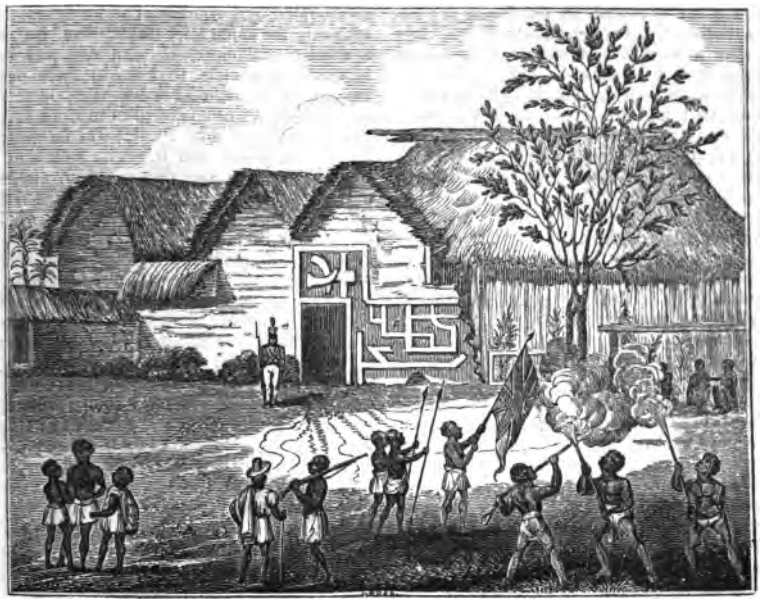

(Ashantee Palace.)

an adjacent house was appropriated to the joint use of the officers. Mr. Dupuis had scarcely crossed the threshold of the inclosure before a party of slaves, headed by a captain, entered the place, loaded with a present from the king, of wine and honey, coupled with a complimentary inquiry whether we felt fatigued.

This building stood nearly opposite the palace, and consisted of two apartments, thirteen feet long by seven feet in breadth, with a wall and fence, besides a long gallery or corridor, that served as a sleeping place for guards and servants. Without the inclosure, opposite the entrance, was another recess belonging to the building, designed for the dispatch of public business. Rude as the fabric was, it was tolerably commodious, for the roof was well thatched, and the whole was perfectly secure against wind and rain, except when they happened to beat in the direction of the doorways, or from the north-east. Its architectural beauties may be classed with those of our own well-thatched barns. It should be remembered, however, that, under the torrid zone, a barn is better suited to the climate, and, certainly, more adapted to the habits of the people, than a more confined habitation would be.

The above Engraving is copied from a correct external view of the palace, representing that sort of hieroglyphical sculpture, in relief, which is characteristic of the style of decorating the houses of Ashantee chieftains. The foreground represents the etiquette of forwarding messages to the king. As the flag departs, some Ashantees are saluting it with discharges of musketry.

New Books.

MR. BECKFORD'S EXCURSION TO THE MONASTERIES OF ALCOBACA AND BATALHA.*

The Seventh Day.

THE mystery of last night was explained by the Prior of Batalha, who had also witnessed it. "Do not," said the holy man, "imagine that it proceeds from another world. The being who uttered those dire sounds is still upon the earth, a member of our convent—an exemplary, a most holy man—a scion of one of our greatest families, and a near relative of the Duke of Aveiro, of whose dreadful, agonizing fate you must have heard. He was then in the pride of youth and comeliness, gay as sunshine, volatile as you now appear to be. He had accompanied the devoted duke to a sumptuous ball given by your nation to our high nobility:—at the very moment when splendour, triumph, and merriment were at their highest pitch, the executioners of Pombal's decrees, soldiers and ruffians, pounced down upon their prey; he, too, was of the number arrested—he, too, was thrown into a deep, cold dungeon: his

* Concluded from page 39.

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life was spared; and, in the course of years and events, the slender, lovely youth, now become a wasted, care-worn man, emerged to sorrow and loneliness. The blood of his dearest relatives seemed sprinkled upon every object that met his eyes; he never passed Belem without fancying he beheld, as in a sort of frightful dream, the scaffold, the wheels on which those he best loved had expired in torture. The current of his young, hot blood was frozen; he felt benumbed and paralyzed; the world, the court, had no charms for him; there was for him no longer warmth in the sun, or smiles on the human countenance: a stranger to love or fear, or any interest on this side the grave, he gave up his entire soul to prayer; and, to follow that sacred occupation with greater intenseness, renounced every prospect of worldly comfort or greatness, and embraced our order. Full eight-and-twenty years has he remained within these walls, so deeply impressed with the conviction of the Duke of Aveiro's innocence, the atrocious falsehood of that pretended conspiracy, and the consequent unjust, tyrannical expulsion of the order of St. Ignatius, that he believes—and the belief of so pure and so devout a man is always venerable—that the horrors now perpetrating in France are the direct consequence of that event, and certain of being brought home to Portugal; which kingdom he declares is foredoomed to desolation, and its royal house to punishments worse than death. He seldom speaks; he loathes conversation, he spurns news of any kind, he shrinks from strangers; he is constant at his duty in the choir—most severe in his fasts, vigils, and devout observances; he pays me canonical obedience—nothing more: he is a living grave, a walking sepulchre."

The Prior then led Mr. Beckford to a large shady apartment, in which the plash of a neighbouring fountain was distinctly heard. In the centre of this lofty and curiously groined vaulted hall, resting on a smooth Indian mat, an ample table was spread out with viands and fruits, and liquors cooled in snow. Breakfast over, a sacristan announced high mass; the Prior of Batalha taking Mr. Beckford by the hand, the prelates and their attendants followed in procession through courts and cloisters and porches of a beautiful grey stone: young boys of dusky complexions, in long white tunics and with shaven heads were busily dispelling every particle of dust; a stork and flamingo following them wherever they went, reminding the spectator of Egypt and the rites of Isis. The procession passed the refectory, a plain, solid building, with a pierced, pure gothic parapet; through a garden-court, with a fountain and orange-trees; and a sculptured gateway into an open space before the great church—grand indeed—the portal full fifty feet high, surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honour to William of Wykeham, some of whose disciples or co-disciples in the train of the founder's consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it. The valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open, and the procession entered the nave, resembling Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and of Amiens in loftiness. No tapestry, however rich—no painting, however vivid, could equal the gorgeousness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows: it played flickering about in all directions, on pavement and on roof, casting over every object myriads of glowing, mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches swayed to and fro by the breeze. The persons partook of these gorgeous tints—the white monastic robes of the conductors seemed as if they were embroidered with the brightest flowers of paradise, and the whole procession kept advancing invested with celestial colours. Mass was celebrated: the chant was grave and simple; and its "sweet and innocent sounds," says Mr. Beckford, "found their way to my heart—they recalled to my memory our own beautiful cathedral service, and—I wept!"

The party next visited the mausoleum, where lie extended on their cold sepulchres the effigies of John the First, and the generous-hearted, noble-minded Philippa; linked hand-in-hand in death as fondly as they were in life: the tomb standing in the centre of the chapel. Under a row of Gothic arches, fretted, pinnacled, and crocketed, lie sleeping the last sleep, their justly-renowned progeny, the Regent Pedro Duke of Coimbra, and other princes, in whom the high bearing of their intrepid father, and the exemplary virtues and strong sense of their mother, the grand-daughter of our Edward III., were united. Every object in this chapel is pure in taste, and harmonious in colour; every armorial device, every mottoed lambel, so tersely and correctly sculptured, associate also closely with historical and English associations—the Garter, the leopards, the fleur-de-lis, "from haughty Gallia torn," and the Plantagenet cast of the whole chamber. Next are the royal cloisters, a glorious square of nearly 200 feet, surrounded by arches, filled up with tracery as quaint as any of the ornaments of Roslin chapel, but infinitely more elegant. Thence you ascend by a few expansive steps to the chapter-house, a square of 70 feet, with a gracefully arched roof, unsupported by console or column, but seemingly suspended by magic. On a raised platform in the centre of this stately hall, covered with rich palls, are placed the tombs of Alfonso V.,

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his grandson, a gallant, blooming youth, torn from life, and his newly-married consort, the Infanta of Castile, and its fairest flower, at the early age of seventeen: with him expired the best hopes of Portugal, and of his father, the great John the Second.

The party found their army of attendants, mules, horses, and carriages, waiting for them at the same portal by which they had entered the night before; and after a grand interchange of salutations, they started on their return to Alcobaça; Mr. Beckford mounting his horse, and taking a short cut over some of the wildest be-pined, and be-rosemaryed, and be-lavendered country he had ever met with; whilst its paths were bordered by the gum-cistus in full flaring flower, so strongly scented as almost to command one to go to sleep.

Mr. Beckford was received by the Lord Abbot of Alcobaça with increased jubilation, which he attributes to the skill of his cook whom he had left there; and who, instead of locking up his knowledge, had diffused it throughout the whole kitchen of the monastery. Thus were the holy fathers tickled; and the party sat down to one of the most delicious banquets ever vouchsafed a mortal on this side of Mahomet's paradise. The macedoine was perfection, the ortolans and quails, lumps of celestial fatness, the sautés and bechamels beyond praise; and a certain truffle cream was so exquisite that the Lord Abbot piously gave thanks for it. After fruit and confectionery in the adjoining saloon, an herald-like personage appeared, and unrolling a scroll of parchment, displayed a theatrical bill flaming with gold and vermilion, announcing, by permission of the Abbot, the performance of the excruciating tragedy of Donna Inez de Castro, and the cruel murder of that lovely lady and her two royal, innocent infants. The theatre was a coved saloon, and upon the green curtain were emblazoned the insignia of the convent; the orchestra comprised six sharp-toned fiddles, a growling bass, two overgrown mandolines, and a pair of flutes most nauseously tweedled upon by two blear-eyed young monks. Of the performance Mr. Beckford furnishes an amusing account, from which we can merely note that the stage murder of the infants was horrified by three or four drops of pigeon's blood being squeezed out of some invisible receptable. After supper, to which the poet, and the lady who performed Inez, were invited, the party retired.

The Eighth Day.

Mr. Beckford began to be tired of such perpetual gormandizing—the fumes of banquet and incense—the repetition of pompous rites—the splendour of illuminated altars and saints and madonnas, in fusty saloons, and still fustier canopies. His soul longed for an opener expanse—the canopy of the heavens. Accordingly, he mounted his glossy Arabian, and off he galloped on a second visit to Batalha; near the convent he espied a long line of ghost-like fathers, each with a fishing-rod projecting from his piebald drapery, angling on with pale and patient countenances. The booming conventual bells soon dispersed the holy rank and file. The Prior and our tourist recognised each other; they moved on to the monastery, and there Mr. Beckford again heard the chanting monks, and saw the boys in white tunics, with their flamingo; but the stork lay dead on the chapter-house steps, and one of the boys was lamenting the loss of the poor bird in words of touching simplicity, followed by a flood of bitter tears; then falling on his knees and kissing the pavement and his dead stork at the same time.

The principal object of Mr. Beckford's second visit was to re-inspect the mausoleum of Don Emanuel; but he found it unworthy of the journey, and so returned to Alcobaça.

The Ninth Day.

The party left Alcobaça, and on their road were invited to screen themselves from the meridian heat in a quinta belonging to a lady, who had there congregated half the birds in the country. First in this asylum were a space with marble troughs brimful of the clearest water, heaps of oats and barley, and panniers of bread and oranges. Then, as far as the eye could stretch, extended a close bower of evergreens, myrtle, bay, ilex, and box, clipped into arches, opening to plats of flowers; in the midst of which was a fountain within a richly-gilded cage, containing birds of every size, song, and plumage. In one inclosure was an immense circular basin of variegated marble, surrounded by a gilt metal balustrade, on which were perched arraras and cockatoos. The introduction of the party to the lady and her suite then took place; but our tourist was glad to get clear of the walls of these bird-ridden dominions. His route lay across a highly-cultivated plain, where every rood of land was employed to advantage, the Lombard system of irrigation being perfectly understood and practised. Every cottage had its well-fenced gardens with gourds and melons, its abundant waterspout, its vine, its fig-tree, and its espalier of pomegranate: and the peasantry, when asked who had taught them to till their land so neatly, replied, "Our indulgent masters and kind friends, the monks of the royal monastery." The party next alighted at the farm-mansion of the lady of Nasaré, on the brow of a craggy eminence shelving down to the Atlantic. It is the capital of the conventual domains in these quarters, and resembles an oriental caravanserai. In its largest and coolest apartment, the party

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were regaled with a magnificent banquet of fish, it being a fast-day. The repast dispatched, they left, and reached the Caldas—its dull, monotonous houses, with their coarse green window blinds and shutters flapping to and fro in the dusty breeze; and its heavy verandas, daubed over with yellow ochre, and striped in places with blue and red, in patterns not unworthy of Timbuctoo or Ashantee.

The Tenth Day.

The tourists left the Caldas; their road lying between lofty slopes partially covered with bushes of rosemary and lavender in full bloom. As they approached Cadafaiz, they heard the country people, men, women, and children, singing hymns to St. Anthony as they returned home from reaping. The whole country was blazing with fires in honour of the next day's festival, and above 100 were counted shining bright amongst the olive-trees. At length the party reached Cadafaiz, that most comfortable of rustic manorial mansions.

The Eleventh Day,

They made an excursion to a Franciscan convent, where Mr. Beckford fancied himself in Palestine: a plain, perfectly flat and arid presented itself, diversified alone by the low columned arcades and belfries of the convent, resembling in form and tint the views of the semi-Gothic chapels and cells at Jerusalem and Nazareth. Scattered over the level were droves of asses, a few splendidly caparisoned mules, and peasants seated in groups, who joined together, when the bells of the convent tolled, and moved in one vast multitude, 6 or 7,000 at least, to the space before the church. It was the festival of St. Anthony, and the rites were very impressive. At the door of the convent, the party were met by two couriers, with a mandate and invitation to the palace of Queluz. On their return to Cadafaiz, after a repast of delicate dishes and iced sherbets, a comfortable nap, a stroll in the long-bowered alleys of the quinta, the evening perfume of orange-flowers and jasmine, the song of birds, guitar music, and a morisco dance of true oriental fervour,—the party retired to their chambers.

The Twelfth Day.

The Priors set forth for Queluz by themselves, and Mr. Beckford mounted his Arabian. The country was a sad dreary expanse, with now and then a straggling flock, a neglected quinta of orange trees, with its decaying garden-house, or a half-ruined windmill. On arriving at Queluz, Mr. Beckford found that the Priors were closeted with the Prince Regent, and he took refuge in the apartments allotted to the lord in waiting: where he found weather-beaten equerries, superannuated chamberlains, and wizened pages yawning over dusty card-tables. Mr. Beckford had audiences of the Prince Regent and the Infanta; the court was a sorry scene and was thronged with state duns. At length, our tourist, tired of close conferences in close apartments, longed for the refreshing seabreezes of his quinta on the banks of the Tagus; and, his carriages having arrived from Cadafaiz, Mr. Beckford and his suite gladly left for his beloved home.

[Such is a brief and hasty outline of the Twelve Days of this charming Excursion, with glances at its principal incidents, and abridgments of its happy scenes. It is long since we have read so felicitously written a volume as that before us: extending little more than 200 pages, its pleasures delight the reader without fatigue. The style is graceful, and redolent of refined taste; and every page has some fascinating incident to enchain the attention.

BRITTON AND BRAYLEY'S HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

[HALF of this work is now before the public, Part 6 conducting the reader to the building of St. Stephen's Chapel, temp. Edw. III., 1333, 1337. The previous Part contains some interesting details of the repairs of the Palace at Westminster by Edward II., and of that monarch's coronation. In the documents quoted, frequent mention is made of "Ryegate stone," which, as many readers may know, was dug near the town of that name, twenty-one miles on the Brighton road. Little of this material is now obtained there; though, a few years since, we remember to have seen it employed in cottages in the neighbourhood: it is a poor freestone, with little compactness to fit it for building purposes. Following the above details are some curious instances of infringement on the privileges of the Palace, with the awards made in each case.]

Breaches of Privileges.

In the King's second year, Alice, the daughter of Nicholas le Ken, was summoned to answer the complaint of Walter de Bedewynde, the Remembrancer of the Exchequer, who had accused her of reviling him, by calling him "a thief, seducer, and other opprobrious names," in the great hall at Westminster, and elsewhere within the King's Palace there, and which she denied. A jury of the court, and of persons dwelling near the palace, was consequently impannelled; and having found that the insult was given "upon the King's Bridge of his palace at Westminster," they awarded damages to the amount of forty pounds.

In the sixth of Edward II., a court of the palace for pleas of the Crown—"Placita aulæ domini Regis de Corona"—was held at Westminster, before Hugh de Audley,

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steward and marshal of the king's household, when John de Redinges was arraigned for counterfeiting the king's privy seal; but he alleged that he had purchased it of Edmund de Malo Lacu, the former steward, (who was also before the court,) for forty talents of gold, and judgment was in consequence given against the latter.*

On the eve of Ascension day, in the 8th of Edward II. (anno 1315), Thomas de Gerdestan, Archdeacon of Norfolk, and one of his officers, were impleaded before the king and his council, then sitting in parliament at Westminster, for that they, on the eighth of March preceding,—the king being then in his palace and holding his parliament,—did cite Joan de Barr, Countess of Warenne, she being then in attendance on the queen consort in the chapel of the said palace, to appear in the church of St. Nicholas of Braheden, to make answer to Maud de Nerford, in a cause of divorce between her and John Earl of Warenne. The fact having been proved, the archdeacon and his officer were committed to the Tower.†

In the same year, on the 14th of May, a writ was addressed to William de Leyre and Richard Abbot, stating that the pavement between Temple Bar and the gate of the king's palace at Westminster, was so broken and injured, that it was a great nuisance to those frequenting the court, and very perilous both for horsemen and foot passengers; and that a petition had been preferred to the king and council, praying them to provide a remedy for the same. The said William and Richard were, consequently, commanded to cause the said pavement to be repaired, and to distrain for the expense "pro rata," upon all persons having houses adjacent to it, between the said Bar and the Palace.

Famine in 1314.

A direful famine, bringing disease and pestilence in its train, swelled the calamities of the nation to the utmost degree of horror. The most loathsome reptiles were used for food, man preyed upon man, and instances are recorded of parents assuaging their hunger on the dead bodies of their own children! In the hope of arresting the scourge, a maximum on the price of provisions was fixed by the parliament, which met at Westminster on the 20th of January, 1314-15;‡ but this restriction only increased the scarcity, and the statute was repealed in another parliament that assembled at Lincoln at the beginning of the following year. The price of every article of subsistence rose enormously; and the king, at the suggestion of the citizens of London, suspended the breweries, as a measure "without which, not only the indigent but the middle classes must inevitably have perished through want of food." At times it became difficult to procure bread even for the royal household.

[From the coronation rolls of Edward III. are some curious items, by which it appears that the cloths and tapestry for the occasion cost 1,056*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, and the king's coronation gloves, 3*s.* In the accounts of the works at St. Stephen's, of this date, "Reygate stone" occurs more frequently than any other material.

The plates in the present Parts are equal to their predecessors. Among them, we may particularize St. Stephen's (east), decreed, we fear, to be taken down; a fine buttress on the east side of Westminster Hall; and the Star-chamber, a beautifully drawn interior: there are likewise three plates of ground and sectional plans.

Upon the wrapper of Part 6 are three pages of sensible observations, by the Editors, upon the projected New Houses of Parliament; in which the ill-informed 26th resolution of the "Rebuilding Committee," is deservedly objected to. It prescribes the style of the buildings to be either *Gothic* or *Elizabethan*. "Now the word *Gothic*," observe the authors, "has no fixed nor determinate meaning: it has been, and is frequently applied by the authors of popular works on architecture to the Norman, or semi-circular arched—to the first pointed or lancet—and to all the other varieties of the ecclesiastical buildings of the middle ages; and, therefore, it ought not to be employed on such an occasion as the present. It is calculated to mislead and confound both the student and the veteran architect. Nor is the word *style* strictly proper. That the '*Elizabethan style*' should be prescribed for Houses of Parliament can only be accounted for, by supposing that the writers of this report referred to the Domestic Architecture of the Tudor age. Surely, it would not be advisable to recommend an imitation of that part of Windsor Castle built by Queen Elizabeth, or of Holland House, Kensington, or of Hatfield House in Hertfordshire, or, indeed, any other existing work of the Elizabethan age. Every transition, or intermediate link between two classes or fashions

* Vide "Additional Manuscripts" in the British Museum, Ayscough's Catalogue, No. 4,486, fo. 52.

† Vide Ryley's "Placita Parliamentaria," p. 543; and "Cal. Rot. Patentium," p. 75, 6: edit. 1802.

‡ From various writs "de Expensis" (tested at Westminster, which are still extant,) it appears that the "knights of the shire" in this parliament were each allowed four shillings *per diem*, together with their respective charges in coming and returning. The prices fixed on the various articles of provision were as follow:—For the best ox not fed with grain, 16*s.* and no more; but if fed on corn and made fat, 24*s.*: the best live fat cow, 12*s.*: a fat hog, of two years old, 3*s.* 4*d.*: a fat sheep, unshorn, 20*d.*: but if shorn, 14*d.*: a fat goose, 3*d.*: three pigeons, 1*d.*: twenty eggs, 1*d.* Those persons who refused to sell these things at the above prices, were to forfeit them to the king.—Vide "Fœdera," vol. ii. p. 203: edit. 1818.

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of architecture is commonly defective; and it may be safely affirmed that the mongrel buildings of 'the maiden queen's' reign are among the blemishes rather than the beauties of art." Although the authors disapprove of the phraseology of the resolution, they acknowledge that in sentiment and principle it is right. They are pleased to know that the Committee recommend a design for the New Houses of Parliament to harmonize and to assimilate with the old buildings at Westminster, *i. e.* the Abbey Church and its splendid Tudor Chapel, the vast Hall, &c.]

COLERIDGE'S TABLE-TALK.

(*Continued from page* 30.)

LORD ELDON'S doctrine, that grammar schools, in the sense of the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, must necessarily mean schools for teaching Latin and Greek, is, I think, founded on an insufficient knowledge of the history and literature of the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson uses the term "grammar" without any reference to the learned languages.

There is a great difference between bitters and tonics. Where weakness proceeds from excess of irritability, there bitters act beneficially; because all bitters are poisons, and operate by stilling, and depressing, and lethargizing the irritability. But where weakness proceeds from the opposite cause of relaxation, there tonics are good; because they brace up and tighten the loosened string. Bracing is a correct metaphor. Bark goes near to be a combination of a bitter and a tonic; but no perfect medical combination of the two properties is yet known.

The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English; without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you, that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.*

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

John Thelwall had something very good about him.† We were once sitting in a beautiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!"—"Nay! Citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds."—"Oh," I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly understood, that dumb bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think.

The object of rhetoric is persuasion,—of logic, conviction,—of grammar, significancy. A fourth term is wanting, the rhematic, or logic of sentences.

The five finest things in Scotland are—1. Edinburgh; 2. The antechamber of the Fall of Foyers; 3. The view of Loch Lomond from Inch Tavannach, the highest of the islands; 4. The Trosachs; 5. The view of the Hebrides from a point, the name of which I forget. But the intervals between the fine things in Scotland are very dreary;—whereas in Cumberland and Westmorland there is a cabinet of beauties,—each thing being beautiful in itself, and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley, to another, is itself a beautiful thing again. The Scotch lakes are so like one another, from their great size, that in a picture you are obliged to read their names; but the English lakes, especially Derwent Water, or rather the whole vale of Keswick, is so rememberable, that, after having been once seen, no one ever requires to be told what it is when drawn. This vale is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond; the latter is covered with water; but in the former instance, we have two lakes with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place.

* I find written on a blank leaf of my copy of this edition of the P.'s P. the following note by Mr. C.:—"I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." June 14, 1830.—ED.

† We feel it a pleasurable duty to subscribe our humble testimony to this remark of Coleridge.—Ed. MIRROR.

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Spirit of Discovery.

THE APPROACHING COMET.

[In the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, (just published,) are noticed three recent German works, furnishing some important particulars respecting the Comet which is to make its appearance towards the end of the present year. The Reviewer has with considerable pains compressed these particulars into as small a compass as possible, nearly as follows. After explaining the origin of this being called Halley's Comet, he proceeds:—]

Two French mathematicians, Pontécoulant and Damoiseau, have distinguished themselves by their calculations of the next appearance of Halley's comet. Pontécoulant has gone through this labour several times, and fixes the 31st of October, 1835, for the day of its nearest transit through the point of the perihelion (*Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde*, tom. ii. 147), but afterwards (p. 500 of the same volume of his work) the 2nd of November, and finally, in the "Connaissance des Tems" for 1833, (p. 112,) the 7th of November. Damoiseau, on the other hand, in the "Connaissance des Tems" for 1832, (p. 33,) fixes the 4th of November as the day. The differences are small: they arise chiefly from the difficulty of taking into the strictest account the earth's power of attraction on the comet approaching it within twenty-four millions of miles; on which subject, Pontécoulant, in the passage already quoted, remarks "*que cette détermination est fort delicate et que l'on doit s'attendre à plusieurs jours d'incertitude.*" We have thought it right to insist with such emphasis on this circumstance that, in case the comet should not appear punctually at the specified time, our readers may of themselves be able to account for the deviation, and not conceive a distrust of the most sublime of sciences, Astronomy.

In August, 1835, the comet will advance towards us from about 230 to 130 millions of miles, and during the latter half of that month it will rise about midnight in the north-east, and be visible till the dawn of morning in the eastern quarter of the heavens.

In September it will proceed with augmented velocity towards the well-known constellation, the Great Bear. Its apparent magnitude will increase considerably, in proportion as it approaches nearer to us; and towards the end of the month, it will be but about 28 millions of miles distant from us. It will rise earlier every evening and more northwardly; and, towards the end of the month, it will be so near to the north pole that it will cease to set, and of course be visible the whole night in the vicinity of the Great Bear.

During the first days of October, the comet will approach nearest to us in its present revolution; it will then be no more than 23 million miles distant from us. If the weather should be favourable, its appearance will then be the most brilliant: it will still be in the northern heavens, but at no great height above the horizon, and of course it will not set. It will then recede rapidly to the south, and towards the conclusion of the month, it will be visible only in the south-west, where it will set earlier every succeeding evening.

In the month of November, at the beginning of which the comet, as we have already mentioned, approaches nearest to the sun, it will cease to be visible, being concealed from our view by the sun's rays.

In the last days of December, however, about six in the morning, it will again be discernible in the eastern horizon. Its distance from us then will be nearly 190 millions of miles.

In January, 1836, it will again approach us and be visible, after three in the morning, in the southern sky. It will rise earlier and earlier, and, in February, soon after midnight. In March it will again be visible all night in the southern heavens; it will then rapidly recede from us, and in April we shall lose sight of it entirely.

Its nearest approach to the earth, therefore, as it takes place in October, will precede the transit through the point of the perihelion, which, as we have seen, will not occur till the beginning of November—a circumstance that is to be regretted, because it is not till after the latter that comets assume their most brilliant appearance, and that phenomenon therefore will not be coincident with its greatest proximity to us. Had these two circumstances occurred together—that is to say, had the comet *after* acquiring its greatest brilliancy approached us within 23 millions of miles, as it will do in October, we should probably have enjoyed a more magnificent spectacle than will now be presented. In December, on the other hand, when the comet, after acquiring its greatest brilliancy, will again become visible, it will unluckily be 190 millions of miles distant from us, as we have already observed.

Dr. Fischer, (the author of the third work,) next presents us with the substance of all the recorded observations of this comet since the year 1005, and a statement of the weather which attended each of its appearances—an interesting analysis, the results of which we shall subjoin as briefly as possible. In 1005, the appearance of this comet was attended by a great famine; in 1080, by an earthquake; in 1155, by a cold winter and failure of crops; in 1230, by rains and inundations (part of Friesland was overwhelmed, with 100,000 inhabitants); in 1304, by great drought, and intense cold in the following winter, succeeded by a pestilence; in 1380,

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by a still more destructive contagion; in 1456 by wet weather, inundations, and earthquakes; again, in 1531, by great floods; in 1607, by extreme drought, followed by a most severe winter; in 1682, by floods and earthquakes; in 1759, by some wet, and slight earthquakes. Hence it appears that this comet has brought with it sometimes heat and drought, at others wet and cold, but the latter oftener than the former: if, however, these meteorological phenomena were not wholly independent of its appearance.

The author concludes with some particulars respecting its next appearance, which differ, more especially in regard to distances, from those given in the preceding part of this article. His report of its course and motions is as follows:—

"Towards the end of August, 1835, the comet will make its first appearance in the eastern quarter of the heavens, in the sign Taurus. Its light will then be very faint, partly on account of the length of the days, and partly on account of its distance at this time from the earth, amounting to 190 millions of miles.

"As the motion of the comet will be at first directed towards the earth, its position in the heavens will not be much changed till the middle of September, though its light will rapidly increase in intensity. On the 13th of September its distance from the earth will be 95 millions of miles; from this time its magnificent tail will increase in magnitude and brilliancy; the comet will rise gradually earlier; and its motion will appear to be more and more rapid. In the latter half of September it will enter the sign Gemini.

"On the 1st of October the comet will be only 27 million miles distant from the earth, and it will then enter the fore-foot of the Great Bear, in which it will cease to set, so that about this time it will have attained its highest degree of brilliancy and its greatest apparent magnitude. On the 6th of October its distance from the earth will be only about 16¾ millions of miles, being the nearest point to which it approaches. Its magnificent tail will now extend from the hair of Berenice to the principal stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. The head of the comet will set about nine in the evening, whilst the inner visible tail will be visible the whole night in the northern heavens, till the head re-appears in the morning red. From this period it will continue to approach perceptibly nearer to the sun, setting earlier in the evening, and at the same time receding from the earth.

"On the 17th of November the comet will be in its perihelion, consequently it will be no longer visible to us, either during the rest of that month or in December.

"In the beginning of January, 1836, it will issue from the sun's rays, again become visible, and be 190 millions of miles distant from the earth, as it was at the end of August. Meanwhile it will approach the earth a second time, and remain visible to us during the month of February.

"On the 1st of March it will be about 120 millions of miles distant, and will be visible to us in the morning in the constellations of Corvus and Crater. Thence it will continue to recede more and more from the earth and the sun, attain its greatest distance from the latter in 1873, and again arrive at its perihelion in 1912."

The Gatherer.

We regret to learn that the young Orang-Outang at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, died on Tuesday morning, the 21st.

It is the custom in Syria to allow sick women to be present at weddings, from a popular superstition that the marriage benediction is a certain remedy for all their disorders. W. G. C.

Epitaphs.—Upon one Brawne, an Irishman, but a Cornish beggar:—

Here Brawne, the quondam beggar lies,
Who counted by his tale,
Some six score winters and above:
Such virtue is in ale.
Ale was his meate, his driuke, his cloth,
Ale did his death reprieve;
And could he still have drunk his ale,
He had been still alive.

Petrarch had no better than the following epitaph on his tombstone, at Arqua, in Italy:—

This stone doth cover the cold bones of Franc Petrarch:
Thou Virgin Mother take his soul; thou Christ pardon grant;
Now weary of the Earth, he rests in heaven's Arke.
G. K.

A Supper of the old school affords the prettiest opportunities for flirtation, it being always understood that the sexes are to be intermingled as at a dinner party, and that it is a gross breach of the *convenances* for any lady—old or young—by word or look—to ask a gentleman for his place, when it is obvious that by surrendering it he will sacrifice the happiness of his *voisine.*—*Quarterly Review.*

*** The clever digest of "European Pauperism," at page 30, was drawn up by the Editor of the *Globe*, in which journal it first appeared.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 732.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET COWPER.

GREAT BERKHAMPSTEAD, HERTS.

In the peaceful home figured in the above vignette, William Cowper was born on the 26th of November, 1731; and here were passed his infancy, and some years of his childhood. His father was John Cowper, second son of Spencer Cowper, who was chief justice of Chester, and afterwards a judge in the Court of Common Pleas; and whose brother, William, first Earl Cowper, was, at the same time, Lord High Chancellor of England. The poet's father took his degrees in divinity, was chaplain to King George II., and resided at his rectory of Great Berkhampstead, above represented. The poet's mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludlam Hall, in Norfolk, who had a common ancestry with the celebrated Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's.

In reference to this lady, it has been justly remarked by his relative and biographer, Dr. Johnson, that "the highest blood in the realm flowed in the veins of the modest and unassuming Cowper; his mother having descended through the families of Hippesley, of Throughley in Sussex, and Pellett of Bolney in the same county, from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bullen, Howard, and Mowbray; and so, by four different lines, from Henry III., King of England." And though, as the same writer properly remarks, "distinctions of this nature can shed no additional lustre on the memory of Cowper; yet genius, however exalted, disdains not, while it boasts not, the splendour of ancestry: and royalty itself may be pleased, and, perhaps, benefited, by discovering its kindred to such piety, such purity, and such talents as his."*

After giving birth to several children, this lady died in child-bed, in her thirty-seventh year; leaving only two sons, John the younger, and William the poet. Cowper was only six years old when he lost his mother; and how deeply he was affected by her early death, may be inferred from some exquisitely tender lines, composed more than fifty years afterwards, on the receipt of her portrait from Mrs. Anne Bodham, a relation in Norfolk: in these lines occur the following alluding to his birthplace:—

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap;

* Taylor's Life of Cowper, 4th edition, 1835.

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'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd—
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
Which humour interpos'd too often makes:
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may.

The little Cowper was, in the year of his mother's death, sent to his first school, at Market-street, about eleven miles from Berkhampstead, under the care of Dr. Pitman;* and, it is probable that he was removed from it in consequence of a complaint in the eyes. In a letter written in 1792, Cowper says: "I have been all my life subject to inflammations of the eye, and in my boyish days had specks on both, that threatened to cover them. My father, alarmed for the consequences, sent me to a female oculist, of great renown at that time, in whose house I abode two years, but to no good purpose. From her I went to Westminster school, where, at the age of fourteen, the small-pox seized me, and proved the better oculist of the two, for it delivered me from them all."

Our acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's new edition of the Works of Cowper, for the original of the prefixed Engraving; of the first volume of which the subject forms the vignette, beautifully drawn by Harding on the spot.

At Berkhampstead, also, in the chancel of St. Peter's church, is the monument of Mrs. Cowper, erected by her husband, and bearing the following lines, written by a young lady, her niece, the late lady Walsingham:—

Here lies, in early years, bereft of life,
The best of mothers and the kindest wife,
Who neither knew nor practis'd any art,
Secure in all she wish'd—her husband's heart.
Her love to him still prevalent in death,
Pray'd Heaven to bless him with her latest breath.
Still was she studious never to offend,
And glad of an occasion to commend:
With ease would pardon injuries receiv'd,
Nor e'er was cheerful when another griev'd;
Despising state, with her own lot content,
Enjoy'd the comforts of a life well spent;
Resign'd when Heaven demanded back her breath,
Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.
Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near,
O stay awhile, and shed a friendly tear;
These lines, though weak, are as herself sincere.

* We are not certain whether the school at Market-street exists to this day. Seven years of our childhood were passed within seven miles of it, at New Marlows, Hemel-Hempstead; and we well remember "the Market-street boys." One of Cowper's biographers states the school to have been numerous; but it had dwindled to a few in our memory. An establishment at New Marlows numbered upwards of 100 boys, and was, for many years, ably superintended by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, who first abridged Johnson's Dictionary for the use of schools.

SWIMMING SCHOOLS.

Although Swimming is one of the most important branches of gymnastics, we are not aware that it is systematically taught in this country. In several parts of Europe, however, schools have long been established for the above purpose; as in Paris, Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Breslau, and other cities; and in Boston, in the United States of America. The best system introduced into these establishments, is that published by General von Pfuel, at Berlin, in 1817. By this method, a person may become a perfect swimmer, that is, able to swim at least half an hour in succession, in a very short time. Many individuals, who could not swim a single stroke, have been enabled, by taking daily one, and sometimes two, lessons, for three weeks, to swim half an hour; some have even acquired this proficiency within a fortnight.

The apparatus for teaching consists of a hempen girdle of a hand's breadth, of a rope from 30 to 36 feet in length, of a pole 8 feet long, and a horizontal rail fixed about 3½ feet above the platform on which the teacher stands, to rest the pole on. The depth of the water in the place chosen for swimming, should, if possible, be not less than 8 feet, and the clearest and calmest water should be selected. The pupil wears drawers, fastened by a string above the hips, and covering about half the thighs. They must be made loose, so as to allow the freest action of the legs.

The pupil is first placed near the horizontal rail, his hands resting upon it, whilst the teacher shows him the motion he will have to make with his legs in the water. This he does by guiding the motion of one leg, while the pupil rests on the other. This motion will be explained immediately. The swimming girdle, about five inches wide, is placed round the pupil's breast, so that its upper edge touches the paps, without fitting tight. The teacher takes the rope, which is fastened to a ring of the girdle, in his hand, and directs the pupil to leap into the water, keeping the legs straight and close together, and the arms close to the body; and, what is very important, to breathe *out* through the nose, as soon as his head rises above the water, instead of breathing in first, which every man naturally does after a suspension of breath. The object of this is to prevent the water getting into the throat, which produces unpleasant sensations of choking and headach. The expiration soon becomes perfectly natural to a swimmer.

The pupil is then invited to leap; but is

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never pushed. He is drawn up immediately by the rope, pulled to the ladder, and allowed to gain confidence gradually. The rope is now fastened by a noose to the end of the pole, the end of it being kept in the hand of the teacher; the pole is rested on the horizontal rail, and the pupil stretches himself horizontally in the water, where he remains supported by the pole. The arms are stiffly extended forward, the hands clasped; the chin touches the water; the legs are also stiffly stretched out, the heels being drawn together, the feet turned out, and the toes drawn up. This horizontal position is important, and must be executed correctly. No limb is permitted to be relaxed.

The motion of the legs is taught first; it being divided into three parts. The teacher first says, loudly and slowly, "One;" when the legs are slowly drawn under the body, and, at the same time, the knees are separated to the greatest possible distance; the spine is bent downward, and the toe kept outward.

The teacher then says "Two;" upon which the legs are stiffly stretched out, moderately quick, while the heels are separated; and the legs describe the widest possible angle, the toes being contracted, and kept outward.

The teacher then says quickly, "Three;" upon which the legs, with the knees held stiffly, are quickly brought together, and thus the position is again obtained.

The point at which the motions "Two" and "Three" join, is the most important; because it is the object to receive as large and compact a wedge of water between the legs as possible; so that, when the legs are brought forward, their action upon this wedge may urge the body forward. In ordinary, easy swimming, the hands are not used to propel, but merely to assist in keeping on the surface. By degrees, therefore, two and three are counted in quick succession, and the pupil is taught to extend the legs as widely as possible. After some time, what was done under the heads two and three, is done when "Two" is called out.

When the teacher sees that the pupil is able to propel himself considerably, (which he frequently acquires the power of doing in the first lesson,) and that he performs the motions already mentioned, with regularity, he teaches him the motion of the hands, which must not be allowed to sink, as they are much disposed to do, while the motion of the legs is practised.

The motion of the hands consists of two parts: when the teacher says "One," the hands, which were held with the palms together, are opened, laid horizontally an inch or two under the water, while the arms are extended until they form an angle of 90°; then the elbow is bent, and the hands are brought up to the chin, having described an arch downward and upward; the lower part of the thumb touches the chin, the palms being together. When the teacher says "Two," the arms are quickly to be stretched forward, and then the original horizontal position regained. The legs should remain stiffly extended during the motion of the hands. If the motion of the hands be correctly performed, the legs and arms will be moved together; so that while the teacher says "One," the pupil performs the first motion of the hands and legs; when he says "Two," the second and third motions of the feet, and second of the hands.

As soon as the teacher perceives that the pupil begins to support himself, he slackens the rope a little, and instantly straightens it if the pupil be about to sink. When the pupil can swim about ten strokes in succession, he is released from the pole, but not from the rope. When he can swim about fifty strokes, he is released from the rope also; but the teacher remains near him with a long pole, until he can swim 150 strokes in succession, so that, should he sink, the pole is immediately held out to him. After this, he may swim in the area of the school, under the superintendence of the teacher, until he proves that he can swim half an hour in succession, when he is considered fit to be left to himself; and, in some swimming schools, he receives a particular mark on the drawers, that the proficient may be distinguished from the unskilful. Before this degree of progress is reached, pupils are not allowed to take part in long exertions.

Swimming on the back is easily taught. The swimmer places his hands over his hips, the thumbs turned towards the back; and, letting himself sink perpendicularly in the water, bends his head backward, and makes the common motion with the feet—when he will swim on the back; or, after having made a stroke, when swimming on his belly, he may leave one arm extended, and turn the palm of the hand upward; in which case the whole body will follow, and the swimmer thus be placed on his back. To expedite the motion in swimming on the back, the arms may be used as paddles.

To swim quickly on the belly, the hands are turned with the palms outward, so as to press sideways against the water, instead of being allowed to rest flat on it. This makes the effort of swimming greater, and, of course, exhausts the young learner much sooner.

The teacher may early begin to let the pupil make running leaps into the water. In many cases, the pupils have sufficient confidence to leap from a considerable height the very first time. Every swimming school ought to have a leaping tower, from which the swimmers may leap at different heights.

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This tower should be not less than thirty feet high.

Diving is one of the greatest amusements connected with swimming. There are many kinds: the two most common, easiest, and necessary modes of plunging below the surface are, 1.—by a single jump, feet foremost, the legs, arms, and head being kept stiff. The pupil must not allow fear, or the strange sensation felt in the abdominal regions, in leaping from considerable heights, to induce him to spread the arms or legs, or to bend his body. 2.—The other mode is to plunge head-foremost, which is the safest mode for many persons who are heavily built about the chest and shoulders, if they have to enter the water from great heights. It must be learned by degrees. The head is drawn down upon the chest, the arms stretched forward, and as soon as the swimmer begins to feel that he has lost his balance, he stiffens his knees, which till then were bent. The diver must avoid striking on his belly, the general consequence of fear,—and turning over, so as to come down on his back or side, the consequence of pushing with the feet. When he has gone as deep as he wishes, the arms are to be raised and pressed downward.

In Paris, the two principal swimming-schools are much frequented. The largest consists of seven boats connected, so as to form a parallelogram, which bounds an open space for swimming. It is stationed at the Quai d'Orsay, at a short distance from the shore. The side-boats are covered with more than 160 small dressing-rooms; and the end boats support various offices belonging to the establishment. A bridge, with platforms, whence the divers plunge, is thrown across the centre. This open space being from 8 to 10 feet deep, none but expert swimmers, or learners attended by their master, are allowed to enter. The lessons are given in a private room, where the learner is suspended on shingles in a swimming attitude, and the master directs his limbs; he then goes into the water, being held in a shingle by the master, and repeats the motions till he can perform them without assistance. The next step is to swim under the inspection of the master, who holds before the learner a pole, which he can grasp in case of need.

The second school at Paris is intended principally for the winter, as the water is in a tepid state, being warmed by steam.

THE DOG-DAYS.

The following account of the Canicular, or Dog-days, is given by Mr. Brady, in his *Clavis Calendaria*. The weather in July and August is generally more sultry than at any other period of the year, and that some particular diseases are consequently at that time more to be dreaded, both to man and beast, is past dispute. The exaggerated effects of the rising of Sirius are now, however, known to be groundless; and the superior heat felt during the dog-days, has been more philosophically accounted for. The sun, at this period of the year, not only darts his rays almost perpendicularly upon us, and of course with greater power; but has also continued to exert his influence through the spring and summer seasons, whereby the atmosphere and earth have received a warmth proportioned to the continuity of its action; and moisture, in itself naturally cold, has been dissipated. Even in the course of a day, which has been happily typified as a short year, the greatest effect of the sun is generally felt at about two o'clock, although it has then passed the meridian; because by having so much longer exerted its powers, its consequent effects are more than commensurate for the diminution of heat in its rays. The cold of winter, in like manner, augments about the time the days begin to increase, and continues to do so for a considerable time after; because, at that season, the earth has become wet and chilled, from the effects of the preceding gradual decrease of power in the sun; although, at that time when the cold is usually most severe, that orb is ascensive, and returning from the winter solstice: and our Saxon ancestors were experimentally so well aware of this latter circumstance, that in the delineation of their calendars, to illustrate the characters of the months, they represented February as a man in the act of striking his arms across his body to warm himself: while there is also yet in common use a very old saying grounded upon the like conviction, that "when the days lengthen, the frost is sure to strengthen." The early Egyptians, whose hieroglyphical characters, aptly adapted by them to the peculiarity of their climate and circumstances, were the principal, or perhaps sole origin of all the heathenish superstitions of other nations, were taught by long observation and experience, that as soon as a particular star became visible, the Nile would overflow its banks; and they, accordingly, upon its very first appearance, retreated to their terraces, where they remained until the inundation had subsided. This star, therefore, was called by them *Sihor*, or the Nile; and from the warning it afforded them, they typified it as a dog, or in most cases as a man with a dog's head; that faithful animal having been, even in those times, distinguished for his peculiar qualities of watching over the affairs of man, and affording warning of approaching danger. The names assigned to this star by the Egyptians were *Thaaut*, or *Tayout*, the dog; and in later times *Sothis*, *Thotes*, or *Thot*, each bearing the like signification; but it was left for the subsequent ignorance of those other nations who adopted

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that character for *Sihor*, now *Sirius*, without considering the true origin of its appellation, falsely to assign to it, the increasing heat of the season, and its consequent effects upon animated nature. The idea, however, of any such effects, either as to heat or to disorders, from the influence of the canicular star, is now wholly exploded from the reasons already assigned; and because that star not only varies in its rising every year, as the latitude varies, but that it rises later and later every year in all latitudes; so that when it rises in the winter, which cannot be for five or six thousand years, it might with equal propriety be charged with increasing the frost; and it is to be observed, that although Sirius is the nearest to the earth of any of the fixed stars, it is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000 miles from our globe; a space too prodigious to admit of its rays affording any sensible heat. It, therefore, evidently appears, that the origin of the name of this star was not only wholly disregarded; but it was the common opinion, that its conjunction with the sun was the cause of heat, instead of regarding it as a *sign* of the period when such effects might naturally be expected. W. G. C.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

COLLECTION OF BRITISH BIRDS AND EGGS.

In this celebrated Museum, the British birds occupy a whole room, and are ranged round the walls. The system is that of Temminck. Now, I consider this to be objectionable, as, according to the classification of this naturalist, many genera contain species whose habits and general appearance are totally different; so much so, that Temminck found it absolutely necessary to divide some of the larger genera into sections, which are not only clumsy and inconvenient, but absolutely unscientific. These sections, or subgenera, as they are sometimes called, are now almost universally abandoned, and *genus* is the lowest division used in zoology. The number of birds now known is so great, (about 7,000,) that it would be perfectly ridiculous to have the same number of genera as in the *Systema Naturæ*, or the *Manuel d'Ornithologie*. Only 900 species were known to Linnæus, and many of his genera were too extensive even for his time. But, allowing that the best system was followed at the British Museum, I should object to the labelling of the specimens. About one half of the species have no names; of which I have heard much complaint, and with justice, I think; for a true Londoner knows scarcely any other bird but a house-sparrow (*Passer domesticus*). When I was at the Museum a few days ago, a gentleman pointed out to me a chaffinch, (*Fringilla cœlebs*, Linn.,) and asked me how it would be possible to know that it was a chaffinch, as it had no label! Now, I think any one but a Londoner would have immediately recognised this well-known bird, particularly as there were several others of the same species, to which were affixed both Latin and English names.

I take leave to suggest that the British birds should have the Latin names used in the second edition of that masterly work, Selby's *Illustrations of British Ornithology*. For English names, I know of no work that could serve as a guide. The best rule is, that each genus should have an English name peculiar to itself. What I mean is, that not more than one genus should have the same English name. For instance, *wren* is given to no less than four distinct genera: —*Regulus*, *Sylvia*, *Melizophilus*, and *Anorthura* (Rennie), which latter is the only one to which it properly belongs. For further remarks on this much neglected subject, see the *Analyst*, Nos. 10 and 12.

If this collection was well labelled, it might be of the greatest use to the British ornithologist, which is now by no means the case. There are specimens of almost every British bird, most of which are beautifully stuffed. There are also very curious varieties of some of the species:—amongst others there is a hedge Coalhood* (vulgarly, Alp, Bull*finch*, Nope) of a chocolate colour; a jackdaw, pure white; a barefaced crow,† (*Corvus nudirostris; C. frugilegus*, Linn.,) lead-coloured; a white jay; a goldcrest kinglet, (*Regulus auricapillus*, Selby,) pure white, with the crest yellow; a meadow pipit, yellowish white; house sparrows and redbreasted linnets more or less white; two chimney swallows, white; a wild duck, chocolate coloured; and a wood snipe, (*Scolopax rusticola*,) white. Varieties occur much oftener amongst land birds than amongst water birds; why, I cannot pretend to explain.

At the Museum I also saw a specimen of the American cuckoo (*Cuculus Americanus*) for the first time. It was shot in Pembrokeshire, and may therefore now be included in the British Fauna.

The apartment contains a good collection of the eggs of British birds, some very rare; but, it appears to me, that there is a far greater number of specimens of the eggs of some of the commoner species than is at all necessary. Two or three of each would be sufficient.

With the improvements here briefly hinted, I venture to predict that this institution would conduce to the advancement of the natural sciences considerably more than it does at present. NEVILLE WOOD.

* I have one in my collection pure, speckless white.

† See Analyst, No. 4.

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New Books.

THE DOCTOR, VOL. III.

[We referred to the former volumes of this "strange but clever book," by quoting the portrait of "the Doctor," a fine specimen of the genuine English yeoman. As we did not further explain the frame-work, we shall now just observe that the author has taken for his prototype Tristram Shandy; the object of his principal character, the Doctor, like Sterne's My Father, being to pour out from stores of book-knowledge such a string of piquant quotations as comparatively few men in this country possess. We ought, however, to add that this borrowed wisdom is set in the author's sterling English, of as pure a standard as we can expect to find in the present day. He is, in common parlance, a stickler for old English observances, or, as observed in the *Quarterly Review*, "the main drift of this book is to strengthen and revive the genuine old English feelings and tastes." It is not equally sane in every page; and, moreover, the author's madness has not, like Hamlet's, method in it. The book, as a whole, is one which not five readers in a hundred could twice wade through; but it contains too many pleasant things, quips, quirks, and quiddities, to be passed over: so we will even endeavour to enable each of our readers to make a light meal of a few of its *morceaux*—its anecdotes of rare pleasantry and entertaining book-gossip.]

Spintext.

"What a gift," says Fuller, "had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness; who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not!"

And yet Rabbi Chananiah may contest the palm with the Vienna professor. It is recorded of him that when he undertook to write a commentary upon part of the Prophet Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with three hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp, while he should be engaged in it.

It is well known, upon one of the English circuits, that a leading barrister once undertook to speak while an express went twenty miles to bring back a witness whom it was necessary to produce upon the trial. But what is this to the performance of an American counsellor, who, upon a like emergency, eld the judge and the jury by their ears for three mortal days! He indeed was put to his wits end for words wherewith to fill up the time; and he introduced so many truisms, and argued at the utmost length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal (the biographer of Washington, and the most patient of listeners,) was so far moved at last as to say, "Mr. Such a one!—(addressing him by his name in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension,)—there are some things with which the court should be supposed to be acquainted."

Tediousness.

When Madame de Stael resided at Copet, it was her custom to collect around her in the evening a circle of literati, the blue legs of Geneva, by some one of whom an essay, a disquisition, or a portion of a work in progress was frequently read aloud to entertain the rest. Professor Dragg's History of Religion had occupied on one of those evenings more time than was thought necessary, or convenient, by the company, and especially by the lady of the chateau. It began at the beginning of the world, and did not pass to the deluge with the rapidity which Dandin required from the pleader in Racine's comedy, who in like manner opened his case before the creation. Age after age rolled away over the professor's tongue, the course of which seemed to be interminable as that of the hand of the dial, while the clock struck the hour, and the quarter, and the half hour, and the third quarter, and then the whole hour again, and then again the quarters. "A tedious person," says Ben Jonson, "is one a man would leap a steeple from." Madame de Stael could tolerate nothing that was dry, except her father; but she could neither leap out of her own window, nor walk out of her own room, to escape from professor Dragg. She looked wistfully round, and saw upon many a countenance an occasional and frequent movement about the lips, indicating that a yawn was at that moment painfully stifled in its birth. Dumont committed no such violence upon nature; he had resigned himself to sleep. The professor went steadily on. Dumont slept audibly. The professor was deaf to every sound but that of his own voice. Madame de Stael was in despair. The professor coming to the end of an eloquent chapter, declaimed with great force and vehemence the emphatic close, and prepared to begin the next. Just in that interstice of time, Dumont stirred and snorted. Madame de Stael seized the opportunity; she clapped her hands and ejaculated *Mon Dieu! Voyez Dumont! Il a dormi pendant deux siecles!* Dumont opened his eyes, and professor Dragg closed his manuscript.

Ludicrous Story.

An English lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do anything unless

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she directed him; the lady well knowing that although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awkwardness would be inevitable, if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table behind his mistress, and for awhile he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions;—a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party—"a vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod I've caucht 'en!"

London Ninety Years since.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago;—their own city, I was about to have said; but it was the city of their great grandfathers, in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no foot-paths; spouts projected the rain-water in streams against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop, from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly fixed into the front of the house. The swinging of one of these broad signs in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front-fall of this kind, in Fleet-street, maimed several persons, and killed "two young ladies, a cobbler, and the king's jeweller."

Almanacks.

The following legal anecdote serves to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinize the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried (at the Old Bailey if I remember rightly) for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright, moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man, so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon; it was during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the bench,—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated everything truly; and it was known afterwards that the almanack with which the counsel came provided, had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

In Peter Hopkins's time, the clogg was still found in farm-houses. He remembered when a countryman had walked to the nearest large town, thirty miles distant, for the express purpose of seeing an almanack, the first that had been heard of in those parts. His inquiring neighbours crowded round the man on his return. "Well—well," said he, "I know not! it maffles and talks. But all I could make out is, that Collop Monday falls on a Tuesday next year."

Manners and Customs.

THE GREEKS.

NEXT to the pleasure enjoyed by the traveller in contemplating the ruins of Greece, (says Mr. Turner,) must be ranked that of observing the similarity of the manners of the present inhabitants with those of the ancients. In many of the ordinary practices of life, this resemblance is striking. The hottest hours of the day are still devoted to sleep, as they were in the times recorded by Xenophon, when Conon attempted to escape from the Lacedæmonians at Lesbos, and when Phœbidas surprised the citadel of Thebes. The Greeks still feed chiefly upon vegetables, and salted or pickled provisions. The eyebrows of the Greek women are still blackened by art, and their cheeks painted occasionally with red and white, as described by Xenophon. This latter custom, in particular, is universal in Zante, among the upper classes. The laver, from which water is poured upon the hand previous to eating, appears by many passages in the Odyssey to have been a common utensil in the time of Homer;

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(A Cabooceer of Ashantee equipped for war.)

and something like the small, movable table, universally used in the Levant, seems to have been common among the ancient Greeks: according to Herodotus, in his description of the banquet given by the Theban Antaginas to Mardonius and the chiefs of the Persian army, there were two men, a Persian and a Theban, placed at each table, which circumstance, being so particularly remarked, was probably a deviation from the custom of each person having a table to himself.—W. G. C.

THE ASHANTEES.

Upon this and the opposite page are figured specimens of the most important personages in the kingdom of Ashantee—the Cabooceers and Priests.

The cabooceers, or great war-chieftains, present a wild and brilliant array, as might be expected at the head of such people as the Ashantees, who are affirmed to be, as enemies, the most terrible of mankind. The cabooceers are, indeed, a military aristocracy, and with the monarch, form the government of Ashantee; the lower orders being held in complete thraldom, and liable either to be put to death, or sold into slavery, at the will of the chiefs. The king carries on all the ordinary administration of the state; but, in questions relating to peace or war, he is bound to consult the council of cabooceers, which Mr. Dupuis calls a senate. Each of these cabooceers keeps a little court, where he gives audience, and makes a profuse display of barbarous pomp. They wear rich, silken robes, curiously interwoven with variously coloured threads; and, in their houses, the most common domestic utensils are of solid gold. Among their other personal ornaments are leopard's skins, red shells, elephants' tails, eagle and ostrich feathers, intermingled with Moorish charms and amulets, and with strings of human teeth and bones. The Engraving, from Mr. Dupuis's work, shows one of these terrific chiefs equipped for war; his horse being superbly caparisoned.

Mr. Bowdich informs us that the cabooceers of Souta, Marmpon, Becqua, and Kokofoo, the four large towns built by the Ashantees at the same time with Coomassie, (the capital,) have several palatine privileges; they have an independent treasury, though subject to the demands of the government and a judicial power, with the reserve of an appeal to the king. They celebrate their own yam custom after they have attended that at Coomassie, at which all dependents and tributaries must be present; and which seems to have been instituted, like the Panathenæa of Theseus, to unite such various nations by a common festival. These four cabooceers only, are allowed, with the king, to stud their sandals with gold.

The second Engraving shows two priests or magicians of Ashantee, invoking the national deities. They are disfigured with stripes of white clay upon their faces, breasts, and legs. Between them is a large pot or cauldron of fire, and the chief priest, or, according to the phraseology of Cape Coast, the head fetische-man, is sprinkling in the sacrificial blood. This group is likewise from one of Mr. Dupuis's plates.

Regarding the fetisches generally, it may be here mentioned that they are subordinate deities, supposed to inhabit particular rivers, woods, and mountains, as the imaginary deities of the Celts. They are venerated in proportion as their predictions, (always equi-

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(Priests or Magicians of Ashantee, invoking the National Deities.)

vocal.) chanced to be realized. When Mr. Bowdich was in Ashantee, the favourite fetische was that of the river Tando. Cobee, a river in Dankara, and Odentee on the Adirree, were two of the others.

The Public Journals.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COOKERY.

*(Abridged from the very clever and entertaining paper "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," in the Quarterly Review.**

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.† The name of his celebrated *maître d'hôtel*, Bechamel, a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay, affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served: and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behindhand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maître d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but if forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it.

"I wrote you yesterday," says Madame de Sevigny, "that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected; this affected Vatel: he said several times, "I am dishonoured, this is a disgrace that I cannot endure." He said to Gourville, "My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders." Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him:—"Vatel, all is going on well, nothing could equal the supper of the king."—He replied—"Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables."—"Nothing of the sort," said the prince; "do not distress yourself, all is going on well."—Night came; the fireworks

* Without exception, the most varied and delightful Number it has been our good fortune to read for many years past.

† Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, when he could scarcely endure existence without a succession of artificial stimulants. His appetite in the prime of life was prodigious.

failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea-fish: he asks, "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports. Vatel waits some time, the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, "Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause."

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sevigny has recorded the details of one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history.

The Prince de Soubise, also, rejoiced in an excellent cook—a man of true science, with just and truly liberal notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *ménu*. The *chef* presented himself with his estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this: *fifty hams* —"Eh! what!" said he; "why, Bertrand, you must be out of your senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?"—"No, Monseigneur! one only will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my —"—"Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass."—"Oh, my lord," replied the indignant artist, "you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England—the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of Waverley has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganlesse, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn.

"We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay — squab pigeons — wild fowl — young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrivisses*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month."

Under Queen Anne again, the gouty queen of gourmands, who had Lister, one of the editors of the *Apicius*, for her pet physician, and who in fact achieved the highest honour of gastronomy by giving her name to a pudding, cookery certainly did not suffer from any lack of encouragement; but soon after the accession of the Brunswicks a fashion was introduced, which we cannot but think adverse to the true and proper object of the art.

"The last branch of our fashion," says Horace Walpole, "into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver-tissue. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's, laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last, even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies: and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée. "*Imaginez vous*," said he, "*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*"

"The Intendant of Gascony," adds Walpole, "on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures, moved by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy."

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Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the Channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the Regent Duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petits soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves, sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, "Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal." There is a vague tradition that the *chef* of the Regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes*. Louis XV., amidst all his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonizes with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volontes* were invented under his eye.

At the petits soupérs of Choisy (says the most graceful and tasteful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, a table and a side-board, which descended and rose again, covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life.*

Louis XVI. is said to have been somewhat neglectful of his table, which may have been one amongst the many causes of his fall; for, as Johnson very properly observes, a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. In the case of Louis XVI. such carelessness was utterly inexcusable, as, for a time at least, the great Ude was a member of his establishment. Louis XVIII. (whom we mention now to obviate the necessity of returning to the dynasty) was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escar for his grand maître d'hotel; a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *Veau à la Béchamel*. "Gentlemen," he would exclaim, "say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventer of the dish. This French Revolution was necessary—that, in the general break up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with this glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world!—he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him."

The Revolution bid fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously as almost to make gastronomic philosophers forgetful of their origin. What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish *a la financière!* They were replaced, however, though slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, though they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles, of the old feudal nobility. Amongst the most successful of this *mushroom* generation was Cambacéres, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from "the great object of life." On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner,—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion,—he begged pardon for suspending the conference, but it was absolutely necessary for him to despatch a special messenger immediately; then seizing a pen, he wrote this billet to his cook: "*Sauvez les entremets — les entrées sont perdues.*"

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance*, says Lady Morgan on Carême's authority, came in with the National Convention, — potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror,—and it was under the Directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carême are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (les Frères Robert) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from the following sketch of far the most important change effected by the revolution,—a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her "Mitres," "Turks' Heads," &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern-life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand charac-

* Note to Rogers's Poems.

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teristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well founded at the time. The first restaurateur in Paris was Champ d'Oiseau, Rue des Poulies, who commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the *Almanach des Gourmands*), to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the Almanach as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution, "for the English," said the writer, "as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Secondly, "the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*." Thirdly, the breaking up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the public for support. Robert, for instance, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was ci-devant *chef* of the ci-devant Archbishop of Aix. A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their Epicurean inclinations at an eating-house.*

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

"The rose—the glorious rose is gone."

Lays of Many Lands.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute—
Bring flowers,—the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier!
Bring flowers! thus said the lovely song;
And shall they not be brought
To her who linked the offering
With feeling and with thought?

Bring flowers,—the perfumed and the pure,—
Those with the morning dew,
A sigh in every fragrant leaf,
A tear on every hue.
So pure, so sweet thy life has been,
So filling earth and air
With odours and with loveliness,
Till common scenes grew fair.

Thy song around our daily path
Flung beauty born of dreams,
That shadows on the actual world
The spirit's sunny gleams.

Mysterious influence, that to earth
Brings down the heaven above,
And fills the universal heart
With universal love.

Such gifts were thine,—as from the block,
The unformed and the cold,
The sculptor calls to breathing life
Some shape of perfect mould,
So thou from common thoughts and things
Didst call a charmed song,
Which on a sweet and swelling tide
Bore the full soul along.

And thou from far and foreign lands
Didst bring back many a tone,
And giving such new music still,
A music of thine own.
A lofty strain of generous thoughts,
And yet subdued and sweet,—
An angel's song, who sings of earth,
Whose cares are at his feet.

And yet thy song is sorrowful,
Its beauty is not bloom;
The hopes of which it breathes, are hopes
That look beyond the tomb.
Thy song is sorrowful as winds
That wander o'er the plain,
And ask for summer's vanished flowers,
And ask for them in vain.

Ah! dearly purchased is the gift,
The gift of song like thine;
A fated doom is hers who stands
The priestess of the shrine.
The crowd—they only see the crown,
They only hear the hymn;—
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
And that the eye is dim.

Wound to a pitch too exquisite,
The soul's fine chords are wrung;
With misery and melody
They are too highly strung.
The heart is made too sensitive
Life's daily pain to bear;
It beats in music, but it beats
Beneath a deep despair.

It never meets the love it paints,
The love for which it pines;
Too much of Heaven is in the faith
That such a heart enshrines.
The meteor wreath the poet wears
Must make a lonely lot;
It dazzles, only to divide
From those who wear it not.

Didst thou not tremble at thy fame,
And loathe its bitter prize,
While what to others triumph seemed,
To thee was sacrifice?
Oh, Flower brought from Paradise
To this cold world of ours,
Shadows of beauty such as thine
Recall thy native bowers.

Let others thank thee—'twas for them
Thy soft leaves thou didst wreathe;
The red rose wastes itself in sighs
Whose sweetness others breathe!
And they have thanked thee—many a lip
Has asked of thine for words,
When thoughts, life's finer thoughts, have touched
The spirit's inmost chords.

How many loved and honoured thee
Who only knew thy name;
Which o'er the weary working world
Like starry music came!
With what still hours of calm delight
Thy songs and image blend;
I cannot choose but think thou wert
An old familiar friend.

The charm that dwelt in songs of thine
My inmost spirit moved;
And yet I feel as thou hadst been
Not half enough beloved.

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who had enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. "What does ——— mean (said a country gentleman) by buying that farm, which is at least five miles distant from his principal estate?"—"He means to join them at the proper season," replied an old Indian, who proved right.

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They say that thou wert faint, and worn
With suffering and with care;
What music must have filled the soul
That had so much to spare!
Oh, weary One! since thou art laid
Within thy mother's breast—
The green, the quiet mother-earth—
Thrice blessed be thy rest!
Thy heart is left within our hearts,
Although life's pang is o'er;
But the quick tears are in my eyes,
And I can write no more.

New Monthly Magazine.

DRIBBLE HALL.

[WANT of room compelled us to omit the following *contre-temps* in the Pedlington Narrative, in our last Number. It is just such an incident as may have happened to each of our readers who has known the misery of being *detenu* at a village inn—a sort of imprisonment without walls.]

"But, la! sir, how *could* I come to forget it?" exclaimed the landlady, upon the impulse of a sudden recollection; "there's Dribble-Hall you might see, if it warn't that the roads are so bad."

"And what, and where, is Dribble-Hall, pray?"

"La! sir; have you never heard of Dribble-Hall, as belongs to Squire Dribble?" Why, sir, folks come from far and near to see Dribble-Hall. Such picturs, and such stattys, and such grounds! and such a person as the Squire himself is! Dear me; if it warn't for the roads——"

"Never mind the roads," said I, (delighted at the chance of an agreeable mode of getting through this intolerable morning;) "never mind the roads, if the place be within a reasonable distance."

"It's only two mile and a half," replied she.

"What?" roared Blind Bob; (I expected that, as usual, he was preparing to multiply the distance by three; but this time I was agreeably disappointed. "What! two mile and a half, that's going by the road; but if the gentleman takes by the green gate, it an't much more than a mile."

"And pray, Bob, which way must I go?"

"Why, sir, when you get out, keep on straight to the left till you come to the green gate—green gate, mind—and then turn smack to the right, and that takes you up to the house, across the Squire's meadows; but be sure you turn to the right as soon as ever you come to the green gate, or you'll chance to be getting back again to Poppleton End."

"But when I have been at the pains of walking to Dribble-Hall, will the squire allow me to see his place?"

"O yes, sir," replied the landlady, and glad enough too; for all that the house-maid—the house-*keeper* she is called at the Hall—who receives no wages, gets less than ten pound a-year from visiters, the squire is obliged to make good to her; whilst whatever she gets above that, he shares with her,—which is but fair, you know, sir."

Well; I set forth for Dribble-Hall, along a road which one might have imagined had been constructed of boot-jacks; for, at each step I took, my boots were half-drawn off my feet by the necessary effort of extricating them from the tenacious soil. Following Bob's directions, with punctuality equal to their precision, I kept *to the left;* but after walking—if struggling through such a road may be so termed—for considerably more than an hour, I had not arrived at a green gate, the point at which I was to change my course *for the right.* Gates of all colours, black, white, and brown, I had passed, and occasionally a road branching off in a different direction; but no green gate had I seen. Nevertheless, confiding in the instructions of my blind guide, I proceeded; when, lo! at the expiration of another hour, I found myself in the lane which I had traversed in the morning, about midway between Squash-mire-gate and Poppleton-End! "Oh Little Pedlington!" thought I; a paradise before the fall must thou be to compensate me for all that I have this day endured for thy sake!" Disappointed, wearied, and vexed, I returned to my *hotel* at Squashmire-gate; and there, on a bench before the door, sat blind Bob.

"Rascal!" I exclaimed; "how dared you thus deceive me? how dared you send me on this wild-goose chase?"

"Couldn't you find the Hall, sir? I told you to keep to the left till you came to the green gate, and then——"

"I did keep to the left till here I am again, but the deuce a green gate is there the whole way."

"I think I ought to know best, sir. Tell me of no green gate, indeed! Did you notice two tall poplars, with a gate between them, leading into a meadow."

"I did—a newly-painted *white* gate."

"White! nonsense, sir, begging your pardon; what does that signify? *That* be the green gate, and has been always called so in these parts, time out o' mind. It's o' no use to be angry with me: it's no fault o' mine if Squire has taken and had it painted white."

Obdurate must be his heart who is not to be pacified by a reason, or something that sounds like one. Besides, Blind Bob's excuse was strengthend by the explanation of the landlady, who told me that, although the green gate had always served as a sort of road-guide, yet Squire Dribble being a "gentleman who looked sharply after his farthings," had resolved that for the future it should be painted white—white paint being rather cheaper than green.

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Fine Arts.

SCULPTURE IN WOOD.

An historical Sketch of this ingenious Art,* from the earliest period to the present time, has lately appeared, from the pen of Mr. R. F. Williams, who has in preparation a more elaborate work on the subject. In the little volume before us, the author commences with some observations upon the primitive character of sculpture in wood, in the arts of design, and its neglect by writers on art generally; although it is the origin of every kind of sculpture, and Phidias and the greatest masters of the best school of Grecian art, and many of the most eminent sculptors who have flourished since the commencement of the Christian era, in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and England,—produced "carvings," which, as efforts of genins, have seldom been excelled. In the opinion of these connoisseurs, it is evident that the material degraded the artist; though genius must always be equally honourable, on whatever material it may chance to appear. The author then refers to numerous proofs of the early exercise of the sculptural art in the Bible, and its improvement with the progress of idolatry among the heathen nations. The magnificent carvings of Solomon's temple are not forgotten, nor the wise man's patronage of art generally: "Solomon was the Leo the Tenth of that age, and made a sumptuous use of the arts, frequently to glorify the God he worshipped, and as often to make an ostentatious display of his own magnificence." Passing over the sculpture of the Greeks, acquired by them from the Egyptians,—not only in marble and bronze, but in ivory, gold, cedar, and ebony, in the exercise of the art, Rome divided her pre-eminence with Athens, and Pompeii rivalled the excellence of Corinth. It had previously travelled eastward to India and China, where much skill in carving exists to the present day; and subsequently it was practised by natives of the Lower Empire, Saracens, Moors, Persians, and the more civilized nations of Asia.

After the establishment of Christianity, the art of sculpture in wood was liberally employed in adorning edifices of Christian worship. During the reign of Catholic supremacy, the architect, the painter, and the sculptor, were constantly employed by them. "In Germany, more than any other country, sculptors in wood seem to have been encouraged—for, not only are the churches there, richly decorated with exquisite carvings, but palatial edifices, the chateaux of the nobility, and even the the residences of the wealthier citizens," boast of similar sculptural works.

* An Historical Sketch of the Art of Sculpture in Wood, from the earliest period to the present time. By R. F. Williams.

Albert Durer, who was skilled in many arts, obtained eminence as a sculptor in wood. In one of the cabinets of the royal Treasury, at Munich, are three Deaths' heads of his workmanship; and many other works of his designing are in the public and private museums.

In the Imperial cities and ancient towns of Germany, the finest examples of carving abound; and these have been executed between the twelfth and seventeenth centuries The most remarkable of these are to be met with at Königsberg, Cologne, Munich, Vienna, Manheim, Berlin, Augsburgh, Constance, Ratisbon, Nuremberg, Gotha, Aschaffenburg, and Dresden. In the middle ages, no Gothic structure was erected without being indebted for much of its ornamental character to the artificers in wood. In dwelling-houses, the staircases, panels, ceilings, doors, chimney-pieces, and furniture, called forth all the ingenuity of the art; and in churches, the pulpits, stalls, entrances to the confessionals, and other portions of the building, mostly owe their attractions to the same source. Frequently, these works are carved in oak or chestnut, in low relief; but occasionally, human figures, the size of life, representing the miracles of our Saviour,—Adam and Eve in Paradise, and other sacred subjects, are sculptured in high relief, or as perfect groups.

A large proportion of the ancient carvings sold in England, are brought from the interior of Germany, and many persons are employed buying such specimens as can be procured for the English market; but, although they are so numerous, it is seldom that a superior sculpture is allowed to leave the country. At the present day, the practice of the art employs a vast number of ingenious artisans. In the kingdom of Bavaria, at Ammergau and Berchtesgaten alone, about 2,000 families are supported by manufacturing articles in carved wood.

The above remarks are applicable to the buildings of Holland and Flanders. Not only in the public and private buildings in Rotterdam and Amsterdam will this be observable; but in the remote villages and retired hamlets of the Dutch, the oldest habitations are decorated in the same style. The pulpit in the *Nieuwe Kerk*, Amsterdam, is one among many fine specimens of decorative sculpture to be seen in Holland. The first statue of Erasmus, at Rotterdam, was made of wood, and set up in the year 1540. In the church of St. Paul, at Antwerp, is a representation of purgatory, carved in wood, and forming part of the celebrated Calvary, engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv., p. 264. The pulpit of almost every church in Antwerp, in Ghent, Brussels, and other cities of Belgium, is a fine specimen of carving.

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"Albert Brugle, a Fleming, gained distinction as a sculptor in wood, at an early age. The series of fine basso-relievos in the church of St. Mark, at Venice, describing the life of St. Benedict, carved in walnut-tree wood, upon the seats of the canons round the choir, have received much commendation from connoisseurs. They were executed about the year 1633."

In the religious and domestic structures of this country, carvings abound; and especially in almost all our cathedrals, the stalls and pulpits will be found profusely enriched with carved work, cut out of the solid wood, in a style remarkably characteristic and beautiful. "The ancient Collegiate chapel of St. Stephen, at Westminster, the chapel of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey, the Cathedral churches of Durham, Exeter, Gloucester, Canterbury, York, &c.—the Abbey churches of Bath, St. Albans, and numerous other buildings of a similar antiquity and character were originally decorated with these sculptures. Other buildings, erected for less sacred purposes, were enriched in a similar manner. The figures sculptured upon the chestnut roof of Westminster Hall, show the degree of excellence the art had attained in this country, so early as the reign of Richard the Second. Long afterwards, sculpture in wood continued to increase in excellence and in popularity. Statues and bas-reliefs, in oak and chestnut, became multiplied, and foreign and native artists of skill were liberally patronized.

"Of ancient works of art, of English origin, among the most deserving attention are the Head of Henry the Third, carved in oak. It was originally brought from Barnwell church, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire, and was afterwards in the possession of Horace Walpole. The carvings in oak, in Barneck church, Northamptonshire, near Burleigh House, were executed about the time of Henry VI. and VII.:—these Carter describes as "two large statues, four feet in height, the relievo very flat, and delicately sculptured." Next is an oak chest, in the treasury of York cathedral, upon which is sculptured a series of fine bas-reliefs, representing the legend of St. George and the Dragon—and a chair, richly carved in oak, in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry. Besides these, there is scarcely an ecclesiastical building, nor any nobleman's mansion, nor any palatial residence in the country, of ancient date, in which several fine specimens of this species of sculpture may not be found. Not only shall we meet with them, in the shape of statues and bas-reliefs, ornamenting and enriching the interiors of such edifices; but, in several instances, are some beautiful examples of carved ceilings, chimney-pieces, reading desks, picture-frames, doors, cabinets, chests, and every kind of furniture, sculptured in wood, in exquisite taste and wonderful variety.

"Till about the year 1625, nearly all the houses in London were built of wood, and for some years after, a very large proportion of the provincial dwellings were constructed of the same material. The interiors of the better sort of domestic buildings were often richly carved, particularly in the panels of rooms, chimney-pieces, ceilings, and staircases;* and the exteriors of the same edifices disclosed a similar love of ornament in the doors and barge-boards.† Examples remain in almost every county in England, many of which have suffered considerably from revolutions in taste. Large wooden chests, covered with fine bas-reliefs, are frequently to be met with at the present day, in old mansions. There is one richly ornamented, and having on one side a representation of the Coronation of Henry the Sixth, in the possession of —— Ormerod, Esq.; which was executed about the middle of the fifteenth century. It has been engraved by Mr. Pugin.‡ Another, carved with figures of saints, belongs to George Holmes, Esq., F.S.A., East Retford, Nottinghamshire. In the old Collegiate edifices of England, many excellent specimens of carving are still in existence, and from them, much may be learnt of the progress of the art."

In the reign of Elizabeth, the art of sculpture in wood may be said to have arrived at its zenith. At that period, not only the houses of the nobility were adorned with this workmanship, but articles of furniture made of British woods were richly carved.§ Mr. Cottingham, the distinguished architect, possesses some very unique specimens of Elizabethan carved furniture, many of which have been the property of the maiden queen.

* The Staircase at Hatfield House, which has been engraved by Mr. Shaw, is a fine specimen of this kind.

† Pugin's Ornamental Timber Gables, 4to.

‡ Specimens of Gothic Architecture, by A. Pugin, vol. ii.

§ Shaw's Specimens of Ancient Furniture.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Burns.—We do not know to what extent the new edition of Burns has become popular, but we should look upon any neglect of that great poet, as an impeachment of the public judgment and taste. Burns, in our opinion, has not yet attained the eminence to which he is entitled. His character, also, has, we think, been mistaken, and his acquirements overlooked. He is ranked with uneducated poets, in spite of the clear evidence of cultivation and knowledge, in his letters. Burns was well acquainted with the classic models, both modern and ancient. What difference does it make, whether education has been ob-

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tained from a public tutor, in a college—a private tutor, in a mansion—or in a cottage, from the most efficient of all tutors, self? The universities can boast of a Milton and a Newton—but the cottage and the workshop have produced a Burns and a Watt. It is to be lamented, also, that Burns frittered away his genius upon short or occasional pieces; and still more lamentable, that he should have clothed his thoughts in the barbarous dialect of the common people of a province. He had at his command every tone, from tragic pathos to "heart-easing mirth;" every style, from the most grave to the most gay;—eloquence and imagination varied and exhaustless;—had he produced a poem worthy of his genius, in subject, character, and magnitude, he would be the Ariosto of England.—*British and Foreign Review*, No. 1.

Camel-driver's Song in the Desert.—Ah! when shall I see my family again? The rain has fallen and made a canal between me and my home. Oh, shall I never see it more?" —Reply, Chorus—Oh, what pleasure, what delight, to see my family again; when I see my father, mother, brother, sisters, I will hoist a flag on the head of my camel for joy.

Beauty.—We are always less prone to admit the perfection of those for whom our approbation is demanded; and many a woman has appeared comparatively plain in our eyes, from having heard her charms extolled, whose beauty might otherwise have been readily admitted.—*Lady Blessington.*

New Edition of the Bible.—For some time past, very active exertions have been making at the Pitt Press, Cambridge, under the superintendence of Mr. J. W. Parker, of London, to prepare a new and unique edition of the Bible, of which a splendid copy, printed upon vellum, with red borders, is to be presented to his Majesty. The first sheets of this extraordinary production were ready to be worked off during the late Installation of the Chancellor; and as the illustrious and noble visiters to Cambridge upon that occasion, felt strong curiosity upon the subject, they requested Mr. Parker to allow them to go into the printing office—a request which was, of course, readily complied with. After inspecting the mysteries of the place, some of the visiters thought they should like to take to printing themselves, and that nothing could be more worthy of a trial of their skill than the copy of the Bible intended for his Majesty. They were, therefore, conducted to the several presses, and the first sheets of this splendid work were struck off by the hands of the Chancellor, (Marquess Camden.) the Vice Chancellor, the Lord High Steward, (the Duke of Northumberland,) the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, and the Earl of Hardwicke.

Short-hand Epitaph.—Varied as are the monumental inscriptions in our churches and churchyards, in style, the languages they are written in, and orthography, the following has, perhaps, some claims to curiosity, as being sculptured in the short-hand invented by Dr. John Byrom, whose celebrated work, (a posthumous one.) was first published in the year 1767.—R. Roffe.

SHORT-HAND INSCRIPTION, COPIED FROM A MONUMENT IN ONE OF THE OLD PARISH CHURCHES, SCULCOATES, NEAR HULL, IN YORKSHIRE.

In a Vault.

Behind this stone, lies the body of Mrs. Jane Delamotte,
who departed this life, January the tenth, 1761.
She was a poor sinner, but not wicked;
ungodly, but not unrighteous;
without holiness proceeding from good works;
and departed in the faith of the Catholic church,
in full assurance of eternal happiness,
by the agony and bloody sweat,
by the cross and passion, by the precious death and burial,
by the glorious resurrection and ascension, of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Kean's First Season.—In the course of the season, (1814,) Kean played sixty eight nights. The total amount of money received at Drury Lane Theatre, on the sixty-eight nights of his performance was 32,642*l.* 12*s.* (This includes a calculation of 1,700*l.* only for private boxes.) When he came to the theatre, the receipts averaged 212*l.* per night. During his nights, the general average was 509*l.* 9*s.* per night!

	£.	s.	d.
The largest receipt on the representation of Shylock was - - - - -	531	2	0
Do. of Richard III. -	655	13	6
Do. of Hamlet - -	660	2	0
Do. of Iago - - -	573	6	6
Do. of Othello - -	673	18	6

And the number of persons who visited the theatre on the sixty-eight nights of his performance, was 166,742.

The result of the calculations is, that (subject only to Kean's own salary,) the theatre *cleared*, by his services *alone*, during *those* nights, upwards of TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS!

*** Answers to Correspondents in Part 168, now publishing.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXV.

(*From the Public Ledger, July* 9, 1835.)

"The character of the Mirror is perfectly well known, and as cordially estimated. It was the first of the cheap publications of the class to which it belongs, and it has never been surpassed even in one of its five-and-twenty volumes by the best of its rivals."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand*, (*near Somerset House,*) *London*; *sold by G. G. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin*, *Paris*; *CHARLES JUGEL*, *Francfort*; *and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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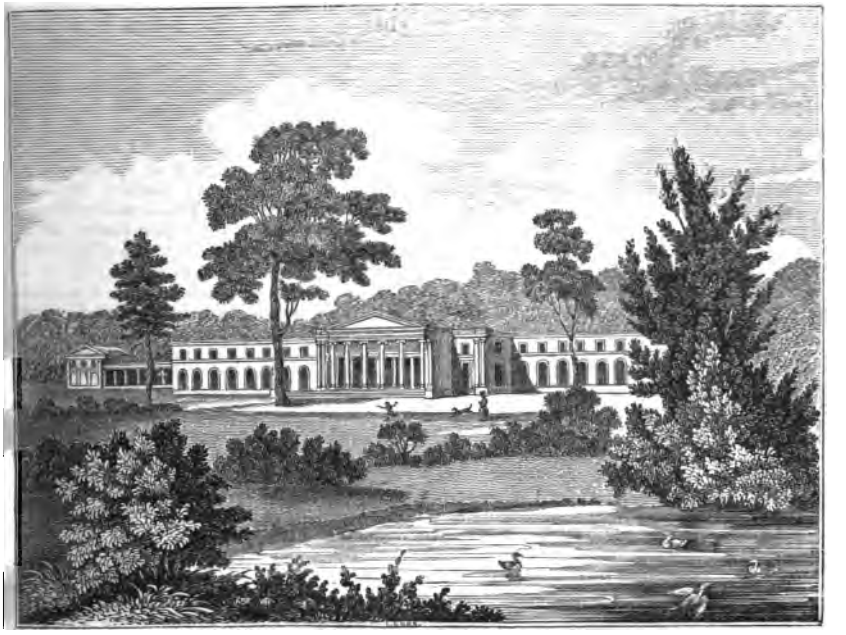
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 733.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1835. [Price 2*d*.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, MIDDLESEX.



(*From a Correspondent.*)

Amongst your descriptions of different public buildings, it is to me surprising, that you have not included the Grammar School at Mill Hill; the only public institution, of which the numerous and respectable body of Protestant Dissenters can, as a body, boast.

Having been brought up within its walls, I feel the most lively interest in its concerns; and cannot but think that a short account of it will be interesting to many of your readers.

The original school-house, situate at Mill Hill, though it could boast of having once been the dwelling of Linnæus, and the occasional residence of architects, could be proud of no architectural beauty: but the new building, (of which the above is a view, from an engraving in a letter requesting assistance towards the building of a new chapel,) fully makes up for the deficiency of its predecessor upon that point; and its fine situation, on the brow of a hill, with views of Harrow, the surrounding country, and Windsor Castle in the distance, makes more majestic the appropriate simplicity and boldness of its style, which reflects credit on the architect, Mr. Tite, of London.

The grand front, looking on Harrow to the west, has a noble portico, supported by six, plain, Ionic pillars, and surmounted by a pediment, from which springs a stone coping, running entirely round the building. Connected with the portico, by glass doors, is the Dining Hall, a handsome room with a panelled ceiling and enriched fireplaces at either end, and communicating with the interior parts of the building by folding doors. The north end of the building is the part belonging more peculiarly to the boys. It has but a ground floor, and attic story, which, being connected by a stone passage running the entire length of the building, and a stone staircase, is thus rendered entirely free from all danger of fire.

The erection, which cost (I believe) 20 or 25,000*l*., and was planned to contain 150 scholars, was built without either funds or scholars; there being now a considerable deficit of both.

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Mill Hill, which is within two or three miles of Edgware, and four of Barnet, was the residence of the notorious John Wilkes, and of the late Alderman Sir Charles Flower; and at Highwood Hill, within a mile, is the house, which was the residence of William Wilberforce, Esq.

Cambridge. H.

THE POETS, SURREY AND PETRARCH.

The name of Surrey is one that English Poetry has reason to be proud of; not so much on account of the extent of his works, or of their intrinsic excellence, (which, nevertheless, is considerable,) as for the important services contributed by him towards polishing our language — services which entitle him, without exaggeration, to the honourable appellation of the remodeller of English Poetry. An enthusiastic attachment to the noble works of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, generated by an early and devoted study of their poetry during his travels in Italy, was, doubtless, the means of laying the foundation for that polished taste, which directed his attention towards the then existing state of our versification, and suggested those improvements in it which he subsequently effected. But, it is not, perhaps, generally known, how deeply Surrey is indebted to the Italian Poets for something beyond the improvement of his taste; as he has drawn very largely upon his stores of Italian literature to embellish his own productions, without the slightest acknowledgment. It may not be unacceptable, shortly, to examine the nature and extent of those improvements, by the successful introduction of which, Surrey partly acquired that share of estimation amongst our poets, which he still continues to possess.

The introduction of that noblest of metres, blank verse, into the English language, alone renders the name of Surrey deserving of immortality. His translations of the second and fourth books of the Æneid are universally allowed to be the earliest specimens in the language of blank verse; which, however, has since been exalted to the highest rank in English versification. To Surrey belongs the merit of having infused into our poetry a spirit of refinement both in thought and expression, and of having divested it of those "affectations, look you," with which the generality of preceding writers abound. Not that it would be difficult to produce from the poems of Chaucer, (who has been justly denominated the "Morning Star of English Poetry," and whose "Knight's Tale" furnishes the earliest conspicuous example of the heroic couplet in the language,) as well as from those of several of his successors, extracts remarkable alike for purity of thought and harmony of versification. It is universally allowed, by all versed in the history of early English literature, that the more gradual progress of poetic refinement, received an impulse from the masterly genius of Chaucer, and that he contributed largely towards amending the state of versification as it prevailed at the time in which he flourished. But, it devolved upon Surrey to complete what Chaucer had so well begun. At the time of Surrey's appearance, he found still universally prevalent the custom derivative from the French, of laying an inordinate stress upon the final syllables, consequent on employing words which, from want of importance or insufficiency of harmony rendered it impossible to produce fine and sonorous versification. This accentual rhyme weakened the effect of the best poetry. There is nothing in reading Chaucer and the poets of his age so harsh and offensive to a modern ear as this defect; and it becomes wearisome in the extreme by its unceasing repetition. Surrey discountenanced it altogether, and banished it entirely from the language. There were several other points of minor importance, in which he improved the heroic couplet; and so finished, indeed, was it left by him, that it has since undergone but little alteration. It is true that his lines do not fall upon the ear with that musical cadence to which we are accustomed in the exquisite polish of modern poetry; but, this is easily accounted for, when the distance at which he wrote is duly considered. If we institute a comparison between the poems of Dryden and Pope, and those of Surrey, we shall be astonished to find how little, even in their most finished pieces, the former have been able to add to the strength and harmony of Surrey's versification.

Now, there can be no doubt but that this harmony is, in a great measure, to be attributed to Surrey's diligent study of the Italian poets, especially of Petrarch; for, as Puttenham says, he imitated "in all very naturally, and studiously, his master, Francis Petrarca." The predominance of metaphysical notions in Petrarch's poetry, probably, enchained his attention more particularly to him; as they were much in unison with the general character of the times. The cause of his ardent devotion to Petrarch, above all other Italian poets, finds, however, another, and a still more easy solution, in the coincidence of Love possessing a corresponding power over each, and of their each loving one adored object with a reverence which, in Petrarch, amounted almost to idolatry. Of his Laura it may indeed be said that—

> "she was the ocean
> To the river of his thoughts,"

—the pervading spirit, the "constant image"

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of his poetry, and the fountain from which his ideas abundantly flowed. Surrey, therefore, naturally found amid the impassioned effusions dictated by the love of Petrarch, a ready echo to those gentle and mysterious feelings that first "are learned in lady's eyes." But he has echoed more than Petrarch's feelings; for, in the Sonnet entitled, "A vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded," he has echoed the very words of the following Sonnet of Petrarch's; a circumstance that has not been remarked by any of the editors of his poems. The "Argomento" of Petrarch's Sonnet is, "Dice che in ogni luogo e tempo, sospirerà sempre per Laura"—that, at all times, "and wherever he may be, he shall never cease to sigh for Laura."

Pommi ove 'l sol occide i fiori e l'erba,
O dove vince lui'l ghiaccio e la neve:
Pommi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato e leve,
Ed ov' è chi cel rende e chi cel serba:
Pomm' in umil fortuna od in superbe,
Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve:
Pommi alla notte, al dì lungo ed al breve,
Alla matura etade, ed all' acerba:
Pomm' in cielo, od in terra, od in abisso,
In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre;
Libero spirto, od a' suoi membri affisso
Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre:
Saro qual fui; vivrò' com' io son visso,
Continuando il mio sospir trilustre.

Let Surrey's lines be compared with the above:—

A vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded.

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad, or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood,
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,—
Hers will I be; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be naught.

It will be immediately perceived that the above is a translation of Petrarch's, almost word for word, and that the only substantial difference, which can be called a departure from it, is the turn at the end. The idea of Surrey's Sonnet, the "Description of Spring," commencing,

The soote* season, that bud and bloom forth brings,

is, evidently, derived from this Sonnet of Petrarch's—

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena
Ei fiori, e l'erbe, e sua dolce famiglia; &c.

Many other instances of Surrey's imitations of Petrarch might be adduced; but, it is only necessary to take up the Sonnets of Surrey immediately after having read those of Petrarch, while the thoughts and images are present to the memory, and we shall be forcibly struck with the similarity of thought and expression which pervades the former — a similarity so remarkable and so universal, that the imitation which produces it cannot be mistaken. C. S.

* Sweet

The Naturalist.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

If some species of fish, (says Mr. Turner,) are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact—and however it may be with some particular classes, or at particular seasons,—the far greater number take less food, and live longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, apparently from choice, than any other tribe of animals we know of. The gold and silver fish in vases seem never to want any food: they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment. Salmon, although they come in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, are seldom found to have any nutritive substance in the stomach, which is an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence; for the herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea-caterpillar during their voyage. The lamprey tribe are small eaters. From facts like these, the intelligent naturalist may be led to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny tribes do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance.

The rapid growth of some fish, (says Mr. Jesse,) is very extraordinary. I saw three pike taken out of a pond in Staffordshire, belonging to Sir J. C. Jervoise, two of which weighed thirty-six pounds each, and the other thirty-five pounds. The pond was fished every seven years; and supposing that store pike, of six or seven pounds weight were left in it, the growth of the pike in question must have been at the rate of at least four pounds a year. Salmon, however, grow much faster. It is now ascertained that grilse, or young salmon, of from two and a half to three pounds weight, have been sent to the London markets in the month of May, the spawn from which they came having only been deposited in the preceding October or November, and the ova taking three months of the time to quicken. It has also been ascertained by experiment, that a grilse which weighed six pounds in February, after spawning, has, on its return from the sea in September, weighed thirteen pounds; and a salmon-fry of April will, in June, weigh four pounds, and, in August, six pounds.

In the smaller bays surrounded with rock, so common on the coast of Greenland, where the water is always calm, and the bottom generally soft mud and fuci, Admiral Preville Lepley assured M. Lacepede that he

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had seen, in the beginning of spring, myriads of mackerel, with their heads sunk some inches in the mud, their tails elevated vertically above its level; and that this mass of fish was such, that at a distance, it might be taken for a reef of rocks. It is supposed that these mackerel had passed the winter torpid under the ice and snow. They were affected with a kind of blindness for fifteen or twenty days after their revival.

The eel, though it lives in an element that seems to place it beyond the reach of atmospheric changes, is yet singularly affected by high winds. This is well known to the inhabitants of Linlithgow, who have an excellent opportunity of observing the habits of this animal in the loch adjoining the town. The stream which flows out of that loch at the west end, passes through a sluice, and falls into an artificial stone reservoir, from which it escapes from a number of holes in the sides and bottom. These holes are too small to let eels of a common size pass, and hence this reservoir answers the purpose of an eel-trap or cruive. The fish are seldom found there in calm weather; but when strong winds blow, especially from the west, numbers of them rush through the outlet, and fall into the reservoir.

To look at an oyster or muscle, (says a recent writer,) one would suppose that it could have no power of moving from one place to another; but, though this power is certainly very limited, yet it exists to some degree in all. The oyster cannot, indeed, well regulate the direction of its locomotion, but by means of successive jerks, caused by the internal movements of the included tethys. The muscle performs its movements by means of a tentaculum, somewhat analogous to a leg, in which there is a canal stretching from one extremity to the other, furnished with a tough, glutinous secretion for spinning the byssus or beard, by which the animal attaches itself to the rocks, stones, or contiguous shells. The ascidia, within the shell, pushes out its leg or tentaculum, and fixes its threads, to the number of 150, or more, to the nearest rock.* When the byssus is eaten by accident along with the muscles, it is supposed to be deleterious; though it is not, we believe, sufficiently ascertained what it is that renders shell-fish occasionally poisonous.

Observations with a microscope have shown that the shell of an oyster is a world occupied by an innumerable quantity of small animals, compared to which the oyster itself is a colossus. The liquid inclosed between the shells of the oyster, contains a multitude of embryos covered with transparent scales, which swim with ease; 120 of these embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains, besides, a great variety of animalculæ, 500 times less in size, which give out a phosphoric light. These are not the only inhabitants of this dwelling; there are also three distinct species of worms.

A short time since, a gentleman at Brighton, discovered in the centre of a chalk stone, a curious kind of fish resembling a muscle, not known in England. In Italy, it is called the stone-eater, and prized as a great delicacy, the taste resembling that of an oyster, but of superior flavour. It is defended by prickly scales, and works its way into the chalk by means of a kind of saw at its head.

The instinct with which the sea-turtle annually visits a favourite breeding spot, (says Mr. Martin,) is very remarkable. The Cayman isles, near Jamaica, are yearly frequented by innumerable shoals of these animals, which cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras, a distance of 450 miles, without the aid of chart or compass, and with an accuracy superior to the efforts of human skill: and it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitude in hazy weather, have steered entirely by the noise of the turtle in swimming. The shore of the Caymans is low and sandy, and, consequently, well adapted to hatch the turtle's eggs; and the rich, submarine pasturage around the islands, affords abundance of nourishing herbage to repair the waste which must ensue, after a female lays 900 eggs.

A short time since, a very curious fish was caught by a fishing boat, and brought into Yarmouth. It was about the size of a large mackerel, fourteen inches long, rather slender in proportion to the length, and of a dark brown colour, with three large fins on the back, and two on the belly. On each side was a glittering, gold-coloured mark from the head to the tail; one fin of the tail being of the colour of the body, the other of a bright yellow; it had black eyes, and a large mouth.

Our ship was followed, (says a recent writer,) from lat. 22° south in the Atlantic, to Valparaiso, by a number of petrels, or Cape pigeons. They were of two kinds, the spotted and the silvery. The first is rather larger than the domestic pigeon, but, from the thickness of its plumage, weighs much less. The feet are three-toed and webbed; the eyes are black; the bill hooked, with one exterior nostril, and the tail short; the breast is beautifully white, and the back, wings and tail spotted black and white; and from that circumstance, Frezier says, the sailors call them damiers or draught-boards. Its motions are graceful. It sails about the stern of vessels at sea, sometimes balancing

* See an Engraving of the Muscle, Mirror, vol. xxii. p. 425.

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itself upon the wing, and again dropping gently to the surface to pick up any crumbs that may have been thrown overboard, and then mounts upon its untiring course. When caught with hook and line trailed over the stern, it is unable to rise from the deck, and attempts to defend itself by ejecting the contents of its stomach, and a pure, yellow oil of a fishy odour. The silver variety is about the same size. The breast is a brilliant white, and the back, wings, and tail, are of a light, leaden hue, but of silvery brightness. In other respects, it does not much differ from the first.

It is well known, (says Mr. Yarrell,) that all the science and tact of a miller is directed so to regulate the machinery of his mill, that the meal produced shall be of the most valuable description that the operation of grinding will permit, when performed under the most advantageous circumstances. His ear is constantly directed to the note made by the running stone in its circular course over the bedstone, the exact parallelism of their two surfaces, indicated by a particular sound, being a matter of the first consequence; and his hand is constantly placed under the meal-spout, to ascertain by actual contact, the character and quality of the meal produced, which he ascertains by a particular movement of his thumb, in spreading the sample over his fingers. By this incessant action of the miller's thumb, a peculiarity in its shape is produced, which is said to resemble exactly the shape of the head of the *river bullhead*, a fish constantly found in the mill-stream, and which has obtained for it the name of the *miller's thumb*.

A short time since, a singular kind of fish was caught in the Tweed, the name of which was unknown to the fishermen. In length it was nearly five feet; its head was immensely large, broader than that of a common bullock, and at a front view, bore no small resemblance to the face of a lion; its mouth was very wide, and the jaws strong, but the teeth comparatively small; the body was round and tapering, but bore no proportion to the size of the head; underneath the head were two large bags by which it breathed; below the breast were two fins resembling hands, or five fingers webbed together; it was without scales, and covered with a skin somewhat of a tortoise-shell colour.

The manati, or sea-cow, (says Mr. Martin,) is from ten to sixteen feet in length, and has a head somewhat like a bullock, with nostrils semilunar, and eyes very small and near the snout; it is without ears in outward appearance, but has two small spiracula situated at the back part of the head; the mouth is large, with soft and protracted lips, fitted for laying hold of the grass or herbage growing near the shore; the neck is short, and the body is covered with a rough, blackish skin, thinly sprinkled with bristly hair; the belly and sides near the tail are white. From the shoulders protrude two pectoral fins, (the only fins on the animal,) resembling arms, with which it supports itself in the water, and which enable the female to give suck to its young, (of which it bears only one at a time,) which receives it from several porous openings or mammæ in the breasts of the animal. The tail is formed like that of the whale. It is not an amphibious animal, never leaving the water, but feeding upon the aquatic plants and shrubs growing on the borders of the rivers and lakes, sometimes elevating its head to munch at the bushes which overhang them. Its flesh is white and delicate, resembling veal in appearance and taste, particularly when dressed; and it will keep good several weeks, even in the hot climate of which it is a native, when other meat will not resist putrefaction for as many days.

A short time since, some fishermen at the mouth of the Dordogne, observed an enormous fish rolling in the distance, but were unable to reach it till it was driven by the wind and tide into shoal water, between Froissac and Libourne, when it was secured, and proved to be a large blower, or rather rare species of whale, weighing 1,100 lbs. Its body was in the form of a cone, with two lateral fins lying very low, and one dorsal fin, curving towards the tail, which was composed of two parts, forming a crescent; above the shoulders was a vent, through which it threw up a jet of water to a prodigious height; it had forty-two teeth, some of which were much worn, and the others long and pointed; the back was deep black, and the belly white, and it was entirely without scales. W. G. C.

THE ORANG-OUTANG.

The name of Orang-Outang, in Africa, is Rang Otou, which is believed to mean *wild man*. In confirmation of the name signifying *wild man*, the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as in harmony with what takes place in the human species. It is stated by some of the old voyagers, that there was a popular opinion, that the orang-outangs were men, who refused to speak, lest they should be made to work. W. G. C.

BRITISH MASTIFFS.

The British mastiffs were so famous among the Romans, that their emperors appointed an officer in this island, to train them for the combats of the amphitheatre. Three of these dogs, so trained, were esteemed a match for a bear, and four for a lion. An experiment, however, was made in the Tower

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of London, by King James I., from which it appeared that three mastiffs conquered this noble animal. Two of them were disabled in the conflict, but the third forced the lion to seek his safety in flight.*

The British mastiffs were also educated for war, and were employed by the Gauls in their battles.† A. C. H.

* Stowe's Annals. † Strabo, lib. iv.

Retrospective Gleanings.

FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP.

Owen Feltham says:—Faith and friendship are seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common. In prosperity, who will not profess to love a man: in adversity, how few will show that they do it When we are happy in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, then the world will be our servants: then all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but shifteth to another strand: then men look upon us at a distance; and stiffen themselves, as if they were in armour; lest, if they should comply us, they should get a wound in the close. Adversity is like Penelope's night, which undoes all that ever the day did weave. It is a misery that the knowledge of such a blessedness, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad misfortune. For we can never thoroughly try him, but in some malignant chance: and till we have tried him, our knowledge can be called but by the name of hope. In what a pitiful plight is man, when he can neither be truly happy without a friend, nor yet know him to be a true friend, without his being unhappy. Our fortunes and ourselves are things so closely linked, that we know not which is the cause of the love that we find. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing. When they are covered together, we know not which is in pursuit: when they rise and break, we shall then see which is aimed at. I confess he is happy that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is happier that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus, the trial of friendship is by finding what others will do for us. But the trial of faith is by finding what we will do for God. To trust him for estate, when we have the evidences in our iron chest, is easy, and not thankworthy. But to depend upon him for what we cannot see, as it is more hard for man to do, so it is more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, we make confession of his deity. We know not in the flows of our contentedness, what we ourselves are, or how we could neglect ourselves, to follow God commanding us. When we are well, we swear we will not leave him in our greatest sickness; but, when our sickness comes, we forget our vows, and stay. When we meet with blows, that will force us, either to let go our hold of God, or ourselves, then we see to which our souls will cleave the fastest. And of this trial, excellent is the use we may make. If we find our faith upon the test, firm; it will be unto us a perpetual banquet; if we find it dastardly, starting aside, knowing the weakness, we may strive to sinew it with a stronger nerve. So that it ever is, either the assurance of our happiness, or the way whereby we may find it. Without this confidence in a power that is always able to aid us, we wander both in trouble and doubt. Infidelity is the cause of all our woes, the ground of all our sins. Not trusting God, we discontent ourselves with fears and solicitations; and to cure these, we run into prohibited paths. Canst thou think that God will suffer such to want, as with a dutiful endeavour, do depend upon him? It is not usual with man to be so base—can a deity be inhuman? Or can he that grasps the unemptied provisions of the world in his hand, be a niggard to his sons, unless he sees it for their good and benefit? Nay, couldst thou that readest this, (whatsoever thou art,) if thou hadst but a Sareptan widow's cruise of gold, couldst thou let a diligent and affectionate servant, that ever waited on thee, want necessaries? Couldst thou endure to see him shamed in disgracing rags, nipped to a benumbing with the icy thumbs of winter, complaining for want of sustenance, or neglected in the time of sickness? I appeal to thy inward and more noble acknowledgment; I know thou couldst not. And wilt thou yet imagine thou canst want such things as these, from so unbounded a bounty as his is? Serve him, and but believe, and he will never fail thee, for what is most convenient. O my God! my refuge, my altar, and my soul's anchor; I beg that I may but serve thee, and depend upon thee: I need not beg supply to the other too; thou givest that without asking: thou knowest, for myself, my wishes are not for a vast abundance. If I should wish a plenty, it should be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in abounding; and I am persuaded I shall never want necessaries nor conveniences. Let me find my heart dutiful, and my faith upon trial stedfast; and I am sure these will be ground enough for sufficient happiness while I live here.

W. G. C.

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Fine Arts.

SCULPTURE IN WOOD.

(*Concluded from page* 79.)

One of our most celebrated carvers was Grinling Gibbons, a name familiar to our readers, through incidental notices of some of his finest works. Walpole tells us, that so delicate was Gibbons's workmanship, that he carved a pot of flowers, which shook surprisingly in the room with the motion of the coaches passing in the street. "There is some foliage by his hand, in the chapel at Windsor, and in the choir of St. Paul's. He executed the Stoning of St. Stephen, in bas-relief, and the last Supper, in alto-relievo; besides chimney-pieces and picture-frames, where dead game, flowers, and foliage almost deceive the eye into a belief of their reality. His heads of cherubs, and productions of a similar nature, possess a sweetness of expression, and an angelic loveliness, which, as long as they exist, will render them the admiration of all lovers of ideal beauty. There are some charming productions of his in different churches of the metropolis, particularly in St. Paul's cathedral; in St. James's church, Westminster; in Allhallows, Bread-street; at Windsor, and Kensington; and in a variety of other ecclesiastical and palatial residences. The Archbishop's throne in Canterbury cathedral, and the decorations of Petworth House, Chatsworth, Southwick, and Houghton, are evidences of his taste and genius as a sculptor in wood. Lord Camden's monument at Exton; the base of Charles the First's statue, at Charing Cross; and that of James the Second, at the back of Whitehall Chapel; are specimens of his ability as a statuary." Gibbons died in 1702. He may be considered the last of our native sculptors in wood, whose works deserve an European reputation; but, even to the present day, many ingenious men are to be found, whose efforts in the same art would throw no discredit on its most esteemed age.

In France, the taste for carving was liberally patronized during the reign of Louis XIV.—that age of florid design. Specimens may be seen in the cities, and in the retired chateaux of the provinces. The choir of *Les Celestins*, in Paris, is one among many examples in the metropolis. The walnut-tree gate of the cathedral of Aix, is another fine specimen; as are also the interiors of the Sainte Chapelle and of the Château at Vincennes. The old houses in the venerable city of Rouen are enriched with many fine carvings, especially chimney-pieces. There have lately been imported into this country, from France, a series of admirable bas-reliefs from Le Brun's pictures of the Triumphs of Alexander the Great; and some admirable carvings of the time of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV., illustrated with the designs of Guido.

In Spain and Portugal, and other countries of Europe, carvings in point of workmanship equally admirable, are still to be met with. But, in Italy, sculpture in wood has gained the highest excellence, from the generous encouragement its professors received from the Church of Rome. The choir of the *Campanello del Duomo*, designed and executed in wood by Brunelleschi, in the fifteenth century, has been spoken of as a splendid specimen of art: it has been removed for a marble choir, and, unfortunately, Brunelleschi's work cannot be traced. Among the early efforts of the illustrious Michael Angelo, was a crucifix in wood, rather less than the natural size. He also designed many models in wood, among which was a richly ornamented cornice for the Farnese Palace. In 1414 or 1415, Jacobi Tatti, called Sansovino, decorated the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, with a false façade in wood, in which were figures representing the Apostles, and bas-reliefs, in a style that created very general admiration.

Venice has produced many illustrious sculptors in wood, particularly in the sixteenth century. One of the finest specimens of Italian carving is the celebrated Crucifixion by Donatello, which adorned one of the chapels in the church of Santa Croci, Florence. The carvings of Giovanni Barile, of the same period, adorn the Vatican, and possess the extraordinary recommendation of having been designed by Raffaelle. Rocco Pennone, a Lombard, enlarged the palace of the Doge of Genoa, about the middle of the seventeenth century; in which the saloon of the great council was covered with a soffite of wood, richly ornamented with sculpture and gilding. In Genoa will be found many other fine specimens; as also in the cities of Bologna and Pisa, the cathedral and other edifices in Milan, and many in Rome.

But a Venetian artist, of still higher merit, remains to be named. This was Andrea Brustolini, who is supposed to have flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century. His noblest works are five-and-twenty statues of the Protestant reformers, rather larger than life, and designed to support a sort of heavy buttress, around the library of the church dedicated to St. John and St. Paul, at Venice. Of these statues, and all that could be collected of the history of their sculptor, Mr. Williams gives a succinct account: they have been for some time past exhibiting in Old Bond-street, whither, we are happy to learn, their magnificence has attracted the most distinguished patrons of art in this country. In the same apartment with the statues are some bas-

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reliefs, also executed by Brustolini, representing the Miracles of Our Saviour, that evince a remarkable degree of graceful expression.

Appended to Mr. Williams's clever sketch are additional proofs of the great antiquity of the Art of Sculpture in Wood. Lastly, the Author announces for speedy publication, his larger work on the Art, in quarto, with engravings of the most celebrated specimens in England and the Continent. We can only add that the brief sketch we have just noticed is an assurance of Mr. Williams's ample qualifications for a more extensive and elaborate work on the same subject; in which he has our most cordial wishes for his success, and a promise of early cognizance of his future, tasteful labours.

Contemporary Traveller.

GODESBERG CASTLE, ON THE RHINE.

Leaving Cologne, upon the Rhine voyage, there is nothing particularly striking in the appearance of the country, which is rather level. But the Rhine itself, sweeping along in its broad, clear course, is a noble sight. Stemming the current of its bright, blue waters, you may watch the receding steeples of Cologne, until a bend in the river's course shuts out the city from view. After another sudden turn in the Rhine, the striking objects which arrest the attention are the tops of seven high mountains, marking afar off the river's course. The first town of any importance is Bonn, which is built on a declivity, down to the water's edge. The crowd of blueish, slated roofs, contrasted with the clean, white appearance of the houses, forms an interesting object in the distance; and, owing to the river's widened course in the front of the town, the whole view improves as you advance. The country is no longer poor and naked: fertile meadows, interspersed with shady trees, with villages and detached habitations, scattered along the banks, give an air of cheerfulness to the whole scene. In short, here the beauties of the Rhine commence.

A short distance above Bonn, is the little village of Godesberg, at the base of a mountain from which it derives its name. Here rises the spring of Draitsch, celebrated among the mineral waters of the Rhine banks. On the crest of Godesberg mountain are the ruins of the ancient castle, and of the chapel of St. Michael,—represented in the above Engraving. The name of Godesberg, Gottesberg, or Godshill, is by some writers, assigned as the original *Ara Ubiorum;* while by others it is deduced from the erection of a temple here, dedicated to Wodan, or Mercury: but this etymology is so far controverted, that Wodan was not worshipped in temples; and those sacred to Mercury were seldom, if ever placed on mountains. The more probable origin is Goding, or Gangericht, a court of justice which held its sittings openly, during the middle ages. The traditionary account is, that in remoter times, a foreign king with a mighty train of fol-

(Godesberg Castle.)

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lowers, arrived in the neighbourhood; and, that the royal chieftain was in league with the spirits of darkness, to whom on this mountain he raised a temple, in which human sacrifices were made. Through the power of the demons, he tyrannized over this portion of the Rhine, until the arrival of a Christian priest, whose holy supremacy the unhallowed imps were not able to withstand; and the country was, consequently, relieved from their odious thraldom.

In this fiction, is easily traced the subjugation of these parts by the Emperor Julian the Apostate, who was here encamped for some time, and probably constructed a temple or castle. The conversion that had been wrought among the Ubii having spread, and Julian removing his forces from the district, the inhabitants in after times built on this mountain a chapel dedicated to St. Michael.

In 1210, Archbishop Theodoric, out of the remains, built also a castle, portions of which still present vestiges of Roman architecture. In the course of the Thirty Years' War, which gave rise to the conversion of Archbishop Gebhard, Elector of Cologne, to Protestantism, and his marriage with the lovely Countess of Mansfeld, he placed here a Dutch garrison. The troops of the Bishop Ernest, of the House of Bavaria, who succeeded to the Electorship after Bishop Gebhard's expulsion for apostacy, blew up the castle.

From this point you enjoy an extensive prospect, in which are the irregular heights of the Seven Mountains—a cluster of rock-like elevations whose wild heads, brown with forest, tower one above the other. Among these,

The castled craig of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wild and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bears the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!*

"The craig of Drachenfels, not the highest, but the most striking, of the Seven Mountains, rises perpendicularly from the river in barren rocky majesty. The grey ruin on its summit might be mistaken for a shapeless pile of rock. The mountain of Wolkenburg or Castle of the Clouds appears just behind; and the Stromberg, with its round head, out of which peeps the belfry of a little chapel, rises on the right near the river. Behind them you distinguish the heads of the Lowenberg, the Nieder Stromberg, the Oelberg, and the Hemmerich. The Lowenberg, (Lion's Mountain,) which is the highest of the seven, is about 1,896 feet in height. The remains of castles are visible on all, sometimes almost buried in the thick brushwood, the only vegetation they bear. Several of the castles are said to have been erected by the Emperor Valentinian, in the fourth century; and the Emperor Henry V. is charged with burning those of Wolkenberg, Drachenfels, and others. The chapel of St. Peter, on the Stromberg, was built by Didier of Schwartzeneck, a valiant knight of the neighbourhood, in performance of one of those pious vows so often made by crusaders in Palestine, to be executed on a safe return to Europe."†

With what topographical accuracy, the scenery of this romantic region is depicted in British poetry, let the master-mind of Byron tell:

true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chieftess castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have?
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream,
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

* Childe Harold, canto iv.

† An Autumn near the Rhine.

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* * * * * *

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

About a league higher up than Godesberg, on the opposite bank of the river, is the small town of Konigswinter, where commences what is called the Valley of the Rhine. Tourists report this to be a delightful place to remain at; there being good society and excellent hotels, with five francs per day board and lodging, "barring" the wine.

The Sketch Book.

HIGH LIFE IN FRANCE.

[We quote the following scene from Lady Blessington's last and cleverest novel—*The Two Friends*, which certainly contains the finest picture of French life that we ever met with. Our attention was pointed to it by the last *Quarterly Review*, the writer considering the latter portion of the extract to be one of the best descriptions of a dinner on record; though we equally admire all that precedes it. It is not important to explain the situation of the persons in this scene, further than to observe that Cecile had been naturalized in England, and has, therefore, little *gout* for French comfort.]

The Hotel de Bethune, in the Rue de Varennes, Faubourg St. Germaine, is one of the most vast in Paris; situated *entre cour et jardin*, it presents a splendid façade, and the extent of its numerous suites of apartments, with the painted ceilings, and gilt cornices and architraves, remind the beholder of the former grandeur of the proprietors of this palace. But, alas! time and revolutionary violence, had touched the pile externally and internally, with ungentle hands; and if enough ornament remains to remind the gazer of past wealth and grandeur, the dilapidations, which on every side meet the eye, bear witness of present poverty.

Cecile sighed as she contrasted this gloomy residence of fallen greatness, with the orderly and comfortable mansions of her dear, adopted country; and when her father called on her to admire the vast extent of the rooms, and the carving and gilding which decorated them, remarking how superior they were to the small houses, and mesquin ornaments of the petits salons in England, she listened in silence to his praises of France, and all that was French, heartily wishing herself back in the country, to which he was so little inclined to do justice.

The pride and the finances of the Comte de Bethune, were little in accord with each other; while the first flourished with a luxuriance worthy of the feudal times, the second hardly enabled him to occupy one wing of the hotel of his ancestors, and he preferred having the rest of the vast mansion empty, and falling daily to decay, to letting a portion of it to any of the many respectable persons, who proposed to become his tenants.

As the old Swiss porter threw back the porte cocher, to give them entrance, and removed his bonet de coton, with an air in which curiosity mingled with respect, Cecile could almost fancy she was entering some ruined chateau a la Radcliffe, and as the wheels rattled over the pavement, overgrown with grass and herbs, she felt almost like a prisoner, about to enter his dungeon. Having ascended the peristyle, over the massive door of which, the arms of De Bethune shone in all the splendour of blazonry, being the only mark of reparation visible to the eye, they passed through the salle d' entrée, the tesselated marble pavement of which, returned the sound of their footsteps in hollow reverberations. The domestics came forward to welcome them more cordially, but much less respectfully, than English servants receive their employers, and Cecile was surprised at the familiarity with which they treated her haughty father.

The establishment consisted of a superannuated maître d'hôtel; a femme de charge, the tremulous movement of whose head and hands, bore evidence of the years she had numbered; a slipper-shod damsel, with a silk kerchief, tastefully twisted round her head, who was the aid and elève of the femme de charge; and a young man, with top-boots, and a tarnished livery, who acted in the double capacity of footman and groom. The cook brought up the rear; he was a contemporary of the maître d' hôtel and femme de charge, and all three seemed nearly coeval with the hotel; his bonnet de coton, and apron, were of a less pure white than could be desired; his coteau was conspicuous at his ceinture, and his fingers and nostrils betrayed their frequent contact with

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snuff, in so evident a manner, as to be no less disgusting to the palates of those who might be condemned to partake of his plats than injurious to his own.

Madame le Moine examined Cecile through her spectacles, and pronounced her the image of her grandmother, except that her nose was not retroussé, her mouth beaucoup plus petite, and her eyes plus grands, and that she had not les cheveux dorés of madame la Comtesse!

The comte listened with complacency, while Cecile at that moment, contemplated the portrait of her grandmother, as pointed out by Le Moine, and observing the red hair, upturned nose, large mouth, and squinting eyes, which rendered it an extraordinary specimen of ugliness, was tempted to laugh at the compliment.

The ante-room was graced with a large stove, which served the double capacity of table and cupboard; on it, were placed sundry brushes, a cork-screw, some cigars, and a large lump of bees-wax, which the frotteur had left there, and which the heat had sent in streams over the brushes, &c. An old, lame parrot, who screamed most loudly from his cage, and a few straight-backed chairs, completed the ensemble of this chamber of all works, which led to the grand suite of apartments. The salons, with their vast and dingy mirrors, which might be said to give only sombre reflections; the faded velvet, and damask hangings of the walls, the discoloured girandoles and lustres, the carved gilt sofas and fauteuils, and the cumbrous screens, formed a dreary picture, in which the sylph-like form of the beautiful Cecile, seemed to pass like a sunbeam through the grate of a prison, rendering the gloom of all around still more visible.

"Ah, Dieu Mercie! I am once more chez moi," exclaimed the Comte de Bethune, as throwing himself into a large bergere, he looked complacently around him; a cloud of dust arose from the long unbrushed cushions of the bergere that nearly enveloped him, but which interrupted not his self-congratulations. "I can now breathe freely in these spacious and lofty salons, and am not half suffocated by the smell of that abominable coal, which the English seem to like so much."

While commenting on the coals, a large, damp trunk of a tree was smouldering on the bronze dogs, in the open chimney, sending forth more smoke than heat, and emitting an odour that Cecile would gladly have exchanged for the worst coal that England could produce, while the smoke brought tears to her eyes.

"One really never knows the value of this country," continued the comte, "until one has been out of it, and France never appeared so delightful to me, as now that I compare its agrémens with those of England."

A suppressed sigh from Cecile, was the only answer; and after reposing himself for a few minutes in the bergere, in which he had intrenched himself, and from which he rose covered with the accumulated dust of months, the comte conducted his daughter to her chambre à couchér.

The faded splendour of this apartment was in perfect keeping with the salons; pale, blue velvet lined the panels, bearing scarcely a vestige of their original celestial hue, and the mouldings which incased them, representing groups of Cupids sporting among flowers, were nearly black, instead of wearing their once bright golden lustre. The lofty mirrors, from which much of the quicksilver had retreated, showed a thousand fantastic figures; and the high canopied bed, crowned with its coronet and plumes, now nearly black, from the accumulation of damp and dust, bore striking proofs of the power of time and neglect.

This chamber, which, like all the others occupied by the comte, opened on a marble terrace, that descended to what had once been a garden, but which now presented a vast wilderness of decayed trees, stunted shrubs, and flowers running wild, with scattered patches of vegetables, cultivated by the porter, to amuse his leisure hours, and improve his pot au feu.

The look of desolation and discomfort, which her chamber presented, struck a chill to the feelings of Cecile; and when Madame le Moine told her, that *she* was to have the honour of assisting at her toilette, Cecile thought, with a sigh of regret, of the neat bed-rooms and comfortable dressing-rooms she had hitherto been accustomed to, as well as of the intelligent and active femme de chambre, who had waited on her from infancy.

Her father told her, that she must appear in an elegant demi-toilette, as he should take her to pay one or two visits in the evening; and having left her to prepare for dinner, she despatched the momentous affair of dressing, as quickly as she could, giving as little trouble to her aged assistant as possible, whose hands being left nearly unemployed, her tongue was more at liberty to enjoy that bavardage in which French servants are so fond of indulging.

She congratulated mademoiselle on the happiness of being at length restored to her native country; pitied her for the many years she had been condemned to live out of it; and rejoiced that *she* had never been doomed to quit her *chere patrie, la belle France*, which not even the terrible Revolution could make her abandon.

The respectful deference of English servants towards their employers, had not prepared Cecile for the familiarity of Madame le Moine, which she received with a cold

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civility, that sent that old dame to complain to the maitre d'hôtel, and cusinier, that mademoiselle was *une veritable Anglaise*, proud, cold, and formal.

The Comte de Bethune lamented, when his daughter made her appearance, that there had not been time to get her a chapeau from Herbault, and a robe from Victorine, as she was scarcely presentable, he observed, in her toilette a l'Anglaise; but he promised to ask Madame la Duchesse de Montcalm, to order what was necessary for her, as it was of the utmost importance that she should be *bien mise* to win the suffrages of her Parisian connexions. The importance he attached to her dress, impressed Cecile with the truth of all she had ever heard, of the légèreté and frivolity of most of the individuals of the nation, to which her father belonged; and a smile almost betrayed her thoughts, of which, if he observed it, luckily, a summons to dinner prevented his demanding the cause.

Her father led her to the salle-à-manger, with a gravity and ceremony, which, however it might mark his respect for her, was little calculated to excite either her cordiality or cheerfulness.

This apartment, like the rest of the suite, was vast and lofty; the walls were stuccoed to imitate jaune antique marble, and a fountain at each side of the buffet, with large lions' heads, which had now forgotten to pour their accustomed tribute of water, but which still continued, with distended jaws, to grin at the spectators, added to the cold aspect of this nearly deserted banquet-hall. A small table, of two covers, occupied the centre; and the maitre d'hôtel, and valet de pied, were ranged in due order.

Unlike the generality of heroines, who are supposed, or stated to be, superior to the infirmities of humanity, Cecile really felt hungry; and, though certain reminiscences of the cook's propensity to snuff, did cross her mind, her appetite compelled her to eat. The soup de vermicelle clair, was guiltless of any taste, save of the tepid water of which it was composed; the vol au vent, à la financière, was filled wholly with cretes de coq; and the friture de poulet, peeping out from a wilderness of fried parsley, looked so flaccid instead of being crisp, that she could not venture to taste it. The fricandeau à l'oseil, was equally untempting; and Cecile saw the first course, to which her father did ample justice, disappear, leaving her appetite unsatisfied.

The second service presented three roasted thrushes, enveloped in covers of bacon, and surrounded by a forest of water-cresses; cardons à la moëlle de bœuf, half cold, and des œufs à la neige, resembling soap-suds much more than snow, with omelette sucré, and petits pains à la duchesse.

To eat a thrush, Cecile felt would be impossible, as they, of all the tuneful, feathered choir, were her especial favourites, from the tameness with which they hopped near the window of her dear home. Gladly would our poor heroine have hailed the appearance of a plain cutlet of mutton, a wing of a chicken, boiled or roast, or, in short, of any simple viand, to allay the pangs of hunger which really assailed her; but the plats before her, bore such evident marks of having occupied the fingers of the old artiste de cuisine, that she turned with loathing from them; and while eating a morsel of bread, was forced to listen to the praises, which her father lavished on each dish, and his self-congratulations at having escaped from la cuisine Anglaise. Bechamel, his cook, he pronounced to be "un veritable artiste de l'ancien régime," of which so few (and, judging from this specimen, Cecile thought, luckily,) remains; for the comte declared, that the influx of the English, Russians, and Germans, had destroyed the modern cuisine in France, by introducing their barbarous national dishes, and strong sauces.

The Public Journals.

CONFESSIONS OF A MANSLAYER.

(*From the Constitutional Magazine, No.* 1.)

THIRTY years ago I entered on the busy stage of life with the most brilliant prospects. I had strong passions, and with a fortune far beyond my most extravagant wants, I rushed into the arena of dissipation—the champion of my own destruction. The glory that could be obtained in such a field I soon acquired, and I built my temple of fame within the sanctuary of marriage—a hideous compound of lust and treachery. I was the *roue* of the time,—envied, flattered, and caressed, for trampling upon and crushing the best and purest feelings of human nature. The young, the beautiful, and the noble, were my victims; and with Satanic pride I went on triumphing, scattering poison and blight along my path. And for this was I courted —for this was I idolized—till my heart was hardened, and my sensibilities deadened and lost. But my throne was not one of roses:—husbands with ruined hopes, brothers with burning brows, sought me out, and more than once I narrowly escaped destruction. The tide at length turned—it was fashionable to be virtuous; and with a shattered fortune and impaired constitution, though still admitted within the circle, I was considered dangerous.

Thus repudiated by my late vassals, my eager and impetuous temper drove me to the gaming-table. My discretion was no match for the skill and coolness of my adversaries, and in a brief period I was on the verge of ruin. In conjunction with some others, of equal or higher rank than myself, a desperate effort was made to retrieve ourselves: it

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was unsuccessful; and my own madness and imprudence having rendered me the *ame damnée* of the set, I was compelled, in order to escape an ignominious exposure, to leave England.

I embarked for India with a mind torn by conflicting passions. I found myself at the age of twenty-five an outcast and almost a beggar;—a noble property squandered, an honourable name disgraced, without a single reflection which could console me, or having performed one solitary action on which I could look back without bringing a blush on my cheek. I repented, if bitter disappointment can be called repentance. I vowed reformation, if a burning desire to build up the fabric of my dilapidated fortunes, and to be revenged upon the wretches who had thus driven me forth, be entitled to the name of reformation. Talents which had been neglected, energies which had been misapplied, were again called into requisition; and during a tedious voyage, I devoted myself with intense application to be fitted for playing an important part in the country to which I was proceeding.

By the influence of those who had expatriated me, a civil appointment had been procured, which rendered my residence necessary for a time in a remote district, at the court of one of the petty subsidiary sovereigns —the imbecile successors of those fierce conquerors who have from time to time ravaged Hindostan, and founded dynasties cemented by blood and plunder. This was a severe blow: it removed me from the seats of government, where alone my capabilities could have served me. With a frame enervated by the glorious yet unbearable climate, and by a serious attack of jungle fever, I arrived at my destination; and here commences the story of crime. It is true that my whole course of life, after attaining manhood, had been criminal—but it was a criminality supported by the usages of society, and amenable to no law but that of opinion. I had erred, but the error had been sanctioned by the only tribunal whose power I acknowledged. I had sinned, but the sin had brought neither shame nor disgrace; nor did it then torture me with the consciousness of having committed any moral wrong.

Three years—three miserable years, passed over my head in a sort of living death. I was shut out from the world, whilst a passionate desire was daily growing up within me for the society of my fellows. The servile slaves that surrounded me, the wretched man and his more wretched nobles whom I was condemned to watch over, grew insufferably hateful; the dreary monotony of my existence was the most galling slavery to my active temper; my passions had no outlet, and became my worst tormentors; my golden schemes seemed more remote than ever from realization. I had petitioned for my removal for more active occupation, and, in the mockery of power, had been told that my presence was too valuable in the position I then held to be dispensed with. My proud spirit revolted at the idea of perishing in this hated spot—at dragging the chain of blighted hope, of crushed ambition for years — at wasting the meridian of my days in oppressive vacuity; and I eagerly looked abroad for some means, however desperate, for effecting a change in my condition. To have deserted my post would have been an act of madness; I was in the very heart of Hindostan,—a stranger amidst millions, and must have rambled for months as a mendicant fakir, or perished under the swords or spears of the bands of robbers that traversed the Continent, or been devoured by the wild beasts that swarmed in every jungle and forest. I cursed the tropical sun, whose rays were ever beating upon me—I cursed the teeming earth that sent up the prodigality of its riches around me, and yearned—oh, God! with what intensity,—for the sight of the cool groves and cottages of England.

About half a mile from the Palace I inhabited was a narrow and secluded glen of the most exquisite and picturesque loveliness. For some months after my arrival, and before my growing impatience had rendered everything hateful to me, it had been my favourite walk. A small stream ran through it, supplied by copious springs sanctified in the eyes of the natives by some event, the memory of which had alone been preserved by oral tradition. An immense banian-tree afforded delicious shelter; and the rich green sward, the silk-cotton tree, and the Decannee bean, with its black stems and crimson and scarlet blossoms, when glowing beneath the setting sun, had an effect inconceivably splendid. Hour after hour did I sit watching the antics of the Entellus and Wanderoo monkeys, sporting in a group of mango and tamarind trees; or, stretched at length on the borders of the tank, pleased myself with the motions of the gorgeous water-lilies, as they moved upon its surface, while the bulbul was singing its vesper-song perched on the summit of a betel-nut tree, and the living drapery of magnificent bindweeds were becoming studded with flower-gems, which appeared as the first stars of night twinkled in the deep-blue heaven. Why do I recall such a scene of loveliness? Is it not present now before my aching vision? and was it not here that my evil passions made me a murderer?

At the extremity of this glen, its walls washed by the sacred springs and partly surrounded by them, and in the midst of a mango-tope, stood a Jain temple of peculiar holiness. Hither, at stated periods, resorted pilgrims from the most remote parts of western

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India, bringing rich offerings, to perform their peculiar rites. At other times, a few attendant priests were alone to be found in its vicinity. The chief of these was Amoora, a venerable man, of simple and pure manners, and of noble piety, though he bowed down before a senseless idol. He was universally beloved, and by his sect viewed as a saint; and no man, whether Christian or Hindoo, ever deserved the character more justly. I admired his mild dignity and his unbounded benevolence, and had more than once served him essentially in his disputes with the needy and base-minded prince who had the nominal sovereignty of the district. A degree of confidence and friendly feeling had grown up between us, and few days elapsed that I did not see and converse with the wise and amiable Amoora. The prejudice of caste wore away, and I was admitted privately into the very sanctum of the temple. Its gloom, its massy and pillared walls covered with ancient sculpture, and the strangely deformed image, the object of worship, interested me for a time. But the change came over my spirits, and I visited him less frequently. For this he remonstrated, and kindly urged me to come more frequently; and, after repeated solicitations, I one day again entered the lovely valley. Its natural beauties were unchanged, but I passed them unheeded, and once more stood within the gloom, and before the idol of the Jain temple. It was rudely fashioned in the form of a gigantic woman, and was of massy gold, with diamonds of immense value for eyes, and pendants at its ears. I gazed upon it with a sardonic grin—it was an idol that would have been worshipped in any nation—when suddenly the idea shot into my mind that I could despoil it of its ornaments. I trembled as this flashed through my brain like lightning; and, hastily retiring, brooded over the newly-awakened thought. Base and ignoble as it was, it took exclusive possession of my mind. Day after day I returned to the temple;—sophistry came to my aid. I reasoned myself into the belief that the appropriation of this now useless wealth would be an act that could injure no man, and that it would at once replace me in a rank of which I deemed myself unjustly deprived. Fool, fool, and worse than fool! I was ignorant that one deed of direct wrong is the gateway to the deepest crime.

The time came—the moment was favourable. With the wary consideration of a practised thief, I took precautions. My rank and my situation would place me above all suspicion: a band of predatory freebooters had been committing depredations in the neighbourhood, and I seized upon the opportunity. The attendants on the temple were engaged at a village festival; and, walking out armed with a light boar-spear, I reached the quiet mango-tope. Not a human being was in sight; and, pushing open Amoora's private door, I stood before the idol. I shook like a frightened child, and for a moment was irresolute; but the genius of evil is ever present, and I dislodged the diamonds with the point of my spear. Whilst hastily securing them, I was alarmed by a slight noise; and, looking around me, I saw Amoora's daughter gazing upon me with a look of horror. I trembled violently,—I would have fled; but fled whither? I was too confused, too hurried for consideration, and, in my desperation, I threw my boar-spear at the beautiful and unoffending girl, and she fell mortally wounded. One long and piercing shriek re-echoed through the gloomy temple. I was in an agony of terror, but my spear must be secured. I rushed to the bleeding object of my dastardly vengeance, and, snatching the weapon, turned to flee away. My evil genius was, however, too busily at work; and hardly had I succeeded in freeing my spear, when the venerable and hoary-headed Amoora, roused by the shriek of his child, entered the doorway. I would have given a million of worlds to have been guiltless of my first crime, but there lay the bleeding evidence; and roused to madness by my situation, and forgetful of all but self, I rushed upon the old man, and added another stain to the deep one that was already on my soul.

My diabolical errand being thus effected, I left the desecrated temple, and regained my own home unobserved. The deed of violence was soon known, and suspicion fell upon the roving bands which were known to be in the neighbourhood. I placed myself at the head of the forces that were burning with desire to avenge the death of the patriarch of his people. Our search was successful: more than one band of marauders was annihilated; and as we bore back the bloody trophies of our labours, I was hailed as the avenger of Amoora.

Years have flown over my head—I was again wealthy—my diamonds were worth the ransom of princes, and I again mingled with that world, the burning desire to revisit which had been my great temptation. But I came not alone—Amoora and his child were my guests and constant companions. Sleeping or waking, in solitude or in society, the Hindoo girl and her venerable father were with me. I should have perished by my own hand long ago, had it not been for the damning conviction that death would bring me no respite,—that I should exchange one mode of suffering only for another—that my fate was sealed here and hereafter. I sinned, and I am punished. The dead have been my companions, and eternal misery is my portion.

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Anecdote Gallery.

"TOO LATE FOR DINNER."

By M. Brillat-Savarin, in Le Physiologie de Goût.

Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.—I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary; and at the appointed moment, half-past five, every body had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the courtyard; some faces announced stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and inquired what had happened. "Alas!" replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, "Monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return!" "Is that all?" I answered, with an air of indifference which was alien from my heart; "that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most: some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to-day—they can have no motive for making us fast." I spoke thus, but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the Tuileries. By the second hour some symptoms of impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour, the discontent became general, and every body complained. "When *will* he come back?" said one. "What can he be thinking of?" said another. "It is enough to give one one's death," said a third. By the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to when I ventured to say, that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard: "Monseigneur set out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return." He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But, alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay.

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacères.

The Gatherer.

Rationale of Gaming.—For the *rich* to stake thousands on the chance of winning, and the *poor* to risk as much on a similar hazard, but with the advantage of being unable to pay, is a common, every-night occurrence in the gilded saloons of St. James's street; but to know *how* to calculate the odds, when to back a caster, *in* or *out*, requires that peculiar worldly wisdom, which can only be gained by a frequent attendance at a place that may not be named to "ears polite," and where, contrary to the old, received opinion, the presence of its nightly visiters, at all the places of fashionable resort, proves that there is a redemption.—*Lady Blessington.*

Death.—That confidence in the possibility of the duration of earthly enjoyment, which is in itself happiness, has fled for ever, when we have bent over the cold remains of one we loved; for then comes the reflection, that so may perish every tie that binds us to life; and the mysterious chain by which memory links us to the loved dead, awakening thoughts which they once shared, precludes our forgetting that the flowers of earth only shade the graves that yawn beneath them.—*Ibid.*

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Camel-riding.—The Arab mounts his camel, by pulling down his head, placing his knee on his neck, and allowing the animal to raise him on its back.

An electric eel was lately caught by some fishermen on the French coast.

Vesuvius is still inwardly convulsed, and thick clouds of smoke cover the mountain-top, the vapour of which is so prejudicial to the vines in the neighbourhood that the government has remitted the taxes of the growers.—*Paris Advertiser*, July 26.

New Comet.—The journal of the two Sicilies, of June 10, states that Sr. Bogalowski, director of the Royal Observatory at Breslaw, discovered a new telescopic comet on the 20th of April, in the constellation Patera.—*Ibid.*

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; "Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles, when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!" "Aye, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

Annotation.—Here is a specimen of the endless annotation of such a work as Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in which the Editor may almost hang a note on every line. The passage in the text is as follows, in Johnson's French Tour; "The colosseum,* a mere wooden building, at least much of it." Upon this, Mr. Croker notes: "This building, which stood in the Faubourg St. Honoré, was a kind of Ranelagh." Now, surely the word Ranelagh requires a note; for the place existed but a few years, and may not have been heard of by Londoners under thirty years of age; while we are at a loss to guess what a countryman of sixty may know of the name.

The Colosseum.—The present round of amusements at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, is directly from the French, about sixty-six years since, or in 1769, when a splendid edifice called *Le Colisée*, was erected in the *Champs Elysées*, at Paris, to give *fêtes* in honour of the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI. Here were dances, hydraulics, pyrotechnics, &c.; though the building was not on the plan of the Pantheon, as ours in the Regent's Park, but resembled the famed Coliseum at Rome. The proprietors failed, but the French Government assisted them; and the edifice was opened in an unfinished state. There were in it saloons, a rotunda, and many circular galleries. The diameter of the grand saloon was 78 feet, and its height [illegible]: adjoining were trellis-work apartments, [illegible]leries skirted with shops, and four [illegible]. In the centre of another large room called *Le Cirque*, was a vast basin of water, with fountains, &c.; beyond which fireworks were discharged. The outside of the whole edifice was completely covered with green trellis-work, the gardens surrounding it were tastefully laid out, and the entire space occupied by the buildings, courts, and gardens, was sixteen acres. The expense of the whole establishment was 2,675,000 livres, or nearly two millions and a half English money, more than five times the cost of our Colosseum. There were, it should be added, prize exhibitions of pictures at the *Colisée*, which were very popular; and Mr. Horner projected similar exhibitions in the gallery beneath his panorama of London; but the idea was not taken up by the British artists. In 1778, the Parisian building required repair, but the creditors of the proprietors refused to advance the requisite funds, and the *Colisée* was closed for ever: two years afterwards, the whole was taken down, and streets built upon the ground.—By the way, is not the *Colisée* the building mentioned by Dr. Johnson, in his Tour in 1775, as the colosseum, and noted by Mr. Croker "in the Faubourg St. Honoré," which is, indeed, the northern boundary of the *Champs Elysées*.

In digging for peat in the commune of Auxy le Château, in the Pas de Calais, there have been found some petrified horns of the urus, or auroch, an animal of the same species as the bull in its savage state, but which has long disappeared from this country.—*Paris Advertiser*, July 26.

Timber.—There were cut last winter, from one acre of land in the Taunton and Raynham Tract, State of Maine, 227,000 feet of timber. The tract was sold within three years at the rate of two dollars per acre!

M. Bovy has received a gold medal for a medal of Cuvier; and another of J. J. Rousseau, taken from the statue to his memory erected at Geneva.

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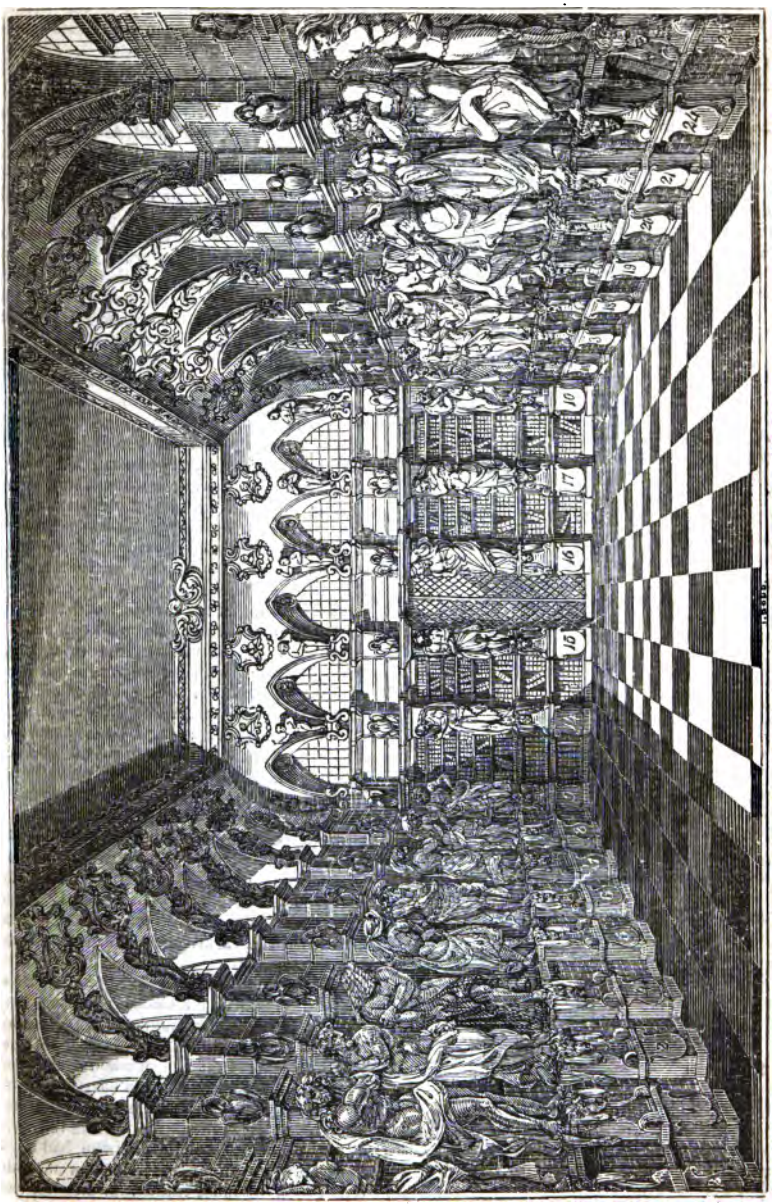
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 734.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.



STATUES OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMERS,

IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL, AT VENICE.

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STATUES OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMERS.

In our last Number, (p. 87,) we adverted to these statues, as masterly specimens of sculpture in wood, by Andrea Brustolini, the most celebrated of the Venetian artists, or carvers. They were designed as supports for a sort of heavy buttress, projecting from the wall of the library of the church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice; their office being somewhat similar to that of Caryatides, or Perses, as male figures are denominated.*

The history of these statues and their artist is involved in some obscurity. It is supposed that they existed about the middle of the seventeenth century. One authority states Andrea Brustolini to have been born at Belluno, in the year 1755. "But," observes Mr. R. F. Williams, "the date must be a mistake, (probably 1655;) for Montfaucon, whose work was published in 1702, describes the sculptures with which Brustolini adorned the library of the church dedicated to St. John and St. Paul, at Venice."

Although we have spoken of the architectural employment of these statues, their main design remains to be noticed. The church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice, was enriched with a multitudinous assemblage of works of art, and possessed a library, which, in its original state, might have been considered one of the most extraordinary apartments in the world. By reference to a series of engravings in the possession of Mr. W. H. Brooke, and illustrating all that was most remarkable in the city of Venice, Mr. Williams has been enabled to ascertain the position of the statues, and *the object with which they were placed there.* The grand design of the artist in the erection, or rather the embellishment, of the library, was to show the triumph of the Roman Catholic religion over all its opponents. With this object in view, statues, rather larger than life, exhibited the persons of the most noted "heretics," as they were called, in different positions, wearing chains, emblematic of their subjection, and in loose drapery or ragged vestments, to denote their disreputable condition. These figures were ranged round the room, at regular distances from each other; and each pedestal on which the single statue is standing, bears a representation of the face and body of that individual, writhing in the agonies of a state of eternal suffering. "Upon the breasts of these devoted victims, inscriptions have been carved in Latin, stating their names, their countries, their offences against the Church, the years signalized by their heresies, and the names of those orthodox advocates, who, in the opinion of the Catholics, proved the falsehood, and defeated the arguments, of the schismatics. Beneath each pedestal appear the writings of the heretics, burning in continual flame—above the head of the statue is seen the figure of a child, or angel, apparently much gratified with the torments inflicted on the Protestants; and above each angel is a portrait, possibly of the good Catholic, whose arguments, it has been stated, confounded the heretic. The statues, with their pedestals, were carved out of solid masses of the wood of the chestnut tree."

Of the merits of these statues we have but space to furnish the reader an outline. Mr. Williams has done justice, though not more than justice, to them; for, we willingly subscribe to the highest of his praise—that "Brustolini's statues are the result of a perfect knowledge of the resources of art, made subservient to as intimate a familiarity with the resources of nature."—"If ever the sublime was approached, it is seen in these sculptures. When we bring into consideration the wonderful variety of expression in the countenances—the surprising boldness and beauty in the arrangement of the drapery, equally varied—the extraordinary life-like energy and majesty visible in the position of the limbs, in no two instances placed in the same posture—the vastness of the sculptor's design, his fidelity to nature in all its details—the material upon which he worked, and the difficulties he must have had to surmount before he completed his conception, it is impossible to avoid bestowing a prodigal share of praise on the genius of Brustolini, while a disposition is felt to regard his productions as perfect miracles of art. The pedestals divide admiration with the statues; for the distortion of the features under the action of the most intense suffering—the scorched appearance of the flesh, enduring the burning heat of the damned—the flames and snakes, that occupy on the head the place of the hair—and the shrivelled arms and hands, that hang helplessly on each side, are executed with a semblance of reality quite startling.

"It is not improbable that the superiors of the church of Rome afforded the artist every facility towards successfully completing his design. It was to show the supremacy of their religion that he worked; and with such an object in view, it is easy to imagine that they assisted heart and hand in the labour. A great proportion of the reformers of the Roman Catholic doctrine had originally been its professors, living on intimate terms with its most influential prelates, and possessing their unlimited confidence. Their

* Caryatides are female supporting figures, and Perses male. There are, likewise, other female figures, carrying on their heads baskets of flowers: these are called Canephoræ. A specimen may be seen in the Second Room of Greek and Roman Sculptures, at the British Museum; which, in the Synopsis, is erroneously referred to as a Caryatide. Still more accessible specimens may be seen in the wings of St. Pancras' church, in the New Road.

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persons were known, their habits notorious. Such general knowledge of these men must have much assisted the artist. When he could not get to see the originals, it is likely that portraits were obtained for him; and by comparing Brustolini's statues of Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, and others, with the authentic portraits of these distinguished Protestants, a considerable resemblance will be observed; although one certainly not favourable to the reformers. In this comparison, the fact must be borne in mind, that the design was to flatter the church of Rome at the expense of the Protestants; 'the heretics,' therefore, are made to appear as unprepossessing as possible."

It may appear extraordinary that Brustolini's statues should not have been noticed by recent travellers in Italy; until the declining despotism of the Pope, and the insignificance of Venice be considered. The church and libraries have been generally closed to travellers: no Protestant was allowed admission to the library of the church of St. John and St. Paul; and we are indebted to the research of the orthodox Montfaucon for any mention of its riches. The world was kept in almost total ignorance of Brustolini and these statues, until Buonaparte, during his occupation of Venice, struck with the masterly execution of the sculpture, had the figures conveyed to Paris. They were conveyed back to Venice at the general restoration of the spoil of the Italian cities; but the Dominican fathers of the church, knowing that the heretics had already been very troublesome, and having discovered that their library was quite as useful, deprived of the statues, they privately sold them, and had them shipped off for England. After having been so long hidden from the public eye, they now form one of the most attractive exhibitions in London.

The statues are twenty-five in number; the inscriptions on the pedestal are in monkish Latin: Mr. Williams has freely translated them; but we have only space for the names, as follow:*

1. Anna Burgius
2. Ulric Zuinglius
3. Justus Velsius
4. Memno Simon
5. William of Schafhaus
6. John Bugenhaig
7. Louis of Newremberg
8. William des Amore
9. Sebastian Polonus
10. George Bingham
11. Constantine Fontaine
12. Matteo Gribaldi
13. Bernardine Ochinus
14. John Calvin
15. Martin Luther
16. Desiderius Erasmus
17. Philip Melancthon
18. Anthony Leger
19. John Brentius
20. Louis of Nuremberg
21. Moses Gerundensis
22. Isaac Genius
23. Philip de Mornay
24. Peter Pomponatius
25. Theodore Bena

—Of the whole number, Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, and Calvin, will be most popularly recognised by their identity with well-known portraits of those Reformers.

It may be interesting to add that the church of St. John and Paul, according to Milizia, was built towards the close of the fifteenth century, from the design of a celebrated Venetian sculptor and architect, Pietro Lombardo. It was in the Greek style, having in its exterior the Corinthian and Ionic orders divided into arches, supporting an entablature, and above this a circular pediment richly ornamented; it was built in a quadrangular form, with a raised chapel at the termination. Its walls were enriched by architects, sculptors, and painters of the first eminence. Among its beautiful sepulchres was that of Leonardo Loredano, a patriot, who, in the war of Cambray, sacrificed his property and his children, in defence of his country. Amidst its pictorial embellishments were St. Peter, the Martyr, by Titian; the Crucifixion, by Tintoretto; the representation of Paradise, by Giacomo Palma; and Christ banquetting with the Levites, by Paul Veronese. In the year 1696, eighteen Doges had been entombed within this famed church. "Among other monuments, there is one which contains the skin of the famous M. Ant. Bragadino, Governor of Famagusta, who, after this city had been taken by assault, was most cruelly tormented by his barbarous captor, Mustapha, and, ultimately, flayed alive. The skin was then stuffed with hay, and sent to the arsenal of Constantinople; and, when it had remained there five and twenty years, was ransomed by the brother and children of the martyr.* A picture on this subject, by the hand of Gioseffo Alabardi, ornaments the tomb."

Brustolini's statues were not the only objects of art in the church, describing the triumph of the Catholics over the Dissenters. In the new refectory, there is or was a painting by Gioseffo Enzo, representing St. Dominic preaching to the Lutherans and other infidels; and, in the same place, another of the Saint disputing with the heretics, by Giovanni Buonconsigli. By this artist, there is also, in the same church, a picture of St. Thomas, who instructs, and sitting in the pulpit, disputes with many heretics. And, over the door, Odoardo Fialetti has painted the manner in which St. Dominic, to the confusion of the Albigensian heretics, puts his book into the flames three times, and it remains unhurt.

We have condensed these details mainly from Mr. Williams's work on Sculpture in Wood, noticed generally in our two preceding Numbers. The prefixed Engraving has been reduced by Mr. W. H. Brooke, from the work descriptive of Venice, already stated to be in that gentleman's possession; and we add, with pleasure, that minute attention to detail and character, distinguishes his execution of this somewhat difficult labour.

* Only twenty-two are shown in the Engraving.

* A New Voyage to Italy, by Maximilian Misson.

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THE INFERNAL MACHINE.*

DIABOLICAL as was the recent attempt upon the life of the King of the French, the atrocity has its parallel, and that in the history of France within the present century; to which we may revert for the interest of our readers generally, and especially of those who pay attention to the parellelism of events in the records of human character. It need scarcely be added that the occurrence to which we intend to refer is the attempted assassination of Napoleon, by means almost precisely similar to those plotted for the destruction of Louis Philippe.

It was in the year 1800, a few months after Buonaparte had been confirmed First Consul, and had achieved his showy exploit of the passing of the Great St. Bernard, and the splendid victory of Marengo, where fortune loaded him with all kinds of favours, at the very moment when his enemies considered him lost for ever. This sudden triumph disconcerted the designs of his foreign enemies, and of some of them at home; but, in the interior of France, Buonaparte was exposed to the plots of demagogues and hostile royalists. In their eyes he was the common enemy. The vigilance of the police, with Fouché at their head, (Fouché, not only a spy upon the people in behalf of Buonaparte, but a spy also on Buonaparte himself,) far from discouraging the anarchists, appeared to imbue them with more audacity and vigour. Their leaders sometimes assembled at the house of a *limonadier;* sometimes at Versailles; and at other times in the garden of the Capucins, organizing insurrection, and already devising a provisional government. Determining to bring the matter to a conclusion, they proceeded to desperate resolutions. One of them, named Chevalier, a man of delirious republicanism and atrocious spirit, who had been employed in the great artillery magazine at Meudon, to devise means of destruction by gunpowder, first conceived the idea of destroying Buonaparte by means of an "infernal machine," stationed on his road. Stimulated by the applause of his accomplices, and still more by his native disposition, Chevalier, seconded by a man named Veycer, constructed a kind of barrel, hooped with iron, furnished with nails, and loaded with gunpowder and case-shot, to which he affixed a firmly adapted and loaded battery, to be discharged at any given moment by the aid of a match held by an engineer, who must himself be sheltered from the effects of the explosion.

The work proceeded rapidly; all the conspirators exhibiting an impatience to blow up, by means of the Infernal Machine, "the little Corporal," a name which they gave to Buonaparte. This was not all: the most daring of them, with Chevalier at their head, had the audacity to make an experiment of the Machine among themselves. During the night of the 17th of October, the chief conspirators proceeded to the back part of the convent *de la Sâlpètriere*, believing themselves in that place secure from detection. There the explosion was so violent, that the conspirators themselves, seized with terror, dispersed. As soon as they had recovered from their first alarm, they deliberated on the effects of the horrible invention: some considered it well adapted to effect their purpose; others, (and Chevalier was of this opinion,) thought, that as it was not the object of their plot to destroy many persons, but to secure the destruction of one, the effect of the Infernal Machine depended on too many hazardous circumstances. At length, Chevalier decided, as preferable to the Machine, the construction of a kind of incendiary bomb, which, being hurled against the First Consul's carriage, would destroy it by a sudden and inevitable explosion. Accordingly, Chevalier again set himself to work.

But the nocturnal experiment had already attracted Fouché's attention; and the boast of the conspirators transpiring from one to another, very shortly drew the whole police after their heels. The greater part of the secret intelligence received by Fouché, referred to the Infernal Machine. The wily Minister of Police consulted his notes, and felt assured that Chevalier was the principal artificer of the death-dealing contrivance. He was found concealed on November 8, and arrested, with Veycer, in the *Rue des Blancs Manteaux;* all those suspected to be their accomplices being taken at the same time. Powder and ball were also found; the fragments of the first Machine, and a rough model of the incendiary bomb; in short, all the materials for the deadly work. But no confession was to be obtained, either by menaces or bribes.

Such is Fouché's account of the invention of the Infernal Machine; or, rather, the account in the work purporting to be the Autobiography of Fouché; for, we believe, its identity has been disproved. Sir Walter Scott impugns the probability of the entire story, adding, "yet it would seem it must be partly true, since the attempt by means of the Infernal Machine was at first charged upon the Jacobins, in consequence of Chevalier's being known to have had some scheme in agitation, to be executed by simi-

* In France, this name has been applied to destructive machines differing materially in construction: as a barrel filled with gunpowder, &c., and a row of musket barrels, the latter being the engine of the recent attempt, but no new invention. "The ancient artillery used a weapon much more perfect, though upon the same principle. It consists of many musket barrels placed in succession upon the same stock; the touch-holes communicating with each other, so that the whole may be fired off at once."—*Morning Herald.* This machine is to be seen in the *Musée de la Marine*, at Paris.

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lar means, in the course of the previous year."

In Fouché's *soi-disant* Memoirs, the writer continues: "It will naturally be believed after this discovery, that the life of Buonaparte would be secure against means so atrocious and attempts so perverted. But the other hostile party, (the Royalists,) following the same object by the same intrigues, already conceived the scheme of robbing the demagogues of the invention of the Infernal Machine." Sir Walter Scott objects to this as the least probable part of the story, observing, "it does not appear by what means the Royalists became privy to the Jacobin plot." The other writer, however, adds: "Nothing is more extraordinary, and nevertheless, more true, than this sudden change of actors on the same stage in order to perform the same tragedy. It would appear incredible, did I not myself retrace its secret causes, as they successively appear to classify themselves in my own mind." He then refers to Georges Cadoudal, the most inveterate of all the unsubjected chiefs of Lower Brittany, who, informed by his correspondents at Paris of the irritation and the reviving plots of the popular party, sent thither, towards the end of October, his most confidential officers, as Limolan, St. Régent, Joyaux, and Haie Saint-Hilaire. It is even probable that he had already conceived, or adopted, the idea of borrowing the Infernal Machine from the Jacobins; of which invention his agents had furnished him information. In the disposition of the public mind, and of the Government also, this crime, originated by Royalists, did not fail of being ascribed to Jacobins; besides the Royalists were, at all events, in a condition to gather the harvest of the crime; while a combination so audacious appeared more especially political. Such was the origin of the attempt believed to have been made by the agents, or, rather, the delegates, of Georges.

As we have already quoted the details of the affair from the work said to be written by Fouché,* we prefer Sir Walter Scott's account. The contrivance was "a machine consisting of a barrel of gunpowder, placed on a cart to which it was strongly secured, and charged with grape-shot so disposed around the barrel, as to be dispersed in every direction by the explosion. The fire was to be communicated by a slew match. It was the purpose of the conspirators, undeterred by the indiscriminate slaughter which such a discharge must occasion, to place the machine in the street through which the First Consul was to go to the Opera, having contrived that it should explode, exactly as his carriage should pass the spot; and, strange to say, this stratagem, which seemed as uncertain as it was atrocious, was within an hair's breadth of success."

Sir Walter Scott dates the evening, October 10, 1800, when "Buonaparte has informed us, that though he himself felt a strong desire to remain at home, his wife and one or two intimate friends insisted that he should go to the Opera. He was slumbering under a canopy when they awaked him. One brought his hat, another his sword. He was in a manner forced into his carriage, where he again slumbered, and was dreaming of the danger which he had escaped in an attempt to pass the river Tagliamento some years before. On a sudden, he awaked amidst thunder and flame.

"The cart bearing the engine, which was placed in the street St. Nicaise, intercepted the progress of the Chief Consul's coach, which passed it with some difficulty. St. Régent had fired the match at the appointed instant; but the coachman, who chanced to be somewhat intoxicated, driving unusually fast, the carriage had passed the machine two seconds before the explosion took place; and that almost imperceptible fraction of time was enough to save the life which was aimed at. The explosion was terrible. Two or three houses were greatly damaged, twenty persons killed, and about fifty-three wounded; among the latter was the incendiary St. Régent. The report was heard several leagues from Paris. Buonaparte instantly exclaimed to Lannes and Bessieres, who were in the carriage, 'We are blown up!' The attendants would have stopped the coach, but with more presence of mind he commanded them to drive on, and arrived in safety at the Opera; his coachman during the whole time never discovering what had happened, but conceiving the Consul had only received a salute of artillery."

We now return to the Memoirs. Anticipating the opera, all followed Buonaparte's carriage; and, on his return to the Tuileries, there opened a scene, or rather an orgy, of blind and furious passions. On Fouché's arrival thither, for he hurried there without delay, he calculated from the glances of the court-adherents and councillors that a storm was about to burst upon his head, and that the most unjust suspicions were directed against the police. For this result, Fouché was prepared, and determined not to suffer himself to be put down by the clamour of the courtiers, nor the apostrophes of the First Consul. "Eh bien!" exclaimed he, advancing towards me with a countenance inflamed with rage; "Eh bien! you will not now pretend to say that these were Royalists."—"Yes," replied Fouché, with perfect presence of mind, "beyond a doubt I will say so; and, what is more, I will prove it."

Fouché's reply, at first, caused universal

* See Mirror, vol. v. p. 147.

astonishment; but, the First Consul repeating with more and more bitterness, and with obstinate incredulity, that the horrible attempt just directed against his life was the work of a party too much protected and not sufficiently restrained by the police; in short, of the Jacobins—"No;" replied Fouché, "it is the work of the Royalists, of the Chouans; and I only require eight days to furnish the demonstration." Having thus obtained some attention, Fouché justified the police and exonerated himself from personal responsibility, and attributed the whole to "the emigrants, the Chouans, the agents of England;" and with a respite of eight days, the Minister of Police felt confident of supporting his statements. Fouché had soon, in fact, possession, by means of the single bait of 2,000 louis, of all the designs of the agents of Georges. He was apprized, that on the day of the explosion and the day following, twenty-four chiefs of the Chouans had clandestinely arrived in Paris, from different quarters, and through by-ways; that if all these were not in the secret of the meditated crime, they, at least, were in expectation of some great event, and were all supplied with a pass-word. At length, the true author and instrument of the attempt were revealed to Fouché, and the proofs accumulating in a few days, he triumphed.

Fouché was next ordered to provide a list of the demagogues and anarchists in worst repute at Paris; with difficulty, he saved some forty of the proscribed, whom he caused to be struck out of the list before the publication of the decree, authorizing the transportation into Africa of nearly 130 of the chiefs of the broken faction of the Jacobins. Among these were several names which belonged to the celebrated Reign of Terror, and had figured in the rolls of the National Convention.

"These men were so generally hated, as connected with the atrocious scenes during the reign of Robespierre, that the unpopularity of their characters excused the irregularity of the proceedings against them, and their fate was viewed with complacency by many, and with indifference by all. In the end, the First Consul became so persuaded of the political insignificance of these relics of Jacobinism, (who, in fact, were as harmless as the fragments of a bomb-shell after its explosion,) that the decree of deportation was never enforced against them; and Felix Lepelletier, Chaudieu, Talot, and their companions, were allowed to live obscurely in France, watched closely by the police, and under the condition that they should not venture to approach Paris.

"The actual conspirators were proceeded against with severity. Chevalier and Veycer, Jacobins, said to have constructed the original model of the Infernal Machine, were tried before a military commission, condemned to be shot, and suffered death accordingly.

"Arena, Ceraschi, Le Brun, and Demerville, were tried before the ordinary court of criminal judicature, and condemned by the voice of a jury; although there was little evidence against them, save that of their accomplice Harel, by whom they had been betrayed. They also were executed."*

The trial relative to the explosion of October 10, came on later; in order to complete the details of which Fouché had possessed himself of the necessary proofs. There was no longer any doubt of the quarter from whence the crime originated. It was in evidence that one Carbon had bought the horse and wagon, in which the Infernal Machine had been placed: it was equally proved that he and St. Régent had taken back the same wagon: had provided the casks; brought the baskets and boxes filled with small shot; and, in short, that St. Régent having fired off the machine, had been wounded by the effect of the explosion. Carbon and St. Régent were, accordingly, condemned and put to death. Some persons tried for the same offence were acquitted; and thus ended the fate of the Royliste detected in the plot.

In the Memoirs, it is observed, that the analogy between these different attempts caused a presumption that some understanding had existed between their authors, although of different parties. The only analogy, in reality, was the common hatred, which induced both to conspire against the same obstacle; nor were there any other relations between them than those of a secret agency, which rendered the Royalists acquainted with the terrible instrument projected by the Jacobins for the destruction of Buonaparte.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

A HYMN FOR SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

By M. L. B.

"——which have borne the burthen and heat of the day."

THE weary day is done, brother!
The day is well nigh done;
Behind the western mountains,
Slow sinks the redd'ning sun:
That sun which dazzling, scorching,
Late made us groan and bow;
But feeble is he, rayless,
And cannot harm us now.

The weary day is past, brother!
That day, in which the storm,
Also too rudely shatter'd
Each fragile, shrinking form;
Hush'd is the wild wind's bowling,
Still'd is the thunder's roar;
And lightnings, wing'd and wrathful,
Shall never scathe us more!

The weary day is done, brother!
The day is almost done,
In which we've wept and labour'd,
'Neath tempest, cloud, and sun;

* Scott's Life, vol. iv. p. 338.

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In which we've toil'd, we've suffer'd,
And felt, how blest are they,
Who, ere dim eve advances,
Our MASTER calls away!

The weary day is o'er, brother!
That day, in which we've kept
Strict watch in arms, lest foemen
Should seize us as we slept:
They came, they found us wakeful,
But strength not ours, hath slain,
Or far dispers'd the Legion,
We may not fear again!

The weary day is done, brother!
The day is all but done,
In which, conflicting boldly,
The victory we've won:
Yet, but for him, our MASTER,
Who lent us arms and power,
In heart and frame too feeble,
Where had we been this hour?

The weary day is past, brother!
That day in which they fled,
(Mistrusting and abjuring,
Their LIVING ARM and HEAD,)
Whose senseless hearts were craving
The pleasures of that band,
Foes to the toilsome vineyard,
Foes to the Glorious Land!

The weary day is done, brother!
The day indeed is done;
Night's shadows,—coolness,—quiet,—
Descend on ev'ry one;
Rejoice! we ne'er shall languish
Nor toil again, nor roam,
For hark! our MASTER cometh,
To bear us to HIS Home!

NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(*Continued from page* 20.)

4. NEWMAN'S GRAMMAR OF ENTOMOLOGY.

THOUGH there is wanting an Entomological Dictionary, and Entomology made Easy, yet beginners in entomology have now nearly every kind of elementary book necessary for their study. There is Rennie's *Alphabet* of Insects, Kirby's, and also Priscilla Wakefield's *Introductions* to Entomology, Pinnock's *Catechism* of Entomology, Shuckard's *Manual* of Entomology, and Newman's *Grammar* of Entomology. The young zoologist must now say, "Grammar is divided into four parts; namely, ornithology, entomology," &c.

To be serious, however, Mr. Newman's *Grammar of Entomology* we have thoroughly perused and examined, and, we think, there is no work in the English language so deserving of the title. It is illustrated by four steel plates, two of which are beautifully and accurately coloured.

Earwig, p. 65.—Mr. Newman observes that the earwig's wings, when fully expanded, are in shape precisely like the human ear, from which circumstance, he says, "it seems highly probable that the original name of this insect was earwing, and not earwig, which appears to be entirely without a meaning."

Bailey, in his *Dictionary*, says the word is derived either from the Saxon *earpigga* or the Teutonic *ohrwurm*.

"*The Stag-beetle* feeds on the sap of plants."—(p. 226.) In the *Entomological Magazine*, mention is made of a stag-beetle, that bit a man's finger, and then drank the blood that flowed from the wound. Our intelligent friend, Mr. Blyth, lately told us of his having shot a bird that had a stag-beetle adhering to its body.

Entomological Books, (p. 288.)—In Mr. Newman's list of British books descriptive of the order Lepidoptera, (the butterflies, moths, and sphinxes,) is omitted one very useful work, of which several numbers are already published—we allude to Wood's *Index Entomologicus*, or *Illustrated Catalogue of British Lepidoptera*.

Entomological Societies, (p. 298.)—In his chapter recording the societies of entomology, Mr. Newman has quite overlooked the Entomological Society of Birmingham, of which a notice may be found in the *Field Naturalist*, (vol. i. p. 91.)

5. RENNIE'S FACULTIES OF BIRDS. PART 2.

We noticed the first part of this work in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiv. p. 345.

Lapwing, (p. 203.)—Here is introduced, from M. Antoine's *Animaux Célèbres*, an anecdote of a lapwing, "which a clergyman kept in his garden. It lived chiefly on insects; but, as the winter drew on, these failed, and necessity compelled the poor bird to approach the house, from which it had previously remained at a wary distance; and a servant hearing its feeble cry, as if it were asking charity, opened for it the door of the back kitchen. It did not venture far at first, but it became daily more familiar and emboldened as the cold increased, till, at length, it actually entered the kitchen, though already occupied by a dog and a cat. By degrees, it at length came to so good an understanding with these animals, that it entered regularly at nightfall, and established itself at the chimney-corner, where it remained snugly beside them for the night. But, as soon as the warmth of spring returned, it preferred roosting in the garden; though it resumed its place at the chimney-corner the ensuing winter. Instead of being afraid of its two old acquaintances, the dog and the cat, it now treated them as inferiors, and arrogated to itself the place which it had previously obtained by humble solicitation."

As we think with Mr. Rennie, that "nothing is more interesting than comparisons between animals of different species with reference to similar circumstances," (p. 210,) we have extracted this anecdote to compare it with one we have related in the *Mirror*, (vol. xxiii. p. 147,) of a pigeon, who having become a domestic bird, used, like this lap-

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wing, to make the dog and cat yield to his caprice. (See onward, page 111.)

Hedgehog's winter covering of leaves, (p. 205.)—"The hedgehog, so far as we are aware, has not been observed in the act of forming this covering of leaves, though it is supposed to roll itself about till its spines take up a sufficient number, in the same way as it is popularly believed, (without proof,) to do with apples."

Blumenbach states that he was assured "by three credible witnesses," that hedgehogs so gather fruit; but Buffon, who kept several for observation, declares they never practise any such habit.

Hare, (p. 208.)—"It may be true, as the older naturalists affirm, that hares never feed near home; "either," says Gesner, "because they are delighted with foreign food; or else, because they would exercise their legs in going; or else, by secret instinct of nature, to keep their forms and lodging places unknown."

It is observable that rooks, when in need of food, generally repair to some distance from their rookeries to obtain it.

Southwark. J. H. F.

Domestic Hints.

INFECTION.

(*To the Editor.*)

I KNOW not whether the following anecdote be printed or not; I have only recently heard it; but the fact, and the warning it conveys, have made so strong an impression on my own mind, that I am induced to afford them every degree of publicity, through the medium of your widely circulated periodical, and warmly to recommend them to the attention of such of your readers as may not hitherto have considered the subject. A few remarks I have appended, which will not, I trust, be deemed irrelevant.

Scarlet fever of a very malignant and fatal character, raged in a gentleman's family residing in the North of England. When it had disappeared from amongst them, the rooms of the house were well ventilated, and one bedchamber, in particular, scoured, the carpets taken up, and beaten, and the hangings, curtains, &c. taken down, and shaken, or washed. Still, every visiter who afterwards slept in this room, took the scarlet fever: the dormitory was again subjected to sanitary measures,—but again, its next occupants were taken ill with the fever; and, for the third time, recourse was had to similar processes; and now, on a stricter investigation than before, of the cause of this extraordinary continuance of infection, a book, which had hitherto lain in a drawer, and been overlooked, was discovered, and suspected; it was removed, and the room, by succeeding occupants, slept in with safety!

Now, this book had not only lain in the chamber whilst the scarlet fever raged in the house, but had, probably, been read, and, in consequence, breathed upon, by the sick person; and porous paper, easily imbibing, and becoming saturated as it were, with infectious air and moisture, like a Leyden vial well charged, is all prepared to give a shock. A papered room has even, and not without just cause, been suspected to communicate infection: indeed, so notorious is the capability of paper to spread contagion, that in places where plague, and other pestilential disorders rage, excellent care is taken to prevent it, by the fumigation of letters, &c., or their immersion in liquid anti-pests. But, in England, subject as we are to the visitation of those actual pestilences, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, &c.—are we also as careful to prevent these disorders spreading by means of infected paper?—No, may assuredly be replied; at least, it is to be feared, we are not. A book, an amusing book, is generally called for, by the languishing invalid who retains his senses, and whose mental powers are not so prostrated but that he can read; and a book is, of course, procured from the family's stores, or the more extensive ones of the circulating library: this volume, when read, is exchanged for another,—and another,—and whilst the time allowed for the perusal of library books is too limited to give any overplus for the purposes of thorough purification, such, we may almost confidently assert, is seldom or ever dreamt of; and these books are thoughtlessly returned, with their pages imbued with infection, to communicate a pestilential disorder to their next readers.

We wish we could be certified that such carelessness does not exist; but, setting the higher grades of society apart, when we know that, in many places, trashy publications can be hired at a mere trifle per night, and that such are often the delectation of the labouring classes, ill or well, whilst they lend their own pamphlets of tale or song, amongst themselves, (never purified) —can we doubt that sundry infectious disorders are communicated, and rapidly spread, by infected books, as well as clothes, &c.; and that the fact could be proved, if inquired into, and the disorder traced?

Query—Would not tobacco be the best and cheapest fumigation, for the prevention of infection in books, &c., that could be used?

M. L. B.

NEW CHEESE-PRESS.

IN the cheese presses commonly made use of in this country, considerable difficulty is experienced in effecting a rapid and complete separation of the whey from curd, and in this respect, the most powerful presses have

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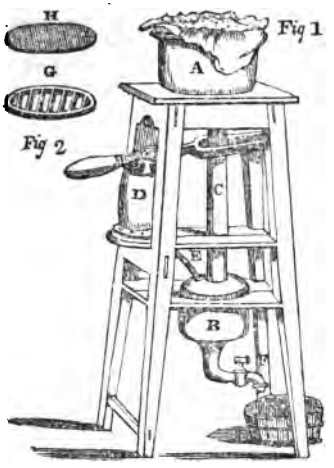

(New Cheese Press.)

References.—Fig. 1. A. vessel for curd; B. vessel for whey; C. tube from A to B; Air-pump for exhausting the air in B.; E. tube communicating from D to B; F. cock for letting off the whey from B. Fig. 2. False bottom for the vessel; G. wood frame; H. wire cloth.

little advantage over the simplest ones, or even over the expedients sometimes resorted to of exposing the curd in a net, in which it has no pressure but its own weight. The consideration of these circumstances having led to a trial, whether the separation of the whey from a mass of prepared curd could be effected by subjecting it to the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface, while this pressure should be partially removed from the lower one; it was found that it was easily done by a moderate degree of rarefaction, which could be attained by a very simple apparatus. The accompanying figure of an apparatus made on this principle will serve to explain what has been said. The Pneumatic Cheese Press, when of full size, may consist of a stand about three feet high, on the top of which may be fixed a tinned copper or zinc vessel, of any required capacity, (say eighteen inches diameter, and eighteen inches deep,) to contain the prepared curd. This vessel should have a loose bottom of ribbed work, covered with wire-cloth, from under which a small tube, nearly twelve inches long, should communicate with a close vessel, capable of containing all the whey which may be drawn from the curd in the upper vessel. At one side of the stand there may be a small pump-barrel of about seven inches deep, from the bottom of which a suction-pipe should communicate with the top of the whey vessel: the suction-pipe should terminate at its upper end in a valve opening upwards, and a piston, with a similar valve, should be placed in the pump-barrel, and be worked by a jointed lever, as shown in the model. The process is to be conducted as follows:—The curd being prepared, and salted in the usual way, a cloth is to be put over and into the upper vessel, and the curd put lightly into it, excepting round the edges, where it should be packed quite close to the sides of the vessel, so that no air may pass that way; the pump-handle is then to be briskly worked for a few minutes, on which the pressure of the external air will force the whey to run down the tube into the whey vessel: when it ceases to run, a few strokes of the pump may be repeated. The cloth and its contents are then to be lifted bodily out of the curd-vessel, and to be put into a mould of close wire-work, with a weight placed over it, until it become firm enough to be handled. The moulds should stand on a sparred shelf to allow the air free access to all sides of the cheeses.—John Robison, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in *Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland.*

The Sketch-Book.

HOW VERY EXTRAORDINARY!

A Venetian Incident.

"We have no rainbows now-a-days that will stay a quarter of an hour to be looked at."—*Goethe.*

[During our stay at Geneva I was induced to enter the shop of a broker, to inquire the price of a small picture which hung temptingly in his doorway. The subject represented was an elegantly-formed youth, dressed in the Italian costume, in the act of rising from a seat, and looking upon two other young men who were standing beside him. The expression of the former appeared to have been the chief attempt of the artist. Stupor, vexation, surprise, and drollery, were all mingled; and upon inquiring of the picture-dealer whether he knew the history of the painting, he replied, "You are not the first by many who have asked the same question: I esteem that picture so much, that the price I have put upon it has deterred several connoisseurs from purchasing it. The legend attached to it you will find written on this scroll of parchment. Take it to your hotel, and when you have perused it, return it to me." Thanking him for the offer, I hasteued home, and read the following story.—*Dyke's Travelling Mems.*]

A merrier man than Baptisto Biondetto, the barber, dwelt not in all Venice. 'Twas said, but we vouch not for the facts, nor do they matter to our history, that he had Moorish blood in his veins; that his grandfather had emigrated from Granada, and that his mother was my lady's lady to the beautiful Donna Teresa Campacino, of Truxillo. Without staying to elucidate these important matters, we proceed on our path. The barber was young, handsome, and poor. His "right merrie conceits" were sought after, not only by persons in his own sphere of life, but also by the young wits of higher grades in Venice; and consequently, in spite of numerous douceurs from his more wealthy patrons, his pockets were more frequently empty than overflowing with abundance.

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The night was chill; the ponderous bell of St. Mark's cathedral had tolled the vesper-hour long since; and all the world in Venice was lounging in the place, except Baptisto, who, seated before a small but sparkling fire, was ruminating on the best means of raising a few ducats to defray the night's expenses. Fob after fob had he drawn out—all were empty; and even the ready-witted barber was in despair, seeing that old Grimaldi had refused to give him credit for another scudo. "Heigho!" sighed he, drawing a face so long that even his favourite cat, Signora Garcia, as he called her, mewed with affright. "Heigho!" another sigh from Baptisto; a louder mew from the Garcia. Our veritable history affirmeth that there was yet a third sigh, and one other mew; and that then the barber sank into a reverie, long, interesting, and profound. How long this fit of musing-melancholy lasted, we cannot, for certes, tell. Some chroniclers say an hour and twenty-three minutes; others contend that it continued but three-quarters of an hour.

Biondetto's speculations were interrupted by a rap, rap, rap, at his chamber-door. He started; for he had fastened the street-entrance; and how any person could have gained admittance was beyond his powers of conception. However, there certainly *was* a treble knock; ay, and even before his bewildered senses had rallied, the door opened, and, to his horror, a familiar of the "Council of Three" passed the threshold.

Our limits will not permit us to descant upon the inquisitorial system of government which ravaged the whole of Catholic Christendom at the period of which we write. If the reader wishes to become acquainted with that branch of it which rendered this city of merchant-princes a curse and a by-word, we point out Cooper's tale of "The Bravo," as giving an excellent idea of its intricate and cruel machinery.

When the barber beheld his unwelcome visiter, the ruddy red that denoted his Afric descent left his visage, and he stood pale and trembling before the familiar. It was not sufficient that he felt himself innocent of crime: to be suspected was as dangerous to his life and happiness.

"Baptisto Biondetto, thy presence is required elsewhere!" exclaimed the messenger, in a tone of fierce authority; "follow me!"

"My dear sir, you are surely mistaken in your man," replied poor Baptisto; "I—I have no doubt but that you wanted my next-door neighbour, worthy Doctor Galleni: allow me to show you to his residence——"

"Biondetto! no trifling!—follow!"

And sure enough, the unlucky barber was obliged to tread in the familiar's footsteps, with the best grace he could assume; not forgetting, however, once more to express his fear lest his *worthy* companion should have erred in his errand, by disturbing a wrong domicile. Issuing from the house, the stranger led the way down a flight of steps leading to the canal; and entering a gondola, motioned the perruquier to follow.

"My honoured friend—my dear sir—you are very good—very polite, I might say; but there is a freshness in the breeze that disagrees with a slight cough that I have the misfortune to possess—ahem! ahem!—and if your business is not of great urgency, I beg the favour to return to my fireside: dear me! how chill the night feels, and——"

There is no knowing what Baptisto would have said further, for his speech was stayed by a very significant movement of the familiar's hand towards his dagger-belt, where the moonbeam played upon a blade of glittering steel. The gondola shot out of the narrow canal, on the wharf of which the barber dwelt, and threading through a host of vessels of the same description, gained a secluded part of the city.

"Here," said the inquisitor, "you must submit to have your eyes bandaged."

"Oh! no consequence about that," rejoined the barber, quickly, "I am subject to the cataract; indeed, there is a legend in my family, forbidding ——"

Another movement of the messenger's hand again cut short the sentence, and Baptisto was fain to submit to the operation. The gondola once more sped like lightning, and after some time jutted against a quay; and Baptisto found himself on *terra firma*.

"How very extraordinary!" silently ejaculated the victim, as he found himself hurried on by the grasps of two men. "How very terrible that a young man of my parts and immaculacy should be dragged before the tribunal in this way! and poor Julietta! heigho!" After various ambulatory movements, Baptisto was forced to ascend a flight of steps, and became aware that he had entered a building. They traversed a considerable space, and again ascended.

"Oh, Santo Marco!" groaned the barber, "that I should have lived to explore the recesses of the inquisition: some foul accusation put into the Lion's Mouth, I warrant me. How very extraordinary!" At length the conductors of the prisoner halted, and Biondetto felt their holds relaxed.

"Baptisto, it is the will of the holy inquisition that you wait here awhile, and alone; but do not dare to remove the bandage from thy sight!"

"But, my dear gentlemen, you forget the cataract. I question whether total blindness may not be produced, and that would be a dreadful thing to one whose business it is to renovate the head-gear of half the nobles of Venice."

"On peril of future pains, remove the kerchief until required!"

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"Oh, very well, very well—to hear is to obey, as my Moorish grandfather was wont to exclaim. The bandage shall *not* be removed, if you insist upon it."

Baptisto heard the retreating footsteps of his tormentors, and the shutting of a door; then all was silent as the grave: he was alone.

"How very extraordinary!" quoth he, "to be immured in a dungeon; and I may add, how extremely unpleasant! The vaults, however, are not so cold as I expected to find them; in fact, the temperature is rather agreeable. I should like to see of what shape the cell is, and whether they have allowed a poor creature anything for supper. Had I not the stiletto and the rack in my mind's eye, I really believe I should feel hungry; at any rate I must have *one* peep, if, as my grandfather used to say, I suffer the bowstring for doing so."

The barber removed the bandage; and lo! instead of a dreary dungeon, a splendid apartment, brilliantly lighted, exquisitely furnished, and having a table on which was laid out a small but unique banquet, presented itself to his astonished gaze.

"Santo Marco, and the holy Mother of Cordova, defend me! how very extraordinary! —but, hush! footsteps!—on, bandage, on! Baptisto, what next?" The door opened, and closed, when a voice desired Baptisto to untie the kerchief. The barber quickly obeyed, and found himself in the presence of an elderly man, dressed in the patrician style of Venice.

"Signore Biondetto, you will, I trust, excuse the freedom with which you have been treated: there were weighty reasons for acting so towards you, which shall in time be explained. I am about to surprise, and probably to delight you, by saying that you are not in the inquisition, but in the palace of the Abrazzi."

"In the p-palace of the Abrazzi! you don't say so, Excellenza! May it please you to relate why I have that felicity? If my noble Signore wishes to be shaved, I regret that your messenger did not allow me time to pack up my knick-knacks; if ——"

"For no such purpose have I required your presence here. Attend!"

"I do, noble Signore! most heartily."

"Then know, I have excellent fortune to communicate. My niece, the Signora Sylvia Abrazzi has, most strangely, fallen in love with you ——"

"With me!—with a poor barber, Signore! eh, dear!"

"I candidly inform you, that I have done all in my power to dispel the absurdity, but without success. She had pined until near death, and I found myself compelled to consent to an introduction and marriage. Since she succeeded so far, she has recovered her usual health, and you will be introduced to her this evening."

"My d-dear Signore—pardon the freedom —my most excellent Excellenza—you are pleased to be merry."

"I am serious, and, although I have prejudices against the alliance, yet my niece's happiness is the primary consideration in my breast. Partake, Biondetto, of this repast; my attendants will afterwards conduct you to the tiring-room, whence you will proceed to the fair Signora."

Without awaiting a reply, the old gentleman left the room, and Baptisto gave vent to his joy by springing nearly to the ceiling. "How very extraordinary! Fortunate Baptisto! Oh, that my grandfather of Granada had lived until this blessed night!" Such were his exclamations, when several attendants entered the apartment, and he began to do justice to the fare set before him.

"Ah!" quoth the barber, smacking his lips, "after all, there is nothing like your wine of Cyprus. Your Falernian, and your Xeres, and occasionally your Cogniac, are all very well in their way; but for my part I prefer the Orientals." With sentences like this, did Baptisto amuse himself and the domestics during his repast; and then, motioning, with an air of consequence, that he was ready to retire, he was shown into a room in which were several rich habiliments, and all the necessary articles of a Venetian gentleman's toilet.

"Very good—very excellent, i'faith! this doublet is of the finest texture, and this mantle becoming. A gold chain! just as it should be—and now—" gazing in one of those magnificent mirrors for which Venice was so celebrated—"and now, Signore Baptisto Biondetto, thou lookest like thyself!"

A few promenades up and down the room, and as many glances in the mirror, convinced him that he was not only a good match for a Signora, but even that he was not to be despised by the daughter of the Doge herself. From the tiring-room he was led to a saloon, where every luxury served to promote indulgence. Marbles from the chisels of Phidias and Michael Angelo—the exquisite gems of Titian, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, whose works were then the glory of Venice—ottomans, from the Sublime Porte—perfumes, from Araby and Hindostan—lustres, blazing with naphtha and asphalta—and various other elegancies to delight the senses, lay revealed before the astonished barber. But not long had he inspected them, before a cabinet door opened, and the young and beautiful Signora stood before him.

We are miserable describers of beauty: we know what we ourselves admire; but this is not sufficient for the reader. We will therefore just say, that a lovelier woman the republic could not boast of. Her fair features

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were lighted up by hazel eyes of glorious lustre, and there was a magic power, and laughing sweetness of countenance, that made the entranced Biondetto kneel down in homage before her. A few short sentences on either side made them acquainted with the feelings and sentiments of each other. The attempted excuses of the Signora were overwhelmed by the passionate exclamations of the barber. He breathed into her ears sentences so full of love that they were surpassed only by his vows of constancy and ejaculations of joy.

"Most adorable Abrazza! light of my heart, and index of maiden excellencies!—as my Moorish ancestor would have said—how can I sufficiently thank you for the honour you have done me, and for the ecstacy that thrills through my bursting soul: how can I, poor in estate, and humble in accomplishments—how can I make known how much I am beholden to my divine Signora?"

"By leading me to the altar, where a priest awaits us," replied the lady in a voice of sweetness.

"I fly with you, on the wings of ardour!" cried Baptisto, making an effort to rise:—but a severe blow levelled him to the earth, and he—AWOKE!

Instead of finding himself in the Abrazzi palace, he was still in his own house; and his two friends, Mercutio, the comedian, and Paoli, the maître d'hôtel at the Ostrich, were standing before him.

"Why, Master Baptisto, wert thou in Elysium, that thy slumbers were so sound? we have bellowed at thee these five minutes, and could only awake thee by bestowing a smart rap on thine epaulette. Wilt not thou go with us to the revels? for that purpose we visit thee."

"A plague on both your visits! you have spoiled the finest fortune in Venice. Sit down—I will tell you my somnolent adventures, and you will, I think, allow that they are *very extraordinary!*"

The Public Journals.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COOKERY.

(Concluded from page 76.)

[FROM the sketches of the French *artistes*, we have only space to select a few traits.]

We despair of doing justice to a tithe of the distinguished personages who have grown rich and famous in the public practice of their art in France, but we must endeavour to signalize a few of them, and we shall excite no envy by mentioning such names as Rechaud, Merillion, Robert, Beauvilliers, Méot, Rose, Legacque, Léda, Brigaut, Naudet, Tailleur, Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine, because all and each of them are now generally regarded as historical. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterized as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême is considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.*

Beauvilliers made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke so much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had been two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he only had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But this Amphitryon-like character lasted but a moment; he vanished after having supported it, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*.

Carême is a lineal descendant of that celebrated *chef* of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carême*, (*Jack of Lent*,) for a soup-maigre which he invented for the pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by *our* Carême himself was a sauce for fast-dinners. The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was, of course, unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He was induced, by persevering solicitations, and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months, complaining that it was a *ménage bourgeois*. We have heard that, during the time he condescended to stay at Carlton

* Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage:—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and bitter to be *relatively* pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in *the art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!"—*Philosophical Essays.*

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House, immense prices were given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The Emperors of Russia and Austria made new advances to him upon this occasion—but in vain—;—*mon ame* (says he,) *toute Française, ne peut vivre qu'en France*;—and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Rothschild of Paris, who nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*. As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's sketch of a dinner by Carême at the Baron Rothschild's villa:

"I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie* without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and, in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees: it was an elegant, oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

"To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served, would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition,—no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good, old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

"On tepid clouds of rising steam"—

formed the *fond* all. Every meat presented its own natural aroma—every vegetable its own shade of verdure: the *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombière*, (which held the place of the eternal *fondu* and *soufflets* of our English tables,) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense, and dissipated every coarser flavour.

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag, (divine as they are,) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism, were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such Amphitryons as his employers!"—*France in* 1829-30.

In the course of the evening, Lady Morgan requested Madame Rothschild to present Carême to her. The illustrious *chef* joined the circle in the *salon* accordingly; and we are sorry we have not space for the affecting and instructive interview which ensued—

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The *Rocher de Cancale* first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.

We must not take leave of the *Rocher de Cancale*, without earnestly recommending its *rouges-gorges* and *grenouilles*, robin-redbreasts and frogs, to the special attention of the amateur. Frogs fried, with crisped parsley, such as is given with fried eels at Salisbury, are a dish for the gods; and we gladly take this opportunity of correcting the prevalent notion of their dearness. The *carte* is now before us, and *grenouilles frites* are marked at the moderate price of a franc and a half per *plat*.

The time has been when Grignon's was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a *restaurant*: two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the comptoir. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most

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particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish, (the rarest of all things at Paris,) is really fresh.

The early fame of the Vérys was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation till it embraced the whole known world of cookery.

The *Café de Paris* is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by daylight; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; and though the price of every thing is nearly a third higher than the average rate even in the best houses, the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode*.

If you pass in front of Périgord's, a few doors from Véry's, in the Palais Royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome, eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherchée*. But the rooms, consisting merely of a ground-floor and an *entresol*, are so hot and close, that it is always with fear and trembling that any English *savant* can venture to dine in them; a pure air being, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of the aroma of a dish.

Hardy and Riche have been condemned to a very critical kind of notoriety by a pun —"Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi." We never were hardy enough to try Riche, but those who are rich enough to try Hardy, will still find a breakfast fully justifying the commendation of Mr. Robert Fudge:—

"I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette:*
Then Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;
But a sideboard, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the harem, and thence singles out
One's paté of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chicken, done *en papillote;*
One's erudite cutlets, *drest* always, but plain—
Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne;
Then some glasses of Beaune, to dilute—or mayhap,
Chambertin, which you know's the pet tipple of Nap.
Your coffee comes next, by prescription, and then, Dick's
The coffee's ne'er failing and glorious appendix—
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips."

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite, just at present, for a *déjeûner;* and *parfait-amour* is obsolete.

The following advice may still also be implicitly depended upon:

"If some who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick)—
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Panoramas,*
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés* as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen."

The place intended to be indicated, we presume, is M. Felix's, who preserves his reputation in all its pristine purity. The demand for his *pâtés* is said to vary between twelve and fifteen thousand a day.

We have introduced these particulars, to account for the universal diffusion of the French taste in cookery over Europe; but in all other countries it is mostly confined to private houses, so that, to avoid playing the Paul Pry of the kitchen, we shall be henceforth driven to be more general in our remarks. This, however, need not prevent our mentioning the hôtels and restaurateurs in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, where a *cuisine* peculiarly *recherchée* is to be found. To the best of our information, the following may be fairly placed in the first class:—*Jagor's** at Berlin, the *Hôtel de France* at Dresden, the *Schwan* and the *Grand Duke Charles* at Vienna, the *Old Doel* or *Doelen* at the Hague, and *Rebechino Vecchio* at Milan, where the famous *minestra del riso* may be tasted in the highest perfection. We have observed excellent dinners at many other places, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden, and Strasburg, (which should be visited for the sake of the *foie gras*); but we are here speaking exclusively of places to be made objects in an artistical tour. If you take the St. Gothard road, the red trout from the lake near Andermatt must be studied; they are, we rather think, the very finest trout in Europe. In passing the Simplon, again, the tourist should not forget to ask for a *pâté de chamois* at the little inn upon the top; should he pass within a moderate distance of the lake of Como, we earnestly recommend him to try the trout; and at Rome, the wild boar will be found worthy of its classical fame.† With regard to the national dishes of the countries above mentioned, so little pains have been taken in cultivating them, that they will rarely, and then by accident, be found worthy of the attention of the connoisseur, when he has once made himself acquainted with their quality.

In Italy, again, whenever the thoughts of the amateur turn on eating, the object is pretty certain to be French. The Old World is not behindhand with the New in this enthusiasm for the cookery of France; amongst the other special missions intrusted to M. Armand de Brémont by Bolivar, was that of

* Jagor is famous for Champagne. We have been told, on good authority, that he sells not less than 30,000 bottles per annum, but we are not quite sure that the whole is consumed upon the premises.

† By the way, the only attraction of Athens in our time is the turkey fattened on the olives of Mount Hymettus.

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bringing over the best French cook he could entice.

We have now cleared the way for England. It seems allowed on all hands that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude, we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given in May last to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a head; and the dinner was ordered by Comte d'Orsay, who stands without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art. [We omit the *menu*, as it is mostly French, and the names of several of the dishes are untranslatable.]

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes—turtle, white bait, and venison,—relieve the French in this dinner, and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity, they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French; but we think Comte d'Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiriting success. The moderation of the price must strike every one. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a piece. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled magnificence, and nearly equal cost at each; or rather not decided, for it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. But these are reminiscences on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

It is very far from our intention to attempt a *catalogue raisonné* of the different hotels and club-houses of London, similar to that which we have hazarded of the *restaurants* of France, nor can we pretend to balance the pretensions of the artists of acknowledged reputation amongst us. We shall merely enumerate a few very distinguished names for the enlightenment of the rising generation and of posterity. Such are Ude, Lefevre, Bony, Martin, Hall, Crepin, Francatelli, Collins, and Loyer,—all at present residing in London; with whom Boyer, ci-devant cook to the Marquis of Worcester, and now master of the Bell at Leicester, richly merits to be associated. The celebrated *chef* of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, at a salary of 400*l.* a year, on hearing that there was no Italian opera at Dublin, was burnt to death in Lisle-street, some years ago; and we remember a fair friend of ours exultingly declaring that she had partaken of one of his *posthumous* pies. These great artists, with others whose names are not now present to our memory, have raised cookery in England to a state which really does honour to the age.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of cookery, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot, it is madness to attempt *entrées* and *entremets*; and "better first in a village than second in Rome," is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. "A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, duckling with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor—when he cannot get a better;"—so said the late accomplished Earl of Dudley, and we agree with him: but let peculiar attention be given to the accessaries. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman on a deceased Baron of the Exchequer.—"He was a good man, sir, an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

The Gatherer.

Cat and Parrot.—A friend of mine had kept for many years a parrot, which he did not confine in a cage, but allowed the range of the house and garden: as a common appendage in a house, he had likewise a cat. A very remarkable attachment existed between them: how it had first arisen, I could not learn; but it showed itself in every imaginable form: they procured food for each other, and when Poll wished his head scratched, he would make his companion understand by signs, and she complied with an appearance of great satisfaction. At length, Puss had kittens, and the parrot immediately set about installing himself into their good graces, as well as their mother's: this he soon accomplished, and in such a degree, that the little ones hardly knew on which to bestow the greatest share of their affection. J. N. B. Y.

A Good Servant.—Cowper, in one of his delightful letters, writes:—"I have a servant who is the very mirror of fidelity and affection for his master. And whereas the Turkish Spy says, he kept no servant because he could not have an enemy in his

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house, I hired mine because I would have a friend. Men do not usually bestow these encomiums on their lackeys, nor do they usually deserve them; but I have had experience of mine, both in sickness and in health, and never saw his fellow."

Berkshire.—Mr. Pitt once observed that "no minister of this country could command ten votes in Berkshire." A higher testimony could not be given to the virtuous independence of its inhabitants.

Training Children.—Some dangerous theorists hold that vehemence of passion proves strength of feeling; that people of warm tempers have necessarily warm affections; and that a boy's spirit should not be broken. They never consider that a burst of passion is neither more nor less than a burst of selfishness, and that the individual who does more injury in one hour of anger than he could undo, perhaps, in years of willing toil, is likely to make his friends wish that his feelings had only the usual and average strength of their own, and that his spirit had been curbed only by his reason.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

Temperance.—The *New York American* contains an abstract of the Annual Report of the American Temperance Society, by which it appears there are State Temperance Societies in every State but one; that there are 8,000 local Societies, and that 1,200 American vessels are now navigating the ocean without the use of alcohol.

Grecian Antiquities.—A room at the Institute at Paris, has been converted into a museum for models of the celebrated monuments of Greece, of which there are 77 upon a small scale, for the most part executed by M. Stephane Poulain. Inscriptions in Greek, Latin, and French, are placed on each, indicating their origin and dates, which are from twenty to twenty-five centuries back, with a succinct account of their history. The museum, which is open to the public, is called the Musée Pelasgique.—*Paris Advertiser.*

The newly invented paper, called the *papier de sureté,* is invaluable for those desirous to guarantee against an erasure, or the alteration of a word, as any chemical process to obtain this end discolours the paper, and thus leads to detection.

Ancient Vessel.—In making a new sluice to the citadel of Calais, an ancient vessel, 45 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and 8 in depth, was discovered in the ground; strongly built, though its measurement does not exceed 80 tons, and has evidently never been covered with a deck. Coins were found in it with the date of 1219, and as it lay 12 feet below the foundations of the inner wall of the fortifications erected by the Count de Boulogne, it is to be presumed that the vessel was not discovered at that period. It cannot be ascertained whether it was ever at sea, but there is reason to believe it was erected before Calais was made a regular port, and when the sea ran far up the present land.—*Paris Advertiser.*

A new tulip, reared by M. Patrix, a gardener at Ghent, and which the Society of Florists of the town has named the "Citadel of Antwerp," has been purchased by Mr. Vanderninck, a horticulturist of Amsterdam, at the price of 16,000 francs!

The palace of St. Germain, near Paris, is about to be converted into a military penitentiary prison, upon the American plan.

Travelling.—A gentleman lately arrived in Paris from Shrewsbury, *viâ* London, Dover, and Calais, upwards of 400 miles, in 55 hours, including stoppages!—*Paris Advertiser.*

Idleness appears always to have been considered by the Dutch as a crime, and one which was formerly rather too severely punished, if we may judge from a curious contrivance shown at Amsterdam. It is a confined place, into which a stream of water entered one side, with a pump on the other, so that if the culprit did not incessantly work at the pump, he must inevitably be drowned.

The Haarlem Organ.—The organist demands fourteen florins, or twenty-four shillings, for playing this stupendous instrument. This is certainly playing to some tune.

Bulletins.—In many of the towns of Holland, when one of a family is ill, it is customary to hang out upon the front door of the house a daily bulletin of the health of the invalid; and, if it be a case of *accouchement*, a board, tastefully ornamented with a fringe of lace or plaited linen, describes the health of mamma and the little one.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, there can be little occasion for heating the copper upon a washing day; since the women wash clothes in the hot streams in the different parts of the town.

Singular Motto.—Monsieur de Seze, the undaunted defender of Louis XVI., received from Louis XVIII. the grant of his arms, the three towers of the Temple, at Paris, and the motto, "Dec. 26th, 1792."

German Roads.—The high roads of Germany are excellent—certainly equal to those of England, and their by-roads are much superior. These are not paved, but Macadamized.—*Dyke.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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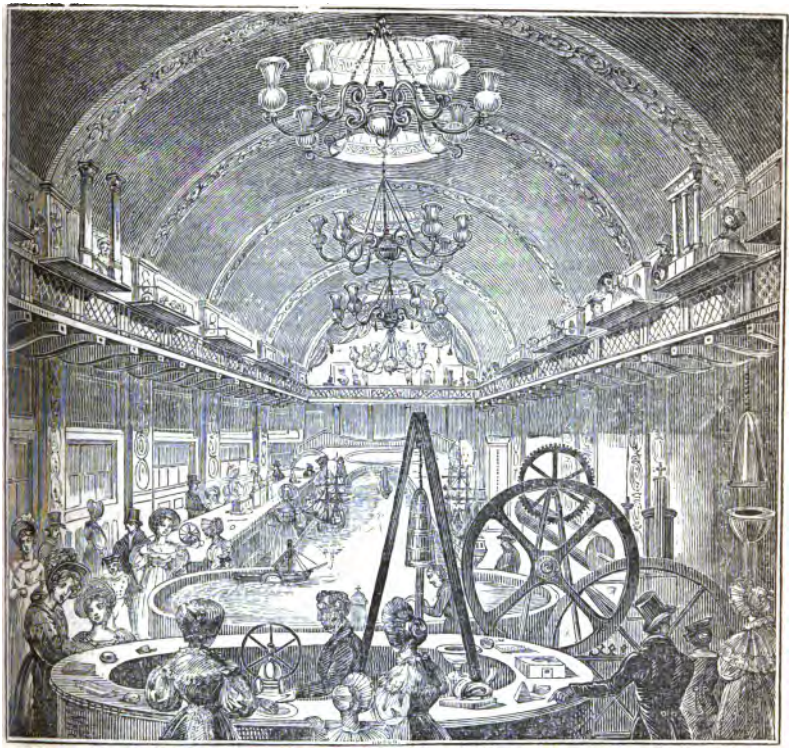
THE GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, STRAND.



THE LONG ROOM.

IT is now somewhat more than eighty years since the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, was formed in our metropolis. The means by which this admirable association sought to effect its object, was by the donation of premiums and bounties for inventions, discoveries, and improvements; and in this manner have they, with praiseworthy zeal, expended many thousand pounds. The Society still flourishes, and long may it continue its useful labours. Its museum was, we believe, the first of its kind established in London; there were previously, several other collections of "curiosities" in the metropolis, but none, like the Society's, consisting almost exclusively of objects of direct utility.

Forty years subsequent to the formation of the Society of Arts, our excellent and enlightened friend, the late M. Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, and a Member of the National Convention, suggested the idea of forming, at Paris, a National Repository of machines, models, drawings, &c., for the improvement of machinery and implements connected with manufactures, agriculture, and other branches of industry. There previously existed at Paris, three repositories of machines, which were, about the above date, formed into one, entitled, *Le Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*. This repository was remodelled in 1817; and the objects of the collection are now so numerous as to fill upwards of fourteen apartments.

The success of this Society led to the establishment of a similar association in London, in the year 1828, having for its managing chairman the lamented Lord Dover, F.R.S., and for its inspecting chairman, Dr. Birkbeck, F.G.S. The establishment soon obtained the patronage of George IV., (who, with some extravagance of taste,

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was an august patron of science and art;) likewise the grant of the upper gallery of the south-west side of the King's Mews, for an exhibition room, and thirty-five adjoining rooms; under the denomination of the National Repository. The projected National Gallery, however, soon compelled the Government to rescind this grant, and the Society vacated the premises; but, we remember little more of its existence until the formation, in 1833, of a "Museum of National Manufactures and of the Mechanical Arts," in Leicester-square, "in continuation, with extension of the design, of the National Repository, formerly in the King's Mews;" having Dr. Birkbeck, as chairman of the Board of Approval.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jacob Perkins had opened for exhibition his Steam Gun and other mechanical novelties, in premises built for the purpose, in Adelaide-street, Strand. The success of the experiment brought up a "Society for the Illustration and Encouragement of Practical Science," in the year 1832; whose object was to receive for exhibition Models of Inventions, Works of Art, and Specimens of Novel Manufacture. The list of members soon included Patentees, Inventors, Mechanics, and Artists of high repute; and the Exhibition, by judicious management, became popular, materially by aid of a clever catalogue of the objects exhibited; the twelfth edition of which is now before us.

The premises in Adelaide-street have lately been enlarged, and now comprise a gallery and ten other apartments, for the most part filled with "objects blending instruction with amusement." Our Engraving represents the principal apartment, which we shall describe in its proper place, as we propose a *detour* through the several rooms, and a passing notice of some of the most striking objects in them.

First, is

The Entrance Lobby, No. 1.,

where are finely executed specimens of Austin's Artificial Stone, from the antique.

The Ante-Room, No. 2.

Mr. Austin's classic specimens; as the Dog of Alcibiades, the Crouching Venus, Gothic Font, (from that in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and five busts. Here also are Bielefield's architectural ornaments in *papier maché*, such as have been employed in the temporary Houses of Parliament, and the Pantheon, Oxford-street.

Saloon, No. 3.

Here is Pitt's Apparatus for heating air without deteriorating it, by passing hot water or steam in pipes to a hollow pedestal; this contains a spiral channel, through which the air received at the bottom rises by rarefaction, and is discharged at the top, through ventilators, into the apartment. Next is Mr. Ralph Watson's Plan for preventing Ships foundering at Sea; by introducing copper tubes filled with atmospheric air, equal by its displacement of water, in case of the ship filling, to counterbalance so much of the specific gravity of the ship and her contents as would otherwise cause her to sink. Among the exemplifications of the plan, is a sectional model of a portion of an 80-gun ship, representing the parts of the ship, in which it is proposed to arrange the "Safety Tubes." By notes appended to the catalogue, it appears that 564 merchant ships and vessels were lost in the year 1828—a startling item in the records of human calamities.

Here also is a polished slate garden-tub, showing that the utility and even elegance of slate as a material for vessels has hitherto been strangely overlooked.

The Long Room, No. 4.,

as shown in the annexed Cut. This is a noble apartment, lighted by ground glass domes, and fitted up in chaste style throughout. From between the domes are suspended superb lustres, for the evening meetings of the Society. In the foreground is a circular table, covered with interesting objects, around which are groups of attentive visiters.

On the opposite side of the Cut, is Dr. Arnott's Hydrostatic Bed for Invalids; the object of which is to prevent the fatigue of patients lying in one position, which is done by causing the bed to float on water as completely as if the Atlantic were under it; whilst the patient reposes on the face of the water, like a swan on its plumage, without sensible pressure anywhere, and almost as if the weight of the body were annihilated. Along the same side of the room are cases, and above them are various models.

In the centre of the apartment is a canal, 70 feet in length, having a circular reservoir at each end, and containing 6,000 gallons of water, for experiments with models of steam-boats, steam-paddles, &c. Here sails, in mimic life, a steam-boat, four feet in length, fitted with clock-work machinery; whilst Perkins's Patent Paddle-wheel placed at the stern, propels the boat; and at the head, drags the boat after it; in either case preventing injury to the banks, if employed in canal navigation. Here may sometimes be seen Canning's Life-raft, engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiv. p. 359. Another interesting and picturesque object in this canal, is a small but exact model of Eddystone Light-house, "that splendid triumph of Smeaton's architectural skill and persevering industry, in opposition, as it were, to the united efforts of the elements and other most unparalleled difficulties." On the right side of the canal are models of different ves-

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sels, to show peculiar improvements in their construction.

On the right of the apartment, the long tube placed horizontally is the Steam Gun, or rather, the chamber to prevent the dispersion of the steam after the gun has been discharged; for the gun itself, or the barrel, is but a small, metal tube, not seen in the Cut; though the wheel-work of the steam-apparatus is shown. This astonishing machine discharges, with a power exceeding, by one-fourth, that of gunpowder, a current of 70 balls in 4 seconds, against an iron target, (in the Engraving, at the extremity of the room:) it can be re-charged in 8 seconds, and will propel the balls either singly or in volleys; so that it is possible to discharge by this machine, 420 balls in a minute, or 25,200 balls in an hour. One gun is, in itself, a battery, in perpetual and incessant action. Two of these guns in a ship would sink any vessel instantly; and what force could pass by such a battery on land! The barrel of the model is, for the sake of security, fixed to a given point or direction; but, as an implement of war, it would move on a ball-and-socket joint, and be capable of any direction, either to right or left, up or down, like the jet of a water-engine. If brought into play upon a regiment, it would mow it down in less than ten minutes. The noise made in firing the gun, every hour, is little more than that caused by the rush of a column of steam from a narrow aperture, with the addition of the noise of the balls hitting the target.

We must find space to particularize a few of the other interesting objects upon the floor of this apartment. Among these is an explanation of Mr. Perkins's newly-discovered System of Generating Steam, by what may be simplified as a boiler within a boiler; the liquid constantly circulating between the two vessels, and carrying off the acquired heat of the boiler, the bottom of which never burns out, nor rises in temperature many degrees above the heat of the liquid. By the application of this principle to culinary vessels, no careless cook can burn what she has to dress by neglecting to stir it.

Next is an exemplification of the Combustion of the hardest Steel. A disc of soft iron is turned with a velocity of 5,400 revolutions in a minute, or 180 miles an hour; when, by placing a file of the highest-tempered steel in contact with the periphery of the disc, the friction caused by the rapid motion of the soft iron destroys or cuts the file, producing thereby a brilliant and beautiful combustion. Attached to the apparatus is a disc, having thereon the prismatic colours, which, when the apparatus is in motion, becomes colourless to the eye of the observer, thus illustrating the composition of light.

Near the above is an Apparatus for the Compression of Water one fourteenth part of its volume; the force employed being equivalent to a pressure of 30,000 lbs. to the square inch. This and the preceding apparatus are the inventions of Mr. Perkins.

Around these are models of improved Steam-boat Paddles, Fids, Rudders, Anchors, Fire Escapes, and Life Rafts, the two last distinguished by their simplicity of construction.

Next is a Mouse in a Diving Bell, immersed in water, to show how persons descend to great depths in the Bell, and remain long at the bottom; or rather to show how they are supplied with air from above: the mouse under water, by revolving its cage, pumps air into the bell; upon the large scale, air is forced into the bell, when below the surface of the water, by pumps above, or from sunken barrels filled with air, which is conducted into the bell by a leathern pipe.

Three improvements connected with the comforts of every man's house and home next secure our attention. First is a Model of a Sugar Mill, in which the cylinders for crushing the cane are put into motion by a steam-engine, and the crushed canes are brought out at the side where they were previously introduced:—what a contrast is the perfection of this machine with the clumsy, wooden Brazilian Sugar Mill engraved in our twenty-first volume. Secondly, is a Gas Cooking Apparatus, by which meat may be boiled or roasted, baked, stewed, or fried; the processes being exhibited occasionally. Thirdly, is a Perforated Zinc Cream Apparatus, by which the proportion of cream is increased and its quality improved.

A Model of Mr. Wells's Apparatus for rendering Sea Water fresh, deserves notice, as well for its simplicity as for its novelty: the means is distillation; but, instead of a common worm-tub, the pipe from the still-head is passed through the side of the ship into the sea. Meantime, provisions for the ship's crew are cooked by the fire, so that the distillation is conducted with little, if any, additional fuel: this economy of room on shipboard need not be pointed out.

A Model of the Breakwater at Plymouth, (deposited by G. W. Soltau, Esq.,) shows the structure of this wonder of genius, more successfully than could otherwise be exhibited.

From the vast to the minute—in a collection deposited by Mr. Curtis, the oculist and aurist, is an artificial eye, composed of ivory and glass, showing its external and internal structure, viz. the muscles, optic nerve, coats, retina, pupil, iris, &c.; the whole capable of being taken to pieces and shown in detail. Next are Bronze Casts of the Small Bones of the Human Ear, magnified twenty times; formerly in the possession of the late Joshua Brookes, F. R. S.

Two busts, Helen, daughter of Jupiter and Leda, and Inigo Jones, (oddly associated

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persons,) show an attractive though not uncommon experiment in acoustics. Speaking tubes, 150 feet in length, are conveyed from the ear of Helen to the mouth of Inigo, and from the ear of Inigo to the mouth of Helen; so that a whisper in the ear of either one may be heard distinctly at the mouth of the other. Jones may be borrowing some classical hints of Helen: if so, his spirit may come among us, and once more revive classical architecture in England.

A Model of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, with the Dart Engine, Tender, and Train of Carriages, in motion, is a beautiful scientific toy; the accuracy of which has been heightened by Dr. Lardner suggesting the method of laying down the railway, and the proportional magnitude of the wheels of the locomotive engine.

We have purposely passed over, for the present, the apparatus exhibiting splendid experiments in Electro-magnetism, and some models of improvements in Inland Navigation; as we intend to illustrate a few of them, which could not be done in this number. We have not yet, therefore, surveyed the floor of the Long Room: in our next we hope to ascend by the stairs in the distance to the Gallery, and thence to the other apartments; in each of which are objects which promise considerable gratification to every inquiring mind.

PRINCE VON METTERNICH.

Clemens Wenceslaus Nepomuk Lotharius, Prince Von Metternich, was born May 17, 1773, and from early years trained to the diplomatic career. In the negotiations of Rastadt for establishing a general peace, he was Envoy of the Westphalian Bench of Counts, and signalized himself by his luminous and bold speeches. He was next appointed envoy at the Court of Dresden, in 1801, and at the Court of Berlin in 1804. The Prussian capital was, at that time, the centre of European politics, and he availed himself of the facilities offered, to lay the foundation of the influence he has ever since preserved. During the presence of the Emperor Alexander at Berlin, he brought about an alliance between Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The battle of Austerlitz, and the treaty signed at Vienna by the Prussian minister, Von Haugwitz, foiled the success of his endeavours, and Count Metternich went as envoy to Paris. In 1809, he resumed his former labours to expel Napoleon from Germany, assisted by Count Stadion, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Though he did not then obtain the objects of his endeavours, yet the exertions of Austria, and the campaign of the Duke of Brunswick, roused the spirit of the Germans, and prepared the success of 1813. On the eve of the battle of Leipsic, the Emperor of Austria nominated him Prince, and soon after conferred on him the Austrian escutcheon, to be put in the centre of his own. His first wife, Countess Eleanor Kaunitz, was a granddaughter of the Minister of the same name in the time of Frederic II., King of Prussia. From her, the principality of Austerlitz, which she possessed, devolved on him by inheritance.

W. G. C.

PLUMS.

The plum-tree is a native, or naturalized in Britain, being frequently found in hedges; but, its original country is supposed to be Asia; and, according to Pliny, it was brought from Syria into Greece, and thence into Italy. The natural colour of the fruit is generally considered to be black; but the varieties in cultivation are of yellow, red, blue, and green, and of different forms and flavours. Tusser enumerates ten varieties of plums; Parkinson, 60; Miller, only 30 sorts. In the Luxembourg garden catalogue are 68. Professor Lindley enumerates no less than 150 varieties, a few of which it may be seasonably interesting to notice.

First, among the Black or Blue-fruited, is the Blue Gage, a small, round plum, about 3¼ inches in circumference. It has a pale, blue bloom, and its juice is smart; but has little richness of flavour. The Blue Perdrigon has been a long time in our gardens. Hakluyt, in 1582, says, "Of late time, the plum called the *Perdigevena*, was procured out of Italy, with two kinds more, by the Lord Cromwell after his travell." Kirke's Plum is a very handsome variety, and an excellent bearer; both as a standard, and upon a west wall. It was brought into notice a few years since, by Mr. Kirke, of Brompton, who found it by accident in a fruiterer's window. In the *Pomological Magazine*, it is stated to be "as hardy and prolific as the Orleans, as handsome as the Damask, and as handsome as the Green Gage." The Morocco is one of the very best of our early plums: it is very hardy, bears well as a standard, and ripens fully a month before the Orleans, coming in at the beginning of August. Of Damsons there are several sorts with black fruit, cultivated in England, such as the Common Black, with smooth, spiny branches; Prune Damson, of the smallest size among plums; Royal Damson, somewhat larger; and the Shropshire Damson, with smooth branches, but not spiny. Damsons raised from suckers, and planted in hedge-rows, and grown among nut-bushes, or crowded among and under other trees, can never be expected to produce such fine, thick-fleshed, high-flavoured fruit, as those which are grown upon sound, healthy standards, in proper situations, unincumbered

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with coarse, strong-growing trees. The Violet is an old plum, and was cultivated by John Tradescant, gardener to Charles I.: it is an excellent bearer, and Mr. Lindley thinks it ought to be planted in the garden of every poor cottager throughout the kingdom: it might then not unaptly be called the Cottager's Plum.

Foremost in the Green-fruited varieties is the Green Gage, without exception the best plum in England. When grown upon a healthy standard, and fully exposed to the sun, although not so large, it is much richer than when produced against a wall. The fruit is thus minutely described by Lindley: —"skin yellowish green, but when fully exposed to the sun of a purplish colour, marbled with russety, muddy red. Flesh yellowish green, very melting, juice abundant, saccharine, of the richest and most exquisite flavour." Sir Joseph Banks notes in the *Horticultural Transactions*, that a plant of this sort was sent from France by the Earl of Stair to the second Duke of Rutland, by the name of Green Spanish. The name of Green Gage is said to have originated from the following accident: the Gage family, in the last century, procured from the monks of the Chartreuse, at Paris, a collection of fruit-trees. When they arrived in England, the ticket of the Reine Claude had been rubbed off in the passage. The gardener being, from this circumstance, ignorant of the name, called it, when it bore fruit, Green Gage. Lucombe's Nonesuch is a valuable variety, lately raised from seed by Messrs. Lucombe and Co., of Exeter: in the *Pomological Magazine*, it is described as "undoubtedly the nearest approach that has yet been made on the part of a seedling to the famous Green Gage of the English, Reine Claude of the French; and, although it cannot be said to equal, in all respects, that celebrated variety, it is, nevertheless, entitled to a character of very high excellence."

Of the Red or Purple-fruited is the Cherry Plum, somewhat like the Bigarreau Cherry, except having a small, slender prickle at its summit. It is planted chiefly in shrubberies, and in the pleasure-ground, for its early flowering. The fruit, however, is very handsome in the dessert, and also makes very excellent tarts. The Fotheringham is a very useful and hardy plum, and has been in England many years, having been cultivated by Sir William Temple,* at Sheen, near Richmond, before the year 1700; whence it was called the Sheen Plum. The German Prune, or Questreche Plum, is grown for the purpose of drying, and sold in the shops in this country under the name of Prunes. It is cultivated and well known throughout all Germany, Thuringia, Saxony, Silesia, Moravia, Bohemia, and Hungary. On the Continent, prunes are stewed and served as a dessert-dish; but, in this country, they are mostly used in medicine: they are emollient and laxative, and are often taken by themselves as a gentle aperient, when there is a tendency to inflammation: the pulp is likewise employed in electuaries, and is an agreeable vehicle for senna. Prunes are chiefly prepared in France from the variety of plum called the St. Catherine; and, in Portugal, from a sort which derives its name from the village of Guimaraens, where they are principally dried. They contain so large a quantity of sugar, that brandy is distilled from them when fermented; and it has even been proposed to manufacture sugar from them.

The Goliath, as its name implies, is a very fine, handsome plum, with juice similar to that of the Orleans. The Imperatrice is an oblong plum, with a rich, deep purple skin, covered with a thick bloom, which is more copious than on any other plum in Covent-Garden market; the flesh is somewhat rich, but exceedingly sweet and rich; it ripens in October, but may be kept till the middle of December. The Imperial Diadem is a very handsome plum, and was raised from seed near Manchester, a few years previous to 1819: it is very juicy, sugary, and highly perfumed when ripe. La Delicieuse was brought to this country from New Jersey, about ten years ago, and first sold by Mr. Kirke, at a guinea per plant, in 1825: it is very rich and abundant. The Nectarine Plum is very like a nectarine in shape and size: it is much finer and richer than the Goliath, and decidedly the best plum yet known of its size. The Orleans is one of our most common plums, and known in every market through England: the date of its introduction here is uncertain; but it does not appear to have been known to Ray, who died in 1705. The Purple Gage, or Reine Claude Violette, is of very high quality, equal to the Green Gage in flavour, and having this superiority, that while the latter is apt to crack in wet summers, and will never keep after having been gathered, this, on the contrary, will endure, if kept in a dry room, through August and September, even till October. The Red Magnum Bonum is an old plum of our gardens, having been

* The Moorpark Apricot, now so universally known throughout England, is said to have been brought into this country by Sir William Temple, and planted in his garden at Moorpark: if so, it must have been an inhabitant there more than 100 years, as Sir William died in 1700, at the age of 72. In 1830, an old workman was employed in the gardens at Moorpark, who remembered quite well what had always been considered as the original tree, and he used to point out the place where it stood: but this tree has been dead some years, and its place is now occupied by an Orange Apricot, which appears to have been planted ten or twelve years ago.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden*, 1831.

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cultivated by John Tradescant. Cobbett says, in his usual knock-down phraseology, "the Magnum Bonums are fit for nothing but tarts and sweetmeats. Magnum is right enough; but, as to Bonum, the word has seldom been so completely misapplied." The Violet Diaper is a fleshy, firm plum, very good in the dessert, and excellent when dried as a prune. The Wheat Plum is ripe about the time of the wheat harvest, and is also called the Harvest Plum; it is amber and bright red, and sugary and subacid. The Winesour is said to have originated in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, in Yorkshire, many years ago: "it is," says Lindley, "the most valuable of all our plums for preserving, and great quantities preserved are sent annually from Wakefield and Leeds to distant parts of England. As a preserve, they will keep one or two years, and are preferable to those imported from abroad."

Among the White or Yellow-fruited varieties are the Apricot Plum, considered, by some, nearly equal to the Green Gage. The Brignole is named from Brignole, a town of France, famous for its prunes, of which this ranks among its best sorts: its colour is pale yellow, for all prunes are not blackish purple, as are those commonly distinguished as prunes. Coe's Plum will hang some time upon the tree after it is matured, and may be kept a long time after it is gathered, either by suspending it by the stalk upon a string, within a window facing the sun, or by wrapping it in soft paper, and keeping it in a dry room. By this latter method, it has been eaten exceedingly good in October, twelve months after it had been gathered. It was raised about thirty years since, by Jervaise Coe, a market-gardener, at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk: he told Mr. Lindley it was from the stone of a Green Gage, the blossom of which, he supposed, had been fertilized by the White Magnum Bonum, the two trees of which grew nearly in contact with each other in his garden. The Drap d'Or Plum is the colour of cloth of gold, a bright yellow. The Jaune Hâitive is the first plum that ripens,—on a south wall, in the middle of July: its flesh is yellow and melting, and its juice sweet; and it is as old as the time of Tradescant. The Washington Plum is a modern variety, of which it is related that the parent tree was purchased in New York, towards the end of the last century. It remained barren several years, till, during a violent thunderstorm, the whole trunk was struck to the earth and destroyed. The root afterwards threw up a number of vigorous shoots, all of which were allowed to remain, and finally produced fruit. It is, therefore, to be presumed, that the stock of the barren kind was the parent of this; trees of which were sent to Robert Barclay, Esq., of Bury Hill, in 1819. The Wentworth is an old plum, and is said to have been named from its having been first planted in the gardens of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, at Twickenham: it resembles the Magnum Bonum, and, like that, is excellent for preserving. The White Bullace mostly abounds in Norfolk, and large quantities are brought into the market at Norwich: they are highly esteemed for tarts, and are by some preserved by boiling them in sugar, in which state they will keep twelve months.

Such are a few cultivated varieties of plums, with the names of which some interesting circumstances are connected. Among the neglected varieties, we should not forget the Sloe, which Mr. Knight and others consider as the parent of the bullace, and all the varieties of the common plum. When ripe, it forms an excellent preserve; unripe, the inspissated juice forms an almost indelible ink, used to mark linen. It is used in home-made wines, to communicate the colour and roughness of port; and sloe-juice is almost synonymous with low-priced port wine. Its leaves have been employed as a substitute for tea, and are well known to afford one of the means used in Europe for adulterating the black tea of China. As a shrubbery plant, the sloe is most ornamental, blossoming before all others of the Prunus tribe:—who does not remember "the white-blossomed sloe" of English song. Moreover, its very bark is useful, it being said to possess properties akin to those of Jesuits' Bark.

The wood of the plum is used in turnery, cabinet-work, and in making musical instruments. Its well-known gum is analogous to tragacanth, or gum-dragon: it does not readily dissolve in cold water; but, in other respects, its properties resemble those of gum-arabic.

THE HOUSE OF HOWARD.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HOWARD, EARLS OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY, AND DUKES OF NORFOLK.

The origin of this illustrious house, which ranks immediately after the blood-royal, is involved in some obscurity; but there exists not the least doubt of its very high antiquity—indeed, many assertions have been made, but which, though plausible, cannot be proved. Concerning it, Dugdale thus observes:—"There are those, perhaps, who will expect that I should ascend much higher in manifesting the greatness of this honourable and large-spreading family of Howard, in regard I do not make any mention thereof above the time of King Edward I., some supposing that their common ancestor, in the Saxon time took his original appellation from an eminent office, or command; others afterwards, from the name of a place; and some have not stuck to derive him from the

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famous Hereward, the chief conductor of those forces which so stoutly defended the Isle of Ely for a time against King William the Conqueror and his army; but to this last I cannot well assent, by reason that Ingulph, then Abbot of Crowland, who was his contemporary, affirms that Hereward left no other issue than an heir female, named Turfrida, wife to Hugh de Evermur, Lord of Deeping, in the county of Lincoln. I shall, therefore, after much fruitless search to satisfy myself, as well as others, on this point, begin with William Howard, a learned and reverend judge of the court of Common Pleas, for a great part of King Edward the First's, and beginning of King Edward the Second's reign."

This William Howard was chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas from 1297 to 1308. He had large estates at Wigenhall, a district in the county of Norfolk. He married twice: his first wife was Alice, daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, Knt.; his second, Alice, daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Ufford, Knt. By his first marriage he had two sons, but no issue by his second. His eldest son, Sir John Howard, Knt., succeeded him, and was one of Edward the First's lords of the bedchamber. He died in 1331, leaving his son of the same name, his successor, who was appointed by Edward III., in the 9th year of his reign, admiral and captain of the King's navy in the north, with an assignation of 153*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for his necessary expenses. He was likewise high sheriff of the county of Norfolk, in the year 1345. He espoused Alice, daughter of Sir Robert de Boys, and heiress of her brother of the same name, by which the whole Boys' estate became vested in the Howard family. Their descendant in the third degree, Sir Robert Howard, Knt., married Margaret, daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress of Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel. This marriage was productive of most important consequences; for eventually the inheritance of those great families became in part vested in the house of Howard.

Sir Robert's father-in-law, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, was son and heir of John, Lord Mowbray, and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Plantagenet de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England, eldest son of King Edward the First by his second wife Margaret, daughter of Philip le Hardi, Roi de France. Thomas, Earl of Norfolk, was the first Earl Marshal of England, that officer having been previously styled simply Marshal. Sir Robert Howard's issue by his marriage were two daughters and an only son, Sir John Howard, who succeeded him.

This nobleman was a staunch supporter of the House of York, and the immediate founder of the greatness of the Howards. He distinguished himself in his youth in the wars in France; and, in 1461, was appointed by Edward IV. constable of the Castle of Nottingham, and sheriff of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The king likewise granted to him some of the forfeited estates of the Butlers, Earls of Wiltshire, and of Ormonde in Ireland. In 1470, he was summoned by writ to Parliament as Lord Howard, and constituted admiral of the king's naval forces against the Lancastrians, and in 1471, deputy governor of Calais. His investment with the insignia of the Order of the Garter shortly followed: on the 28th of June, 1483, he was created Earl Marshal of England and Duke of Norfolk, and on the same day his son and heir, Thomas Howard, was created Earl of Surrey. His grace was subsequently constituted lord admiral of England, and obtained numerous lordships and manors in the counties of Cambridge, Cornwall, Kent, Somerset, Suffolk, and Wilts. He shortly afterwards fell fighting bravely at the head of the vanguard of Richard III.'s army at Bosworth Field. Numerous warnings and remonstrances were put forth to induce him not to follow the king to the field, but he would not desert his master. The night before the battle, the following lines were inscribed on the duke's gate:—

"Jockie of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.

On the accession of Henry VII., consequent on his victory at Bosworth, the honours of the late duke were declared forfeited, and his son, the Earl of Surrey, was attainted and imprisoned for three years in the Tower; but on the 1st of February, 1514, he was restored and created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, invested with the insignia of the Garter, and appointed lord high treasurer. He commanded the English forces at the battle of Flodden; in which he was victorious, and the Scottish monarch, James IV., slain. He married twice:—first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Frederick Tylney, Knt., of Astwell Thorpe, Norfolk; and secondly, Agnes, daughter of Hugh Tylney, Esq. By his first wife he had several children, and by his second two sons and four daughters. The eldest son of the second marriage is the ancestor of the family of Howard of Effingham; Queen Catharine Howard, one of the wives of Henry VIII., was likewise the offspring of the third son of the former marriage.

The duke died in May, 1524, upon which his eldest son, Thomas, succeeded to the family honours: these were, however, forfeited in 1546, on his attainder; but they were in a year after restored, and his grace was invested with the order of the Garter. He died on the 18th of July, 1554, and was succeeded by his grandson Thomas as fourth duke.

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This nobleman was the eldest son of the celebrated, but unfortunate, Earl of Surrey, (who was condemned and executed in 1547,) by a daughter of the noble house of De Vere, Earls of Oxford. An eminent literary character, still living, has thus summed up Lord Surrey's character:—"Excellent in arts and in arms; a man of learning, a genius, and a hero; of a generous temper, and a refined heart, he united all the gallantry and unbroken spirit of a rude age, with all the elegance and grace of a polished era. With a splendour of descent, in possession of the highest honours and abundant wealth, he relaxed not his efforts to deserve distinction by his personal worth. Conspicuous in the rough exercises of tilts and tournaments, and commanding armies with skill and bravery in expeditions against the Scots under his father, he found time, at a period when our literature was rude and barbarous, to cultivate his mind with all the exquisite spirit of the models of Greece and Rome; to catch the excellencies of the revived Muses of Italy, and to produce in his own language compositions, which, in simplicity, perspicuity, graceful ornaments, and just and natural thoughts, exhibited a shining contrast with the works of his predecessors, and an example which his successors long attempted in vain to follow."*

His grace married, first, Mary, daughter, and eventually heiress, of Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, (by which the castle, earldom, and estates of Arundel passed into the Howard family,) by whom he had one son, Philip, who succeeded him. The duke's second wife was Margaret, daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Audley of Walden, by whom he had issue, Thomas, ancestor of the Earl of Suffolk, and maternally, of Lord Howard de Walden; and William, ancestor of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle.

The duke was, in 1572, attainted of high treason, for communicating with the lovely, but unhappy Mary, Queen of Scotland, beheaded, and all his honours forfeited.

His son and successor, Philip, inherited, in right of his mother, the feudal earldom of Arundel, by the tenure of Arundel Castle, in Sussex; the baronies of Fitz Alan, Clun, Oswaldestre, and Maltravers, were likewise annexed to it. In confirmation of his title, he obtained a writ of summons as Earl of Arundel. He, however, shared the fate of his four predecessors, being attainted in 1590, and, after lingering five years in imprisonment, died in the Tower of London. By his wife, Anne, (who was the sister and coheiress of Thomas, Lord Dacre of Gilsland,) he had an only son, Thomas, who, in 1603, was restored to the earldoms of Arundel and Surrey; in 1621, created Earl Marshal; and June 6, 1644, Earl of Norfolk: he died 4th of October, 1646. His wife, Alathea, daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, bore him two children: Henry Frederic, who succeeded him, and William, who married into the house of Jerningham, Barons Stafford.

The eldest son of the late earl, Henry Frederic, succeeded: he had been previously summoned to parliament as Baron Mowbray: he espoused Elizabeth, daughter of Esmr Stuart, Duke of Lennox, by whom he had issue as follows: Thomas, who succeeded him; Henry, who succeeded Thomas; Philip, Charles, Bernard.

Of these, Charles married Mary, eldest daughter of George Tattersall, Esq., of Finchampstead, in the county of Berks, who bore him Henry Charles, who, by marriage with Mary, daughter of John Aylward, Esq., had Charles, late Duke of Norfolk. Bernard, the youngest son, married the younger sister of his brother Charles's wife, by whom he had an only son, Bernard, who married Anne, daughter of Christopher, Lord Teynham, and had (amongst other issue) Henry, who espoused in October, 1764, Juliana, second daughter of Sir William Molyneux, and died 11th of November, 1787, leaving three sons and two daughters: the eldest of these, Bernard Edward, is the twelfth and present Duke of Norfolk; the second son, Henry Thomas, assumed, in 1812, the additional surname of Molyneux, and, in 1817, that of Howard, in addition to Howard Molyneux; in the same year he was elevated to the rank of a duke's younger son: the youngest son, Charles, died in 1816, leaving one son and two daughters: Mary, the eldest daughter of Henry Howard, Esq., and sister to the present duke, married Robert Edward, tenth Lord Petre; Juliana Barbara, the youngest, Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre.

The earl died in April, 1652, when his honours devolved on his eldest son, Thomas, who, on the 29th of December, 1660, shortly after the restoration of Charles II., was restored to the original dukedom conferred on his ancestor John; his grace likewise obtained, in 1661, an act of Parliament confirming the succession, in default of male issue, to several collateral branches of his numerous noble family. He died in 1677, unmarried, upon which his brother Henry succeeded as sixth duke, who had been previously created Baron Howard of Castle Rising, and Earl of Norwich. His grace was likewise, shortly after his accession, created hereditary Earl Marshal of England. He married, first, Anne, eldest daughter of Edward Somerset, Marquess of Worcester; and secondly, Jane, daughter of Isaac Bickerton, Esq. By the former he had two sons: Henry, who succeeded him; and Thomas, who married Mary Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Saville, Bart., of Cop-

* Sir Egerton Brydges.

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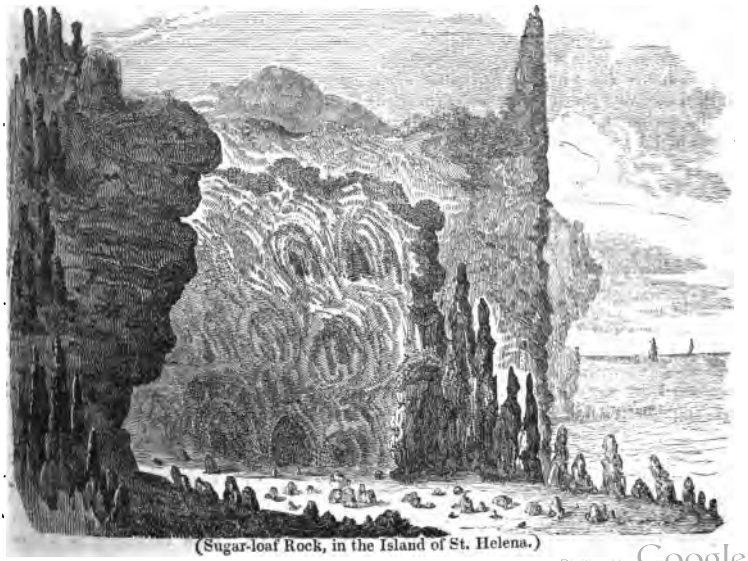
ley, in the county of York, and had, together with other issue, Thomas and Edward, who succeeded respectively as eighth and ninth dukes. By the second marriage he had four sons, (all of whom died issueless,) and three daughters. The duke died in 1684, and his son Henry, abovementioned, succeeded him as seventh duke: he married Mary, daughter and heiress of Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, but was divorced from her in 1700, and dying in 1701, the family honours devolved on Thomas, son of his brother of the same name; this nobleman likewise died without issue in 1732, when his brother Edward succeeded him: he married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Edward Blount, Esq., of Blagdon, in the county of Devon; he died issueless in 1777, upon which the baronies of Mowbray, Howard, &c., fell into abeyance amongst the daughters and co-heiresses of his grace's brother Philip, viz. Winifred and Anne, Ladies Stourton and Petre, and they remain in the same state with the descendants of those ladies; the earldom of Norwich and barony of Howard of Castle Rising became extinct; but all the other honours, including the dukedom, devolved on Charles Howard, Esq., great-grandson of Henry Frederic, Earl of Arundel (*see above*). The duke was united to Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of John Brockholes, Esq., of Claughton, in the county of Lancaster; he died August 31, 1786, having had issue by her, three daughters, who died young, and an only son and successor, Charles, the eleventh duke, born 1745: he married, first, Marian, daughter and sole heiress of John Coppinger, in the county of Cork, Esq., and secondly, Frances, daughter and sole heiress of Charles Fitzroy Scudamore, Esq., of Holme Lacy, in the county of Hereford; but by neither of whom had he any issue. He died 16th of December, 1815; upon which his honours descended to his cousin, Bernard Edward, great-great-grandson of Henry Frederic, Earl of Arundel, (*see above*,) who is the twelfth and present duke.

J. N. B. Y.

ST. HELENA.

SUGAR-LOAF ROCK.

About four years since, this spot was the scene of an unprovoked and atrocious murder, which produced dismay throughout the Island. The Sugar-loaf rises on the side next to the sea, almost perpendicularly, to the height of 900 feet, and is the highest rock in St. Helena. Upon its summit is a level of about ten feet square, with a wall two feet and a half high, erected towards the sea, to prevent accidents. On the land side, near the summit, is a hut, for the accommodation of two soldiers, who are always stationed upon this rock, to look out for ships approaching the Island; and whose duty it is, whenever a sail appears in sight, to communicate by telegraph, to Ladder-hill Battery. On August 11, 1831, each of the two men on duty, Albutt and Taylor, made a ship at the same, or nearly the same, instant; and each, accordingly, claimed the reward for the discovery, which was five shillings. A quarrel ensued, when Taylor flew to the hut, and seeing a musket, fired it at Albutt: the shot having missed, Taylor returned to the hut, took another musket,



(Sugar-loaf Rock, in the Island of St. Helena.)

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fired a second time, and shot Albutt through the lower part of the face, the ball carrying away great part of the jaw. Taylor, however, finding his victim still alive, dragged him to the edge of the precipice, threw him over the wall, and, as he supposed, into the sea; but at a distance of a fall of 700 feet, and about 200 feet from the sea, there was a small, jutting portion of rock, upon which the body fell. Taylor then brought from the land side large stones, which he hurled down upon the body in the hope of dislodging it, but to no avail. On the following morning, the murderer signalized that his comrade Albutt had left the station in the night, and had not since returned. Another man was appointed to the station, who, on looking over the wall, to his great horror, saw the body of the murdered man lying upon the projecting crag. He communicated his discovery to head-quarters, and a party of soldiers were dispatched to Sugar-loaf Rock, provided with rope, sail-cloth, and the tackle necessary for raising the body. This being done, an inquest was held upon the body; and the course of the ball denoted the murder. Taylor was committed as the murderer, subsequently to which, his wife, who had witnessed the crime, detailed its horrible circumstances.

By the way, what a little, lone world is St. Helena—once the insular prison of Napoleon. Lying entirely detached from any group, and 1,200 miles from the nearest land, it is but a mere speck upon the vast Atlantic. It presents to the sea, throughout its whole circuit, nothing but an immense wall of perpendicular rock, from 600 to 900 feet high, like a huge castle in the midst of the ocean. In this great wall of rock are only four openings, by which the island can be approached with any facility, and these are well fortified. Yet within, nature has been bountiful: for verdant hills, fertile vales, with gardens, orchards, and plantations, gladden the face of the country.

The Public Journals.

AUGUST—ITS FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

(From a delightful Paper, in the Constitutional Magazine.)

THERE is one flower now in bloom, which always attracts our especial attention—and that is, the Autumnal Crocus. It covers whole meadows with its lilac blossoms: and unprotected by sheath, or calyx, or leaf, laughs out in its naked beauty—a subject for admiration and inquiry. There is not a more striking proof of exquisite design and contrivance in the volume of Nature, nor any thing that displays more clearly the agency of an intelligent Creator than this. Were this plant constituted like the generality of flowers, with the seed-vessel accompanying the blossom, its seeds could not ripen before frosty nights and chill winds would destroy the living connexion between them and the body of the plant; and they would thus perish. But this has been cared for: and the important office of maturation is perfected in the bulb of the plant, buried eight or ten inches beneath the surface of the soil, and by this arrangement protected from the influence of atmospheric changes.

The most beautiful plants of this period of the year are, however, the Ferns. It is impossible in viewing them not to be struck with their graceful shapes and their most delicate colours. A Fern cover we consider as a miniature forest, having within it some of the loveliest forms of the vegetable creation; the plant is the Venus of our wastes, woods, and commons: the wood Polypody is in its luxuriant growth the most beautiful of the family; its graceful pensile attitude, and its undulatory movements, presenting the *beau ideal* of gentleness. The most common is the Harte's Tongue, which fixes itself in every rocky nook and hollow, waving its long, smooth, and varnished leaves in obedience to the slightest breeze. The mode of flowering or seeding in this tribe of plants was long a puzzle to the learned, though now it is familiarly known to propagate itself from the little rusty spots on the back of its leaves. An excellent farina may be procured from the roots and stems of Ferns. They are used as food by the Kamskatchans, and are burnt amongst ourselves for the sake of the salts they contain. Another splendid ornament of August is the large white Convolvulus. It stands out in its star-like beauty, gemming our hedge-rows with broad blossoms, even when all around it is fading beneath the glow and warmth of the sun, as if it were sculptured from marble. The Carline Thistle is another August flower, that enlivens the bleakest of our rocks; and the diminutive Gentian, which may be found by the side of gravelly brooks, is another beautiful little plant that should be diligently sought after.

Some of the most beautiful of our insects are on the wing in August. Butterflies, like embroidered flowers, are floating in the mellow and golden sunlight: and it is impossible to watch these brilliant creatures, without calling to mind their wonderful mode of growth, and tracing them from the egg through their various transformations. If there be one portion of the works of God more surprising than another, it is the insect creation. The design, the preserving agencies, and the admirable mechanism displayed in it, are surpassingly wonderful; and are all so obvious, that it becomes a study more than any other calculated for the instruction of young minds. The existence of a Creator,

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full of contrivance, benevolent in his purposes, and inexhaustible in adaptation, is apparent on all sides. We see Him at work fashioning with the utmost exactitude the minutest of living creatures; and we are thus taught by the evidence of our senses, some of the attributes of divinity. Nature, when studied in reference to its Author, becomes a vast note-book, filled with instances of love and goodness; and every step we take adds something to our knowledge. Let us look for the Nut Weevil, which is always to be found in the beginning of August about hazel-trees. Taking advantage of the state of the nut, it bores a hole through its soft rind, and then deposits its egg. No injury seems to be done to the nut thus selected: it grows, and the kernel ripens; which then becomes the food of the maggot, which has also been growing in company with it. When the fruit falls, the inclosed grub is fully hatched; the nut has been its home, ready and abundantly provisioned. It now bores its way out, being armed with a horny beak for that purpose, and then buries itself in the soil, where it remains for eight months, slowly undergoing a change into a chrysalis, sheltered and protected by its position from injury; and, finally, it assumes its perfect shape of a brown fly, lays its eggs in nuts, and then perishes. Darwin's lines on this insect are well known; they are polished, but convey an erroneous impression to the reader:—

"So sleeps in silence the Curculio, shut
In the dark chambers of the cavern'd nut;
Erodes, with ivory beak, the vaulted shell,
And quits, on filmy wing, its narrow cell."

How mysterious are these changes, and how complete are the means to the end proposed! The Deist, who refuses his faith to Revelation because it is incomprehensible to him, and involves circumstances beyond his powers of reasoning, may seek out this insect, and learn that mysteries belong not alone to the revealed word of God.

The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tombstones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing in its transformations a type of that futurity which they believed, but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching; and Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations, to excite the sentiment in the human heart of death being only one step in the path of life. Let us so view them. It is better to people our walks with objects fitted for contemplation and reflection, than to travel from "Dan to Beersheba, and to pronounce that all is barren." The man whose intellect is so narrow, and whose imagination is so barren, that

"The primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more"—

goes through the world without perceiving its beauties, or being benefited by the associations to which they give birth; neither does he ever feel that glow of devotion, which comes over the mind, at the proofs which are perpetually opening to us, of the watchful and incessant care of a benevolent Ruler.

Spirit of Discovery.

COMETS.

The numerous and important geological observations for which we are indebted to modern naturalists, prove (says M. Arago) that certain regions of our globe have been successively, and at different times, covered with water, which has afterwards abandoned it. In the explanation of these cataclysms, recourse has often been had to comets. Amongst others, Whiston, who supposes it to have been caused by a high tide, occasioned by a comet six times greater than the moon, passing very near the earth. Such a supposition is not sufficient to explain the attendant phenomena; for though the moon produces such great effects on the ocean, it is not occasioned by her diurnal angular motion being considerable, her distance from the earth scarcely varying in many hours; and corresponding vertically with nearly the same points of the globe during a considerable space of time, the fluid which she attracts has always time to yield to her action before she moves on to a region from which her force will operate in another direction. But this was not the case with the comet of 1680; near the earth its apparent angular motion across the constellations was extremely rapid; in a few minutes this comet corresponded with a number of points on different meridians of the earth, placed at a great distance, the one from the other. As to the distance of the comet from the earth in a straight line, that, no doubt, may have been very small, but then, this lasted only for a few minutes. These circumstances, taken together, are unfavourable for the production of a very high tide. Halley supposes these changes to have been caused by a comet striking perpendicularly on the earth. But this supposition is no better than the preceding in explaining the causes of these phenomena; for, let us suppose a solid body moving in a right line with a certain rapidity, stopped instantly by an insurmountable obstacle, placed suddenly on the route of its body. Let this happen to our earth, the tangential rate of which is eight leagues in a second, and the effect be produced by a comet of sufficient mass, when all bodies resting on its surface, such as animated beings, and all objects which are not fixed

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in the ground, would fly towards that point of the earth on which the comet had struck, with the rapidity which had been communicated to them by the earth's motion—that is, with a rapidity of eight leagues per second. We may imagine what would be the effect of such an event: in a word every animated being would be annihilated in an instant. As to the waters of the ocean, they being movable, and not bound to the earth, would be thrown forward in a mass towards the point of percussion. This frightful liquid mass would overturn, in its impetuous course, every object it met. It would rise above the tops of the highest mountains, and, in its reflux, its effects would be hardly less. The disorder which we remark here and there in the disposition of certain strata on the crust of our globe, is but a microscopic accident compared with the frightful chaos which would result from the direct shock of a comet sufficiently large to stop, at once, the earth in its orbit. But another effect would at once result, which would be that the centripetal force being no longer balanced by the centrifugal, the earth would at once begin to fall towards the sun, into which she would fall in sixty-four and a-half days after the shock. But, taking this shock of a comet under any circumstances and modifications, it is incontestable that the inundations to which such an accident would give rise would not explain the phenomena which have been remarked by geologists, and the effects produced by cataclysms on our globe. If by the above, or any other cometary influence, vast portions of the continents were inundated, and lofty regions buried under water, it would not by such a violent change place those marine deposits, which have been discovered, on mountains. These deposits are frequently horizontal, and very extensive, thick, and regular. The variegated shells which compose these layers, are often very small, and preserve their projections, their most delicate points, and their most fragile parts. Everything shows the impossibility of a violent transportation, and proves that the deposit has been made quietly on the spot. Without having recourse to a violent usurpation of the ocean, in order to explain observed geological phenomena, we must come to the conclusion, that the mountains, as well as the elevated grounds which serve them as a base, have been pushed upwards from below, and from under the waters which once covered them. A comet which should materially change either the motion of rotation, or the motion of translation of the earth, would produce tremendous overturnings on the crust of our globe; but these physical revolutions would differ in a thousand circumstances from those which have been noticed by geologists. W. G. C.

New Books.

THE DOCTOR. VOL. III.

(*Concluded from page 71.*)

[HERE is one of the Doctor's chapters, with little abridgement, its Shandean head being retained.]

The Author displays a little more of such reading as is seldom read, and shows that Lord Byron and an Essex Widow differed in opinion concerning Friday.

There is no superstition, however harmless it may appear, and may indeed long continue to be, but has in it some latent evil. Much has arisen from the distinction of unlucky days, which may very innocently and naturally have originated, though it was afterwards dexterously applied by astrologers, and by the priests of false religions, to their own purposes. No one would willingly commence an important undertaking on the anniversary of a day which had brought to him some great and irreparable calamity. It would be indecent to fix upon St. Bartholomew's for a day of public rejoicing in France; or in Portugal upon that day on which Lisbon was laid in ruins by the great earthquake. On the other hand, an English general, and an English army, would feel something more than their wonted hope and expectation of victory, if they gave the enemy battle on the anniversaries of Waterloo, or Blenheim, Creasy, Poictiers, or Agincourt. God be thanked, neither our fleets nor armies have ever yet caused a day to be noted with black in the English calendar!

But many a good ship has lost that tide which might have led to fortune, because the captain and the crew thought it unlucky to begin their voyage on a Friday. You were in no danger of being left behind by the packet's sailing on that day, however favourable the wind, if it were possible for the captain to devise any excuse for remaining till the morrow in harbour. Lord Byron partook this superstition; and if anything of the slightest importance, in which he was concerned, were commenced on a Friday, he was seriously disconcerted.

Such, however, are the effects of superstitious animosity, that (as the Puritans in the next generation made Christmas day a fast by an ordinance of parliament) in James the First's reign Friday was kept as a sort of holiday. The biographer of a Spanish lady, who came to England for the purpose of secretly serving the Roman Catholic cause, says "that among other griefs she had that of hearing the wheel go round, by which they roasted whole quarters of beef on every Friday, delighting to profane with forbidden food that day on which the catholics, by fasting and other works of penitence, manifested their sense, every week throughout the year, of the

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sufferings of their Lord and Saviour. In all English houses," she says, "both private and public (to which latter great part of the people went for their meals), all kinds of meat, roasted and boiled, are seen on Fridays, Good Friday not excepted, as if it were a land of Jews or Turks. The nobles in particular reserve their feasts and entertainments of all kinds of meats and delicacies for Fridays. It is the sport of the great, and their sort of piety, to testify by these sacrileges their hatred to the Roman church."

There is probably some exaggeration in this statement: and if the biographer was conversant with the history of his own country, he must have known that there was a time when his own countrymen made it a point of duty to eat pork on Saturdays, for the sake of despiting the Jews. But the practice cannot have been so common as he represents it, for if it had, Friday would not have retained its inauspicious character to the present time. Yet even this, which is in common opinion the most unlucky of all the days, may, from particular circumstances, deserve, it appears, to be marked with a white stone. Upon a trial brought at the Chelmsford assizes, by a disconsolate widow against a faithless suitor, for breach of promise, a letter of the defendant's was produced, containing this passage, "Mrs. Martha Harris, you say I have used you ill; but I do not think I have at all; for I told you not to count too much, lest something should happen to disappoint. You say the day was mine; but respecting that, I said, 'if before harvest, it must be very soon, or it would be in harvest;' and you said 'fix any time soon.' But you said you should like to marry on a Friday, for you thought that a good day; for on a Friday your husband died, and on a Friday I first came to see you, and Friday was market day."

Old opinions, however groundless, are not often so easily overcome. The farmer has let precious days pass by without profiting by favourable weather, because he was warned against them by his almanack, or by tradition; and for the same reason, measures which might have relieved and saved a patient, have been fatally procrastinated. There were about thirty days in the christian year to which such malignant influences were imputed, that the recovery of any person who fell ill upon them was thought to be almost impossible: in any serious disease how greatly must this persuasion have increased the danger!

More than half the days in the year are unlucky in Madagascar: and the Ombiasses, as the sort of bastard Mahomedan jugglers in that great island are called, have made the deluded people believe that any child born on one of those days, will, if it be allowed to grow up, prove a parricide, be addicted to every kind of wickedness, and moreover be miserable throughout the whole course of its life. The infant is always exposed in consequence; and unless some humaner parents employ a slave or relation to preserve it, and remove it for ever from their knowledge, it is left for beasts, birds, or reptiles to devour!

The unfortunate days in Christendom, according to the received superstition in different countries, were either a little more or less than thirty,—about a twelfth part of the year; the fortunate were not quite so many; all the rest are left, if the astrologers had so pleased, in their natural uncertainty.

The fixed days for good and evil were said to have been disclosed by an angel to Job. I know not whether it comes from the Rabbinical mint of fables that Moses determined upon Saturday for the Israelites' Sabbath, because that day is governed by Saturn, and Saturn being a malignant planet, all manner of work that might be undertaken on the Saturday might be expected not to prosper. The Sabbatarians might have found here an astrological argument for keeping their sabbath on the same day as the Jews.

The Jews say that the sun always shines on Wednesdays, because his birth-day was on Wednesday, and he keeps it in this manner every week. In Feyjoo's time, the Spaniards had a proverbial saying, that no Saturday is ever without sunshine; nor could they be disabused of this notion, because in their country it is really a rare thing to have a Saturday, or any other day, in some part or other of which the sun is not seen. But on the Wednesday in Passion week, they held that it always rains, because on that day it was that Peter went out and wept bitterly, and they think that it behoves the heavens to weep, after this manner, as if in commemoration of his tears.

The saints, indeed, have been supposed to affect the weather so much upon their own holidays, that a French bishop is said to have formed an ingenious project for the benefit of a particular branch of agriculture, by reforming a small part of the calendar. This prelate was the bishop of Auxerre, Francis D'Inteville, first of that name. He had observed that for many years the vineyards had suffered severely on certain saints days, by frost, hail, cold rains, or blighting winds, and he had come to the conclusion that though the said saints had their festivals during the time when the sun is passing through Taurus, they were nevertheless *saints gresleurs, geleurs, et gasteurs du bourgeon.*

Now this bishop loved good wine, *comme fait tout homme de bien;* and he conceived that if these foul weather saints, who seemed in this respect to act as if they had enrolled themselves in a temperance society, were to have their days changed, and be calendared between Christmas day and St. Typhaines, they might hail, and freeze, and bluster to

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their hearts' content; and if their old festivals were assigned to new patrons, who were supposed to have no dislike for vineyards, all would go on well. These changes, however, in the saints' administration, were not effected; and it appears, by Rabelais' manner of relating the fact, that the bishop never got from the optative to the potential mood.

The Japanese, who are a wise people, have fixed upon the five most unfortunate days in the year for their five great festivals; and this they have done purposely, and prudently, in order by this universal mirth to divert and propitiate their camis, or deities; and also by their custom on those days of wishing happiness to each other, to avert the mishaps that might otherwise befall them. They too are careful never to begin a journey at an inauspicious time, and therefore, in all their road and house books there is a printed table, showing what days of the month are unfortunate for this purpose: they amount to four-and-twenty in the year. The wise and experienced astrologer, Abino Seimei, who invented the table, was a personage endowed with divine wisdom, and the precious gift of prognosticating things to come. It is to be presumed that he derived this from his parentage, which was very remarkable on the mother's side. Take, gentle reader, for thy contentment, what Lightfoot would have called no lean story.

Prince Abino Jassima was in the temple of Inari, who, being the god and the protector of foxes, ought to have a temple in the bishoprick of Durham, and in Leicestershire, and wherever foxes are preserved. Foxes' lungs, it seems, were then as much esteemed as a medicine by the Japanese, as fox-glove may be by European physicians; and a party of courtiers were fox-hunting at this time in order to make use of the lungs in a prescription. They were in full cry after a young fox, when the poor creature ran into the temple, and instead of looking for protection to the god Inari, took shelter in prince Jassima's bosom. The prince on this occasion behaved very well, and the fox-hunters very ill, as it may be feared most fox-hunters would do in similar circumstances. They insisted upon his turning the fox out; he protested that he would commit no such crime, for a crime it would have been in such a case; they attempted to take the creature by force, and prince Jassima behaved so bravely that he beat them all, and set the fox at liberty. He had a servant with him, but whether this servant assisted him has not been recorded; neither is it stated that the fox-god, Inari, took any part in the defence of his own creature and his princely votary; though from what followed it may be presumed that he was far from being an unconcerned spectator. I pass over the historical consequences which make "the hunting of that day" more important in Japanese history, than that of Chevy Chase in our own. I pass them over because they are not exactly pertinent to this place. Suffice it to say that King Jassima, as he must now be called, revenged his father's murder upon these very hunters, and succeeded to his throne; and then, after his victory, the fox appeared, no longer in vulpine form, but in the shape of a lady of incomparable beauty, whom he took to wife, and by whom he became the happy father of our astrologer, Abino Seimei. Gratitude had moved this alopegyne, gynalopex, fox-lady, or lady-fox, to love; she told her love, indeed,—but she never told her gratitude: nor did King Jassima know, nor could he possibly suspect, that his lovely bride had been that very fox whose life he had with so much generosity and courage preserved,—that very fox, I say, "another and the same;" never did he imagine, nor never could he have imagined this, till an extraordinary change took place in his beautiful and beloved wife. Her ears, her nose, her claws, and her tail began to grow, and by degrees this wonderful creature became a fox again! My own opinion is, that she must have been a daughter of the great fox-god Inari himself.

Abino Seimei, her son, proved to be, as might have been expected, a cunning personage, in the old and good meaning of that word. But as he inherited this cunning from his mysterious mother, he derived also an equal share of benevolence from his kind-hearted father, King Jassima: and therefore, after having calculated for the good of mankind the table of unfortunate days, he, for their farther good, composed an *Uta*, or couplet, of mystical words, by pronouncing which, the poor traveller who is necessitated to begin a journey upon one of those days, may avert all those evils, which, if he were not preserved by such a spell, must infallibly befall him. He did this for the benefit of persons in humble life, who were compelled at any time to go wherever their lords and masters might send them. I know not whether Lord Byron would have ventured to set out on a Friday, after reciting these words, if he had been made acquainted with their value; but here they are, expressed in our own characters, to gratify the "curious in charms."

Sada Mejesi Tabicatz Fidori Josi Asijwa,
Omojitatz Figo Kitz Nito Sen.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

By Thomas Brown the younger.

[THIS is a sequel to the *Fudge Family in Paris*—need we add—by Thomas Moore. It is a mere trifle, but it contains much of the *vis comica* and happy point of the first of our living lyric poets. It is, as Miss Ramsbottom would say, "a Judy Spree," upon Miss Biddy Fudge's conversion from

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Parisian gaiety to seriousness, and strangely mixes up notions of piety and mammon. The breadth of the satire is, however, aimed at higher game, but it is altogether too religio-political for our pages: so, we shall merely quote a few of the lighter portions, which are free from this objection. Miss Fanny Fudge, in the third letter, acquaints her cousin Kitty of her success as a Blue:]

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—
You know, and, indeed, the whole county suspects,
(Though the Editor often my best things rejects,)
That the verses signed *so*, ☞ which you now and then see
In our County Gazette, (vide *last*,) are by me.
But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear,—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
To commem'rate some saint of her *clique* who'd just died,
Having said he had tak'n up in heav'n his position,"
They made it, "he'd taken up to heav'n his physician!"
This is very disheartening;—but brighter days shine,
I rejoice, love to say, both for me and the Nine;
For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare,—
I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty my dear,
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're there!
T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,
Was the author of *something*—one couldn't tell what;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colbourn had lately brought out.
We conversed of *belles-lettres* through all the quadrille,—
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 'twas or wrong,—
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just hinted
That *I* too had poems which—longed to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen at first sight,
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.
"In the Annals of England let some," he said, "shine,
But a place in her Annuals, Lady, be thine!
Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those eyes,—
All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size!"
How un*like* that Magan, who my genius would smother,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!
This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied glance,
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance;
Till between us 'twas finally fixed that, next year,
In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my ear,
These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear
"Terms for rhyme,—if it's *prime*,—ten and sixpence per page."
Think, Kitty my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains;
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!
Having dropp'd the dear fellow a curtesy profound,
Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear,
I've found
That he's quite a new species of lit'rary man;
One, whose task is,—to what will not fashion accustom us?—
To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance,—the plan, to be sure, is the oddest!—
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher;
Indites a smooth preface, brings merit to light
Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
My Aunt says,—though scarce on such points one can credit her,—
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented;
And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

[Next are a few lines from the fifth Letter from Larry O'Branigan, in England, to his wife Judy, at Mullinafad:—]

Dear Judy, I sind you this bit of a letther,
By mail-coach conveyance,—for want of a betther,—
To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig which we meant
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Julianna, the craythur,—that name was the death of her,*—
Gave us the shlip, and we saw the last breath of her!
And *there* were the childer, six innocent sowls,
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;
While yourself, my dear Judy, (though grievin's a folly),
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy,—
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowl'd you, my honey?"
But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure enough,
As the pig was desaiced, 'twas high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,
Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the Ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.
How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin', too tadious to speak,
So I'll mintion it all in a postcript next week:—
Only starv'd I was surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat,
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street,—
Which their docthors, (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins,)
Have brought into fashion, to plase the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

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And the higher they liv'd, like old crows in the air,
The more I was wanted to lug them up there.
But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,
Muff, feathers, and all!—the descint was most awful,
And,—what was still worse, faith, I knew 'twas unlawful:
For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels, and—here, Judy, I am!

The Gatherer.

During some late repairs at the theatre of Valenciennes, the following extraordinary discovery was made:—A cannon ball thrown from the imperial batteries during the siege in 1793, fell upon the roof of the theatre, and lodged in the ceiling of the audience part of the building, where it was sustained by two laths! Thus for 42 years had this mass of iron remained suspended over the frequenters of the pit, ready to fall upon their heads, had any accident deprived it of its frail support.

During a late storm the inhabitants of Chauffour, in the Seine-et-Oise, had the imprudence to ring the bell of the church, whereby the lightning was attracted, the bell melted, and the roof burnt. Fortunately the ringer escaped unhurt: about fifteen persons who had taken refuge in the church were thrown down; one woman was rendered deaf, another paralyzed, and the face, head, and body of a child, were pierced all over with small holes.—*Paris Advertiser.*

The Société d'Emulation of Abbeville have opened the tumulus, called the Butte de St. Ouen, near the mouth of the Somme. It was found to contain about 600 skulls, piled in the form of a cone. The lower jaw remained attached to all; and as there were no other parts of the body, it is evident that they were interred just as they were struck from the body. The tomb is probably Celtic, and the heads those of prisoners or slaves sacrificed to the manes of some chief.—*Ibid.*

Holland.—A great part of Holland, as it is calculated, is between twenty and thirty feet below high water-mark on the surrounding coast; but, astonishing and fearful as this fact may appear, the natives seem to live in perfect confidence of their security.—*Tennant's Tour.*

Buffon.—The tower of Montbard, in Burgundy, was the study of Buffon, and with the gardens in which the great naturalist recreated, is religiously kept up by the inhabitants.

Painting.—There is more humbug, (an expressive word,) among pretended judges of painting than any other class of conceited people in the world. I question whether, if half-a-dozen critical connoisseurs were to write down their opinions upon any painting of supposed excellence, any two would coincide.—*Dyke's Travelling Mems.*

Gibbon.—The house at Lausanne, in which Gibbon wrote his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, is still much frequented by his admirers, as well as by those who never read a page of that work for which they profess so great a reverence. His library has been purchased by Mr. Beckford.

A Table-d'hôte.—The *table-d'hôte* of the Weidenbusche, (Willow-bush,) at Francfurt, is renowned all over the Continent. The apartment in which it is held is 100 feet by 45 feet; from the ceiling hang 13 handsome cut glass chandeliers; at the upper end is a music gallery, filled during the hours of dinner and supper with excellent musicians, and around the room are a number of classic compositions painted on the panels of the walls. The guests, (frequently 150,) have sometimes a dozen courses of fish, flesh, fowl, game, vegetables, and pastry; and all for two francs, or 1*s.* 8*d.* English.

Charlemagne lies buried in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle; the spot being marked by this simple inscription on the pavement: "Carolo Magno." His skull and arm-bones are shown, which, if authentic, are one thousand and a score years old!

Francfurt Fair.—Here assemble merchants from Stockholm and Constantinople, from Tobolsk and Malaga—from the mountains of Carpathia and the plains of Holland—from London, Liverpool, Lausanne, and Lisbon—in short, people of all countries in Europe, frequent this important and long-established mart. Ranges of booths display the productions of each nation—one may buy a Norway cloak of fur for the winter; a satin doublet from Spain for the summer; beads for devotion, and dominos for masquerades.—*Dyke's Travelling Mems.*

Bell-casting.—One family in Gloucester continued casting bells from 1684 to 1774; and, by a list which they published, the number amounted to 3,594.

Epitaph on a tall man, in the churchyard at Poole:—

As long as long can be,
So long so long was he.
How long how long did say?
As long as long as May.*

* Supposed to mean May as being one of the longest months. S. S.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 736.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1835. [PRICE 2*d.*

British Benefactors.

SIR THOMAS WHITE.

SECOND* in our List of these "honourables of the land," is Sir Thomas White, founder of St. John's College, Oxford, who was born at Reading, in 1492, of an obscure family at Rickmansworth, where his father had formerly carried on the business of a clothier. His education appears not to have exceeded the elements of writing and arithmetic; and at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a tradesman or merchant of London, with whom his conduct was so unexceptionable that his master, at his death, left him what was then considered a very handsome sum to begin the world with—a legacy of 100*l.* With this amount, and the patrimony which he came into at the death of his father, in 1523, he commenced business on his own account: in a few years he rose to wealth and honour, and became distinguished by his numerous useful and munificent undertakings.

In 1542, he gave to the corporation of Coventry 1,000*l.*, which, with 400*l.* of their own, was laid out in the purchase of lands, from the rents of which, provision was made for twelve poor men, and a sum raised to be lent to industrious young men of Coventry. This fund is now in a very prosperous state; and, so early as 1710, it yielded upwards of 700*l.* yearly. He gave also to the mayor and corporation of Bristol by deed, the sum of 2,000*l.*, and the like sum to the town of Leicester; to purchase estates, and raise a fund, from which sums of money might be lent to industrious tradesmen of those two

* For the commencement of our design of commemorating the Lives of the Benefactors to their country, see the Mirror, vol. XXV. p. 209—Memoir of SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

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and twenty-two other places specified, which were to receive such benefits in rotation; and from the same the poor were to be relieved in times of necessity. This property is also now in a flourishing condition.

His munificence and public utility recommended him to the attention of his fellow citizens, and he was raised successively to the dignity of Sheriff in 1546, and Lord Mayor in 1553; in which last office he so distinguished himself by preserving the peace of the city during Sir Thomas Wyat's rebellion, that Queen Mary conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Always anxious to do good, he had long resolved to appropriate a portion of his property to raising up some college for public instruction; and with this object, he obtained letters patent from Philip and Mary, on the 1st of May, 1555, empowering him to found a college for divinity, philosophy, and the arts, on the site of the old Cistercian College of St. Bernard, without the north gate of the city of Oxford; to be called St. John Baptist's College: and on the 29th of the same month, the society was formed. For its maintenance, he endowed the house with 36*l.* yearly, due to him from the city of Coventry, and with various estates in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. On the 17th of December, 1565, the College was admitted a Member of the University, and the society declared partakers of all the privileges enjoyed by the other colleges or societies: the original endowment was also materially improved by another charter, obtained by the founder in 1567, altering the course of studies, &c. According to the statutes of the college, drawn up by his desire, the society was limited to a president, fifty fellows and scholars, of whom twelve were to study law, three chaplains, three clerks, and six choristers; which last, (*i. e.* the chaplains, clerks,) and choristers, were discontinued in 1577, owing to the decrease of the funds for their maintenance. Of the fifty fellows, two were to be chosen from Coventry, two from Bristol, two from Reading, one from Tunbridge, and the remaining forty-three from Merchant Taylors School, London; out of which number six fellowships are reserved for the kindred of the founder. By his will he left 3,000*l.* more for the purchase of lands.

Of the rest of Sir Thomas White's history, or personal character, sentiments, and pursuits, no particulars have been recovered. He must, however, have been no common man who first set the example of devoting the profits of trade to the advancement of learning. He died at Oxford, Feb. 11, 1566, in the 72nd year of his age, and was buried in the chapel of his college.

It has been stated that towards the latter end of his life, he fell into extreme poverty, a circumstance that seems very improbable, as, by his will, he left 400 marks to his widow, and 3,000*l.* to St. John's, as above stated, with legacies to his brother Ralph, and the Merchant Tailors' Company, of which he was a member, to a considerable amount.

Sir Thomas White was twice married: first to a lady whose name was Avisia or Avis, but whose family is unknown. She died in 1557, without issue, and was buried with great pomp in the parish church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury. His second wife was Joan, the widow of Sir Ralph Warren, twice lord mayor of London, by whom she had children. She survived Sir Thomas, died in 1573, and was buried near her first husband, in the church of St. Bennet Sherегog, London.

In the town-hall of Leicester is a portrait of Sir Thomas White, robed as lord mayor of London, with a gold chain and collar of SS., a black cap, pointed beard, his gloves in his right hand, and on the little finger of his left, a ring: from this portrait our Engraving has been copied. There are similar portraits in the town-hall at Salisbury, at Reading, Merchant Tailors', and St. John's College, Oxford.

Manners and Customs.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

About the year 1102, in the reign of Henry I., (says Stow,) the priory, hospital, and church of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, were founded by Rahere, a minstrel of the king. To this priory Henry II. granted the privilege of a fair to be kept yearly at Bartholomew-tide, for three days, to wit, the eve, the day, and the next morrow, to the which the clothiers of England and the drapers of London repaired, and had their booths and standings within the churchyard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates locked every night, and watched for safety of men's goods and wares; a court of piepowders was daily, during the fair, holden for debts and contracts. But, notwithstanding all proclamations of the prince, and also the act of parliament, in place of booths within this churchyard, (only let out in the fair-time, and closed up all the year after,) be many large houses builded, and the north wall towards Long-lane taken down, a number of tenements are there erected, for such as will give great rents. The foreigners were licensed for three days, the freemen for so long as they would, which was six or seven days.

Paul Hentzner, in his *Journey into England*, published in 1578, gives the following curious description of the manner of proclaiming the fair at that period: — Every year it is usual for the lord mayor of London to ride into Smithfield, attended by

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twelve principal aldermen, dressed in their scarlet gowns and robes; and whenever he goes abroad, a sceptre, that is to say, a mace and cap, are borne before him. When the yearly fair is proclaimed, a tent is pitched, and after the ceremony is over, the mob begin to wrestle before them, two at a time, and the conquerors are rewarded by them, by money thrown from the tent. After this, a parcel of wild rabbits are turned loose in the crowd, and hunted by boys with great noise, at which the mayor and aldermen do much besport themselves. Before this time, there was an old custom, for the scholars of London to meet at this festival, at the priory of St. Bartholomew, to dispute in logic and grammar, upon a bank under a tree; the best of them being rewarded with silver bows and arrows. W. G. C.

ROYAL SPORT—BURNING CATS.

In former times, a singular ceremony was observed annually in the Place de Grève, at Paris, on the eve of the feast of St. John the Baptist. The magistrates of the city having ordered a heap of faggots to be piled up in the centre of the *Place*, the king, attended by his court, came in procession, and set fire to it. The earliest notice we have of this ceremony, is of the year 1471, when Louis XI. performed it, probably in imitation of his royal predecessors. His example was followed by nearly all his successors. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. seldom failed to observe it, but Louis XIV. only performed it in 1648. This ceremony, called *le feu de la Saint Jean*, was celebrated with much pomp and expense. In 1573, it was performed in the following manner by Henry III. In the centre of the Place de Grève, was erected a pole sixty feet high, having numerous cross pieces of wood, to which were attached 500 *bourrées*, (bundles of brushwood,) 200 *cotterets*, (faggots,) and at the bottom, ten loads of *gros bois*, with a great deal of straw. There was also a barrel and a wheel, probably containing combustible matter. The sum of forty-four livres was expended for *bouquets*, crowns, and garlands of roses. A great quantity of fireworks of all kinds were discharged; and to keep the populace in order, there were present 120 archers, 100 *arbalétriers*, and 100 *arquebusiers*. To the pole was fixed a basket, containing *two dozen cats* and a fox, who were destined to be burnt alive, *pour faire plaisir à sa majesté*. To the cries of the cats was added the noise of various instruments. The magistrates of the city, bearing yellow wax tapers, advanced in procession towards the pile, and presented to the king a taper of white wax, ornamented with red velvet, with which his Majesty gravely set it on fire. When the wood and the cats were consumed, the king entered the Hôtel de Ville, where a collation, consisting of tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, was prepared. The Parisians carried off the ashes and burnt wood, in the belief that they would bring good luck.

Louis XIV. having appeared only once, the attendance of the king was discontinued, and the ceremony lost its splendour. Latterly, the *prévôt des marchands*, the *échevins* and their suite, merely came, set fire to the heap of faggots, and then retired; but the custom has long fallen into desuetude.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

[We quote the following Illustrations from Raumer's *History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, recently translated by Lord Francis Egerton.]

Manners of the English Court.—Edward VI.—Character of the English.—Education.—Hunting.—Women.—Servants, &c.

Among the MSS. in the library, formerly that of St. Germain des Prés, is a description of England in the year 1551, drawn up by an eye-witness, the Florentine Petruccio Ubaldini.

It commences with detailed accounts of the court, the dignities of the realm, the ceremonies, palaces, eating, drinking, usages, &c. It proceeds:—Many other ceremonies take place when one of the King's sisters eats with him. For she may neither sit under a canopy nor on a chair, (cadegra,) but must sit on a mere bench which is provided with a cushion, and so far distant from the head of the table and the King, that the canopy does not overhang her. The ceremonies observed before sitting down to table are truly laughable. I have seen, for example, the Princess Elizabeth drop on one knee five times before her brother, before she took her place. The same kneeling takes place before any one addresses the King, and if the lords of the court are less strict in this observance, their security grows out of the youth of the King, and they would not have omitted it with his father, with whom no one spoke otherwise than on his knee.

Edward VI. loves to dress himself in red, white, and violet. The last named colour is so far appropriated by him that no one but himself dares to wear a hat of that hue. His livery, on the other hand, is green and white. As the English commonly attire themselves well and spend much on their clothes, Edward, in the same manner, (although he falls far short of his father in this respect,) constantly wears on all his garments embroideries of gold, silver, and pearls! He has a good demeanour, a royal appearance, much grace and dignity in every transaction, and is affable and liberal to the people.

Ubaldini mentions here the custom of making presents to the King on new-year's day, and gives detailed enough accounts of

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laws, authorities, military and naval force, religion, &c., but nothing new; he then passes on to the more general features of the English character, from which I borrow the following.

The Englanders universally spend their incomes. They eat often and sit full two, three, four hours at table, not so much for the purpose of continually eating, as for that of agreeable conversation with the ladies, without whose company no banquet takes place. They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little that the produce barely suffices for subsistence; by reason of which they eat little bread, but so much the more meat, which they have of all kinds and perfect quality. Puddings and cheeses are every where forthcoming, for numberless herds pasture day and night in the most fertile districts. There are no wolves, but many deer, wild boars, and other game. They are much addicted to the chase, and very hospitable.

The women in respect of beauty, grace, dress, and manners are nothing inferior to the Siennese, or the most esteemed classes of the sex in Italy. The lords have great tribes of servants; a servant receives usually two suits of little value in the year, eight dollars and his board, or, instead of the latter, sixpence per day. The people in general are tolerably tall of stature, the nobles in great part little, which comes from the prevalent custom of marrying rich damsels under age. Men and women are fair skinned. To preserve or improve this natural complexion the latter let blood twice or three times in the year, instead of painting themselves like the Italian women.

The men are by nature obstinate, so that if any one be obliged to contradict them, it is necessary not to thrust at first but to show them his reasons by degrees, which they then, by their good abilities, are quick to appreciate. Many not being aware of this feature in the English character have made a bad affair of it with people so suspicious.

The inferior classes in the towns and a part of the peasantry are averse to foreigners, and think that no state in the world is worth any thing after their own; yet they are set right in such absurd notions by those who have better understanding and experience. It is, however, on this account not advisable for foreigners to travel about the country, because they are apt to inquire whether their countrymen are well or ill received in the traveller's country. If, however, he have with him a royal pass, he is every where well received, and is, moreover, forwarded with the horses kept for the royal service, or is enabled in case of need to require horses from private persons.

In the above respect the behaviour of the highest classes is altogether different, for there is no lord in the country who is not fond of having about him foreign servants and gentlemen, to whom they give a liberal treatment; and the King himself has many Italians and Spaniards of various occupations in his service. These are much in favour with the courtiers, who are fond of learning French and Italian, and study the sciences. The rich cause their sons and daughters to learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, for since this storm of heresy has invaded the land, they hold it useful to read the scriptures in the original tongue. The poorer, who cannot give their children a scientific education, are unwilling to appear ignorant or altogether strangers to refinement; they therefore dress themselves on Sundays and holydays well, nay better than is becoming their station and pursuits. Men and women wear generally fine dark clothes with well worked bands and borders of silk, and thus following the expensive example of the rich, pay honour to the town and court.

The noble ladies are easily to be distinguished from those not noble, for every one of the former wears a small hat in the French fashion, the others a cap of fur or white cloth, according to their rank and the custom of the country.

Their marriage customs are not dissimilar to those of other countries, but they marry early and contract second and third marriages; nay, sometimes married persons stand contracted with another man or woman before their own husband or wife is dead. In childbed the women keep state with very white linen; some rise very soon, but go to church at the end only of twenty days, to return thanks.

Comminges' description of England.

A description of England in the year 1551, by the Florentine Petruccio Ubaldini, has been already communicated, and may be followed up here by a second furnished by the Comte de Comminges in the year 1666, 115 years later, and six years subsequent to the restoration.*

The soil and ground gives the inhabitants of England a sufficiency of the necessaries of life, and they therefore have recourse to other countries only for superfluities, which they obtain in exchange for their cloths, the finest in Europe; for it is worthy of remark that they never suffer money to go out of their country in the course of trade.

They possess an utterly incredible number of great and small cattle, a true golden fleece, since it costs little to maintain them and almost nothing to tend, they being left for the most part to stray by themselves over the pastures. I once asked my host in Salisbury, (in the neighbourhood of which the best cloths are prepared,) whether the herdsmen

* MSS. de St. Germain. Vol. 741.

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observed any measure or system in the feeding of their herds, and he replied: the most skilful observe but one rule, namely, they never allow the sheep to swill, but the dew on the meads and pastures suffices to quench their thirst, and this, according to the observation of many, is the real reason that the wool is finer, thicker, and longer.

The rich gentry possess many horses and amuse themselves therewith in hunting and running for wagers, in which occupations they spend the greater part of their time. Their residences are in general rather commodious than magnificent; but always richly provided with food and wine to entertain their friends, and strangers to boot; at least, they practise much hospitality.

There is hardly a gentleman who has not from three to four hundred bucks within a fence, and the lords have as many as from 12 to 1500 in their parks. There is abundance of birds and fish, and no where are better oysters found. The physicians recommend these to their patients, but cause them to drink afterwards, to correct the indigestibility, from two to four good draughts of the best and strongest Spanish wine.

With respect to dress, the court always follows the French; in order, however, not to appear as mere imitators and devoid of invention, many of the younger add something of their own, which usually only increases the expense and exaggerates the fashion. If we, for example, wear thirty loops (galans) to our hose, they put on sixty, and thus in every thing.

If we speak of the English in the mass, we must call them brave, proud, overbearing, suspicious, and so vain, that I believe them to be a match in this for the Spaniards. Their demeanour is insupportable to any man of spirit, and one must be very modest and tractable, in order to keep on even moderate terms with such as seem to be of the most respectable class (*les plus honnêtes gens*).

The lower people are by nature inclined to theft, and if the severity of the laws were not brought in opposition, nothing would be in security.

Excesses in taverns and brothels pass among people of note merely for gallantries, and even women of good condition do not refuse a gallant to accompany him to drink Spanish wine.

A great proportion of their lords appear to be richer than they are. Some were ruined in the last war, and retained nothing more than their title, of which they are very vain. Others, following an absurd custom, leave the management of their affairs to their stewards, who soon so establish themselves in their authority, that the master learns nothing, and by degrees, (as is seen in the most distinguished families,) becomes a servant of his servant's son. The middle gentry, (called the cavaliers,) possess the ground and soil of nearly the whole kingdom, inasmuch as they and their fathers have generally been farmers to the lords, make little expense, never go to court, or leave their counties. The young women do not lose their rank, if they marry a man of humble station, whence one often meets with instances of strange and ill assorted marriages.

Notwithstanding this mixture of good and evil, it may be mentioned, that this people is formidable at sea, and would, if to its strength were joined more truth and faith, and less covetousness, attract to itself the greatest part of the collective trade of the world.

I must add still a word upon the amusements of the inhabitants of this great town of London. Sundays and festivals excepted, there are every day theatrical representations in two houses, which are to be called sumptuous in respect of the beauty of the stage, the convenience of the boxes and the pit, the machinery, music, and safety of the spectators. The players endeavour to imitate nature, and the poets do not submit themselves so painfully as we to the rules laid down by the learned. They think nothing of causing a king to be born in the first act, who fights a battle in the second, marries in the third, is made away with in the fourth, and is crowned a tyrant in the fifth.*

I have seen represented the entire life of Henry VIII. which is distinguished by so many marriages, misfortunes, and crimes. Cardinal Wolsey appears with his hat, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, with his vestment and coif, and I believe even with the pallium.

Boxing, partaking of something barbarous, is in common use, and enormous sums are staked at the cock fights. Young people of the best family pass entire days in this occupation, and the lords are not ashamed to mingle in this pursuit with the lowest and most infamous rabble. The King of England named to me, one who had in this manner lost a property of 10,000 jacobuses' annual income.

Thrice in the week there are fights, at a small price of admission, between dogs and bears, or bulls, and the public places are full of mountebanks and puppet showers.

In addition to all these places of entertainment may be counted upwards of 200 houses, where the idle and dissolute assemble to take tobacco, brandy, tea, coffee, and chocolate. It is there that with the pipe in their mouth, among glasses and bottles, they discuss the news, treat of politics, make portraits of all princes, and bring their ministers to trial; all with so much ignorance and so little justice, that nothing but passion and

* This order of the words stands in the German text, and is, perhaps, an attempt at witticism in the writer. [Tr.]

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interest governs their decisions, and these impudent and scandalous meetings are closed in drunkenness and low debauchery.

The Naturalist.

CAPTURE OF A FULL-GROWN ORANG-OUTANG.

In 1826, Dr. Clarke Abel published an account of an orang-outang, of remarkable height, which was shot in the island of Sumatra, by a party who had landed there from the Mary Anne Sophia, Captain Cornfoot, for the purpose of watering. This specimen was upwards of seven feet in height, and after receiving several shots, was killed. After the fifth shot, it climbed a tree, and reclined against its boughs, to all appearance in great pain, and vomited a considerable quantity of blood. When the animal made its appearance, it seemed as if it had come from some distance; and, it had apparently been walking through a swamp, its legs, up to the knees, being muddy. Its gait was slovenly, and as it went, it waddled from side to side. This account first appeared in the *Hurkara Newspaper*, and was corroborated by Captain Cornfoot, who further informed Dr. Abel that the orang-outang was a full head taller than any man on board, measuring seven feet in what would be its ordinary standing posture, and eight feet when it was suspended for the purpose of being skinned. The captain dwelt much upon the human-like expression of its countenance, and especially on the beautiful arrangement of its beard. He feelingly described the piteous action of the animal on being wounded, and of its apparent tenacity of life. It seems that on the spot where this orang was killed, were five or six trees, which occasioned his hunters great trouble in procuring their prey; for, in consequence of the extreme agility and power of the animal in springing from branch to branch, and bounding from one tree to another, his pursuers could not fix their aim, until they had cut down all the trees but one. When thus limited in his range, the orang-outang was shot, but did not die till he had received five balls and the thrust of a spear. One of the first balls probably penetrated his lungs, as he, immediately after the infliction of the wound, slung himself by his feet from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand on the injured part, and distressed his pursuers by the human-like agony of his expression. When on the ground, after being exhausted by his many wounds, he lay as if dead, with his head resting on his folded arms. It was at this moment that an officer attempted to give the *coup de grace* by pushing a spear through his body; but he immediately jumped on his feet, wrested the weapon from his antagonist, and shivered it in pieces. This was his last wound, and last great exertion; yet, he lived some time afterwards, and drank great quantities of water. Captain Cornfoot also observed, that the orang had probably travelled some distance from the place where he was killed, as his legs were covered with mud up to the knees.

Dr. Abel gives the measurement of the animal in anatomical detail, and describes its remains. The skin, dried and shrivelled as it was, measured, in a straight line from the top of the shoulder to the point whence the ancle had been removed, 5 feet 10 inches; add to this the *perpendicular* length of the neck, as in the preparation of the head, 3½ inches; length of the face from the forehead to the chin, 9 inches; and of the skin then attached to the foot, from the line of its separation from the body to the heel, 8 inches —measurements which Dr. Abel made himself—and we have 7 feet 6½ inches as his approximate height.

The face of this animal, with the exception of the beard, and a few short downy hairs, was bare. It was of a dark lead colour, excepting the margins of the lips, which were lighter. The eyes were small in relation to those of man, and were about an inch apart. The eyelids were well fringed with lashes. The ears were 1½ inch in length, and barely an inch in breadth; they were close to the head, and resembled those of man, with the exception of wanting the lower lobe. The nose was scarcely raised above the level of the face, and was chiefly distinguished by two nostrils, three-quarters of an inch in breadth, placed obliquely side by side. The muzzle projected in a mammillary form. The opening of the mouth was very large. When closed, the lips appeared narrow, but were, in reality, half an inch in thickness. The hair of the head was of a reddish brown, grew from behind forwards, and was five inches in length. The beard was handsome, and appeared to have been curly in the animal's lifetime. Its coleur was lighter than that of the head, approaching to a light chestnut. The beard was about three inches long, springing very gracefully from the upper lip, near the angles of the mouth, in the form of mustachios, whence descending, it mixed with that of the chin; the whole having a very wary aspect. The face was much wrinkled.

The palms of the hands were very long, quite naked from the wrists, and of the colour of the face. Their backs were covered with hair to the last joint of the fingers; and this inclined backwards towards the wrists, and then turned directly upwards. All the fingers had nails, which were strong, convex, and of a black colour. The thumb reached to the first joint of the fore-finger.

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The soles of the feet were bare, and of the same colour as the hands; they were covered on the back with hair to the last joint of the toes. The great toe was set on nearly at right angles to the foot, and was, relatively very short. The original colour, however, of the hands and arms, and the soles of the feet, was somewhat uncertain, in consequence of the effect of the spirit in which they had been preserved.

The skin was of a dark leaden colour. The hair was of a brownish red, but, when observed at some distance, had a dull, and in some places, an almost black appearance; but, in a strong light it was of a light red. It was, in all parts, very long: from the shoulders it hung in large and long massy tufts, which, in continuation with the long hair on the back, seemed to form a continuous mass to the very centre of the body. The principal dimensions of the skin were, greatest breadth, about the centre, 3 ft. 2 in.; greatest length down the centre of the back, 3 ft. 2 in.; it measured from one extremity of the arm to another, 5 ft. 8 in.; to this is to be added 15 inches on each side for the hands and wrists, which will render the whole span of the animal equal to 8 ft. 2 in.

TEMPERATURE.

In air at rest, at a temperature inferior to that of our bodies, (says Dr. W. F. Edwards,) we lose heat in three ways—by evaporation, by the contact of the air, and by radiation. Loss by radiation would equally have taken place *in vacuo*, and appears not to be influenced by the motion of the gas. Now, let the air be agitated, its radiation will not be affected; but the change of the air considerably increases the quantity of heat taken away by contact, and in a degree proportioned to the rapidity of the current. To the greater loss of heat by this action of the wind, we must add the refrigeration produced by an increased evaporation, which also augments with the rapidity of the wind. It is to these two causes combined, that we must attribute the strong feeling of cold which we experience when no other change of the state of the atmosphere occurs than in the rapidity of its motion. In the voyage of Captain Parry to the Arctic Regions, there was frequent occasion to remark the difference between the indications of the thermometer, and those drawn from the feelings of the voyagers. They bore very easily a temperature of 17° 77 Cent. below the freezing point, (0° Fahr.,) when they were walking in the open air in calm weather. This was not the case if the air was agitated; though the temperature always rose with the wind, whatever might be its direction. They suffered more cold in a breeze, when the temperature was only 6° 66 Cent. below 0° (+ 20° Fahr.), than at 17° 17 Cent. below 0° (0° Fahr.), when the air was at rest. The second surgeon in the expedition, Mr. A. Fisher, who relates the above facts, furnishes a more remarkable example of the cold occasioned by wind. He informs us, that the temperature being at 46° 11 Cent. below 0° (—51° Fahr.), during calm weather, they were no more inconvenienced by the cold, than when the air was at 17° 77 Cent. (0° Fahr.) during a breeze. W. G. C.

GOLD FISH.

In the manufacturing districts, (says Dr. Hodgkin,) where there is an inadequate supply of cold water for the condensation of the steam employed in the engines, recourse is had to what are called engine-dams or ponds, into which the water from the steam-engine is thrown for the purpose of being cooled. In these dams, the average temperature of which is about 80°, it is common to keep gold-fish, the *ciprinus aureus;* in which situation they multiply much more rapidly than in ponds of lower temperature exposed to the variations of the climate. Three pairs of this species were put into one of these dams, where they increased so rapidly, that at the end of three years, their progeny, which was accidentally poisoned by verdigris mixed with the refuse tallow from the engine, were taken out by wheelbarrows-full. Gold-fish are by no means useless inhabitants of these dams, as they consume the refuse grease which would otherwise impede the cooling of the water by accumulating on its surface. It is not improbable, that this unusual supply of aliment may co-operate with increase of temperature in promoting the fecundity of the fishes.

W. G. C.

VEGETATION IN HOT SPRINGS.

A short time since, Mr. J. Daulby, brought from Iceland a species of *Chara,* which he found flowering and producing seed in one of the hot springs of that island, in which, he states, that he boiled an egg in four minutes. W. G. C.

THE GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, STRAND.

(*Continued from page* 116.)

We resume our notices with the apparatus, foremost among which is a powerful Magnet of tempered steel, for illustrating, on a splendid and extensive scale, Mr. Faraday's great discovery of the apparent identity of the electric and magnetic fluids. This apparatus has been arranged by Mr. Joseph Saxton expressly for the Gallery; and is of the horse-shoe form, composed of twelve shear-steel plates, in close approximation: the other details must be omitted; but, of the results we may state its capability of producing a succession of the most brilliant sparks, and of

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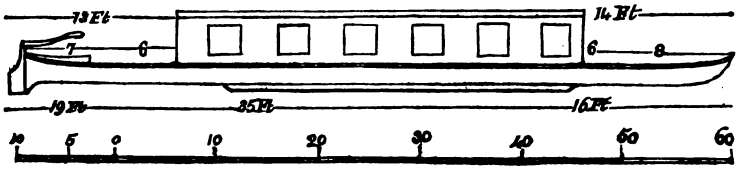

(The Paisley Canal Boat.)

communicating powerful shocks, which, like those afforded by electrical machines, may be passed through the bodies of several people at the same instant. It is also capable of heating a platinum wire red-hot, and of deflagrating the wires of other metals. Next is an Electro-Magnet by J. Marsh; consisting of a bar of soft iron in the form of a horse-shoe, weighing about 34 lbs., and surrounded with copper wire, by forming a communication between which and the metallic elements of the Voltaic battery, employed to excite the Electro-Magnet, the latter becomes a very powerful temporary magnet, and sustains between 400 and 500 lbs.; but, immediately the connexion ceases, the magnetism, to this great extent of power, ceases; yet, a weight of 50 or 60 lbs. will continue to be upheld, long after the connexion is broken. Thirdly, is a Ferro-Electro-Magnetic Sphere, by William Sturgeon, — an instrument for illustrating Terrestrial Magnetism, on the principles of electrical currents. "Currents and streams of electricity are made to circulate around the equatorial parts of the sphere at right angles to the polar axis; the sphere thus becomes converted into an electro-magnet, and in accordance with the effect displayed by the magnetism of the earth, the needle will be seen to be acted upon, and to produce its dipping and horizontal positions according to the several latitudes of the sphere to which it is presented." Experiments with these apparatus are made at stated periods of the day.

We omitted to state that in the canal may occasionally be seen a Model of the Paisley Canal Boat, presented to the Society by the late Thomas Telford, Esq. The length of the boat is 70 feet, width 6 feet, and 1 foot 10 inches deep: with 90 passengers, as many as a boat can conveniently take, the draught of water is 19½ inches; when empty, the draught is only 5½ inches. The weight of the iron-work is 17 cwt.; and the weight when the work is finished is 33 cwt. The above figure is a side view of one of these boats. The windows in front light the cabin, and those behind are for the steerage: the part at the bow marked 8 feet is a deck for the passengers, and the part marked 6 feet has seats round it: the 6 feet space towards the stern is for the same purpose as the 6 feet in front, and the 7 feet a deck on which the steersman stands; under each deck is a place for luggage. The keel is 35 feet long, the part in front, (under the boat,) marked 16 feet, and that behind marked 19 feet, have no keel; this allows the boat to turn quicker, and is one peculiarity of its construction, as the Paisley canal is a very winding one. The hooks, one on each side, on which the towing line is fixed, are fastened to the gunnel of the boat at about 15 feet from the bow; the rope is put on one of these when the boat is lightly loaded; but when there are many passengers, the rope is fixed about 3½ feet nearer the bow; which helps the boat round the turns on the canal. The best speed for these boats is greater than 9 miles an hour; and one boat can be finished in a most comfortable style for 130*l*.

Next is a Model of the great American Steam Raft, "Emma of Troy," stated to have performed, on her first trial, 21 miles in one hour and one minute. She consists of two separate, hollow trunks or spindles, with a deck laid over them; these trunks being 300 feet long, and, in the centre, or thickest part, 8 feet in diameter; and they taper in a regular, parabolic curve to a point at each end: they do not, however, appear so much like two horns as in the Engraving, but are inclosed by an outside guard. The paddle wheel, 30 feet in diameter, works in the space between the two trunks, which is about 16 feet in breadth. The principle upon which this mighty raft has been constructed, is that of a mass moving more easily through the water endwise than sidewise: and here the principle is fully worked out; for, instead of a boat so narrow that she could hardly stand erect, we have a pair of boats, and so free from all danger of capsizing as to be elongated to the builder's heart's content. The rudder behind the "Troy" flag is a plate of iron, governed by the motion of the steering-wheel placed parallel with the boiler, on the same trunk, to which it is connected by ropes; it is similar to a common steering-wheel, and, as the chief weight of the parabolic spindles, or trunks, is in the centre, it causes it to revolve, as on a pivot: on this principle the

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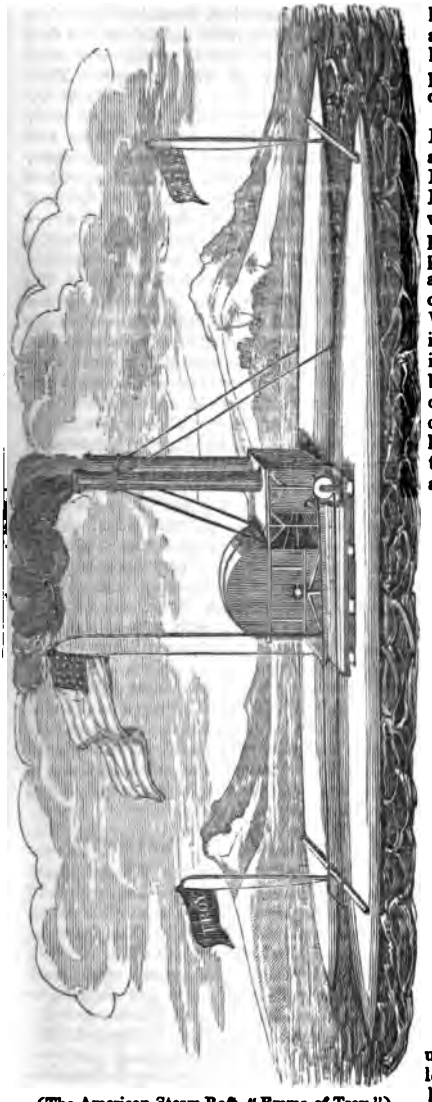

(The American Steam Raft, "Emma of Troy.")

boat turns, whereas all other vessels turn on their stern. Lastly, the principle of this Raft is admitted to be good; but we are not aware of the entire success of the invention.

By the stairs at the extremity of the Long Room, we ascend to the Gallery, which is stored with interesting objects. Here have been deposited fifty-seven paintings, by foreign and British artists of celebrity; a collection of architectural models by Day; and an ancient Crossbow, Wheel-lock, and Match-lock, intended to form the nucleus of a complete series of weapons from the earliest date.

Here are likewise some improved Musical Instruments of attractive novelty; as a self-acting and keyed Grand Pianoforte, by Rolfe, which is put in action at intervals. Next is a Mechanical Trumpet, by M. Davrainville, of Paris; which is played by a pedal, the machinery acting on cylinders: it performs marches and other military pieces, arranged in four parts, and is put in action on each firing of the Steam Gun. A Harp-Ventura near the above, and named from the inventer, is worth illustration. The size of this instrument is 33 inches long, and 14 inches broad; it has 17 strings, and is of elegant design. It is productive of a very fine quality of tone, approximating to the tones of the harp in the lower notes, and to the guitar in the upper; it also harmonizes beautifully as an accompaniment to the voice.

(The Harp-Ventura.)

Three Models, illustrative of important mechanical principles, are also in the Gallery. First, is Mr. Saxton's Locomotive Pulley, for augmenting the speed of Carriages and Vessels, upon the principle of any radius of a wheel or pulley being considered as a simple lever. This contrivance consists in a double pulley, one side of which is of greater diameter than the other, to be affixed to the carriage or vessel. A rope passing round each of the pulleys must also pass along the road or water in the direction in which the carriage or vessel is to move. The proportion used in the pulley of the model carriage exhibited is as 8 to 9, showing a difference

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of one-ninth in the diameter of the two sides of the pulley: accordingly, the carriage will move seventeen times faster than the rope by which it is put in motion; and a horse at his most effective speed of 2½ miles per hour, attached to an endless rope passing around pulleys in these proportions, would draw a carriage attached to the common axis at the rate of 42½ miles an hour. Next is a model of the Bust of a Human Figure, also by Mr. Saxton: by mechanical contrivances a knife can be passed through the neck without detaching the head; the eyes moving at the same time. Thirdly, is a Mechanical Paradox—a box which runs up an inclined plane.

(To be concluded in our next.)

New Books.

SCENES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF HINDOSTAN.
(By Emma Roberts.)

[This work is a republication of a series of papers which have appeared in the *Asiatic Journal;* and right worthy are they of this distinction of a "separate form." They consist of the author's recollections of scenes and incidents occurring during her travels in India; and they afford considerable information upon the subject of native and Anglo-Indian society. They portray Domestic Life in the East Indies very felicitously; and, from the gorgeous character of the natural and artificial wealth of the country, they are richly stored with details of the most fascinating attraction. Indeed, it is long since we have read a work so delightfully *characteristic;* so enchaining in the vastness of some subjects, and so untiring in the minuteness of others. It is written throughout in a graceful style, the authoress' graphic powers being of a first-rate order, and her aptitude for giving interest to minor incidents rendering every page of the three volumes before us a source of gratification. From such a treasury of entertainment we intend to select a few pages.]

The Furniture of a Calcutta House,

though scanty, is handsome. The floors are covered with fine matting, and the walls are adorned with sconces having glass shades to them, some containing two, and others three lights. The loftiness of the apartments renders a strong illumination necessary, and as cocoa-nut oil is very cheap, all the houses have the advantage of being exceedingly well lighted. One of the most beautiful features of the city at night, consists of the bright floods issuing from innumerable lamps in the houses of the rich, when all the windows being open, the radiance is thrown across the neighbouring roads. The punkah is another distinguishing ornament of a Calcutta mansion; it is formed of a wooden frame-work, a foot and a half, or two feet broad, hung in the centre of the room, and extending nearly its whole length. This frame is covered with painted canvass or fluted silk, finished round the edges with gilt mouldings. It is suspended from the ceiling by ropes covered with scarlet cloth, very tastefully disposed, and hangs within seven feet of the ground. A rope is fastened to the centre, and the whole apparatus waves to and fro, creating, if pulled vigorously, a strong current of air, and rendering the surrounding atmosphere endurable, when the heat would be much too great to be borne without it. The chairs and tables are usually of very fine wood handsomely carved, and the sofas are for the most part covered with satin damask; but comfort and convenience being more studied than appearance, there are few of those elegant little trifles in the way of furniture, by which an upholsterer in London contrives to make a fortune.

One peculiarity strikes a stranger immediately as he enters a house in India inhabited by Europeans: all the sofas, chairs, tables, &c. are placed at the distance of a foot at least from the wall; a very necessary precaution in a country abounding with insects and reptiles of all kinds. Every side of every apartment is pierced with doors, and the whole of the surrounding ante-chambers appear to be peopled with ghosts. Servants clad in flowing, white garments glide about with noiseless feet in all directions; and it is very long before people accustomed to solitude and privacy in their own apartments, can become reconciled to the multitude of domestics who think themselves privileged to roam all over the house.

An East Indian Establishment.

An establishment in the Bengal presidency is composed of various descriptions of Moosulman and Hindoo servants, all of whom have their respective offices. The *khansamah*, or head of the household, must be a Moosulman, and it is of great consequence that he should be an active and respectable man, for upon his exertions the comfort of a family must in a great measure depend. He acts in the capacity of major-domo, purveyor, and confectioner, superintending the cooking department, making the jellies and jams, and attending to all the more delicate and elaborate details of the *cuisine*. All the other servants are, or ought to be, under his immediate control, and when he is made answerable for their conduct, things usually go on very smoothly. In addition to the khansamah, whose place at table is behind his master's chair, there are other attendants of his own class, called *khidmutgars*, one being attached to each individual of the family. Strictly speaking, the duty of these

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men is merely to attend at meals; but they will cook upon occasion, and, indeed, are fond of showing their skill in the art, and also, where economy is considered, act as the *abdar*, (butler,) who cools the wine, &c., or as the *kookah-badar*, (pipe-bearer,) and chillum manufacturer. But servants are often especially retained for these purposes; and, when that is the case, the master of the mansion, either abroad or at home, is attended by his *khansamah*, *abdar*, and *hookah-badar*, all splendidly dressed, and standing at the back of his chair. One or two cooks, according to the style of living, and the same number of *mussaulchees*, (scullions,) complete the table servants, who must all be Moosulmans, the Hindoos objecting, on account of their religion, to have anything to do with the kitchen, carrying their scruples so far, as to refuse to touch a clean plate, in consequence of its having been defiled by a portion of a slaughtered animal. The *sirdar bearer*, a Hindoo, acts as valet to the master of the house; he has the care of the oil and wax-candles, and sees to the lighting of the lamps, the dusting of the furniture, and making the beds; he is assisted in these concerns by one or two mates, (according to the number of individuals belonging to the family,) who pull the punkahs, and in a large establishment, where four or eight are kept, carry the palanquin.

The *meter*, (sweeper,) a very essential person, is a low-caste Hindoo, above all prejudice, who sweeps the floors, clears away dirt, and will take care of a dog or other unclean animal. These, with the *ayah*, (lady's maid,) the *metranee*, (her assistant, and the *dirzee*, compose the servants employed in in-door offices, — to whom, however, the *bheestie*, or water-carrier may be added, who supplies the bathing-rooms with water. The *chuprassies* are running footmen, employed to attend a carriage or a palanquin, to go upon messages, carry letters, bottles, books, or other light articles which they can take in their hands. They are usually, if Hindoo, high-caste men, brahmins being frequently candidates for this office, and in the upper provinces of Hindoostan, are seldom seen without swords by their sides. The messengers of Bengal, called *hurkarus*, are a very inferior description of persons, performing the same duties: they sit in the ante-rooms, and are always ready to answer to the *qui hi?* (who waits?)

The out-door servants are almost innumerable; every horse must be supplied with a groom and grass-cutter; few houses are destitute either of a garden or a small piece of ground, which requires the care and attention of one or more persons, (*mallees*,) then there is the *dobhy*, (washerman,) the *berywallah* who has the charge of the goats or sheep; men or boys to look after the poultry; extra water-carriers, and other extras, *ad infinitum*.

In Calcutta, every house must have a porter, or *durwan*; and in the provinces, a *chokeydar*, or watchman, at night.*

When the family assemble for the day, the servants in attendance *salaam* as each person enters the breakfast-room. The *khidmutgars*, of course, are at their posts, and might be deemed sufficient for the purpose; but the tea-kettle being under the especial superintendence of one of the bearers, he is seldom found willing to intrust it to other hands, scrupulously performing the duties of his office: and although there may be half a dozen other servants in the room, he is seen to fill the tea-pot, or at any rate to bring in the kettle from an iron tripod, called an *ungeeta*, the substitute for an urn, which is filled with lighted charcoal, and kept either outside the house, or in an open veranda. During breakfast, the *mallee* makes his appearance with his baskets of fruit and vegetables, and a small bouquet for each lady placed upon the top. The fruits, &c. are neatly arranged in plantain-leaves, and as he offers his basket round the table, each person takes something, custard-apples, guavas, chillies, salad, or cresses. After breakfast, the khansamah, who has made his bazaar early in the morning, either lays out his purchases in an ante-room, or sends them in to the lady upon dishes or in baskets; after they are inspected, he takes his orders and retires. The bed-rooms and bathing-rooms being properly arranged for the day, the bearers, with the exception of those left to pull the punkahs, betake themselves to their repose, lying down in all directions in the ante-chambers, well covered up to secure them from musquitoes, and looking like so many corpses swathed in grave-clothes.

Such is the state of affairs until the hour of *tiffin*; the chuprassies in attendance announcing guests, and ushering them in and out. As soon as the sun begins to decline, the water-carrier appears with his *mussuck*, and sprinkles the verandas, and the *chubootur*, a terrace raised in some elevated place. The *meters* come in with their brooms, and sweep the floors; the bearers draw up the *chiks*, or blinds, and beat the flies out, taking care to shut them again before they light the lamps, an operation which is performed the instant its gets dark. Every sleeping apartment is supplied with a lamp duly placed upon the dressing-table, or

* In large establishments in Calcutta, a sircar or steward is kept, who receives no pay, but takes a per-centage out of all the money passing through his hands. The wages of other servants vary from ten rupees to three per month; they feed and clothe themselves, and live in small houses in the compound; a few of the bearers sleep in the house, wrapping themselves up in cloths, and spreading a mat under them, upon the floor.

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in a wall-shade, at the closing in of the brief twilight. Where there is an active and steady khansamah, to see that these things are regularly and thoroughly done, the lady of the house has very little trouble; but indifference to comfort and appearance upon her part, will invariably occasion idleness and slovenliness on that of the servants, exhibited in dusty, worm-eaten furniture, ragged mats, dirt, and dilapidation of every kind; for a single day's neglect is quite sufficient to allow the multitudinous hosts of insects, which form the grand, destructive power, to gain a head. An ill-kept house in India is the most deplorable, comfortless-looking place imaginable; it is overrun with vermin of every kind; "rats and mice and such small deer" disport themselves over it at all hours; frogs croak in the corners, and bats nestle in the cornices. The damps gathered on the mats produce plentiful crops of the endless varieties of the fungus tribe, and should not the red ants succeed in devouring their white brethren, not a door-post will remain in its proper position; while you cannot remove a chair or a table, without the risk of disturbing the family of a centipede. It is a good plan, even where the servants are most active, to walk quietly through the rooms, and order every article of furniture to change its place; for, at every thorough cleaning, the first rudiments of a rat's nest, (where dogs and cats are not kept,) may be detected; scorpions, either in an advanced or infant state, are certain to be found under the mats, together with such an incredible quantity of lizards' eggs, that you wonder whether the flies themselves could furnish food for the numberless broods, were they permitted to burst the shell. A lady desirous of preserving neatness and order throughout her dominions, will sometimes visit the cook-room, which is generally at a distance from the house, and take a peep, *en passant*, at the poultry-yard, and the domiciles of her servants. Native attendants have a pride in appearing to advantage, and will take care that nothing shall offend the lady's eye. The cook-room ought to be kept extremely clean; it is generally rather a small place, and so scantily furnished, compared with an English kitchen, that it is marvellous how it can be made to supply the endless number of dishes which issue from its humble roof: but the greater part of the preparations being carried on outside, and there being always several ranges of hot hearths in the interior, the difficulties are not so great as may be imagined at first sight. The principal fuel in use is charcoal, and the meat is roasted *over*, and not *in front of*, the fire: an arrangement to which connoisseurs in the gastronomic science object.

Those ladies who are either Indian-born, or who have lived long enough in the country to acquire a perfect knowledge of its modes, language, and customs, frequently leave little for the khansamah to do; attending themselves at the godowns, (store-rooms,) and giving out each article for the day's consumption; seeing wood and charcoal weighed, oil measured, and eggs numbered. A saving in expense is, no doubt, effected by these exertions: but as, unhappily, they are usually attended by violent scolding matches, after the true Hindoostanee fashion, such minute attention to household affairs is not very desirable. By permitting the khansamah to gain a small profit on his bazaar-accounts, the service is made acceptable to a respectable man, who cannot afford to support a family in a becoming manner upon his bare wages; and a domestic of this description will, in almost every case, be found exceedingly faithful, attached to the person of his master, and ready to submit to inconveniences, (which natives generally are not willing to bear,) if necessary, to secure the comfort of the family he serves.

An Indian Dinner.

The receipt for an Indian dinner appears to be, to slaughter a bullock and a sheep, and place all the joints before the guests at once, with poultry, &c. to match. The natives are excellent cooks, and might easily be taught the most delicate arts of the *cuisine;* but as their own recipes differ exceedingly from ours, they can only acquire a knowledge of the European style from the instructions of their employers: their hashes, stews, and haricots are excellent, but a prejudice exists against these preparations amidst the greater number of Anglo-Indians, who fancy that "black fellows" cannot do any thing beyond their own *pillaws*, and are always in dread of some abomination in the mixture: a vain and foolish alarm, where the servants are cleanly, and where no one ever objects to curry.

For these or some other equally absurd reasons, made dishes form a very small portion of the entertainment given to a large party, which is usually composed of, in the first instance, an overgrown turkey, (the fatter the better,) in the centre, which is the place of honour; an enormous ham for its *vis-à-vis;* at the top of the table appears a surloin or round of beef; at the bottom a saddle of mutton; legs of the same, boiled and roasted, figure down the sides, together with fowls, three in a dish, geese, ducks, tongues, humps, pigeon-pies, curry and rice of course, mutton-chops and chicken-cutlets. Fish is of little account, except for breakfast, and can only maintain its post as a side-dish.

In the hot season, fish caught early in the morning would be much deteriorated before the dinner-hour, it is therefore eaten princi-

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pally at breakfast. There are no *entremets*, no removes; the whole course is put on the table at once, and when the guests are seated, the soup is brought in. The reason of the delay of a part of the entertainment, which invariably takes the precedence in England, is rather curious. All the guests are attended by their own servants, who congregate round the cook-room, and assist to carry in the dinner; were the soup to enter first, these worthies would rush to their masters' chairs, and leave the discomfited khansamah at the head of his dishes, without a chance of getting them conveyed to table by his mussaulchees under an hour, at least. The second course is nearly as substantial as the first, and makes as formidable an appearance: beef-steaks figure amongst the delicacies, and smaller articles, such as quails or ortolans are piled up in hecatombs. At the tables of old Indians, the fruit makes a part of the second course; but regular desserts are coming, though slowly, into fashion.

There is always a mixture of meanness and magnificence in every thing Asiatic; the splendid appointments of silver and china, which deck the board, have not their proper accompaniment of rich damask,* but appear upon common cotton cloths, the manufacture of the country. All the glasses are supplied with silver covers, to keep out the flies; but the glasses themselves are not changed when the cloth is removed. It will easily be perceived that there is an air of barbaric grandeur about these feasts, which reminds a stranger of the descriptions he has read of the old baronial style of living; but, unfortunately, the guests invited to assist at the demolition of innumerable victims, want the keen appetite which rendered their martial ancestors such valiant trencher-men. The *burra khanas*, as they are called at Calcutta, certainly afford a festal display, in which the eye, if not the palate, must take pleasure. In a hall paved with marble, supported by handsome stone pillars, and blazing with lights, sixty guests, perhaps, are assembled; punkahs wave above their heads, and chowries of various kinds, some of peacocks' plumes, others of fleecy cow-tails, mounted upon silver handles, are kept in continual agitation, to beat off the flies, by attendants beautifully clad in white muslin. At every third or fourth chair, the *hookah*, reposing on an embroidered carpet, exhibits its graceful splendours, but unhappily the fumes of the numerous chillums, the steam of the dishes, the heat of the lamps, and the crowds of attendants, effectually counteract the various endeavours made to procure a free circulation of air. The petticoated bottles, which make the circuit of the tables instead of decanters, form one of the peculiarities of an Indian table; their ugliness is compensated by their utility, as the wine is kept cool by the wetted cloths which are somewhat fancifully arranged round the necks of the bottles: port, claret, and Burgundy are characteristically attired in crimson, with white flounces; while sherry and Madeira appear in bridal costume. Mr. Hood's pencil would revel in the delineation of these grotesque appendages. The verandas present a bustling scene, which, to unaccustomed eyes, is both curious and attractive. There the hookah-badars are busy preparing fresh chillums, the khidmutgars are putting the tea-equipage in order, and the fires of the ungeetas draw groups around them; for at no season of the year is a native averse to the genial warmth of the bright, red coal, over which he bends with delight, while Europeans, in despite of punkahs, are fainting from excess of heat.

(To be continued.)

* It is supposed that, as there are no mangles in India, damask table-linen would lose its glossy hue: but the heavy irons used by the *dhobys* answer all the purposes of those huge machines.

The Public Journals.

NOOKS OF THE WORLD.

THERE are thousands of places in this beautiful kingdom, which, if you could change their situation—if you could take some plain, monotonous, and uninteresting tracts from the neighbourhood of large cities, from positions barren and of daily observance, and place these in their stead—would acquire an incalculable value; while the common spots would serve the present inhabitants of those sweet places just as well, and often far better, for the ordinary purposes of their lives—for walking over in the day, sleeping in during the night, and raising grass, cattle, and corn upon. The dwellers of cities—the men who have made fortunes, or are making them, and yet long for the quietness and beauty of the country — but especially the literary, the nature-loving, the poetical—would, to use a common expression, jump at them; and, if it were in their power, to secure them, would make heavens-upon-earth of them. Yes! they are such spots as thousands are longing for; as the day-dreaming young, and the world-weary old, are yearning after, and painting to their mind's eye, daily, in great cities; and the dull, the commonplace, the unpercipient of their beauty and their glory, are dwelling in them:—paradisiacal fields and magnificent mountains; or cloudy hollows in their mottled sides; or little *cleuchs* and glens, hidden and green—overhung with wild wood—rocky, and resounding with dashing and splashing streams;—places, where the eye sees the distant flocks and their slowly-stalking shepherds — the climbing goat, the soaring eagle; and the ear catches

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their far-off cries; whence a thousand splendours and pageants, changing aspects, and kindling and dying glories, in earth and sky, are witnessed; the cheerful arising of morning—the still, crimson, violet, purple, azure, dim grey, and then dark fading away of day into night, are watched; where the high and clear grandeur and solitude of night, with its moon and stars, and wandering breezes, and soul-enwrapping freshness, are seen and felt. Such places as these, and the brown or summer-empurpled heath, with its patch of ancient forest, its blasted, shattered, yet living old trees, greeting you with feelings and fancies of long-past centuries; the clear, rushing brook; the bubbling and most crystalline spring; and the turf that springs under your feet with a delicious elasticity, and sends up to your senses a fresh and forest-born odour; or cottages perched in the sides of glades, or on eminences by the sea—the soul-inspiring sea—with its wide views of coming and going ships, its fresh gales, and its everlasting change of light and life, on its waters, and on its shores; its sailors, and its fishermen, with all their doings, families, and dependencies—every one of them thoroughly covered and saturated with the spirit of picturesque and homely beauty; or inland hollows and fields, and old hamlets, lying amid great woods and slopes of wondrous loveliness:—if we could but turn things round, and bring these near us, and unite, at once, city advantages, city society, and them! But it never can be! And there are living in them, from generation to generation, numbers of people who are not to be envied, because they know nothing at all of the enviableness of their situation. — *William Howitt, in Tait's Magazine.*

GERMANISM AND THE LAKE SCHOOL.

[The following passage from one of the papers in the new review, (*British and Foreign,*) is pregnant with truth; though its crush of the fantasies of the above schools reminds one of the wheel and butterfly annihilation.]

We draw a favourable omen from the revived taste for the standard English classics,—it promises a return to sounder theories of criticism, and to superior models of composition in prose and verse; this will be best understood from a glance once more in retrospect. The English reading public, towards the close of the last century, became satiated with perfection—Pope had not enough of excitement, and was at last, we believe, refused by the new school the title of poet. The classic literature of the age of Anne was called the French school, and the national prejudice thus ranged against those names of which the nation has most reason to be proud. It became necessary to stimulate the palled appetite by something new and strange—Germanism came with its curious and corrupting mixture of the feudal barbarism of the middle age, and depraved sentimentalism of modern society,—recommended, at the same time, by a certain originality and vigour. This Germanism was further recommended by an undiscriminating, extravagant, and affected admiration of Shakspeare—it is the curious fortune of that immortal name to be the rallying cry of the most insufferable cant. The Germans affect to sound the depths of human nature, mental and moral, with a plumb-line which has no limit. Plato reduced man to an *animal bipes implume*—the Germans exalt and expand him into an universe—and examine him accordingly. They discovered in Shakspeare depths of which he was innocent as childhood; they extracted a profound meaning out of the corruptions of text to which his fatal carelessness has subjected his glorious remains—they found beauties in the trash foisted in by the players (a practice recorded and rebuked by himself); and they thus came into alliance and sympathy with the tasteless conceit and stilted melodrame, which cover themselves with the ægis of Shakspeare amongst ourselves. There are, doubtless, obscurities in his text, where his allusions are no longer understood; but it has always struck us, that every idea and image, in such minds as Milton's and Shakspeare's, must have been too clear and distinct to be obscurely expressed. We cannot, in fine, bring ourselves to believe that the base scene, for instance, in which Henry V. courts his Queen, comes from him who had

> ———A muse of fire that could ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention ———

who wrote Hamlet's monologues and Clarence's dream. It strikes us, that where Shakspeare is genuine and himself, he is bright as the sun; but we can easily conceive that Goethe's meaning should sometimes be unfathomable; for this good reason, that he had no meaning distinct or intelligible even to himself. In the effort to be profound and imaginative, he tried and tortured his faculties on every side, and enveloped himself at last in a cloud of words presenting nothing but a chaos of images and abstractions. It is well known that tourists and other amateurs of German poetry, frequently requested Goethe to tell them his meaning, in various passages of his writings, and that he constantly refused or evaded their requests. The reason is obvious.

As a consequence of all this, the Lake school, and its twin rival, the cockney school, grew up excrescences upon our poetical literature. But their day is nearly past. We have suffered something like the same depravation, which may be observed to have grown gradually in Roman literature, by a comparison of Virgil and Horace with Lucan and Claudian. The art of printing did not

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exist for the Romans, and the tide of barbarism could not be resisted; with us it is different; our master-pieces may be neglected for a time out of satiety, the love of novelty, the various influences and phantasies which govern or constitute what may be called the public humour, rather than the public opinion; but they are multiplied and diffused beyond the possibility of even scarcity, and they will be sure, in time, to recover their proper empire. We would not, at the same time, be intolerant or exclusive—no enlightened and comprehensive system of literature or criticism can exclude such productions as Southey's "Roderick," or Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads and Sonnets," due selection being made. But we can imagine no canon of taste which would admit the laureate hexameters, *e tutti quanti* of the former—the "Excursions," "Sketches," and "Tours," the "Peter Bells," and the "Wagoners" of the latter. The literature of the French has suffered an incursion and devastation somewhat similar to our own; and there is, we think, among them, a tendency to return to their classics. The conquest of northern barbarism was not, indeed, so complete in France as in England. Both nations may, perhaps, purify their literature at the same time, and each profit by the classic models and masterpieces of the other. French literature is depreciated amongst us, whilst we render justice to French science; the reason is obvious; the merits and reputation of a man of science are pronounced upon only by men of science, who are alone competent—ignorance, presumptuous as it may be, does not venture on that sacred ground—but persons may be constantly heard repeating the ignorant cant about the tragedies of Voltaire and Racine, who could not discover the difference between French prose and verse, if the former were but printed so as to present to the eye a resemblance of the latter.

The Gatherer.

Lucky Escapes.—In the siege of Rouen, in 1652, there is a curious incident of an officer named François Civil, who owed his life to the fidelity of his servant, who, searching for his body, in order to inter it, was quitting the ground in despair, when he observed, by the light of the moon, a diamond ring on a hand not covered with earth; approaching nearer, he knew it to be the hand of his master, by the ring. Great was his joy; but greater, when taking the body to inter it, he found it warm. He took it to the hospital to be examined by the surgeons, who were so occupied by the number of the wounded, that they paid no attention to a *dead man*, as they thought him. On this, the valet took on himself the sole care of his master, who soon began to recover. Shortly after, the city was taken, and the house in which was Civil, was broken into, and he, in a weak state was thrown out of the window. He fortunately fell on a heap of dung, unhurt by the fall, but was obliged to remain there till he was conveyed privately by his relations out of the city, where, with great care, he recovered.

Pious Lord Mayor.—Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Dr. Watts, was bred up in dissenting principles. King William knighted him, and he served the office of Lord Mayor in 1700. It is related of him, as evidence of his piety, that on what may be called his own day, he silently withdrew, after dinner, from the public assembly at Guildhall, went to his own house, performed family worship there, and then returned to the company.

Water of London.—Dr. Bostock, in a letter on this subject says:—"From experience I have had on this subject, I am disposed to think that the water of the Thames in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, is less impure than it was six years ago. This circumstance has, I understand, been noticed by others, and has been supposed to depend upon the removal of the old London Bridge, by which the water has a more free outlet, and therefore carries down a part of the impurities which it formerly retained."

A Saw-mill is now at work in New South Wales, the teeth of which move through 8,200 feet per minute, or at the rate of 96 miles per hour. No similar instance of rapid motion, as produced by animal power, is, we believe, known.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Suicides were always numerous in the canton of Vaud, but till 1830 were not generally made public, as the government considered secrecy to be the great remedy for all evils. In 1833, there were fifteen suicides in a population of 180,000 inhabitants, which, in proportion to the population of France, would have amounted to 2,666 suicides. In 1834, there were twenty-two suicides in the canton, which would make 4,000 in France, if taken on an average.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Education.—Proportions of inhabitants who are receiving the benefits of education:—In Switzerland, 1 in 6; in Bavaria and Baden, 1 in 7; in Prussia and Scotland, 1 in 10; in Bohemia, 1 in 11; in Holland, 1 in 12; in Austria Proper, 1 in 13; in Moravia, 1 in 14; in England, 1 in 16; in France, 1 in 17; in the Austrian States, other than Austria Proper, 1 in 18; in the Venetian Provinces, 1 in 30; in Gallicia, 1 in 83; in Portugal, 1 in 84; in Spain, 1 in 346; in Russia, 1 in 954.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Wolves.—A few years since, wolves were so troublesome in France, that a price of eighteen francs was set on their heads, which were fastened up at the church-door.

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The Male Elephant which formed part of the magnificent present from the King of Oude to His Majesty, and which has been presented to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, is of the purest breed of high-caste elephants, and is termed by the natives of Bengal, "Koomareah," signifying Prince or King's Son; having what is esteemed a great beauty in an elephant, a large and broad trunk, with comparatively long tusks. This animal had four Lascar attendants during the voyage. He is exceedingly mild and tractable in his disposition, and has already commenced bathing in the reservoir attached to his paddock, thus affording the visiters a novel and interesting sight; he has been christened since his arrival, and is called, after his ill-fated predecessor, *Chunee*.

Dialogue in the Western Islands of Scotland.—"How long is this Loch?"—"It will be about twanty mile."—"Twenty miles! surely it cannot be so much."—"May be it will be twelve."—"It does not really seem more than four."—"Indeed, I'm thinking you're right."—"Really, you seem to know nothing about the matter."—"Troth, I canna say I do."

Painting.—In the Amsterdam museum is the School by Candlelight, by Gerard Douw. The effect of this picture, which is placed in a darkened corner of the room, is truly astonishing; for, it seems to throw a candlelight around, and it may really be said to require the aid of another sense than that of sight to discover the deception.

Double Time.—The public clocks in most of the towns of Holland strike the hour twice—once half an hour before, and again at the correct time. Custom renders this less inconvenient than might have been supposed. But the natives admit, when approving of the practice, that they themselves are sometimes deceived.

Contentment seems to be proverbial in Holland: for over almost every *maison de plaisance* of the wealthy is a board, upon which is written some motto, siguifying the happiness and contentment of the owner, such as, "Peaceful is my garden," "Contentment is my lot," and so forth.

Travelling.—There was a time in England, when, if a traveller mentioned any fact that was contrary to preconceived ideas, he was accused of error, and often, notwithstanding his previous character of honour and integrity, of wilful exaggeration, and even misrepresentation. Now, however, the mass of well-educated and scientific men have more liberal ideas, and, being anxious for information, are pleased to see the errors of earlier travellers corrected, and endeavour, with philosophical discrimination, to bestow on each the credit which is due to him.—*Hoskins's Travels.*

Infernal Machines.—On Sept. 26, 1587, a Norman named Chantepie, was broken upon the wheel, in Rue l'Arbre Sec, at Paris, for having sent by a footman, to the Seigneur de Millau d'Alligré, a box artfully fitted up with 36 pistols, each loaded with two balls, which were discharged upon opening the lid. It was accompanied by a letter, which stated it to be of curious workmanship, and sent to him by his sister. The footman, ignorant of the contents of the box, opened it in the presence of Millau, who was only slightly wounded; but the footman received three balls in the thigh, and shortly after expired. Chantepie, who was arrested on suspicion, confessing that he had made the box, was condemned and executed. In 1760, a similar machine was sent to a rich merchant of Lyons by his brother, who was tried, convicted, and condemned to the galleys.

The Yaguarundi.—This beautiful species of Felina, known only to naturalists by the description given of it by Azara, in his travels in South America, has for the first time been brought to this country, and arrived last week in the "Louisa Bailley," from Guiana. The specimen belonged to Mrs. Albouy, and has been presented by her to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Its general form and character strongly resemble those of the Puma; but its limbs are more slender in proportion to its size, the head is more pointed, the strength of the jaws and teeth proportionally less, and the tail one-third of the animal's whole length. The colour is a deep grey, produced by each hair being ringed alternately with black and white. The Yaguarundi is an inhabitant of the deep recesses of the forests of Paraguay and Guiana; climbing trees readily, and preying upon monkeys and small birds; but it will boldly attack large quadrupeds. Its possession will form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the history of this genus of animals.

"*Rescinding.*"—A cordelier once said, whilst preaching, "Pray for the University of Paris, and the chancellor who is its head." The University, incensed, compelled the cordelier to retract, by declaring expressly in another sermon, that he was mistaken, and that the chancellor was neither the head of the University, nor of any of the faculty.

It is said that Cardinal Lemoine was the son of a blacksmith, because he bore three nails in his coat of arms.

"*Hell.*"—This name (*enfer*) was first applied to illegal or unlicensed gaming-houses in Paris, towards the close of the last century.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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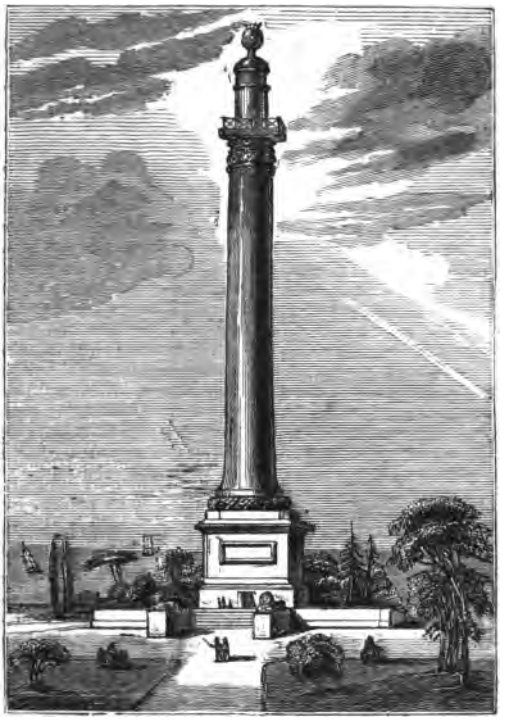

NAPOLEON'S COLUMN,

AT BOULOGNE.

TOURISTS to Paris may recollect their curiosity to behold this celebrated memorial of Napoleon's ill-starred ambition. It is, certainly, a monument tarnished with false glory; though, it is not true, as some have represented, that it emanated from Napoleon, and was intended to perpetuate his projected descent upon England. On the contrary, it was the voluntary and exclusive act of the soldiery, to show their respect and attachment to Napoleon; though, had it not been for the above project, the memorial would not have been erected in its present place. The monument is, therefore, so closely associated with the above pinnacle of Napoleon's career, as to be an object of peculiar interest to an Englishman; and it will be seen that the French now recognise it as a memorial of peace as well as of war, so proving the adage of "good in every thing."

It will be remembered that one of Napoleon's favourite designs upon England, was that of invading the island itself, and so striking the fatal blow at the heart of his greatest enemy. In 1804, troops to the amount of 160,000, were mustered in camps along the French and Dutch coasts, and vast flotillas, meant to convey them across the Channel, were formed and constantly manœuvred in various ports, that of Boulogne being the chief station.* Thither Napoleon repaired from St. Cloud, on July 18, and travelled with such rapidity, that the next morning, whilst every one was busy with preparations for his reception, he was already at Boulogne, in the midst of the labourers, examining the works. Here he proceeded to dis-

* The boats destined for this boasted expedition were built in workshops upon the esplanade of the Hôtel des Invalides, at Paris.

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tribute the decorations of the Legion of Honour to the assembled army, to excite their enthusiasm, and dispose them to obey the first signal he might give. "How indeed," says De Bourrienne, "on beholding such great preparations, so many transports created, as it were, by enchantment, could any one have supposed that he did not really intend to attempt a descent on England?" The distribution of the honours took place in a vast plain near the site of the column: a little hill formed the imperial throne of Napoleon in the midst of his soldiers: there he stationed himself with his staff, and around this centre of glory, the regiments were drawn up in lines, like so many diverging rays. From this throne, which had been erected by the hand of nature, Napoleon delivered a form of oath, which was the signal for a general burst of enthusiasm. The emperor was in ecstasy. "Fortune," says De Bourrienne, "then seemed obedient to his wishes. A storm came on during this brilliant day, and it was apprehended that part of the flotilla would have suffered. Bonaparte quitted the hill from which he had distributed the crosses, and proceeded to the port to direct what measures should be taken, when, upon his arrival, the storm ceased, as if by enchantment. The flotilla entered the port safe and sound, and he went back to the camp, where the sports and amusements prepared for he soldiers commenced; and, in the evening, the brilliant fireworks which were let off, rose in a column, which was distinctly seen from the English coast." To commemorate this spectacle, rather than the attempt at invasion,* the above Column was erected, a short distance south of the *Haut Ville*, or Upper Town of Boulogne, and on the left of the road to Paris.

* The attempt can scarcely be said to have been made, beyond the assembling of the army and the construction of the flotilla. Napoleon constantly gave out that he would make his attempt by means of the flotilla alone; but, while he thus endeavoured to inspire his enemy with false security, (for Nelson had declared this scheme of a boat invasion to be *mad*, and staked his whole reputation on its miserable and immediate failure, if attempted,) the Consul was, in fact, providing indefatigably a fleet of men of war, designed to protect and cover the voyage. These ships were preparing in different ports of France and Spain, to the number of fifty; Bonaparte intended them to steal out to sea individually, or in small squadrons, rendezvous at Martinico, and returning thence in a body, sweep the Channel free of the English for such a space of time, at least, as might suffice for the execution of his great purpose. These designs, however, were, from day to day, thwarted by the watchful zeal of Nelson and the other British admirals, who observed Brest, Toulon, Genoa, and the harbours of Spain so closely, that no squadron, nor hardly a single vessel, could force a passage to the Atlantic. Napoleon persisted to the end of his life in asserting his belief that the invasion of England was prevented merely by a few unforeseen accidents, and that, had his generals passed the sea, they must have been successful. The accidents to which he attributed so much influence were, it is to be supposed, the presence and zeal of Nelson, Pellew, Cornwallis, and their respective fleets of observation.—*Life of Napoleon*, vol. i. Family Library.

We find a more detailed description of the Column than our memory will enable us to supply, in a clever and entertaining Guide to Boulogne;† to which we are also indebted for the original of the prefixed Engraving.

"The shaft of the column is constructed of a species of white marble, discovered at Marquise, (in the vicinity,) by the architect. Its pedestal was intended to be adorned with military and naval trophies in bronze, and a large eagle of the same metal was to have occupied each of the four corners. It was also intended to place at the top a colossal statue of the emperor in his robes. But while the work has been slowly advancing, great political changes have taken place, and the column is now terminated by a gilded globe, surmounted by a small crown, and having on its circumference, in the direction of the four cardinal points of the compass, the star of the Legion of Honour.

"The first stone was laid on the 9th November, 1804, in the presence of 150,000 military veterans, by Marshal Soult, assisted by a grenadier of each regiment. It was an immense block of marble, upon which was engraved the following inscription:—

The first stone
of the monument, decreed
by the Army of the Expedition of Boulogne,
and the Flotilla,
to the Emperor Napoleon.
Laid by Marshal Soult, Commander in chief,
18 Brumaire, year 13, (9th November, 1804,)
Anniversary of the regeneration of France.

"In this stone was inclosed a leaden box, with a book containing an account of the design of the erection, with the name of each subscriber in regiments.

"At the commencement of July, 1821, when the column was nearly completed, M. le Baron Simeon, prefect of the department, accompanied by all the authorities, ascended the column, and placed the royal ordonnances for completing the structure, and the minutes of the ceremony, with a bottle containing various coins, in the key-stone of the cupola. Among the coins was a medal, having on one side the head of Louis XVIII., and on the reverse the following inscription:—

This Column
voted by the Army assembled at Boulogne,
from whence it menaced England,
was begun in 1804.
Having become a monument of peace,
by the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne,

† Bononia: or, a Topographical and Historical Description of Boulogne and its Vicinity. By James Clarke. When we add, the above is another of Leigh's well-arranged Guides, the public will have additional guarantee for its accuracy and consequent value. It not only comprises all the information requisite for a visitant or resident, but, moreover, contains a well-written Sketch of the Civil and Political History of Boulogne.

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it has been finished under the auspices
of his Majesty Louis XVIII.,
and is dedicated as a remembrance, (always dear to
Frenchmen,)
of his happy return to this country in 1814.

The last stone was placed 2nd July, 1821,
(M. le Comte Simeon being Minister of the Interior,)
by M. le Baron Simeon,
Prefect of the deparment of the Pas de Calais.
Labarre, Architect.

"This elegant Column is of the Doric order, with a projecting gallery near the summit. Its height is about 150 French feet. The pedestal on which the column is placed, stands upon a raised platform; and beyond the base of the platform is a low wall with an opening to the east, where, on two projecting parts, are the statues of two lions, finely executed in bronze.

"From the gallery, there is a most beautiful panoramic view of the sea and the country. Dover, with its cliffs and ancient castle, appear to the north; and in a north-easterly direction, Mont Cassel in the department du Nord may be clearly seen.

"The Column stands in the centre of an inclosure, which will be laid out in walks and shrubberies, as an agreeable retreat for the inhabitants of Boulogne: and may this handsome structure be ever regarded by them, and by their English visitants, as a monument of that peace which has been established between the two most powerful and most enlightened of the European nations."

So minutely is the spectacle described in *Bononia*, as to be illustrated by an engraved plan of the disposition of the troops. Among the anecdotes of the period is the following:

"Shortly after this transaction, Napoleon determined to make an excursion on the water, to inspect the flotilla in the roadstead, and to make observations upon the English squadron. He embarked in a pinnace, accompanied by the Grand Marshal Duroc, the Duc de Fioul, General Bertrand, Count de Loban, and others. He advanced towards fort la Crèche, where several vessels of the flotilla manœuvred under the protection of the batteries. But the pinnace getting on shore, and the fire of the English being directed towards it, Napoleon yielded to the request of the Count de Loban, that he would retire; saying, "Come, Count, we have nothing to do here." Then taking the arm of one of his guards of honour, he climbed the heights, and with his own hand discharged several shots at the enemy. One of the balls, it is said, fell on the deck of the Immortality. Little did the English imagine that the celebrated personage who first attracted attention as an officer of artillery at Toulon, and who then bore the title of emperor, was their assailant."

SIR THOMAS WHITE'S COVENTRY CHARITY.

By way of appendix to the memoir of the benevolent Sir Thomas White, in our last Number, the following details of the above Charity may be acceptable. We have condensed them from the Appendix to the First Report from the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations in England and Wales, Part III. fo. 1812 to 1819, where a more than usually detailed account is given of this munificent bequest, which is, indeed, the principal of the Coventry corporation charities.

It appears that with the 1,400*l.* (1,000*l.* bequeathed by Sir Thomas, and 400*l.* belonging to the corporation) was purchased of King Henry VIII., lands, &c., parcel of the late dissolved priory of Coventry, for the sum of 1,378*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, an annual rent of 7*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* being reserved to the king. The yearly rent of this property was 70*l.*, which the corporation agreed, in 1551, to distribute as follows: to twelve poor citizens of Coventry, 40*s.* each; to be lent to four young men, "of good name and thrift," who had been apprentices in Coventry, 10*l.* each, for nine years, which being repaid, should be again lent to other young men for ten years; and the capital being again repaid, it should be lent, during 30 years, to two other young men for nine years. It should then be lent to two other young men, nine years each, for 30 years longer, at the end of which period the 40*l.* should be lent for nine years "to one several young man of Coventry;" and upon repayment, to another young man and so from nine years to nine years for ever; with bond and securities.

This fund was, however, only to be enjoyed by Coventry in rotation with Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, and Warwick. There were other payments to be made out of the fund to the Merchant Tailors' master and wardens, and for expenses, thus expending the sum of 70*l.*

The Coventry corporation managed Sir Thomas White's estates for 140 years, making the above payments regularly; but they retained the surplus for their own use; till, in 1695, an information was filed against the corporation, seeking to have the increased rents, (above 70*l.*,) applied in augmentation of the above uses: this information was dismissed in 1700, but, in 1702, the House of Lords reversed the judges' order of dismissal. In the following year, the cause came on in the Court of Chancery, who decreed that the improved value should be applied as above; and in 1705, the master certified the yearly value of the charity estates to be 612*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*, and the fines then received to amount to 750*l.*, which report was confirmed. Pending the reference, an agreement was made by the five corporations and the Merchant Tailors' Company to settle the affairs among them-

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selves; but this agreement was discovered, and the facts brought before the court, when it was farther alleged that the corporation of Coventry had made contracts for leases to their own members and connexions, for large fines, for long terms, and at small reserved rents. In 1710, it further appeared that the clear yearly value of the charity lands was 709*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*, and that the balance then in the hands of the corporation was 2,241*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* An information was next filed by the attorney-general against all the parties to the agreement just mentioned, which, in 1710-11, was set aside; and the corporation of Coventry were ordered to pay the balance in their hands into court. It was further ordered, that the 24*l.*, which were, by the original appointment, yearly to be disposed of to 12 poor men, being increased to 243*l.* 3*s.* the same should be given to 61 poor men; and that the 405*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* being the loan money, should be lent to eight men, to each 50*l.*; the remaining sum of 5*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* to be kept in the bank.

The balance was not paid by the corporation within the limited time; and in 1711-12 trustees were appointed to manage the property, while the corporation estates were sequestered to pay the balance. Eleven years subsequently, this being paid, and all the parties, (save one,) concerned in the mismanagement of the property being dead, the estates were re-conveyed to the corporation of Coventry, and have since been managed by the decree given by the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield in 1723. The present annual income is 2,258*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*, which, after deducting small expenses, is divided into 70 parts, and thus apportioned: for loans, 40 parts; for alms to poor householders, 24 parts; to the mayor, recorder, and aldermen, for their trouble in distribution, four parts; to the town-clerk, one part; and to the Merchant Tailors' Company, one part. The number of poor householders who received the charity, 4*l.*, in 1832, was 186.

NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(*Continued from page* 104.)

6. SWAINSON'S ELEMENTS OF MODERN CONCHOLOGY.

THIS little work is intended for the use of students and travellers. It consists of only sixty-two small pages of letter-press, without illustrations, and is, like most of Mr. Swainson's works, *rather* dear. Now, we are sure there are numbers of persons desirous of studying shells as a science, but who are deterred from doing so on account of the books necessary to their progress being too dear for them to afford to purchase. In every family, one is sure to find a few shells preserved, either as ornaments or curiosities; yet, how seldom it is that one of the family knows the name and natural history of even a single specimen. Not so with their stuffed birds, (for example,) for of these they almost always know the names, and, generally, some facts in the natural history. Why is this, but because books on birds are obtained at a reasonable price, the publishers or authors forming no narrow estimate of the number of individuals likely to purchase them; but the contrary is, unfortunately, the case with regard to conchological books.

These *Elements* seem, however, calculated to be of much assistance to beginners in conchology.

Nomenclature.—One family of zoophagous shells is here objectionably called, "Cassidæ or helmet shells (p. 13); we say "objectionably," because Cassidæ also means the tortoise-beetles. Pyrula, likewise, is rather an objectionable name for a genus of shells; Pyrrhula being a genus of birds. We also notice three genera called, Cassis, Cassidea, and Cassidaria. Now, we ask Mr. Swainson and other conchologists, is not this similarity in names likely to cause confusion? Will not the student be apt, for instance, to mention Cassis when he means Cassidea, and Cassidea when he means Cassidaria? Vide *Field Naturalist*, vol. i. for some remarks on nomenclature.

Why do conchologists continue such an odd generic name as Umbrella? They must often laugh, we should think, when speaking of their "very unique" specimens of Umbrella.

7. SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S SALMONIA.

We should not so much disapprove of angling, did we find that anglers thereby became acquainted with the natural history and economy of fish, and of the insects and other creatures they use in capturing them—subjects of which the generality of anglers know nothing. Indeed, there is scarcely a book published on angling, from Isaac Walton's down to the latest, but that abounds with errors respecting these subjects. Now, the author of *Salmonia* was not merely an angler, but in a great degree, though not *in toto*, a philosopher; hence, as might be expected, his book contains more matter of fact than, perhaps, any other. He was clearly aware of the remarkable lack of natural history among his angling brethren, and, accordingly, he has endeavoured, in some measure, to supply this deficiency. "I have often regretted," says he, "that sportsmen were not fonder of zoology; they have so many opportunities which other persons do not possess, of illustrating the origin and qualities of some of the most curious forms of animated nature; the causes and character of the migrations of animals; their relations to each other, and their place and order in the general scheme of the universe." (p. 15.)

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We can assure anglers that if they endeavoured, by observation or otherwise, to inform themselves of the natural history of fish and their prey, they would soon find themselves engaged in a really interesting and instructive pursuit; but, at present, angling is an irrational indulgence in an idle and cruel sport, which not all the specious arguments of Sir Humphry Davy, and certainly not those of Sir Isaac Walton, can justify.

Noises of Fish.—"Fishes are mute, and cannot plead, even in the way that birds and quadrupeds do, their own cause." (p. 12.) Though it is a common assertion that fish have no voices whatever, yet certain species utter noises when caught. (See *Mirror*, vol. xxiv. p. 404, for notices of the croaking of the tench and gurnard, the squeaking of the herring, the shrieking of the Scieria stridens, and the hissing of the tunny and grundling.)

May-fly.—"In the Wandle at Carshalton and Beddington, the May-fly is not found." (p. 57.) Mr. Jesse seems to urge it as a maxim of nature, that where the caddis, (Phrygania,) is found, the May-fly, (Ephemera,) is not. See *Gleanings in Natural History*, 2nd series, p. 283.

The Par, (p. 66.)—Here we have a discussion on the par,—as to whether it be a mule produced by the union of a trout and salmon, or of a sea-trout and common trout, —or be a distinct species. The writer of an excellent article, "On the Nature of the Par as observed in Scotland," has ably met and refuted the various fanciful notions respecting the origin of this fish. From this paper, we extract the following remarks:—"We have proved, upon undeniable premises, that the par can be nothing else than the fry of the salmon; and we will now discover a few points of similarity in these fish, and relate a singular circumstance, which, about a year ago, turned our attention to this subject. And first, as to the similarity between them: Both have the tail forked—the gills marked in the same manner—the ventral fins strong and blackish; while in the trout they have a less fixed, and, generally, yellowish colour—the dorsal one more extended than in the latter fish: they have both an activity proportioned to their sizes, and an equal affection for rapid streams.

"The external shape, although not fully developed in the par, is yet similar: it wants the proportions of a grown fish, no more than the foal those of the horse. Its head, indeed, is somewhat rounder, requiring elongation; the back too straight, and displaying a want of strength: but still, the principal points are alike, discovering an intimate and mutual kinship. And here an objection will be taken to the colour of the par, and its want of those silvery scales which belong to the salmon; but let it be remembered that as yet it is in a manner an unclean fish, not having proceeded to the sea; how then can it be expected to retain this brilliant covering, when salmon themselves, in ascending rivers, throw it off, and become, in some cases, undistinguishable from a large, common, ill-fed trout? We believe, however, that the young fry, when first produced, exhibit a coat of scales which lies on them till spring, when many descend in shoals to the salt water, and the others remaining, cast it off; nor does it grow again till the end of autumn, when they are prepared to journey seaward with the floods which happen about that season. Nor is such an hypothesis altogether imaginary; for we come to the relation of a circumstance, the happening of which grounded our belief on this theory; and no assailable one it is, if our eyes, which are good, did not deceive us. Last spring, after the time when smelts generally descend, we chanced to capture a few of them in St. Mary's Loch, the streams about which are favourite breeding places for salmon. These were of a large kind, and had been prevented from joining the spring shoals by their inability to discover the outlet to the lake; they were soft and loose in the scale, but, seemingly, an enticing bait for pike, which frequent a smaller sheet of water immediately above St. Mary's.

"In the afternoon, happening to use one of these smelts on our pike-tackle, we remarked how its scales came off in great numbers, discovering beneath a perfect par, not to be mistaken in any one respect. This accidental discovery we further confirmed by repeated experiments; and we are now convinced, beyond a doubt of the fact, that par are the young of salmon in a certain state."—*Field Naturalist*, vol. ii. p. 140.

Swallow.—At p. 79 there is a "beautiful bit" on the swallow. In the *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, written by Dr. Paris, it is remarked, if we remember rightly, that nature intended Davy either for a great poet or a great philosopher. His poem on the swallow, which the reader may find in that delightful biography, certainly displays great poetic feeling.

Libellula, or Dragon-fly, (p. 152.)—Davy wrongly calls this the "libella."

Sea Insects, (p. 156.)—What does Davy mean by "sea insects?" It is expressly stated by Kirby and Spence, two of the first entomologists in this kingdom, that "no genuine insect or Arachnidan has yet been found to inhabit the ocean."—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. iii. p. 51.

Migration, (p. 156.)—"The search after food," says Davy, "is the principal cause why animals change their places."—Now, to us it seems difficult to perceive any *principal* cause, why animals, or even particular classes of animals, change their places, though it

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occasionally may be apparent with regard to certain species. We have for some time admired, and we would recommend to writers on this subject, this remark of Wilson, the American ornithologist:—"Particular species of birds, like different nations of men, have their congenial climes and favourite countries; but wanderers are common to both—some in search of better fare, some of adventure, others led by curiosity, and many driven by storms and accident."—*American Ornithology*, vol. ii. p. 170.

Eels, (p. 191.)—"The problem of their generation is the most abstruse, and one of the most curious in natural history; and though it occupied the attention of Aristotle, and has been taken up by most distinguished naturalists since his time, it is still unsolved." Since the death of Davy, this problem has, however, been solved by Mr. Yarrell, who has discovered that eels, like other fish, have a roe, and are oviparous. See Mr. Yarrell's researches on this subject stated at length in Jesse's *Gleanings in Natural History*, 2nd series, p. 56. J. H. F.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, STRAND.

(*Concluded from page* 138.)

We now proceed to

The New Saloon, No. 5,

which is chiefly occupied by Models and Designs—objects, ancient and modern,—from the temples of Egypt to the Thames Tunnel, and the Oven, by which the Metropolitan Company baked dough into bread, and at the same time condensed and collected from it the spirituous liquid, or its best qualities: though the age has decided in favour of "bread with the gin in it." Here also are some cases of very rare fossils, the interesting character of which will not be diminished by juxtaposition with marvels of art. In

The Room upstairs, No. 6,

leading to the Microscope Room, is a beautiful piece of mechanism—a Persian Rope Dancer and Three Musicians. Among the Models here are the National Gallery, and a rejected design for Fishmongers' Hall, the latter by Mr. W. M. Higgins, and, to our thinking, it is much more tasteful than the adopted design. By the way, models are costly things: the last mentioned cost its designer 60*l.*; and, in Hampton Court Palace, there is a model for a palace, which cost 500*l.* In

The Room, No. 7,

are a Jacquard Loom, a 20-shuttle Ribbon and Silk Cord Loom, and a Lithographic Press, in constant operation.

The Room over the Ante-Room, No. 8,

contains many interesting Natural History Specimens, and Illustrations of Natural Philosophy. First, is Apparatus for Experiments with Polarized Light—as a Gothic window formed of sulphate of lime of various thickness, appearing transparent and colourless, but exhibiting the complementary colours with beautiful effect, when viewed through a tourmalin: by Sir David Brewster, whose Kaleidoscope is next.

Birds and Insects from New South Wales, Timber perforated by the Shipworm, and the Saw of the Saw-fish, merit inspection; as do also a hanging Bird's Nest, the Wing of an Albatross, 4 ft. 8 in. long; anatomized Flowers and Leaves, and a specimen of the Lace Tree of Jamaica, with a dress made of it.

Sir John Byerley has here deposited a geological globe, invented by M. Guesney, of Normandy, and intended to show the changes on the earth's surface, produced by the procession of the equinoxes, whereby the pole of the Equator revolves round that of the Ecliptic in 25,920 years; the author thus accounting for the variation of the magnetic needle, the discovery of tropical fossils in the polar regions, the advance and retreat of the sea, the relative height of mountains, earthquakes, volcanoes, &c. Some Fossil Shells and Petrifactions are entitled to patient examination.

Neither must we pass Mr. Dent's Pocket Thermometer, which may be worn as a watch, and must be extremely useful for travellers and scientific men, as the common thermometer being so liable to accident; as in Dr. Barry's ascent of Mont Blanc, and Ross' Polar Journeys, reported in our pages.

A few antiquarian articles will be found in this room: as a piece of Mummy Cloth, fabricated upwards of 2,000 years since; an unrolled Mummy; a Watch, dated London, 1645; and a piece of Oak Timber, partially burnt in the Great Fire of London, A. D. 1666, and discovered 14 feet under-ground on preparing the foundation for the rebuilding of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's banking-house, next the Mansion House.

The Balcony, No. 9,

is occupied by specimens of Artificial Stone, by Mr. Austin; combining the classic beauty of antiquity with the economy of our own times.

The Microscope Room, No. 10,

Contains a Grand Oxy-Hydrogen Microscope, by Carey, with many fine objects for exhibition on a disc of 17 feet diameter. The magnificence and splendour of the wondrous works displayed by this apparatus are indescribable.

Such are but a few of the five hundred objects which the Society have already assembled within their Gallery; and it need scarcely be added that, in our age of inventive genius

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the collection will continue to increase, and its importance and interest rise with its numbers.

Antiquariana.

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

CHICHESTER was, in its earliest ascertained existence, a place of considerable importance; but, it appears to have greatly declined in wealth and population, from the union of the Heptarchy, in the early part of the ninth century, to nearly the end of the eleventh, at which time the episcopal seat was removed to this city from Selsea, where it had been fixed nearly 300 years. It was originally established there by St. Wilfred, who first converted the inhabitants of Sussex to the Christian faith.

Prior to this translation, the only religious buildings of note in Chichester appear to have been the monastery of St. Peter, (supposed to have occupied a part of the site of the present Cathedral,) and a small nunnery, both of which are mentioned by William of Malmesbury. Such being the state of the religious edifices in the city at that time, it is probable that Stigand, who was a great favourite of William the Conqueror, began either to enlarge the church attached to the monastery of St. Peter, or to erect a new one: his undertaking being finished by Bishop Ralph. This church is supposed, though not with much show of authority, to have been of wood: however, it was burnt in 1114, upon which Bishop Ralph above-mentioned, commenced rebuilding it, with the assistance of Henry I.; however, as Ralph died in 1123, only nine years after the fire, some have imagined the second church also to have been of wood, and attributed the erection of the present edifice, from its foundations, to Bishop Seffrid II. A conflagration happened during his episcopacy in the year 1185 or 1187; but, from the chronicles of those times, it may be inferred that the fire only destroyed the roof of the cathedral, and damaged the inside walls. These have been cased with a thin coat of stone, supported at the intercolumniations by Petworth marble pillars, which are in the style of the thirteenth century; of the same materials and age also are the pillars which support the upper triforium, although the external arches of the windows are coeval with the lower part of the church. The fire, therefore, appears only to have injured the inside of the church, and its ravages to have been cased over as above. The vaulting of the nave, choir, transept, and side aisles is of the same date: it is most probable, that the church was not vaulted with stone at the time of the fire, but only ceiled with rafter-work. These repairs, or the greater part of them, were, probably, made by Seffrid II.; but, in the chronicle which records them, no mention is made of his *building*; and, we can scarcely suppose that had he erected this cathedral, a circumstance so much to his honour would have been omitted, particularly as churchmen were the chroniclers. From the above, and other circumstances, it is inferred that the repairs were completed by Bishop Poor, who was the most munificent founder of his age, and who removed the Cathedral from Old Sarum to the Vale of Salisbury, and laid the foundation of the magnificent church there. The church at Chichester is of the usual cathedral form, with cloisters and a lady-chapel. No subsequent alterations have taken place in it since the above period, excepting the insertion of the large west-window, and those in the north and south transepts; the latter being for elegance of tracery and justness of proportion, equal to any window in England; and of the fourteenth century, when Bishop Langton expended in erecting and glazing this window with painted glass, the sum of 310*l.*: it remained unhurt till destroyed by the fanatics in the great rebellion.

A good north view of the Cathedral has lately been opened by removing several houses; but the south-east, represented in the Engraving, is more picturesque, being aided both by the cloisters and the lady-chapel. The transepts are without aisles, but have large and rich windows of the Tudor æra; that in the south transept, already mentioned, resembling the architecture of Rouen cathedral. The windows of the outer aisles are large and neat; and those of the clerestory, Norman. Plain flying buttresses strengthen it from the side aisles, and it has a bold parapet, with handsome spiral pinnacles in the eastern division. The lady-chapel is a beautiful building, but much injured by the filling up of its east-window: it is now fitted up as a library, and beneath is the vault of the Richmond family. The cloisters have spacious windows of the fifteenth century, filled with mullions and tracery.

The south-west is still more picturesque than the above view, being aided both by the cloisters and a solidly handsome Norman tower remaining at this angle, which is well decorated with arches and strong buttresses. The other west tower was thrown down, and the great western window beaten in by the rebels, under Sir William Waller, in 1643.

The central embattled tower has large and handsome pointed windows, now blank, corner turrets, and pinnacles at the base of the spire; the latter is ribbed at the angles, has handsome canopied windows at its base, and two rich and broad bands of fretwork at different stages of its height. It seems to have been built towards the middle of the thirteenth century, about which time Salisbury cathedral was finished; and there is a tradition that the Chichester and the Salisbury

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(South-east View of Chichester Cathedral.)

spires were built by the same workmen. The former was, in the year 1721, struck by lightning, when several large stones were precipitated from it with great violence; but the breach was so repaired that no traces of the damage can now be discovered.

About 20 feet north-west of the end of the church is the Campanile, or great bell tower, a heavy structure of freestone, and supposed to have been built by Bishop Langton. The upper story rises to an octagonal turret, guarded by flying buttresses, from small turrets at the angles of the tower. It contains seven bells, the tenor weighing 23 cwt.

Among the curiosities of the Cathedral, two large historical paintings, and a series of portraits of the kings and bishops, in the south transept, must not be forgotten; being of the time of Henry VII., and, consequently, among the earliest specimens of the art in this country. The north transept is used as a parish church. There are likewise several monuments to secure the sympathies of the visiter; as the tomb of Collins, the poet, and the statue of Huskisson, the patriot, both in the south aisle.

The main dimensions of the Cathedral are as follow: length from east to west, exclusive of the lady-chapel, 325 feet; the latter, including its vestibule, is 79 feet, making a total of 404 feet. The nave is 151 feet from east to west, tower 34, choir 100, and presbytery 40: transepts, 129 by 34 feet: width of the nave—centre aisle, 26 feet; two original side aisles, 12 feet each; two outer ones, 14 feet; total 78 feet: height of centre aisle, 61½ feet; of the choir, 59: breadth, with its two aisles, 50; height of the spire, to the finial under the weathercock, 271; height of the south-west tower, 120; dimensions of the cloister — west side, 84 by 14½ feet; south, 198 by 10 feet 4 in.; east, 122 feet 4 in. by 10 feet 3 in.*

* From Parry's Coast of Sussex, 1833.

The Public Journals.

THE LANSBYS OF LANSBY HALL.

The old man was sitting in a high backed, oaken chair, his hands folded before him, and his eyelids closely pressed together, but evidently not in sleep—the motions of his lips and the fitful contraction of his brow, showed that the spirit was busy within. At a table beside him sat a young lady, with a shade of settled melancholy visible on her subdued, yet noble features. She turned her eyes every now and then from the paper on which she appeared to be sketching, with an expression of anxious affection, to the troubled countenance of her companion. The room they sat in was small, and very plainly furnished—the sky was fierce and stormy, and occasionally the old casements rattled loudly

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when a wilder burst of wind than usual sent a dash of sleet and hail against the window pane. The old man started from his recumbent position and sat upright, with his eye fixed keenly and harshly on the pale, placid face of his daughter. "Julia Lansby," he said, "act the hypocrite no more—speak to me no more in such soothing and gentle tones, but tell me at once boldly and sincerely that—that you hate me"—

"Father!"—

"There! how *dare* you call me father, which ought to be a name of reverence, of piety, of love, when you well know that in your heart of hearts you detest me as a selfish, cold, unpitying old man?"

"You wrong me, father! Never, even in thought, has my affection wandered away from you. I have no hopes, no wishes, no regret, save as they are connected with your happiness. For my own"—here she sighed, and added, after a pause, "I am contented if I only could see you pleased with me—I have no other object now."

"And why not now? Is it because we are poor you can no longer be cheerful as you used to be—because we no longer see 'company,' as they call it, and have our ball-rooms filled with the grinning sons and daughters of vanity? The loss truly is great. I wonder not at your despair."

"Oh, father, do not torture me by speaking so unkindly. You know that the loss of fortune, that poverty itself, could never move my regrets."

"But you have deeper matters for sorrow," replied the father, with an ironical sneer. "O, doubtless, you have many more griefs to weigh you down than ever fell upon me; fortune ruined—family broken—hearth left desolate—deserted by my own children, and supplanted in my own ancestral halls by a purse-proud, insulting villain, who"—

"No, not a villain, dear father, not a villain"—

"Yes, madam, a villain; I say a proud, presumptuous, insensible villain. What! and is Francis Lansby still master of that silly heart? I charged you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts. Julia Lansby, why have you not obeyed me?"

"I *have* obeyed you, father, in all things possible. I have submitted without a murmur to your commands. I have given you my promise never to speak to him, to write to him, to hear of him or from him, without your consent; and till this extraordinary occurrence, I knew not whether he was in England, or whether he was alive or dead."

"And he thinks by coming down hither, and overpowering us with his wealth and splendour, to make us regret having rejected the alliance of so mighty an individual as Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale. O had my son but lived, my noble, handsome Harry"—Sir Walter put his hands before his eyes on saying this, and leaned back in his chair, as if overcome with the bitterness of his reflections. And Julia was in hopes that the irritation of his temper, which had lately increased to a most distressing extent, would be soothed by the indulgence of his grief. But she was mistaken. Again, with the same cold, sarcastic sneer, he turned towards his daughter, and said, "Your meekness and resignation are truly amiable—your love to your father is so sincere—your gratitude for all his goodness to you unbounded———He has squandered away his fortune, and sunk the haughty lady of Lansby Hall into the inmate of no loftier a dwelling than this,—you must be grateful to him for having saved you from the perils of wealth. He has charged you—and now still more solemnly than ever charges you, to banish from your remembrance, or to remember only with scorn and loathing, the wretch who has risen upon our ruins, who looks on us—gracious heavens—perhaps with pity,—but no—villain as he is, he dares not to insult us with his pity."

"What—what has he done to deserve your anger? He thinks of you, I will answer for him, only as the friend and benefactor of his youth." She paused, and then added, with a tone of touching and solemn dignity—"Francis Lansby thinks of you as MY father."

"And as such he *curses* me, or the Lansby blood has turned to milk within his veins. What has he done, you ask me? What has he *not* done to bank and injure me? Does he not *live?* Is he not 'a gay and prosperous gentleman,' with hope, fame, happiness all before him, while the golden locks of my noble Harry are gone down into the dust? Why is *my* son taken from me, while Fortune showers all her blessings upon *theirs?*"

Julia looked in her father's face as he uttered these words; but withdrew her eyes, as if horror-struck with the fierce malignity of his looks and language.

"You shudder," he continued; "but it is not madness that makes me speak thus. See, I am cool; nay, I can smile—and why should I not? Is not the story I am now about to tell you a pleasant one? Come hither, child, and listen—I was an only son; but my father was afraid I should be spoiled, as only sons usually are, and had my cousin to live with me, and treated us in all respects alike. Our boyhood passed without any occurrence to call forth our characters, except that, probably from knowing his dependent situation, his manners were so soft and insinuating, that they formed a striking contrast to the manliness and independence of mine. At college, to which we went together, and where by my father's orders our intimacy was continued, we were called Lansby the proud and Lansby the gentle. I confess I felt myself flattered by the distinction. We.

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returned home; we hated each other. At all events, I can answer for myself: for him, I scarcely think he had manliness enough to hate anything. My mother now was growing old. She had a companion to reside with her. She was young and beautiful—surpassingly beautiful. She was a relation of my mother—high-born and poor. Ere long I perceived that my cousin Edgar was passionately in love with Helen. What right had he, the soft, the delicate, the gentle, to lift his eyes to so glorious an object as Helen Trevor? *I* loved her; and it added to the intensity of my passion to think how the insolence of my rival would be punished when I should ask the hand of the object of his passion. I did ask her hand; she refused it, and asked for my intercession with my father to secure his approbation of her marriage with my cousin. From that hour I hated both. Was I not justified? But I was revenged. Edgar was going into orders. My father had promised him the family living: the incumbent was infirm and old. They married; I gave away the bride. They lived the first half-year of their marriage in this very house. Here, in this very room, they sat and gazed on each other in the first happiness of their mutual fondness. My father died; and, shortly after, the living became vacant. This Francis was then about two months old. I called upon them, and told them of the incumbent's death. I described the beauty of the parsonage, the quietness of the village; and when I saw the young mother stooping down, and in the gladness of her heart covering the child of Edgar Lansby with her kisses, I told them I had bestowed the living upon another. You start—it was the first minute of enjoyment I had had for years. But they still were happy. I gave them notice that I had put another tenant into Springfield. They left it; he procured a curacy in some distant part of the country. I married; and, even in the first months of matrimony, thought much more of their happiness than of my own. My Harry was born, and yet I felt no diminution of my hatred. At your birth I resolved, if possible, to repay to the son the agony that had been inflicted on me by the parents. I have succeeded. One after another they died; they were poor and miserable. I adopted their orphan son; I made him the companion of my children; I watched the love that grew up between you,—and when I perceived that it was too firmly settled in his heart to be eradicated, I turned him loose upon the world. I feasted on the agony of his looks, for in them I recalled the expression of his mother. And now what has it all come to? *My* boy is dead; and this wretch, this slave, whom my bounty fed, is adopted by his mother's uncle, has purchased every mortgage upon my estate; and save for one consuming sorrow, one passion which I know from experience turns all his other feelings into gall and bitterness, he would be too happy for a mortal—successful in ambition, in love, and, above all, in revenge. Isn't this a pleasant sketch, and——Ha! what has my madness done? Wretch, wretch! I have killed my child!"

He bent over the fainting girl with his hands clasped in agony, and his whole being underwent a change. Cruel and malignant as he had truly painted himself, his love for his children was the overpowering passion of his mind. Since the death of his son, this love all concentrated in his daughter; and, however strange or unnatural it may appear, the value he set on her, the pride he took in her talents and beauty, were the very considerations which prevented him from bestowing them on any one whom, justly or unjustly, he had loaded with his hatred. He knew that, by the bar he had placed between them, her happiness was as much sacrificed as that of her cousin—and had she been indifferent to him he would not have condemned her to so much misery. Hitherto, indeed, the noble behaviour of his daughter had deceived him. Her uncomplaining meekness, her gentleness, and her dutiful submission to his will, had hidden from him the depth of the sufferings she endured. And, unknown perhaps to himself, there was another ingredient in the bitterness of the hatred which he professed to entertain for Francis Lansby. Since the astonishing change in their respective situations, her former lover had made no efforts to discover that his affection for Julia was unchanged. The thought of his being able to forget *his* daughter was more galling to Sir Walter's disposition than even his marrying her would have been.

"Waken, Julia! rouse yourself, my child; I spoke too bitterly; misfortune has made me mad. I hate him not." Whilst he uttered these exclamations, Julia slowly recovered, and looked at her father with a faint smile as if to thank him for his attempts to comfort her. "But he has forgotten us," he continued; "he thinks not of us—and why, since he has banished you from his memory—do you continue to waste a thought on *him?*"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

INFLUENCES ATTRIBUTED BY THE VULGAR TO COMETS.

We should have hoped that the absurd influences attributed to comets would, at least in our times, have been confined to physical effects, in which the excuse of ignorance might be pleaded with a less sense of humiliation. But will it be believed, that, within a few years, persons could be found among the better classes of society, and holding

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some literary and professional station—and in our own country too—who could attribute to the influence of comets every prevalent disease, local or general, by which, since the commencement of the Christian era, not the human race only was afflicted, but even the lower species of animals? The splendid comet of 1811 was, on the continent, considered as the immediate cause of the fine vintage of that year, and the produce was distinguished as the *wine of the comet*. But with us, still more extraordinary effects were ascribed to that comet. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1818, we were told that its influence produced a mild winter, a moist spring, and a cold summer; that there was not sufficient sunshine to ripen the fruits of the earth; that, nevertheless, (such was the cometic influence,) the harvest was abundant, and some species of fruits, such as melons and figs, were not only plentiful, but of a delicious flavour; that wasps rarely appeared, and *flies became blind, and died early in the season*; that, in the neighbourhood of London, numerous instances occurred of women bearing twins, and it even happened in one instance that the wife of a shoemaker in Whitechapel had four children at a birth! So recently as the year 1829, a work appeared upon epidemic diseases, by Mr. Forster, an English practitioner, in which it is asserted that, since the Christian era, the most unhealthy periods have been precisely those in which some great comet appeared; that such appearances were accompanied by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and atmospheric commotions, while no comet has been observed during healthy periods. Not contented, however, with the influences formerly attributed to comets, Mr. Forster, says M. Arago, has so extended, in his learned catalogue, the circle of imputed cometary influences, that there is scarcely any phenomenon which he does not lay to their charge. Hot seasons and cold, tempests, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, hail, rain, and snow, floods and droughts, famines, clouds of midges and locusts, the plague dysentery, the influenza, are all duly registered by Mr. Forster; and each affliction is assigned to its comet, whatever kingdom, city, or village, the famine, pestilence, or other visitation may have ravaged. In making thus, from year to year, a complete inventory of the misfortunes of this lower world, who would not have foreseen the impossibility of any comet approaching the earth, without finding some portion of its inhabitants suffering under some affliction; and who would not have granted at once, what Lubienietski has written a large work to prove, that there never was a disaster without a comet, nor a comet without a disaster?—*Edinburgh Review for April*, 1835.

COBBETT.—BY HIMSELF.

At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edges and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on, from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "Tale of a Tub; price 3*d*." The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3*d*., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this, I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before: it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awaked me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my Tale of a Tub, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy,

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in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.

MAXIMS FOR A DINNER.

(*From le Physiologie de Goût.*)

How is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

1. Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

2. Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

3. Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably clean (!!), and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

4. Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension—the women pleasant without too much coquetry.*

5. Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

6. Let the order of progression be, for the first (the dishes), from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wines), from the simplest to the most perfumed.

7. Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

8. Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs *chosen by the master.*

9. Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may notwithstanding remain space enough for post-meridian colloquy.

10. Let the party be detained by the charms of society, and animated by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

11. Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

12. Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let every body be in bed by twelve.

If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis.

* "I write," says the author in a note, "between the Palais Royal and the Chaussée d'Antin.

New Books.

MISS ROBERTS'S SCENES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF HINDOSTAN.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

[A FEW more extracts from this very entertaining work will, doubtless, be acceptable to our readers.]

Ice Harvests.

At the principal stations in the Mofussil, there are regular ice-harvests; the night-frosts during a certain number of weeks being always sufficiently strong to congeal water exposed to their influence, if of an inconsiderable depth. A piece of ground, commensurate to the number of persons who subscribe to the concern, is laid out for the purpose of collecting a sufficient quantity of ice to last through the hot season; shallow pans are provided, of convenient dimensions, and these are placed in rows, close to each other. After sunset, they are filled with water by superintendents, whose business it is to remove the cakes when sufficiently frozen, and to replenish the pans; an operation which is performed several times in the course of each night. The cakes of ice are deposited in excavations made according to the principles observed in England, and with proper care may be preserved during the rains. The least neglect, however, is fatal in the damp season; the ice melts in an instant, and the unfortunate subscribers, instead of having the stipulated quantity to cool butter, cream, jellies, water, and wine, are compelled to do as well as they can with the only substitute, saltpetre.

Artificial ice, made by the assistance of an air-pump and other machinery, has been found too expensive, and is seldom or never resorted to in India: upon its first introduction into Bengal, the novelty proved very attractive, and a rich and luxurious native, it is said, expended seven hundred pounds in the single article of ice, at an entertainment given to a European party.

At Chinsurah, where the frosts are not so severe as in the upper country, a small quantity of saltpetre is placed in the pans, and should the season prove favourable, the necessity of importing ice from America will exist no longer.

The King of Oude.

The fate of the kingdom of Oude seems now verging to a crisis, and, in all probability, a short period will decide whether it is to continue under the mismanagement of its present rulers, or be placed entirely under the control of the British Government. At the present period, Lucknow affords an almost perfect realization of the *beau ideal* of the court of an Asiatic despot, though the power over life and limb has been somewhat

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abridged by the presence of the British Resident.

The king of Oude has kept up a greater degree of state than his more highly descended, but less fortunate contemporary of Delhi; and, in fact, Lucknow is the only native court in Hindostan, which can afford any idea of the princely magnificence affected by the former rulers of India; that of Gwalior can bear no comparison, nor are those in the central provinces distinguished by the pomp and splendour which still characterize the throne of this ill-governed kingdom.

Both the present and former rulers of Oude have manifested a strong partiality for European fashions and European manufactures, but their love of novelty has not been productive of any national improvement; they have thought of nothing beyond some idle gratification or indulgence, and their minds have not expanded, or their views become more enlightened by constant intercourse with the people who possess so much knowledge, both moral and political. A great number of foreigners have, for many years, been attached to the court of the King of Oude; a large proportion might unquestionably be styled mere adventurers, ignorant of every art excepting that which teaches them to profit by the follies and weakness of mankind; but there were others of a superior order, from whom many lessons of the highest practical utility might have been acquired.

The king of Oude has selected English officers for his aides-de camp, his physicians belong to the Company's medical establishment, and he has also other persons of equal rank and intelligence attached to his household. An artist of great respectability and very considerable talent, grew old in the service of Saadut Ali and his successor. This gentleman retired, at an advanced age, to spend the remainder of his days at Cawnpore, where he kept up a handsome establishment, and until the loss of his daughter and increasing infirmities rendered him averse to society, had been wont to exercise the most extensive hospitality to the residents of the station. The place of Mr. Home is supplied, at the court of Lucknow, by Mr. George Beechey, who had distinguished himself by several masterly efforts of the pencil before he left England, and whose portrait of a native female, sent over and exhibited two years ago at Somerset House, attracted the attention of the best judges of the art. It is said,—but whether on sufficient authority we are unable to state,—that Asiatic prejudices had been so far remitted as to allow this gentleman access to the royal zenana, for the purpose of taking the portrait of the favourite wife. Such an innovation cannot fail to produce very important results; and there are too many indications of a similar nature occurring all over British India, to render it at all doubtful that, at no very distant period, the whole fabric of jealous restriction will give way, and that the women of Hindostan will receive the full enjoyment of liberty so long denied.

The etiquette at the court of Oude differs considerably from that of Delhi; though in both the receiving and presenting nuzzurs form the principal ceremonial. In imitation of European sovereigns, the king gives his portrait set in diamonds to ambassadors and other persons of rank, this distinction being also bestowed upon the aides-de-camp, and officers who have accepted situations of equal honour at the court. There is nothing very remarkable about the audience-chamber, but the king's throne is extremely splendid. It is a square platform, raised two feet from the ground, with a railing on three sides, and a canopy supported upon pillars; of these the framework is wood, but the casing pure gold, set with precious stones of great value; the canopy is of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold, and finished with a deep fringe of pearls; the cushions, on which the king is seated, are also of embroidered velvet; and the emblem of royalty, the chattah, is of the same, with a deep fringe of pearls. The king appears literally covered with jewels, the whole of the body down to the waist being decorated with strings of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, &c.; his crown is a perfect constellation of gems, and overshadowed by plumes of the bird of paradise. A native of rank stands on either side of the throne, waving chowries of peacocks' feathers set in gold handles. To the right of the throne are gilt chairs for the accommodation of the resident and his wife, if he be a married man; the rank of the British ambassador, (who certainly acts the part of viceroy over the king,) being recognised as equal to that of the monarch himself; he is the only person permitted the use of the chattah, the chowrie, and the hookah, in the sovereign's presence. The English persons attached to the residency take up their position behind and at the side of these chairs, standing; those in the service of the king wearing very handsome court-dresses of puce-coloured cloth, richly embroidered with gold. The left of the throne is occupied by natives of rank holding high official situations, splendidly attired in the picturesque costume of the country. The prime-minister stands at the king's feet to receive and present the nuzzurs. These consist of money, from twenty-one gold mohurs down to a few rupees in silver, according to the circumstances of the parties. The person offering advances to the throne with many salaams, and having his gift placed upon a folded handkerchief, presents it to the king to touch in token of acceptance; it is then given to the minister, who adds it to the

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heap by his side. After this ceremony, the king and the resident rise; the former takes from the hands of a person in waiting certain necklaces composed of silver ribbon, ingeniously plaited, which offer a cheap mode of conferring distinction; the investiture is made by the king in person; and upon taking leave, the resident is accompanied by the king to the entrance, where he salutes him with the short sentence, "God be with you!" pouring *atta* on his hands at the final exit. Should the ambassador happen to be in great favour at the time, the compliment is extended to all the English visitants as they pass out.

Titles of honour, khillauts, and their accompanying distinctions,—such as an elephant fully caparisoned, a charger, or a palanquin—are frequently conferred upon these court-days; the nuzzur is then of proportionate value, persons anxiously coveting some grant or distinction offering not less than a lac of rupees; this sum is conveyed in a hundred bags, covered with crimson silk, tied with a silver ribbon, and so solid a proof of attachment is not unfrequently rewarded by an embrace before the whole court, a mark of royal favour well worth the money bestowed upon it, since any person's fortune is made in native states, who is known to have interest at court.

The king's dinners are better than his breakfasts; there is abundance of wine for the English guests, and though the native visitants do not partake in public, many confess that they indulge at their own tables. Nautches and fireworks conclude the evening's entertainment; the latter can never be shown off to so much advantage as in an Indian city, where the buildings they illuminate are of the same fairy-like nature. No description can do justice to the scene presented on some fine, dark, clear night, when the Goomtee is covered with boats, of those long, canoe-shaped, graceful forms, belonging to the king; some resembling alligators, others swans, peacocks, or dolphins, enamelled in various colours, intermingled with gold, and filled with a splendid company, glittering in gems and tissues. Blue lights, so artfully disposed as not to be visible, while they clothe the whole pageant with their unearthly gleams, render every adjacent object distinct; and as the blaze of ten thousand rockets burst forth, palaces, mosques, and temples seem to rise majestically during the brief illumination. In the next moment, all is dark save the pageant on the Goomtee; and again, minarets and domes, cupolas and spires spring up, silver and gold, as the marble and the gilding catch the vivid gleams of jets and spouts of fire ascending to the skies.

A Night in the Jungles.

The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state,—for upon the first occupation of these remote jungles, doors and windows were not considered necessary, a *jaump*, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the purpose of both—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy, ill-glazed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the interiors from the inclemencies of the cold, hot, and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare, and where attempts are made to colour them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if there be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbours is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, movable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted, to keep out the wolves and hyenas, which take the liberty of perambulating through the verandas; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The *chopper*, or thatch of a bungalow, affords commodious harbour for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have been long inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen; squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are more numerous and more various; wild cats, *ghosaumps*, (a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking pig,) *vis copras*, and others, take up their abode amid the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of each room, from wall to wall, and secured by tapes tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice: this cloth forms the ceiling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail, and often insufficient barrier; the course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yields with the pressure of the combatants, showing distinctly the outlines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture; and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, which, in its anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through a yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and

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other agreeable visitants often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no dogs or cats to keep the lower story clear of intruders, the dwellers of the upper regions will seek the ground-floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as heretofore. Notwithstanding the intervention of the cotton canopy, however, there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the parties; for night being usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectually banished by their gambols. The noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, fasteuings, and all, will come down, along with ten thousand combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows in the eaves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes, individuals of the insect race perform the part of nocturnal disturbers with great vigour and animation. At nightfall, a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets; gifted with lungs far exceeding in power those of the European hearth, while the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads. The bugle horns of the musquitos are drowned in the dissonance, and the gurgling accompaniment of the musk-rats is scarcely to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, long-wooed, descend at last to rest upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of a wandering troop of jackalls, each animal apparently endeavouring to outshriek his neighbour. A quiet night in any part of India is exceedingly difficult of attainment; the natives, who sleep through the heat of the day, protract their vigils far beyond the midnight hour, and, however silent at other periods, are always noisy at night. Parties from adjacent villages patrol the roads, singing; and, during religious festivals or bridal revelries, every sort of discordant instrument, gongs, and blaring trumpets six feet long, are brought in aid of the shouts of the populace.

Such is the usual character of a night in the jungles; and it requires nerves of no ordinary kind to support its various inflictions. Fortunately, the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a secure asylum from actual contact with invaders, the many-legged and many-winged host, which give so lively an idea of the plagues of Egypt. The couch occupies the centre of the floor, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground; the musquito-curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without; and though bats may brush them with their wings, lizards innumerable crawl along the walls, and musk-rats skirt round the posts, admission to the interior is nearly impossible: on this account, as well as for the great preservative which they form against malaria, it is advisable to sleep under a musquito-net at all seasons of the year.

The Gatherer.

Fidelity.—The Duke d'Enghien had a little dog. This faithful animal returned incessantly to the fatal spot in the moat where his master was shot. There are few who have not seen that spot. Who has not made a pilgrimage to Vincennes, and dropped a tear where the victim fell. The fidelity of the poor dog excited so much interest, that the police prevented any one from witnessing the fatal spot, and the dog was no longer heard to howl over his master's grave.—*De Bourrienne.*

French Prisons.—At the Grand Chatelet at Paris, the prisoners were formerly lowered into a dungeon named La Fosse, by an opening contrived in the vault, in the same manner that a bucket descends into a well. Perhaps, this fosse was the same that was called Chaussée d'Hypocras, where the prisoners' feet were in water, and they could neither stand upright nor lie down. Its form must have been that of an inverted cone. In general, the prisoners confined here died after a fortnight's detention.

In a modern work upon the prisons of Paris, it is said the principal dungeon in the Abbey of St. Germain is sunk to the depth of 30 feet; its vault is so low, that a man of middling stature cannot stand upright, and so great is its humidity, that it produces water in a sufficient quantity to set the straw afloat which serves the prisoners for beds. According to the opinion of a physician, a person could not dwell there more than twenty-four hours without being liable to perish.

Poland.—Napoleon, after receiving a deputation soliciting the re-establishment and independence of the kingdom of Poland, said to Rapp: "I love the Poles; their enthusiastic character pleases me; I should like to make them independent, but that is a difficult matter.—Austria, Russia, and Prussia have all had a slice of the cake; when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop: my first duty is towards France, which I must not sacrifice to Poland—we must refer this matter to the sovereign of all things—time."

The best Physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Merriman, and Dr. Quiet.—*G. K.*

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Astley's.—Equestrian exercises were first introduced at Paris by the elder Astley, whose troop made a winter excursion from the Westminster amphitheatre to the French capital, and performed in a circus lit by 2,000 lamps. To Astley's company succeded that of Franconi. Old Astley is buried in *Père la Chaise.*

Courtship. — We remember a singular courtship between two persons of very opposite dispositions. Although constantly in each other's company, they took little more notice of each other than if they were casual acquaintances, unless perhaps to disagree, and yet, if they were only a mile apart, letters and messages were despatched each way out of number! Nay, the gentleman would frequently sit for hours, after the lady had retired to her bed-room, a distance of 25 feet by 18, writing notes, which he sent up stairs, receiving sundry billets doux in return; and this, long after midnight! We cannot help pitying poor papas and mammas and their household, on trying occasions like these; but, as it must be done, we say—nothing!

Spanish Convents.—In consequence of the royal decree for the suppression of the convents in Spain, there have been immediately suppressed 40 monasteries of different orders, 138 convents of Dominicans, 181 of Franciscans, 77 of barefooted Friars, 7 of Tiercaires, 29 of Capucins, 88 of Augustines, 17 of Recollets, 17 of Carmelites, 48 of barefooted Carmelites, 36 of Mercenaries, 27 of barefooted Mercenaries, 50 of St. John of God, 11 of Premonitaries, 6 of Minor Clerks, 4 of Agonisers, 3 of Servitors of Mary, 62 of Minims, 37 of Trinitarians, and 7 of barefooted Trinitarians.—*Paris Advertiser.*

A lunar rainbow, a phenomenon seldom seen in Europe, appeared on the 2nd inst. in the department of the Eure, in France.

The rail-road from Brussels to Malines cost 1,224,100fr. and produces immense profit to government, which established it. The receipts from 17th May to 31st July were 106,802 fr. paid by 163,482 passengers. The distance is four leagues, and the journey is made in 35 minutes.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Talleyrand.—Once when M. de Talleyrand was summoned by Napoleon to Warsaw, his carriage stuck in the mud, and he was detained on his journey for twelve hours. A soldier having asked one of the persons in Talleyrand's suite, who the traveller was, was informed that he was the Minister for Foreign Affairs:—"Ah! bah!" said the soldier, "Why does he come with his diplomacy to such a devil of a country as this."

The most ancient printed book, with a date, is a psalter, printed at Metz, in 1547, by Fust and Schoeffer: it is now in the royal library at Paris.

St. Augustine's, Canterbury.—A Correspondent and recent visiter, (*E. P. N.*,) tells us, that part of this celebrated monastery is now a public-house, and its very handsome gatehouse is a brewhouse. Its inclosure, sixteen acres in extent, is now laid out in gardens, fives-court, archery ground, &c.

Epitaph on two children of a chimney-sweep, in old Camberwell churchyard:—

Their ashes and this little dust
Their father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
Their long and dreary sleep.

—*Pil.*

Steam-Cooking.—At the Adelaide Gallery is the model of a steam table, on which distillation, decoction, digestion, and evapocation can be performed in movable vessels, by steam and hot water alone: it forms an excellent culinary and confectionery apparatus.

Petrifactions.—Remarkable instances of this transformation have been found in different parts of the world, not only of vegetable, but even of animal substances. When the foundations of the city of Quebec, in Canada, were dug up, a petrified savage was found among the last beds to which they proceeded. Although there was no idea of the time at which this man had been buried under the ruins, it is however true that his quiver and arrows were still preserved. In digging a lead mine in Derbyshire in 1744, a human skeleton was found among stags' horns. It is impossible to say how many ages this carcass had lain there. In 1695, the entire skeleton of a crocodile was found in the mines of that county. At the beginning of the last century, John Munte, curate of Slagarp, in Scania, and several of his parishioners, wishing to procure turf from a drained marshy soil, found, some feet below ground, an entire cart, with the skeletons of the horses and carter. It is presumed that there had formerly been a lake in that place, and the carter attempting to pass over on the ice, had by that means probably perished.

Silk.—The gathering of the silk is mostly concluded in the south of France, and the spinning mills are in full activity. This branch of trade is annually increasing; numerous plantations of mulberry-trees are in course of formation, and will shortly form the principal wealth of their locality.

Omnibus Riding.—The gross receipts of omnibus carriages for the interior of Paris, in 1834, was eleven millions of francs, or 44,000*l.*

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The Mirror

OF

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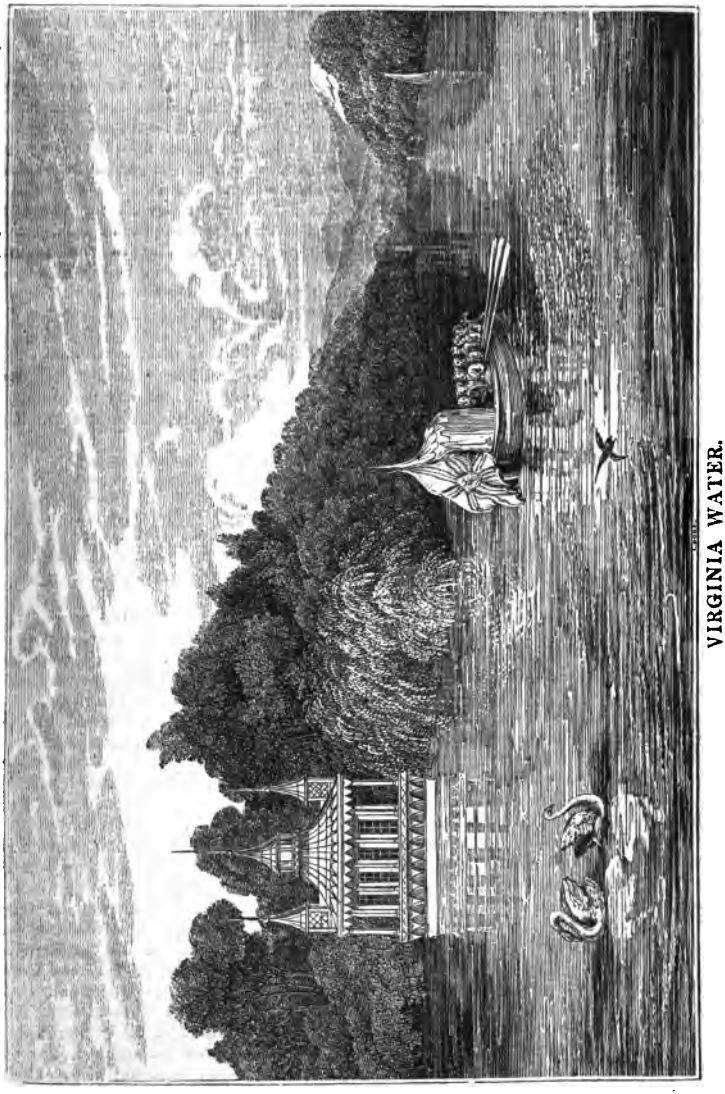

VIRGINIA WATER.

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VIRGINIA WATER.

Our twelfth volume (p. 220) contains so excellent a description of Virginia Water, that, in presenting to our readers another view of this celebrated retreat, we are little disposed to add "more last words" of its charming scenery. Indeed, the writer of the paper here referred to has so nicely estimated the natural beauties and artificial embellishment of the whole district, that he has left nothing to be described of the attractions or merits of either.

At this moment, however, Mr. Jesse's Last Series of *Gleanings* has dropped in opportunely enough, especially as it contains a few pages descriptive of the Royal Parks and Residences, and noticing Virginia Water; the peculiar value of which information arises from Mr. Jesse's sensible admiration of natural scenery, as well as from his official advantages as Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks and Palaces. "From Cumberland Lodge," says Mr. Jesse, "there is a delightful drive to the Virginia Water. This fine lake, which is supposed to be the largest piece of artificial water in Europe, was formed at a great expense, and is fed by a small, running stream which passes through the park. The fishing temple of George the Fourth is the most conspicuous object on its banks. It contains one good room, and would never be supposed to have been erected by a disciple of Izaac Walton. Like the temples of Nankin, it appears covered with gold-leaf. There is also an island which has a fanciful building erected upon it—the Hermitage, and, in the distance, the Belvidere, a triangular edifice, with a tower at each corner, and having a battery of twenty-one pieces of cannon. There are numerous pleasure-boats on the water, and a beautiful frigate in miniature. All these boats are kept in the best order, and do great credit to the officer in charge of them.

"Near the Bagshot road, the water from the lake forms a beautiful cascade. On one side of this is a curious cavern, the stone fragments of which were dug up on Bagshot Heath. It still preserves the shape in which it was originally discovered, and is supposed to have been an ancient cromlech, or place of worship. The walk opposite the fishing temple is open to the public, and is a very pleasant one, and of considerable extent. The drives are varied in every direction, and fine views are seen from several parts of them."

We have only two observations to add on this passage. First, according to the paper in our twelfth volume, Virginia Water is not even the largest piece of artificial water in this kingdom, it being exceeded by that at Blenheim. Secondly, a cromlech is not an ancient "place of worship;" but a crooked, flat stone, supposed to have been an altar for sacrifice before the Christian æra. (See *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 227.)

MISS MITFORD.

In that most interesting theme, the study of the human mind,—endlessly varied in its subjects of inquiry, and affording to the searcher after its diversified shades, an inexhaustible source of speculation,—not the least curious and striking difference is found, in the opposite view taken of the predominating happiness or misery of human life, by minds of, perhaps, equal powers for settling the question. One views it as altogether, "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," and says with Hamlet:—"This goodly firmament, look you, appears no other thing to me than a pestilent congregation of vapours." We hear such an one exclaim with the melancholy Childe, "I never loved the world." The Christian philosophy of Johnson did not prevent his coming to the mournful conclusion, that "human life is a scene in which much is to be endured, and little enjoyed." While Pope asserts that—

> "life can little more supply,
> "Than just to look about us and to die."

Truth, ever avoiding extremes, inclines us to Southey's view, which at once hushes the murmur of impatience, and sobers the flutter of expectation:—

> "Nature hath assigned
> Two sovereign remedies for human woe,
> Religion, surest, firmest, safest, best,
> And strenuous action next."

—"It is heaven on earth, (said the wise Verulam,) to have one's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

On the other side of the question are arrayed an equal number, who diffuse the sunshine of their own feelings over every subject they touch upon, who find "all nature music to the ear, and beauty to the eye." Of this happy class is Miss Mitford, to whose sense, nature animate and inanimate, seems arrayed in perpetual charms,—who has the faculty of extracting pleasurable emotions from scenes and subjects which would, to the generality of minds, be most unpromising subjects for interest. From her graphic pen, the homeliest scenes and characters receive a charm they had not before. "Our Village" is peopled with rural specimens of humanity, such as may, perhaps, be found in every other village: but, under her painting, nature in her rudest dress, becomes refined simplicity. The vice, ignorance, and depravity too often found in these modern Arcadias, is softened down or altogether hidden, and you ramble with her through the "village," pleased—you know not why. Crabbe was true to nature; but, he copied her sternest realities, and left them in their

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been an dreariness, unsoftened by those melan æig shades which have the power to engage kindness and sympathy for our fellow beings in their rudest form. Abjuring what he called the "tinsel trappings of poetic pride," he declared that "Auburn and Eden were no more below." The fault of engaging us to look with complacency on characters altogether contrary to "that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," was equally prominent in the bard of Avon and Sir Walter Scott. It is the magic art which engages our forbearance and amuses us with Falstaff, mine hostess Quickly, Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest of Prince Hal's most faulty associates. Why is it that we weary not of the never-ending officiousness of Caleb Balderson, that even the recklessness of Mike Lambourne revolts not, and that the rough honesty of Dandie Dinmont, and the plain, unadorned worth and persevering affection of Jenny Deans, so much delight us?

In common with these great names, Miss Mitford has opened a mine of unlooked-for interest, in the characters with which she has peopled "Our Village:" they have, it would seem, afforded her a "perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns." Could any character be more unpromising as a subject for her pen, (to the common eye,) than Sam Page, the Proteus of many avocations? How faithfully drawn from life is her washerwoman, Nanny Sims, beguiling her humid existence with never-ending tea and scandal! One of the striking excellencies in Miss Mitford's style is a rich vein of comic humour, a harmless satire, which, as the clown said of his in the forest of Ardennes, "like a wild goose, flies unclaim'd of any one." Its point is occasionally directed against herself, as when she so laughably describes her day of petty annoyance, when the "lost keys" involved her in so much perplexity, "traversing house and garden four hours for the intolerable keys;" — the arrival of a professed tea-drinker, (Lady Mary H.,) at the close of this miserable day, one who required to have the "gentle stimulant in full perfection, — obliged to send for tea to the village-shop! —it was the very extremity of small distress." Amusing as are her descriptions of village life, making due allowance for the softening hues which her benignant and glowing fancy spreads over scenes and characters of homely, and, in some cases, revolting coarseness, she is happier, because nearer to reality in her sketches of a country town. In accompanying her through the streets of "Belford Regis," you hear nothing of its inhabitants that can alarm the most zealous lover of probability who ever abjured a novel for its departure from matter of fact.

Miss Mitford is an instance of that versatility of genius, which delighting to depict the simplest traits in rural life, and which can paint with irresistible comic force every day feelings and associations, can yet sound the depths of tragic poetry, and unveil those darker shades of human feeling, which, alas! in too many cases, "hold the mirror up to nature." *Rienzi* abounds with strong and masterly touches, displaying that searching knowledge of poor humanity so indispensable in a dramatic writer. Is this dark assertion of Rienzi true?—

"Fear and old hate,
They are sure weavers, they work for the storm,
The whirlwind, and the rocking surge: their knot
Endures till death."

How beautiful is the yearning of Claudia after her former home!—

"Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state—these halls
Where comfort dies in vastness—these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home,
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement, and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields."

Highly, however, as Miss Mitford ranks in the literary world, and deservedly so, as a writer of richly-varied genius, there is, to our eyes, one trait wanting throughout her writings, which no admiration of her brilliant talents can prevent our regretting. It is the almost total absence of allusion to that future and eternal state of things, with its immortal hopes and heavenward aspirings, in which the dwellers in hall or cottage, village or town, are alike interested. We would not advocate that misjudging spirit, which would intrude high and holy themes where merely human feeling should alone have place; but, we verge on the other extreme, when what ought to be the pervading spirit is so quenched and kept out of sight. We shall be suspected of a wish to spy out spots in the sun, when we thus presume to discern a flaw in writings so redolent of all that charms the fancy. Still, we must think those authors the most admirable, who, without fanatical parade, let this soul-exalting principle pervade the motives, actions, and characters they portray; and, through the various paths which genius treads, for ever bear in view, that hope of brighter worlds, which tells the mourner that

"The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R.

EXTRAORDINARY HEAT AND DROUGHT.

IN 763, the summer was so hot that the springs dried up.

In 860, the heat was so intense that, near Worms, the reapers dropped dead in the fields.

In 993, and again in 994, it was so hot that the corn and fruit were burnt up.

The year 1000 was so hot and dry that, in Germany, the pools of water disappeared,

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and the fish, being left to stink in the mud, bred a pestilence.

In 1022, the heat was so excessive, that both men and cattle were struck dead.

In 1130, the earth yawned with drought. Springs and rivers disappeared, and even the Rhine was dried up in Alsace.

In 1159, not a drop of rain fell in Italy after the month of May.

The year 1171 was extremely hot in Germany.

In 1232, the heat was so great, especially in Germany, that it is said that eggs were roasted in the sands.

In 1260, many of the Hungarian soldiers died of excessive heat at the famous battle fought near Bela.

The consecutive years 1276 and 1277 were so hot and dry as to occasion a great scarcity of fodder.

The years 1293 and 1294 were extremely hot, and so were likewise 1303 and 1304, both the Rhine and Danube having dried up.

In 1333, the cornfields and vineyards were burnt up.

The years 1393 and 1394 were excessively hot and dry.

In 1447, the summer was extremely hot.

In the successive years 1473 and 1474, the whole earth seemed on fire. In Hungary, one could wade across the Danube.

The four consecutive years, 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541, were excessively hot, and the rivers dried up.

In 1556, the drought was so great that the springs failed. In England, wheat rose from 8*s.* to 53*s.* a quarter.

The years 1615 and 1616 were very dry over Europe.

In 1646, it was excessively hot.

In 1652, the warmth was very great, the summer being the driest ever known in Scotland; yet a total eclipse of the sun had happened that year, on Monday the 24th of March, which hence received the appellation of Mirk Monday.

The summer of 1679 was remarkably hot. It is related that one of the minions of tyranny, who, in that calamitous period, harassed the poor Presbyterians in Scotland with captious questions, having asked a shepherd in Fife, whether the killing of the notorious Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, (which had happened in May,) was murder; he replied, that he could not tell, but there had been fine weather ever since.

The first year of the eighteenth century was very warm, and the two following years were of the same description.

It is a singular coincidence, that in 1718, the distance precisely of 100 years from the date of this paper, the weather was extremely hot and dry all over Europe. The air felt so oppressive, that all the theatres were shut in Paris. Scarcely any rain fell for the space of nine months, and the springs and rivers were dried up. The following year was equally hot. The thermometer at Paris rose to 98° by Fahrenheit's scale. The grass and corn were quite parched. In some places, the fruit-trees blossomed two or three times.

Both the years 1723 and 1724 were dry and hot.

The year 1745 was remarkably warm and dry, but the following year was still hotter; insomuch that the grass withered, and the leaves dropped from the trees. Neither rain nor dew fell for several months; and, on the Continent, prayers were offered up in the churches, to implore the bounty of refreshing showers.

In 1748, the summer was again very warm.

In 1754, it was likewise extremely warm.

The years 1760 and 1761 were both of them remarkably hot, and so was the year 1763.

In 1774, it was excessively hot and dry.

Both the years 1778 and 1779 were warm and very dry.

The year 1788 was also very hot and dry; and of the same character was 1811, famous for its excellent vintage, and distinguished by the appearance of a brilliant comet.

ASSASSINATION OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

An event of such magnitude as the assassination of Henry IV. may naturally be expected to have exercised the industry of writers living at the very period of its occurrence. The facts and details collected are, accordingly, very numerous; but, strange to say, the circumstances are related with little uniformity. All of them are of the most interesting character, connected as they are with one of the most brilliant epochs in the history of France, and presenting as they do a picture of the superstition and fanaticism of the time. The loss of the king was, indeed, universally deplored; for he was the best sovereign France ever had. It is not, therefore, surprising to find his memory cherished in France to this day; as, in the magnificent equestrian statue of Henry, on the Pont Neuf, at Paris, and, in the house which marks the spot on which the assassination was perpetrated. In his fate, too, there is matter of reflection for those who are interested in tracing concatenated events in history. He was the first Bourbon, of the Capetian race; and with him began that train of misfortunes which has, with few exceptions, attended this dynasty through the last two centuries and a-quarter; for, from Henry the Great to Louis Philippe.

In attempting a brief narrative of the above event, we shall commence with the regret of Henry at the coronation of Mary de Medicis,

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his second queen, which he, with great reluctance, fixed for the 13th of May, 1610. "The more Henry contemplated the approach of that moment," says Sully, "so in proportion did he feel trouble and dread redouble in his soul." In bitterness and dejection, the poor king spent whole hours in the study of Sully, seated on a little, low chair, made expressly for him. "Ah! my friend," exclaimed the monarch, "how this coronation displeases me! I know not what it is, but my fears tell me that some signal misfortune will happen." While thus expressing himself, Henry kept striking his spectacle-case with his fingers, buried in profound thought; and from this melancholy reverie, he suddenly started up, striking his thighs vehemently with both hands, and crying aloud: "I shall die in this city, I shall never quit it—they will kill me." Sully then proposed to defer the coronation. "I wish to conceal nothing from you," said the king; "I must now candidly avow that it was formerly predicted I should be assassinated at the period of a grand solemnity, which I had commanded, and that I should expire in a coach; it is on this account I am so fearful." But the queen insisted upon the ceremony. When in private with Sully, the same sombre presentiments took possession of the king's mind, and he only interrupted the sad and melancholy silence, by repeating emphatically:—"They will kill me, my friend—they will kill me."

A contemporary writer says:—"I shall not dwell upon the dreams which, it is stated, his majesty, as well as the queen, had, on the night preceding the monarch's death, of a house falling upon his majesty in the street Ferronerie," &c. One thing, however, is certain, that, about six months before the murder, one Thomassin, a famous astrologer, foretold to the king, that it was essential he should beware of the month of May, 1610, and he even specified the day and hour when the king was to be murdered. Henry, however, ridiculed the astrologer, and taking him by the hair or the beard, he led him two or three times round the apartment, and then dismissed him.

On the day preceding the monarch's death, Marshal Bassompierre and the Duke of Guise, beheld, from a window of the Louvre, at Paris, the maypole fall, which had been planted near the staircase leading to the royal apartment, not a breath of air stirring at the time. On witnessing this circumstance, they looked mournfully at each other, and Bassompierre remarked, "I would not for all the world that had happened."

Such superstitious credence is referable to the prevalence of an implicit belief in omens at this period, which also seized upon the king's rooted melancholy. It is proved that Henry received numerous intimations that conspiracies were plotting against his life; and one writer states upwards of fifty plots to have been planned for this king's destruction. An attempt had likewise some years previously been made upon the king's life.

The last mentioned writer, as well as Sully, states that a month prior to the king's assassination, a report was spread throughout Spain, and at Milan, of Henry's death, in a printed document; and that a courier, in his way through Liege, had announced the monarch's being killed. At Montargis, a note was found upon the altar of the principal church, containing a prediction of his approaching death. The report that Henry would terminate his existence in the course of this year being generally disseminated throughout France, it is, by no means astonishing that the people who adored him should have imagined they saw fatal prognostics in every direction.

Bassompierre says: "The king, shortly before his death, remarked: 'I know not how it is, Bassompierre, but I cannot persuade myself that I shall proceed to Germany.' He also, at various times, affirmed, 'I believe that I shall die soon.'"

At Douai, a priest, on his death-bed, said, "I have just beheld the greatest prince in Europe perish:" to which might be added a multiplicity of similar tales. At the queen's coronation, it was remarked that the arms of that princess had been improperly blazoned, the painter having, by mistake, annexed to the same the attributes of widowhood.

Every one now recalled to mind with dread, the grand eclipse of the sun which had occurred in 1608, and the terrible comet of 1609: in short, tremblings of the earth, the pestilence that raged throughout Paris in 1606; monsters born in various parts of France, (extraordinarily hideous and unknown fish, according to Sully, were caught on the French coast;) showers of blood, that is, rain of a reddish colour; singular inundations, an apparition, and many other prodigies, all which kept men in fear of some horrible catastrophe.

The coronation at St. Denis, on Thursday, the 13th of May, was performed in sadness and silence. The queen was to make her public entry into Paris, on the ensuing Sunday, May 16, and all expedition was used in preparing for that concluding ceremony. The day after the coronation, says Sully, the king's sadness so obviously increased, that all the courtiers were struck with his appearance. When he arose, he stated that he had enjoyed no rest, and M. de Vendôme entreated his majesty to take care of himself on that day in particular, which had been predicted as fatal; and requested his majesty not to go out: "I perceive," said the king, "that you have consulted the almanack, and heard of that fool La Brosse, (the astrologer,) and

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my cousin, the Count Soissons: the former is an old idiot; and you are yet very young, and little experienced."

It was remarked that on the preceding evening, Henry prayed much longer than usual; and during the night, his agitation being overheard, some person in attendance approached the royal couch, when the king was found upon his knees, praying devoutly. No sooner had he arisen than he retired to his study and prayed: soon after he proceeded to mass, and when the service was ended, he continued a considerable time in fervent devotion.

After dinner, Henry lay down upon his bed, but could not sleep. He then inquired the hour, saying, he wished to go to the Arsenal and visit Sully, who was indisposed. But his indecision was painfully evident: he seemed to be struggling against the secret prognostic that troubled him, but which he refused to believe. He next consulted the queen, but did not wait for a reply; then, advancing to the window, and raising his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, "My God, my God, there is something here that dreadfully troubles me! I know not what is the matter with me; I cannot go from hence!" Henry, at length, ordered the carriage, and quitted the Louvre, followed by the dukes of Montbaron and Epernon, marshal Lavardin, Roquelaure, la Force, Mirabeau, and Liancourt, first equerry. Upon the officer of the guard appearing, the king said, "I require neither you nor your guards; for these forty years past, I have almost uniformly been the captain of my own guards; I will not have any to surround my carriage." The coachman then having inquired where he was to drive, Henry peevishly replied, "Convey me from hence." Upon the driver, subsequently, repeating his former question, the king said, "to the cross of Trahoir;" and, on arriving at that spot, he observed in a bewildered manner, "To the cemetery of the Saints Innocents." Henry here desired that the curtains of the carriage might be raised; for, at that period, there were no glasses to the coaches, which were closed in by leather curtains. Had they been down, the assassin could not have directed his aim, nor struck the fatal blow.

The populace now gladdened by the presence of their adored monarch, made the air ring with acclamations as he proceeded on his route. But, Henry appeared insensible to this loyalty, and in profound reverie,—when the carriage was suddenly stopped at the end of the street *Ferronerie*, by two wagons, (one loaded with wine, and the other with corn,) which blocked up the road: numerous stalls then placed at the termination of that street, also rendered the passage very narrow. The king's foot-pages quitted the carriage in order to see the way cleared, when one Francis Ravillac, who had followed the vehicle from the Louvre, placed his foot upon a spoke of one of the hind-wheels, on the side where the monarch was seated, and supporting himself with one hand upon the door of the carriage, he, with the other, struck the king with a two-edged knife. The blow grazed the second and third ribs, and would not have proved mortal: the king exclaimed, "I am wounded!" at the same instant, he received a second stab, the weapon pierced his heart, and he instantly expired. So determined was the execrable assassin, that he aimed a third time, when, however, he struck the sleeve of the duke of Montbaron, who had raised his arm to parry off the weapon.

Of the seven individuals in the carriage with the monarch, the only person who had not been on uniformly good terms with the king, was the duke of Epernon. They were, doubtless, all occupied in observing the vehicles which impeded the royal carriage; in addition to which, the blows were struck with the greatest rapidity. It is stated that, during the morning, Ravaillac had continued for a great length of time at the Louvre, seated upon the steps of the portal, where the valets were waiting the arrival of the king. He had intended to strike the blow between the two doors, but he met the duke of Epernon on the spot where he had predetermined to attack the monarch. Ravillac afterwards acknowledged he had followed Henry in the morning to the church of the Feuillans, in order to commit the murder; but that the duke of Vendôme, who arrived, forced him to keep at a distance.

Not one of the inmates of the carriage saw the king struck; and, if the villain had thrown away the knife, he, probably, would not have been detected. All the personages immediately alighted from the carriage, to prevent the people, who flocked from every quarter, from tearing the assassin to pieces: three of the noblemen stood at the carriage-door to succour their master; and one, perceiving the blood gush from his mouth, and that he was speechless, cried out, "The king is dead." Dreadful tumult followed: some of the people in the street rushed into the shops and houses, as if apprehensive of becoming the prey of some unknown enemies, and of the city being taken by assault. The duke of Epernon cried out that the king was only wounded; and, to persuade the populace that such was the truth, he asked for a goblet of wine: many persons instantly rushed from the houses, and the most affecting exclamations of joy resounded on every side: the people flocked around the carriage to see their dear monarch, and could only be kept at a distance on being told it was requisite his Majesty should be forthwith conveyed to the Louvre for the purpose of having his wound examined. St. Michel,

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one of the king's gentlemen in ordinary, had followed the carriage, but was not near it at the moment of the assassination. He came up on hearing the noise, drew his sword, snatched the bloody knife from the hand of the regicide, whom he would have killed, had not the duke of Epernon interposed. The villain was then confided to proper hands, and led away. "Two circumstances were particularly remarked," says Mezerai, "from which the reader may draw what inference he pleases. The one was, that immediately after the seizure of Ravillac, seven or eight men arrived with swords in hand, saying it was requisite the assassin should be killed; but they instantaneously concealed themselves among the crowd. The other fact was, the murderer's not being immediately conveyed to prison, but placed in the hands of Montigny: that he was kept for two days in the hotel of Rais, with so little privacy, that all ranks of people were permitted to communicate with him; and, among others, an ecclesiastic greatly indebted to the king, who, having addressed Ravillac, *my friend*, cautioned the prisoner not to implicate the innocent."

Meanwhile, the sad intelligence was communicated to the queen, who, on the same day, was declared regent during the minority of her son. Towards four o'clock, the news reached Sully at the Arsenal, who hastily dressed himself to proceed to the Louvre, where the king was laid out upon his bed, with his suite around him. Sully did not, however, enter the palace until two days afterwards, owing to some sinister warnings, which he received on his way thither: and he had not fortitude to enter the chamber containing the corpse of the monarch he adored, though it lay in state during eighteen days at the palace. The body was embalmed, and placed in a wooden coffin on a wooden bier, with a canopy covered with cloth of gold. After the above period, it was conveyed to St. Denis, and there buried with great pomp. In the mean time, such was the affliction of the Parisians, that the women, with dishevelled hair, rushed frantically through the streets; and the men bewildered with anguish, named imaginary accomplices, and swore to sacrifice them to their vengeance. The tumult became terrific, and was only appeased by the queen sending her nobles to address the crowds, whom, with great difficulty, they brought to reason.

Ravillac, the assassin, was a native of Angouleme, where he kept a school till the age of thirty-one or thirty-two. He was supposed by some persons to be of unsound mind; but this was not denoted by his conversation in prison, or his conduct at his execution. He had a brother, who died in Holland, and who, upon his death-bed, declared that in case Francis Ravillac had not succeeded, he would have undertaken the deed.

A careful examination of Ravillac only proved that he was a man of heated imagination, who conceiving, according to his statement, that Henry had resolved on declaring war against the Pope, and did not take efficient measures to convert the Huguenots, adopted the resolution of assassinating him, whom he regarded as a tyrant that ought to be destroyed: in which ideas he had been strengthened by the sermons of the preachers of the Catholic League.

The torture to which Ravillac was submitted, has few parallels in the records of barbarity. Howel, writing from Paris, thus describes it: "Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last for three days; but he escaped only (!) with this:—his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again; and so he was carried in a cart, standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder; and, in the place where the act was done, it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump, to staunch the blood, whereat he gave a doleful shriek; then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pincered, and hot oil was poured into the holes: in all the extremity of this torture, he scarcely showed any sense of pain, but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arms to staunch the flux, at which time, he of reeking blood gave a shriek only; he bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was, that he thought he had done God good service, to take away that king, which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war."*

Ubaldini writes, May 30:—Ravillac persists that he has no accomplices, and that he has been moved by nothing but religious zeal. At last he has confessed his folly and guilt, with penitence, God be thanked, who, according to his wisdom and providence, has

* Howel's Familiar Letters, vol. i. No. xviii. To Sir James Crofts. From Paris. Sixth edit. 1688. The date of the letter is, in this edition, May 12, 1620; though the assassination did not take place till May 14. Howel adds: "A fatal thing it is that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a time: Henry II. running at tilt, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye: Henry III., not long after, was killed by a young friar, who, instead of a letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrusting it into the king's abdomen, 'so dispatcht him;' but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended this king (Henry IV.) by Ravillac, which is now become a common name of reproach and infamy in France."

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not permitted that more than one person should participate in this frightful crime, and

(House at Paris, marking the site of Henry the Fourth's Assassination.)

that he should be preserved alive, in order to proclaim to the world the truth of the transaction, and to contradict the calumnies out of which endless mischiefs might have proceeded.*

We have not space to enumerate the parties upon whom suspicion fell of participation in the assassination, notwithstanding Ravillac's avowal. As may be supposed, they were persons ambitious of power and place, to the acquirement of which the king was the only obstacle.

It remains to be explained that the street in which the assassination was perpetrated, was considerably widened in 1671, when the proprietor of the house marking the spot, placed in front of it a bust of Henry IV. with this inscription:

Henrici Magni recreat presentia cives,
Quos illi æterno fœdere junxit amor.

The accompanying cut represents the elevation of the house, the present occupier of which is the king's mercer.

* Raumer's Hist. Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated by Lord Francis Egerton. Letter xli.

New Books.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—THIRD AND LAST SERIES.

By Edward Jesse, Esq.

[Our commendatory notices of the two preceding Series of these Gleanings, may be extended to the present volume; so as to render uncalled for the author's "apology for having protracted so light a work to its third series." It is brimful of delightful anecdotes of the habits of animals, exemplifying their peculiar faculties and sensibilities, and showing "how capable they are of affection, fidelity, courage, and, indeed, of many of the virtues which are wont to be admired in the human race." By setting forth these good qualities, and portraying the character of animals in its proper light, Mr. Jesse endeavours to awaken more kindly feelings towards them. He then notices the little inclination of the English to treat the brute creation with kindness, which he indulgently attributes to thoughtlessness rather than absolute cruelty. Yet, in what nation of Europe besides England are laws made for the protection of animals, and where else is published such a work as "The Animal's Friend, or, the Progress of Humanity,"* — the latter part of the title almost implying that our country is scarcely rescued from barbarism. To return to Mr. Jesse: he adds, that his object will be attained, "should any one be induced to lessen the miseries and sufferings of those animals which had been previously treated with unnecessary severity."

The natural-historical anecdotes extend through some two hundred pages of the pre-

* No. III. just published, enumerates 120 prosecutions by the Animal's Friend Society in ten months

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sent volume, the remainder being occupied with some very pleasant gleanings of the past and present condition of Kew, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle; the information in which is worth a shoal of misleading guidebooks, stuck over with insignificant pictures.

We intend to go leisurely through Mr. Jesse's book, at this gleaning season, to garner some of his most interesting facts and observations.]

Sagacity of Dogs.—A gentleman, now residing in London, while travelling on the outside of one of the North mails, was a witness of the interesting fact I am about to relate. It was a dark night, and as the mail was travelling at the usual rate, a dog barked incessantly before the leaders, and continued to do so for some time, jumping up to the heads of the horses. The coachman, fearful of some accident, pulled up, and the guard got down for the purpose of driving the animal away. The dog, however, ran a little way before the guard, and then returned to him, making use of such peculiar gestures, that he was induced to take out one of the lamps, and then follow the dog. After doing so for about a hundred yards, he found a farmer lying drunk across the road, and his horse grazing by the side of it. But for this extraordinary sagacity, and affection of the dog for his master, the coach would most probably have been driven over the body of the sleeping man.

A drunken rat-catcher of the name of Tindesley, well known at Hampton Court and its neighbourhood, was always followed by a large, rough, half-starved looking terrier dog. The rat-catcher and his dog were inseparable companions, and one looked just as wretched as the other. In May last, (1834,) the rat-catcher was found dead in a ditch near Thames Ditton. He must have fallen into it when he was drunk. When he was discovered, the dog was seen endeavouring with all his might to drag the body out of the ditch, and, in his efforts, he had torn the coat from the shoulders of his master. The dog had saved his life on two former occasions, when he was nearly similarly circumstanced.

An old friend of mine (Major M.) had a very sagacious pointer, which was kept in a kennel with several other dogs. His gamekeeper having one day gone into the kennel, dropped his watch by some accident. On leaving the place, he fastened the gate as usual, but had not gone far from it when he heard it rattled very much; on looking round, he saw his favourite pointer standing with her fore-paws against it, and shaking it, evidently for the purpose of attracting his attention. On going up to her, he found her with his watch in her mouth, which she restored to him with much seeming delight.

Mr. Poynder, the brother to the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, brought home, last February, from Newfoundland, a dog, a native of that country. This animal had established a strong claim on his master's affection, from the circumstance of his having twice saved his life by his sagacity in finding the road home, when Mr. Poynder had lost his way in snow-storms, many miles from any shelter. He had also swam more than three miles to gain the ship, after his master had embarked for England, and determined to leave the animal to the care of friends at Newfoundland. Mr. Poynder landed at Blackwall, and took the dog in a coach to his father's house at Clapham. He was there placed in a stable, which he did not leave until the second day after his arrival, when he accompanied his master in a coach to Christ's Hospital. He left the coach in Newgate Street, and proceeded through the passage leading to the treasurer's house; not being able to gain admission at the garden entrance, Mr. Poynder went round to the front door, and thinks he left the dog at the garden entrance, for he did not recollect seeing him afterwards. In the hurry and excitement of meeting his friends, he for a few minutes forgot his dog, but the moment he recollected himself he went in search of him. He was no where to be seen, and his master hastened to prepare his description, and to offer a reward in the public papers. Early, however, next morning, a letter arrived from the captain of the ship, in which Mr. Poynder had sailed from Newfoundland, informing him that the dog was safe on board, having swam to the vessel early on the previous day. By comparing the time on which he arrived, with that when he was missing, it appeared that he must have gone directly through the city from Christ's Hospital to Wapping, where he took to the water.

A gentleman was riding, last summer, on the turnpike-road, and perceived an object in the middle of it, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be two large dogs. As they did not move on his coming near, he guided his horse on one side, and dismounted to ascertain the cause of their remaining stationary. He found that one of them had broken his leg, and the other had crept under the limb, and placed himself so as to form an easy support to the broken bone of his companion. This anecdote may appear too extraordinary to be true. It is, however, authenticated by a gentleman whose name I do not feel myself at liberty to mention, but who related the circumstance as he himself witnessed it.

Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of her owner; and it is stated

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that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favourite cat made her way into his prison-room by getting down the chimney.

Cats have been known also to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for a robbery, informed me, after his conviction, that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Hampton Court. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large, black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw any man so much frightened in his life.

Eels certainly come upon grass lands to feed at night upon worms and snails. In the meadows at Barford, in Warwickshire, they have been cut in two by the mowers; and an old keeper there assured a friend of mine that he had frequently intercepted them on their way back to the river early in the morning. Their movements on land are very quick. In a clear, rapid stream, eels may sometimes be observed, having their tails coiled round a piece of rush or flag, like snakes, the force of the water washing their bodies backwards and forwards. In this position, they are prepared to seize upon any prey which comes within their reach, feeding upon aquatic insects, frogs or fish. Eels have been known to fasten even upon large carp, like a bull-dog, and no exertion of the fish can shake them off. An eel will thus attach itself to a carp till it has destroyed it.*

I may here mention that there was no eel fare this spring, (1834,) in the river Thames. A very few stragglers were observed, but not higher than Teddington. A circumstance of this sort has not occurred for many years. The Thames was, however, unusually low in the spring, and the eels might have made their passage more in the middle of the stream instead of the sides, as has been heretofore the case.

That eels hybernate during the cold months, there can, I think, be little doubt, few or none being caught at that time. I have endeavoured also, but without success, to procure eels in the winter, from those places in the river Thames where I have every reason to believe they go to spawn. I read an account, which, if correct, would serve to prove what I have now stated. A boy at Arthurstown in the county of Wexford, on the river of Waterford, perceived something of a very unusual appearance floundering upon the sand at low water. Upon a nearer approach, he found it to be a quart bottle, which showed many symptoms of animation. He seized it and brought it in. It was found to contain an eel so much thicker than the neck of the bottle, that it must be supposed the eel made its lodgment there when it was younger, and, of course smaller. It was necessary to break the bottle for the purpose of liberating the fish.

If this account is true, it goes to prove in a curious way, as far as one instance can do so, the propensity which eels have to hybernate during the cold months. It also seems to prove that they do this in the tide-way, if they can, and that they neither feed nor deposit their spawn till the season of hybernation is over. It is, indeed, a general opinion amongst old fishermen that eels cannot bear cold.

Non-migration of Fish.—Every year serves to convince me more and more, that the idea which I ventured, with considerable diffidence, to advance in the first Volume of my Gleanings of the non-migration of gregarious fish, such as mackerel, herrings, pilchards, &c., is a correct one. It has been supposed by Pennant, and other able writers on Natural History, that large shoals of herrings leave the neighbourhood of Shetland in June, and surround the island of Great Britain and Ireland, congregating again off the Landsend in September. From the united testimony of many intelligent fishermen, and from my own observation, I am convinced that no such migration takes place, but that by a beautiful and benevolent arrangement of Providence, the gregarious fish, which are of such vast utility to man, leave the depths of the sea at certain, ordained periods. Each vast shoal is succeeded by another. We have the mackerel, the herring, the sprat, and the pilchard, in regular succession. These fish leave their haunts when they are in the highest perfection, and frequent shallows where they are readily captured. If they had not been endowed with this impulse, the enormous benefits they are of to mankind would be lost. Surely the mind of man cannot have a more interesting or indeed a nobler subject for meditation, than the consideration of the ways of Providence in the works of creation.

Instinct in a Turtle.—The following extraordinary fact in Natural History was communicated to me by an officer of rank in the British army. He informed me that a ship, which touched at the island of Ascension on her way to England, took in several large turtle, and, amongst others, one, which, from some accident, had only three fins. It was in consequence called, and known on board the ship by the name of "the Lord Nelson." It was marked in the usual way by having certain initials and numbers burnt upon its under shell with a hot iron, and which marks are known never to be obliterated.

* The more rapid the stream is in which eels are found, the better they appear to be, both as to condition and colour:—

"The Kennett swift for silver eels renown'd."

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Owing to various causes, the ship was a long time on her passage homewards, a circumstance which occasioned many of the turtle to die, and most of the rest were very sickly. This was the case with "the Lord Nelson," and it was so nearly dead when the ship arrived in the Channel, that the sailors, with whom it was a favourite, threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it *a chance*. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for, two years afterwards, the very same turtle was again taken at its old haunt, on the island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement, place its authenticity beyond a doubt, and it affords a most extraordinary instance of the wonderful instinct possessed by animals. When we consider the vast tract of waters this turtle had to pass through, and that the island of Ascension is only a little speck in the mighty ocean, it is impossible not to reflect with wonder upon that unexplained instinct, which enabled so unwieldy, and apparently so stupid, an animal, to find its way back to its former haunts.

Affection of a Squirrel.—In cutting down some trees on the estate lately purchased by the Crown at Petersham, for the purpose of being annexed to Richmond Park, the axe was applied to the root of a tall, drawn-up tree, on the top of which was a squirrel's nest. A rope was fastened to the tree for the purpose of pulling it down more expeditiously; the workmen cut at the roots, the rope was pulled, the tree swayed backwards and forwards, and at last fell. During all these operations, a female squirrel never attempted to desert her new-born young, but remained with them in the nest. When the tree fell down, she was thrown out of the nest and secured unhurt, and was put into a cage with her young ones. She suckled them for a short time, but refused to eat. Her maternal affection, however, remained to the last moment of her life, and she died in the act of affording all the nourishment in her power to her offspring.

Birds' Nests.—Birds, indeed, frequently build in singular localities. One of the workmen employed in the gardens of Hampton-Court Palace, discovered, last summer, a kingfisher's nest in the bank of a small gravel-pit, in the wilderness of that place, and within a short distance of the public foot-path leading through it, and which is much frequented. There were six eggs in the nest, which was composed as usual of small fish-bones, and was placed about two feet in the bank. The small gravel pit was perfectly dry, and the workmen were in the constant habit of throwing the sweepings of the gardens into it. The old birds showed but little fear of the workmen, and this led to the discovery of the nest.

A pair of robins built their nest this year, (1834,) on a flower-pot standing on the outside of my parlour-window, and although the female was much looked at, and persons were continually passing, she sat upon her eggs in the most fearless manner. In the Magazine of Natural History, it is stated that a pair of robins, for two years together, affixed their nest to the bible as it lay on the reading-desk, in the parish church of Hampton, in Arden, Warwickshire. The worthy vicar would on no account suffer the birds to be disturbed, and accordingly introduced another bible into the church, from which he read the lessons.

Hiving Bees.—It is interesting to compare the customs of the ancients, with those of modern times. Cottagers are in the habit of striking a brass pan to make a noise when their bees are swarming. So it was when Virgil wrote his fourth Georgic;—

"Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum."

"And ring the tinkling brass, and sacred cymbals sound."

The Public Journals.

THE LADY MAGDALENE: A TRADITIONARY BALLAD, BY MARY HOWITT.

A Legend of an English Hall.

PART I.

In a brave old house dwells Magdalene,
And with her there are three—
The blithe old man, the gardener;
And the good Dame Margery;

And a priest, who cometh now and then,
With a high and shaven crown,
With a foot that trod so silently,
And a long, black, camlet gown.

All up and down the galleries
Went the Lady Magdalene,
A-looking at the pictures old,
That on the walls were seen.

"And who is this, Dame Margery,
With the gold chain and the sword?"
"Oh, that was thy father, Magdalene,
And he was a noble lord!"

"And who is this boy, Dame Margery,
With the greyhound at his side?"
"Ah! that was thy brother, Magdalene;
But at four years old he died!"

"And tell me, I prithee, Margery,
Who's this with the downcast eye?—
It troubles my heart, Dame Margery,
But to pass that lady by."

No answer at all made Margery,
For a little season's space;
And again the maiden, Magdalene,
Looked up into her face.

"There are chambers many," quoth Magdalene,
"And many a stately bed;
And many a room so beautiful,
All green, and gold, and red.

"How is it, I pray, Dame Margery,
That all alone I dwell?
I have asked the question of myself,
And I'm sure I cannot tell.

"In the village street, Dame Margery,
Even in winter weather,
I see the children, sevens and eights,
All playing there together,

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"But, in this large and grand old house,
I pray, how may it be,
That I am thus alone, alone,
With none for company?

"I look into the distant fields,
On the terrace as I stand,
And see the mothers walking there,
With their children by the hand.

"And now, I pray, Dame Margery,
Who's this with the golden hair?
An earnest love is in my heart
For the lady pictured there."

Sore troubled was she, Dame Margery—
The tears were in her eye,
And she wiped them with her withered hand,
As thus she made reply.

"That lady is fair, sweet Magdalene,
Was ever fair and mild;
She was thy mother, Magdalene;
I nursed her when a child.

"Ah, me! and I can remember well—
But all those times are fled—
When there were children and friends enow,
To sleep in every bed.

"When the great hall-table was too small
For the guests who sat to meat;
And the serving men were in liveries green,
With fair shoes on their feet.

"There were thirty horses then i' th' stall,
And grooms, nigh half-a-score;
I then was a maiden, reckoned fair—
But all those times are o'er!

"The house, i' troth, is silent now,
And hath a look of gloom—
I can remember when there were lights
And music in every room!

"The jackdaws now, and the swallows, build
In the chimneys cold and tall;
The ivy creeps o'er the window-glass,
And green damps on the wall!

"I can remember, Magdalene,
When the shrubs, that grow so wild,
Were set, scarce bigger than my hand—
Thy mother was then a child.

"Now, there's good old John, the gardener,
Thinks those times will come again;
Mayhap they may, sweet Magdalene,
But, I'm sure, I know not when!"

PART II.

On the terrace broad, walked Magdalene,
With gentle steps and slow;
And blithe old John, the gardener,
Was working down below.

And aye sung the blithe old gardener—
"The bird upon the tree,
Is merry i' th' budding spring-time,
And I am as merry as he."

And he cut the leaves of the snowdrop down,
And tied up the daffodilly;
And then he sang, as he bent at 's work,
With a "Hiho! willy, willy."

Down the broad stone-steps went Magdalene,
And stood by the old flower-bed;
Yet still at his work the old man bent,
Nor ever raised up his head.

"'Tis a lonesome place," said Magdalene,
"A lonesome, dreary place!"
The blithe old man, he ceased his work,
And gazed into her face.

"Ay, ay, is it so, my lady fair?"
Said the wondering gardener;
"Why, I can remember yon terrace steps
With children all astir.

"Ay, there was my Lady Isabel,
With hair like the raven's wing;
And the second sister, Adeline,
A wilful, proud, young thing.

"There was my Lord Francis, my Lady Jane,
And your blessed lady-mother;
There were two brothers besides, and he
That was dearer than a brother.

'He was your father afterwards—
Ah, me! how time moves on!—
There were seven children then i' the house,
And now there is but one.
And all those happy children,
Like flowers of spring are gone.

"And then, what troops of ladies grand,
Went walking up and down;
Each softly fanning of herself,
In a shining silken gown.

"What gay and gallant gentlemen,
All clad in velvet fine;
What riding in and out there was;
What drinking of the wine!

"Ay, sure enough, the place is still—
Stiller than it was then;
But, perchance, my Lady Magdalene,
It may be blithe again!"

Then the blithe old man bent down to 's work,
And harder worked than ever;
Singing "Fa, la, la, to-morrow will come,
And drown care in the river!"

And the blithe old man cut down the leaves
Of the crocus, matted and wan:
The Lady Magdalene walked away,
And he kept singing on.

PART III.

In a stately room, the grave old priest
Doth sit at eventide;
He turneth over a great old book,
And Magdalene sits by 's side.

"Put down the book," said Magdalene,
"I cannot read to-day;
Put down the book, good father,
And hearken what I say!"

Up from his book the grave old man
Did slowly raise his eyes;
And silently looked at Magdalene,
As if in calm surprise.

"Now, father good," quoth Magdalene,
"This day I pray thee tell,
Wherefore in this grand house alone,
Year after year I dwell?

"Thou hast taught me both to read and write;
Hast taught me all I know—
Yet hast kept me from my kind apart—
I pray, why is it so?

"Yet, love, a deep and fervent love,
Thou hast ever taught to me—
From God, down to the meanest thing
Of his great family.

"Father, I've seen the children poor—
Glad sisters, too, and brothers;
And the joy that lives within the heart
Of lowly village-mothers.

"I've seen, upon the Sabbath-morn,
How many a loving band
Of kindly Christian people came
With their children by the hand.

"I see them kneeling, side by side,
Each to the other known,
Like groups of saints together set—
But I kneel all alone!

"Oh, 'tis a pleasant sight to me!
And yet my heart doth ache,
To see such holy happiness
That I can not partake!

"Why is it thus, I pray thee tell,
That none with me abide?
Oh, for a loving sister,
To worship at my side!

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"Father, I scarce know who I am,
Save of a lineage high,
And that the story of my house
Is a dark, sad history.

"Thou hast been a righteous friend to me—
I have loved thee many a year—
But, father, why alone I dwell,
I pray thee let me hear!"

"For a moment's space, the grave old man
No answer made at all;
The tears were in his mild, grey eyes,
And yet no tear did fall.

"Hearken to me, my Magdalene,"
At length he did reply:—
"Thou art the sole, surviving stem
Of a great old family.

"I can remember when this house
Was full of sons and daughters;
When its fortunes all seemed flourishing
As willows by the waters.

"Daughters and sons, I mind me well
What a noble band were there;
The sons all goodly men of might,
The daughters wondrous fair.

"I can recall this solitude,
An ever-changing crowd;
And the silence of these chambers vast
Was riot long and loud.

"I will not tell thee, Magdalene,
Of heartlessness and crime;
Enough, the wrath of Heaven did scourge
The evil of that time.

"There was a blight upon that race—
They one by one did fall;
Sorrow and sin had stricken them,
And death consumed them all.

"There was but one of all her house
Whom folly did not win;
An angel in a woman's form—
Thy mother, Magdalene!

"And when, upon her bed of death,
All in her youth she lay—
An angel, to her native skies
Ready to pass away;

"Ready to pass away to God,
Save for one mortal tie—
Thyself, my precious Magdalene,
That in her arms did lie.

"'Take, take, my friend, this little child,'
Said she, 'when I am dead;
And, as thou know'st I should declare,
Let her be nurtured.

"'Thou know'st the follies of this house,
Thou know'st its sin,' quoth she,
'And from such folly and such sin,
I pray thee keep her free.'

"She died!—the place was desolate—
Her kindred all were gone—
There was but I, her ghostly friend,
And thou, her orphaned one!

"Their thriftless lives had made thee poor,
Their shame thy name had spent—
Sorely run out were all thy lands,
And mortgaged all thy rent.

"I trained thee in this sober wise,
And in this solitude,
That thou might'st grow up innocent,
Thoughtful, and wise, and good.

"Thy manors now lay far and wide,
Thy noble lands are free;
And old and young, my Magdalene,
Are looking up to thee.

"Ere long, thou wilt have friends enow,
And so, Heaven give thee grace,
The sounds of joy may ring again
From this deserted place.

"It has been stripped and desolate,
Its want laid open wide;
But the innocence of a little child
The place hath purified!

"Be patient yet, my Magdalene;
Please God, the time shall be,
When blameless mirth and merry friends
Shall here abide with thee!"

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

MR. BECKFORD AND FONTHILL ABBEY.

(*From the Editor's clever Notes* (*in* 1833,) *on Gardens and Country Seats: in the Gardener's Mag.*)

We spent the greater part of two days in looking over this place, even to the cottages and cottage-gardens in the village; and, having met with some of the old men who had worked on the grounds during the whole of Mr. Beckford's time, we indulged ourselves in asking questions, and procured much curious information respecting the building of the abbey, the mode of life of Mr. Beckford while he resided in it, the falling down of the tower in Mr. Farquhar's time, and the general effect of Mr. Beckford's immense expenditure on the surrounding population.

It appears that Mr. Beckford pursued the objects of his wishes, whatever they were, not coolly and considerately like most other men, but with all the enthusiasm of passion. No sooner did he decide upon any point, than he had it carried into immediate execution, whatever might be the cost. After the abbey was commenced, he was so impatient to get it finished, that he kept regular relays of men at work night and day, including Sundays; supplying them liberally with ale and spirits while they were at work, and when anything was completed, which gave him particular pleasure, adding an extra 5*l.* or 10*l.* to be spent in drink. The first tower, the height of which from the ground was 400 ft., was built of wood, in order to see its effect: this was then taken down, and the same form put up in wood covered with cement. This fell down, and the tower was built a third time, on the same foundation, with brick and stone. The foundation of the tower was originally that of a small summer-house, to which Mr. Beckford was making additions when the idea of the abbey occurred to him; and this idea he was so impatient to realize, that he could not wait to remove the summer-house, to make a proper foundation for the tower, but carried it up on the walls already standing. The kinds of masonry, brickwork, and carpentry which were used may easily be ascertained from the parts remaining. Nothing can be worse: the walls were carried up in some parts of brick, in others of stone, and in others of studwork, sometimes inclosed in stone or brick casing, but always of the very worst description of workmanship.

To those who are acquainted with the details of building, and especially with the

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practices of the worst London builders, the exhibition here is most amusing in a scientific point of view; and one may easily conceive that the work had been chiefly carried on by men in a state of intoxication. The manner in which the tower fell may be mentioned as something remarkable. It had given indications of falling for some time, and the more valuable parts of the windows and other articles had been removed. Mr. Farquhar, however, who then resided in one angle of the building, and who was in a very infirm state of health, could not be brought to believe that there was any danger. He was wheeled out in his chair on the lawn in front, about half an hour before it fell; and though he saw the cracks, and the deviation of the central tower from the perpendicular, he treated the idea of its coming down as ridiculous. He was carried back to his room, however, and the tower fell almost immediately. From the manner in which it fell, from the lightness of the materials of which it was constructed, and partly also from a number of workmen having been for some days making a noise in taking down articles, which it was supposed by Mr. Farquhar's nephew the tower would injure if it fell, neither Mr. Farquhar nor the servants, who were in the kitchen preparing dinner, knew that it had fallen; though the immense collection of dust which rose into the atmosphere had assembled almost all the inhabitants of the village, and had given the alarm even as far as Wardour Castle. Only one man (who died in 1833) saw it fall. He is said to have described its manner of falling as very beautiful; it first sank perpendicularly and slowly, and then burst and spread over the roofs of the adjoining wings on every side, but rather more on the south-west than on the others. The cloud of dust which arose was enormous, and such as completely to darken the air for a considerable distance around for several minutes. Such was the concussion in the interior of the building, that one man was forced along a passage, as if he had been in an air-gun, to the distance of 30 ft., among dust so thick as to be felt. Another, on the outside, was in the like manner carried to some distance. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured. With all this, it is almost incredible that neither Mr. Farquhar nor the servants in the kitchen should have heard the tower fall, or known that it had fallen, till they saw through the windows the people of the village who had assembled to see the ruins. Still, we were assured by different persons that this was the fact. We can hardly account for it by the lightness of the materials and the distance of the tower from the kitchen, and the room inhabited by Mr. Farquhar, though this was very considerable, since the dust must surely have penetrated everywhere to such an extent as to excite suspicion. We were informed, however, that the dust occasioned by taking out the windows, &c., was so considerable, that when Mr. Farquhar's table was covered with dust from the falling of the tower, he thought it arose from the same cause. Mr. Farquhar, it is said, could scarcely be convinced that the tower was down; and when he was so, he said he was glad of it, for that now the house would not be too large for him to live in. Mr. Beckford, when told at Bath, by his servant, that the tower had fallen, merely observed, that it had then made an obeisance to Mr. Farquhar, which it had never done to him.

In confirmation of our idea that Mr. Beckford's enjoyments consisted of a succession of violent impulses, we may mention that, when he wished a new walk to be cut in the woods, or any work of that kind to be done, he used to say nothing about it in the way of preparation, but merely give orders, perhaps late in the afternoon, that it should be cleared out and in a perfect state by the following morning at the time he came out to take his ride. The whole strength of the village was then put in requisition, and employed during the night; and the next day, when Mr. Beckford came to inspect what was done, if he was pleased with it, he used to give a *5l.* or a *10l.* note to the men who had been employed to drink, besides, of course, paying their wages, which were always liberal. Even his charities were performed in the same manner. Suddenly he has been known to order a hundred pairs of blankets to be purchased and given away; or all the firs to be cut out of an extensive plantation, and all the poor who chose to take them away to be permitted to do so, provided it were done in one night. He has also been known suddenly to order all the wagons and carts that could be procured to be sent off for coal to be distributed among the poor. Mr. Beckford seldom rode out beyond his gates, but when he did he was generally asked for charity by the poor people. Sometimes he used to throw a *1l.* note or a guinea to them, and sometimes he used to turn round and give the suppliants a severe horsewhipping. When the last was the case, soon after he had ridden away, he generally sent back a guinea or two to the party who had been beaten. In his mode of life Mr. Beckford had many singularities; though he never had any society, yet he had his table covered every day in the most splendid style. He has been known to give orders for a dinner for twelve persons, and to sit down alone to it attended by twelve servants in full dress, eat of one dish, and send all the rest away. There were no bells in the house, with the exception, we believe, of one room, occupied occasionally by his daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton. The servants used to wait by turns in the ante-

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rooms to the rooms which Mr. Beckford might occupy at the time. The rooms in which he lived in general were exceedingly small, and even low in the ceiling. In short, according to our ideas of a well-proportioned room, there never was one in the building. The finest were cubes of 22 ft. on the side.

One of the last things which Mr. Beckford did, after having sold Fonthill, and ordered horses to be put to his carriage to leave the place for ever, was to mount his pony, and ride round with his gardener, to give directions for various alterations and improvements which he wished to have executed. On returning to the house, his carriage being ready, he stepped into it, and has never visited Fonthill since. Though Mr. Beckford spent immense sums of money at Fonthill (we were informed, on what we consider good authority, that the place in all cost him 1,600,000*l.*), it does not appear that he has at all elevated the character of the labouring classes in the neighbourhood; on the contrary, we were informed by Mr. Joy, the manager for the present proprietor, that the effect was directly the reverse. The men, in Mr. Beckford's time, were sunk past recovery in habits of drunkenness; and the consequence is, that there are now only two or three of the village labourers alive, who were then employed.

These are but a few of the numerous tales which were told us by different persons about Fonthill; and it must be recollected that we do not vouch for the truth of any of them, though we think the whole of them are very likely to be true. We admire in Mr. Beckford his vivid imagination and cultivated mind, and that good taste in landscape-gardening which produced the perfect unity of character which pervades the grounds at Fonthill. We also give him full credit for his good sense in having quitted the place when he could no longer afford to keep it up, and the honourable principle he showed in never getting into debt, but paying liberal prices and ready money to the last. We must, however, enter our protest against the recklessness with which he employed his wealth to gratify his wishes, without regard to its demoralizing effects on the labouring population of his neighbourhood, effects so serious that it will take a generation to remove them. Far happier will it always be for a country gentleman to cultivate feelings of kindness and sympathy for all those that are about him, and to encourage similar feelings in them towards him, than merely to lavish money upon them. Still, it is as impossible not to admire Mr. Beckford, as it is not to admire Lord Byron, from the native grandeur of his mind, its superior cultivation, and the high aristocratic feeling which he possessed, unmixed with the slightest shade of meanness. His faults and eccentricities appear to have been chiefly caused by an ardent temperament, stimulated by the early possession of almost unbounded wealth, and unchecked by the restraints of reason, prudence, and human sympathy.

The Gatherer.

Ude's Plan for a Supper.—My plan for a ball is to ornament the sideboard with a basket of fruit, instead of insignificant pieces of pastry, which are at once expensive in making, and objects of ridicule to the connoisseur. Place in their stead things that can be eaten,—such as jelly, plates of mixed pastry, and sandwiches of a superior kind; and if the founder of the feast be great and generous, avail yourself of his generosity, and make excellent articles, but never in too great profusion. The chief fault of all cooks is that they are too profuse in their preparations. The persons who attend a ball given by one of the nobility, are, it is to be presumed, of the same class, and have the same customs,—dining at a late hour, and are not to be tempted even by the most enticing assemblage of aspic of fowls, of lobsters, of fillet of sole, of ham, &c.—Take care not to load the sideboard with anything but dishes agreeably but simply prepared. The lovers of good cheer do not like objects which present a *handled* appearance. Affix a label to each plate, indicating its contents, and you will find that this arrangement will give the guests an opportunity of taking refreshments without being obliged to seat themselves at a table, from whence the ladies cannot rise without disordering their dresses, *which to them is matter of far greater moment than the best supper in the world.*

Trafalgar.—The battle of Trafalgar was fatal to the three admirals engaged in it. Nelson was killed; Gravina died in consequence of his wounds; and Villeneuve, who was made prisoner, was taken to England, where he put an end to his existence.

The Tower of Nesle, at Paris, was round, very lofty, and attached to a higher tower, of smaller diameter, which contained a spiral staircase. This tower corresponded with a similar one on the opposite bank of the river, at an angle of the city wall, near the Louvre, called *la Tour qui fait le coin.* In times of danger, an iron chain was fixed across the Seine from the Tower of Nesle to the *Tour qui fait le coin*, and closed the western entrance to the city of Paris. These towers were pulled down in the year 1661.

Rackets were not originally used in tennis: the impulse was given to the ball by the hand, whence the name of *jeu de paume* is derived. Afterwards a leather gauntlet was used, and about the middle of the fifteenth century rackets were introduced.

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In the city of Algiers, (says Pananti,) it is as common for a man to call himself a saint, as for people amongst us to say that they are a smith, carpenter, lawyer, philosopher, or great man. And like nobility in Europe, the holiness of a Mahometan passes from father to son; where the latter is respected equally with his father, because he possesses the same privileges, dignities, and titles. W. G. C.

Classic Trade.—In Grenada are a Vale of Tempe, Corinth, and Parnassus. Shapeless masses are mistaken for temples; but the beholder is speedily informed that they are trash-houses and grinding-mills, and that the Vale of Tempe produces tolerable sugar-crops: Parnassus is remarkable for the excellence of its rum, and Corinth has fallen into the hands—neither of Persians nor Turks—but of a very promising attorney.

Perfection.—When the Duchess of Albemarle arrived at Jamaica, the Speaker of the House of Assembly thus addressed her grace: "This is an honour which the opulent kingdoms of Mexico and Peru could never arrive at; and even Columbus's ghost would be appeased for all the indignities he endured of the Spaniards, could he but know that his own beloved soil was hallowed by such footsteps."

Crocodiles.—Humboldt estimates the male crocodile to be at the age of puberty, when it is ten years old, and 8 ft. long, and he concludes that one dissected by Monsieur Bonpland, which was 22 ft. 3 in. long, must have been 28 years old.

New Fish.—Scrymegour: alias Jem of the Ocean. An odd fish, described by Miller; about 12½ stone; supposed to be amphibious; never swallows his native element; very voracious; spouts like a whale; destructive to turtle, and possesses electrical properties, whence American naturalists have styled him the Jem-notus of New York.

The small brown lizard of Jamaica is remarkably fond of the society of man, and its attention is strongly attracted by music. Dr. Madden was in the habit of feeding one in an arbour with crumbs of bread, which he used to place on his knee; and the little creature would descend from a branch above him, where it would remain reconnoitering him for some minutes previously, and then crawl on his knee and feed on the bread without any apprehension. The Doctor saw a brown lizard at Barbadoes in the governor's drawing-room, which, he was informed, was so docile and domesticated, as to be a regular inmate of the king's house.

Railways in Germany.—The road from Nuremberg to Furth will be opened this month; that from Dresden to Leipsic is in construction; that from Cologne to the Belgian frontier will probably be commenced immediately. For those from Elberfeld to Roer, and from Elberfeld to Dusseldorf, subscriptions are opened. That from Minden to the Rhine is under consideration. Its importance, in a military point of view, leaves no doubt of its being shortly undertaken. It will unite the Weser with the Lippe, and will join the Rhine in two places (Dusseldorf and Deutz) opposite Cologne. That from Berlin to Potsdam is decided upon, and will serve as a model for the other railways in Germany. It will be laid by the best engineers of Berlin. For the roads from Berlin to Leipsic, from Berlin to Magdebourg, and from Magdebourg to Leipsic, subscriptions of 14,844,400 francs have been received, and they will be encouraged by the Prussian government. The projected railroad from Berlin to Stettin is favoured by the Hereditary Prince of Prussia. In Austria, two gigantic undertakings are in contemplation—a road from Vienna to Lemberg, in Galicia, and another from Vienna to Trieste, in the Gulf of Venice. The first will have to run in a direct line, by the map, 100 Belgian leagues, of 20 to a degree, and the second, a distance of 60 leagues.—*Paris Advertiser.*

All the other theatres and public places of amusement in Paris contribute to support the splendour of the Opera by a tax on their gross receipts.

I wonder if this great world will ever cease to be hoaxed with the idea that the pleasures of society are in proportion to the grandeur of the scale on which they are enjoyed.—*Madden.*

A negro, on being asked if he was not sorry for his master's death, replied: "No, massa hab plenty of people in England to be sorry for him; him no want poor nigger to be sorry for him."

Dr. Madden tells us that when the fire-fly of Jamaica is irritated, its phosphorescence is so strong, that in a dark room he was able to read some lines of a letter by holding the fly over the lines, and moving it along them.

Negro Funeral.—Dr. Madden, when in the West Indies, one day, undertook to read the burial service over a negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the Doctor came to the part of "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," the negro, who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put him in de hole first, massa,—always put him in de hole first."

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The Mirror

OF

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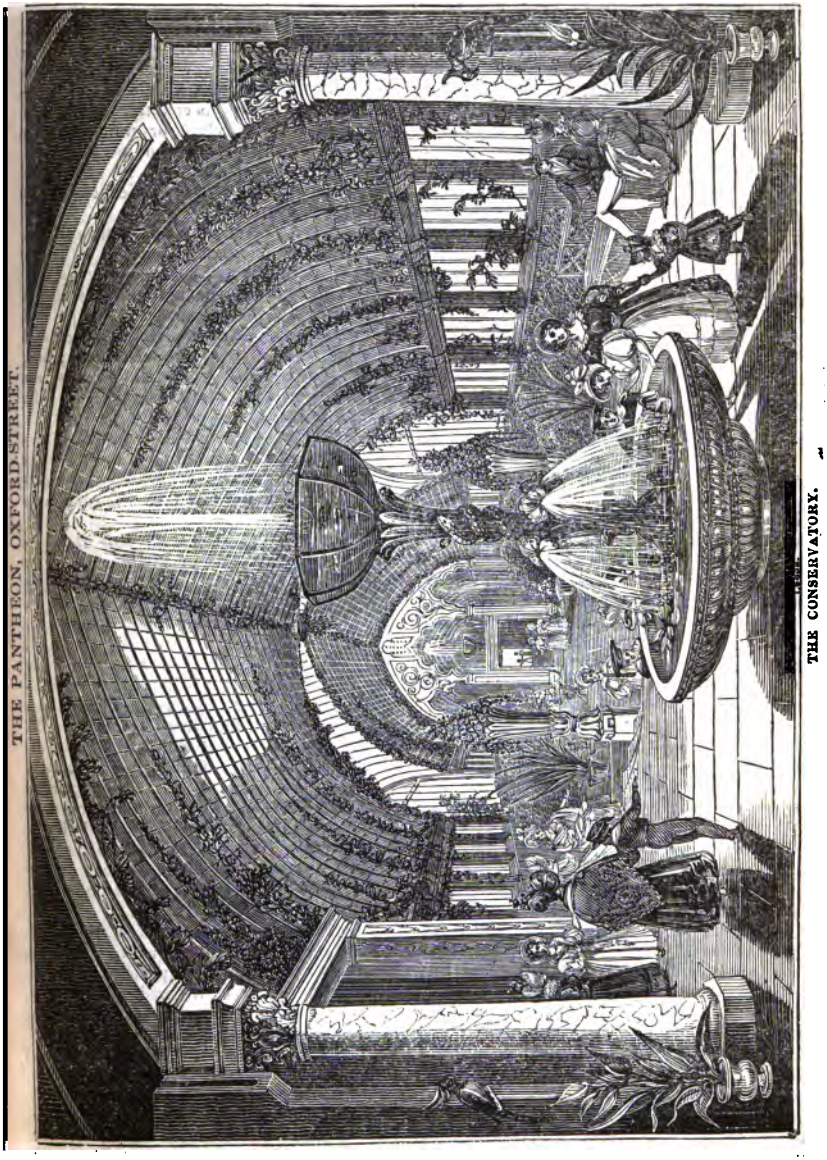

THE PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET.

THE CONSERVATORY.

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THE PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET.

The extensive building known as the Pantheon, (situate about one-third of a mile on the left from St. Giles's, and near Poland-street,) was originally erected from the designs of James Wyatt, Esq.: it was begun in 1768, and finished in 1771, and is described as being "regarded both by natives and foreigners, as the most elegant structure in Europe, if not on the globe." It was built for public amusements, and opened on the 27th of January, 1772, when nearly two thousand persons of rank and fashion assembled in the splendid structure, which contained fourteen rooms, exclusive of the rotunda. The latter had double colonnades, or recesses, ornamented with Grecian reliefs; and the dome contained others equally rich. In order to support the propriety of the name, Pantheon, (a temple sacred to the gods,) the architect introduced niches round the base of the dome, with statues of the heathen deities, and to complete the circle, added Britannia, and George III. and Queen Charlotte! "Such was the classic taste exhibited by the proprietors: the gods worshipped in the real Pantheon were compelled to witness a modern Pantheon dedicated to pleasures and amusements, of which Jupiter himself was ignorant when in the Court of Olympus."

During the first winter, there were at the Pantheon, assemblies only, without dancing or music, three times a week. On other days, each person paid five shillings for seeing the building only! But the saloon and rotunda, though spacious, were so crowded on all these occasions, that, in July following, it was resolved to enlarge the building. Subsequently, masquerades were given here upon a superb scale. One of the most celebrated was the grand masquerade got up by Delpini, the famous clown, in commemoration of the Prince of Wales becoming of age. The tickets were sold at three guineas each; but poor Delpini was a loser by the speculation, which occasioned him (Delpini) to tell the Prince, that another similar entertainment would send him to his "Papa's Bench." In the same year, Garrick attended a masquerade here as King of the Gipsies, a character which, according to the statement of the time, he rendered inimitable, by his spirit and humour. These entertainments, however, soon declined; for, as one of the first regulations of the proprietors was the exclusion of improper company, the choice of such a species of entertainment proved unfortunate in its pecuniary results, however honourable it might be to the conductors.

The Pantheon was next occupied for a much better purpose, when in the year 1784, it was used for the performance of part of "the Commemoration of Handel," when the King, Queen, and Royal Family, with all the first nobility in the kingdom assembled here. After the Opera House was burnt down, in 1790, the Pantheon was converted into a theatre, and the Italian company removed here in the season of 1791. The house was, for this purpose, very small; but, here it was that one of the first bands in Europe graced the orchestra, alternately headed by Giardini, La Motte, Cramer, or Giornovichi, who, with Fischer, Crosdil, and Cervetto, produced effects in symphonies, concertos, solos, and vocal accompaniments, which had never before been heard in this country. "No person of taste, in architecture or music, (says a describer of this place,) who remembers the Pantheon, its exhibitions, its numerous, splendid, and elegant assemblies, can hear it mentioned without a sigh."

On January 14, 1792, this magnificent pile was burned to the ground. The fire originated in the painter's room, and spread so rapidly through the building, that not a single article could be saved. The brilliant light from the dried materials illuminated the western quarter of the metropolis; and, when the roof fell in, the flames rose in a lofty column, and, continuing to ascend for several minutes, formed a terrific spectacle. The value of property thus destroyed was estimated at 80,000*l*. Happily, the thickness and height of the walls prevented the conflagration from spreading to the contiguous houses.

Michael Kelly, in his piquant *Reminiscences*, thus notes this conflagration. "On the 14th of January, 1792, the Pantheon was burned. Mr. Sheridan was with me on that day. I went with him into Oxford-street, to view the conflagration. While Mr. Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, 'Is it possible to extinguish the flames?' An Irish fireman who was close to us, and heard him make the observation, said, 'For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, sir; by the Powers, it will soon be down; sure enough, they won't have another drop of water in five minutes.' Pat said this in the natural warmth of heart, for he imagined that the burning of the Pantheon theatre must have been gratifying to Mr. Sheridan, as the proprietor of Drury-lane."

The Pantheon was afterwards rebuilt, but not in so splendid a style as the original; but the elegant front and principal entrance in Oxford-street were restored. It was then appropriated as a theatre, and for exhibitions, lectures, and musical entertainments; but with indifferent success. Thus matters progressed until June, 1814, when a bill was brought into Parliament for granting a patent to Mr. Cundy, to enable him to open the theatre with performances in the regular drama: but, the bill was lost. The property then fell into Chancery, and there remained

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until last year, when it was purchased by a partnership of four or six persons, and has, at their expense, been repaired and refitted, from the designs of Sydney Smirke, Esq., architect.

The principal front in Oxford-street, (*see page* 185,) has been altered by the removal of the pediment. It now consists of a portico supported by eight fluted Ionic columns: above is a handsome Venetian window, and a plain attic crowns the whole. The front in Poland-street has a large Venetian window, and an ornamented doorway. The exterior has few pretensions to architectural distinction; but the interior, "in point of extent, design, convenience of arrangement, and beauty of execution united, is unequalled by any thing of the kind in London or Europe;" and by aid of a clever contemporary,* we will endeavour to give the reader some idea of its magnificence.

On entering from Oxford-street, the visiter passing through a vestibule and hall, (in which are some noble specimens of sculpture,) ascends a plain and massive staircase to the picture galleries, which are lofty and lighted from the roof. Here, through a noble doorway, with scagliola pilasters, is obtained a view of the Grand Saloon, appropriated to the Bazaar. This splendid apartment is 116 feet in length, by 90 feet in width, and 60 feet in height. The *coup d'œil* is imposing, and brilliant in the highest degree: the "spectator" is, indeed, charmed with "the grandeur of its dimensions, the beauty of its proportions, and the lightness, elegance, gaiety, and novelty of its decorations." It is almost entirely lighted from the roof, which is semicircular, and supported along its whole length by a double row of arches springing from massive piers.† The roof is ornamented in compartments, with architectural enrichments, in white relief upon pale-coloured grounds; producing, with the flood of light admitted through the two ranges of long, curved windows in the roof, a very airy and lively effect. The sides of the piers and the soffits of the arches are adorned with beautiful arabesque scrolls, fancifully designed with flowers, fruits, and birds, and tastefully executed in colours, the brightness and variety of which are harmonized so as to heighten the effect of the architectural embellishments. This style of ornament is quite new to this country; and in this respect, the building is unique. The Loggias of the Vatican, from which the idea was taken, will convey to those who have seen them an idea of the style. The paintings are admirable as works of art, and will bear close examination. Round the sides of the building, between the piers and the walls, runs midway a gallery filled with counters. The whole of the floor below is also ingeniously laid out with counters, which resemble in design and arrangement the *parterres* of a flower-garden, and must fascinate even our utilitarian encyclopædist, Mr. Loudon. Upon these counters are temptingly displayed articles of dress and general embellishment—in part, the elegant manufacture of industrious females; and, in harmony with the charming associations of the whole scene, these counters are attended by fair *marchandes*. The saloon is also lighted with a circular window of stained glass at each end; one over the entrance from the picture galleries, and another above a semicircular recess, ornamented with arches and pillars opposite. To the taste of the latter window, we decidedly object, with the *Spectator:* it is a sad *shop* performance, and but ill accords with the artistical elegance around it.

Descending the staircase to the floor, the altitude and fine proportions of the building are seen in the best point of view; though the defect in the architectural arrangement referred to by Mr. Loudon is likewise more evident here.

The enrichments throughout the building are of classic character; and it would be impossible for us to describe the varied beauty of the cornices and entablatures, the elaborate finish of the pateræ, (many of them of the most chaste design,) or the massive richness of the consol and cantliver projections, the alto and basso relievos, &c. Yet the improved manufacture of these ornaments must be noticed; as they are of a material hitherto unemployed, or rarely used, in this branch of decorative art. They are of *papier mâché*, and were modelled by Mr. Charles F. Bielefield, and fitted up, executed and painted by him within about four months.

Adjoining the saloon gallery are other apartments for refreshments, &c.

Passing through the recess on the ground floor, opposite to the entrance from the picture gallery, you enter a handsome conservatory, 88 feet in length, and 25 feet broad, in the Moorish style of architecture. It consists of a highly-enriched alcove, the roof of which is coloured, or we should say, illuminated with arabesque; and beneath are large mirrors, and gilded wirework aviaries, with Java sparrows, canaries, and other birds of brilliant plumage. Here also are stands for perroquets; and in the centre is a graceful and fanciful fountain, supporting a vase of gold-fish, and throwing aloft its limpid waters, which fall into a capacious basin, and bear beautiful aquatic plants. The arch of the alcove is supported

* The Spectator Newspaper, No. 368 and No. 327.

† Mr. Loudon, in his *Architectural Magazine*, observes on these arches and piers: "the effect, looking at the sides and roof, when entering from Oxford-street, (on the ground floor,) is harmonious and beautiful; but, on arriving at the opposite end, if we turn round, and look up to the gallery, we are shocked by a square opening with coupled pilasters on each side, surmounted by an architrave, without any connexion whatever with any part of the prevailing system."

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by scagliola columns, with superbly gilt capitals. From thence you descend by a few steps, and pass through a fine vista of choice plants, exotic and indigenous, tastefully arranged on stages; whilst plants climb gracefully up the glazed sides and roof. The vases containing the plants, and the tripods and other stands are in the best taste. The conservatory is terminated with three, white, marble arches, in the Moorish style, in which are inserted mirrors, which give the enchanting effects of light, space, and airiness; "for, at every ascent of the steps, the imaginary vista produced by the reflexion is increased in extent."

Through the middle arch you pass into a saloon, fitted up as a tent, for ladies waiting the drawing up of their carriages. Next is a lobby for footmen, and then you reach the carriage entrance in Great Marlborough-street. It should be added that to every part of the establishment, the public are admitted *gratuitously;* and that the paintings are, in themselves, "an exhibition."

The prefixed Engraving of the Conservatory has been reduced from a well-executed print, by Mr. W. B. Cooke: it is sold coloured, and is a very pleasing representation of this fairy-like resort.

THOUGHTS OF A TRAVELLER.

Me voici à Paris.—Three nights in that infernal machine the diligence, have nearly been the death of me; and though I had the luck to get a corner place, my back aches, my neck is twisted, and my legs are so benumbed that they feel like the pillars of Hercules. How the unhappy gentleman in the middle managed to survive the journey, I know not: I really imagine it must have been a penance ordered by his confessor for some deadly sin; truly, let his offence have been ever so great, it is amply atoned for. May his days in purgatory be short! And the flies — may their bodies, (which now strew the bottom of our vehicle,) roast to eternity in Tophet! I never rightly appreciated the plagues of Egypt until now. I am sure, Beelzebub the prince of flies, must have been present in person, leading on his buzzing legions against their sleepy, but not sleeping, victims. Peace to our sufferings! Let me forget them for a time, and proceed to pleasanter matters.

There are two kinds of travellers, one set who view cities and scenery, and another who study men and manners. The former will tell you to a fraction the height of a cathedral, the breadth of a river, and the name of the artist that painted that beautiful altar-piece they so much admired: the latter will speak more on the curious customs of these inhabitants, the singular laws of those, the prejudices of this state, the observances of that, and the condition of our foreign friends in general. That the latter are the true travellers no one can doubt. Ulysses, the prince of voyagers, was of this stamp. This information, certainly, can only be acquired by long residence in the towns visited, with good introductions to the inhabitants. The first class of travellers I have mentioned, pass through countries rapidly, and, in consequence, turn their attention merely to the natural features of the district, and those objects which strike the superficial inquirer; without having time to descend into those intimate connexions which require diligence and observation to understand, and which alone bring any solid advantage in the acquisition. "The proper study of mankind is man," is a true though trite maxim. In the time of Ulysses, letters of introduction were not in fashion. He generally carried his in the shape of a shipwreck, or some such interesting accident; he stopped his six months or his year at court, till he tired them out, and then jumped off to the next country he could get a decent excuse for visiting; always professing a wish to get home. He was indeed a great man. Remember the epithets Homer gives him! Not like the Trojan hero, "pius Æneas," or "pater Æneas." Piety and paternity are very good things in their way, but not at all the chief requisites for a traveller, or the hero of an epic! No, Ulysses is "godlike," "many-counsell'd," and "magnanimous." He must have been a right pleasant companion over his Chian wine after dinner, overflowing with anecdotes of the Trojan war, and of his various upsets and break-downs on the road. *Ulyssiana* would have made a good book, and would have been a proper pendant to the *Odyssey*. I often wonder how people travelled in those days. I doubt the existence of stage-coaches, and am still less credulous with respect to steam-boats. Priam, we know, kept his chariot, which I fancy, from what that venerable gentleman, Homer, says, was a good deal like our modern cabriolet; since, he tells us, there was room for two and a driver. Equestrianism was not then in vogue, and the pirates made the trips by water rather disagreeable;—not but that the pirates were very respectable men. When Nestor entertained the son of Ulysses, he asked him, "Where do you come from? Are you a thief?" and, evidently, he would have treated Telemachus the pirate, as well as Telemachus the prince, perhaps better; as he might not have told any of those long stories which the old gentleman was so fond of inflicting on his auditors, and with which he, accordingly, regaled the ears of the young Ithacan. But, a truce to the heroes of the Trojan era —if I once get fairly among them, I shall be another ten years before I finish. Well, reader, perhaps you may know how they and

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their descendants contrived to get on, and you may be deep in the mysteries of the *bigæ*, *quadrigæ*, *currus*, *rheda*, and *lectica*; but, notwithstanding your locomotive acquirements, we will drop the subject for the present. What then shall we do? Have you a mind for a walk? The *Champs Elysées* will be in their glory; so, come along.

Nothing strikes me so much as a proof of the frivolity of the French as their fondness for childish pursuits and amusements. See yonder the greybeards playing dominos under the trees by the light of the thousand lamps that sparkle in the *Champs Elysées*; and a little farther on are three respectable, stout, middle-aged personages, riding delighted on the backs of the wooden horses in a merry-go-round. What is this?—A weighing machine, where for the moderate expenditure of three *sous*, a man may know the number of pounds and ounces with which he cumbers mother earth. That lady in the chair must, I am sure, weigh twice as much as her diminutive husband who stands by, wondering at, and delighted with, the obesity of his better half in the true sense of the words. See, how the index turns round! What is the number it stops at?—A hundred and——Halt! no tales. A little farther on stands a tradesman, endeavouring to throw a large, leathern ball into a tub just calculated to hold it: a rich prize of pastry awaits success.—"Very near, sir! very near! Once more, sir—try once more."—The worthy man casts a look at the tempting reward, yields to the persuasion of his interested adviser, pays his four *sous*, poises his ball exactly, takes careful aim, and, of course, misses again! Listen to that martial music, proceeding from yonder brilliant edifice.—It is Franconi's, the *Cirque Olympique*, the *Astley's* of Paris. Let us go in. Ah! it is Mademoiselle Angelique, on a fiery horse, entrancing the admiring crowd. I have seen longer riding habits. Here is Signor Jocko, and whether he is a monkey or a man I cannot say. He is an honour to either species. Now he rides backwards, now sideways, now on his head; in fact, any way but the right. It is getting too hot: let us come out. If you are inclined for an ice, either of these *cafés* will afford you ample scope for gratifying your glacial propensities. We can sit here and listen to the concert;—divine music, though I think the drums, trumpets, and cymbals have rather more than their due weight in the scale of instruments. The passing crowd is amusing; grisettes in abundance with their *chers amis* flit by; and the number of carriages opposite Franconi's show the rank of some of the spectators. Let us return home through the Boulevards. I will leave you at Tortoni's. *Au revoir.*

R. H. G.

WATCH-CLOCKS.

Some years since the late Mr. William Strutt invented a plan which should compel the watchmen in his manufactories at Belper, in Derbyshire, to do their duty, or which should show invariably where and at what time they neglected it. This was effected by means of an instrument called a *watch-clock*, which so perfectly answers its purpose, that in Mr. Strutt's establishment scarcely an instance in a year has occurred of a man neglecting his duty for a single half hour, during the whole of that time.

The watch-clock has within the last ten years been introduced in watching the town of Derby; and, such is the economy of its adaptation, that ten men are now sufficient for watching Derby, which formerly employed double that number. These ten men walk their separate rounds from eleven o'clock at night till five in the morning: from eleven to twelve, part of them go their round but once, making one mile to be traversed in that time, in order to enable them to examine doors, windows, &c., in their routes. From twelve to five, five of the watchmen go the round twice every hour, one of them once in the hour, and four in three-quarters of an hour, all moving at the rate of about two miles an hour. They are not suffered to call the hour or give any intimation that they are on their route, but move on silently with perfectly dark lanterns, the light in which is only exhibited when called for on urgent occasions.

In order to compel each watchman to go the route that is fixed for him at the times appointed, watch-clocks are provided at certain stations. These clocks effect their object by means of certain pegs, each of which is required to be put down by a bolt within a quarter of an hour of the time fixed upon; and unless so put down, it remains up, and in the morning registers every quarter of an hour of neglected time. The clocks are examined by a steady, responsible man every morning, and the results noted down in a book under the same number and route of each watchman. If any one of them has omitted putting down a single peg, the superintendent copies the time and number of each omission in a book, which lies at the house where every clock is fixed, to enable the occupier of the house to examine if the superintendent enter those pegs right, which are missed, and into another book in which he copies all omissions and remarks. These omissions are explained by the watchman to the superintendent every morning at five o'clock, and if he gives an account of his having taken up disorderly persons, of having watched suspicious ones, or having been otherwise properly occupied—if such account be satisfactory to the superintendent—the omissions are allowed. It is part of the

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duty of the superintendent, when he goes his round, to inquire into the truth of the watchman's representation. All pegs missed, as well as those which are accounted for and allowed, are marked every day in a column opposite the watchman's name and route, on a paper called "a Register List." These are hung up in the window of the watch-house; and thus, not only the watchman himself sees every day the number of pegs he has missed, but the public see it also, and are enabled likewise to judge if any observations they have made on the neglect of an individual are properly noticed. The inhabitants, generally, are invited to report any irregularity to the superintendent at the watch-house, at half-past eleven in the morning. At the end of each week, the missed pegs are added up, and the forfeit is deducted from the watchman's wages, viz. one penny for every peg omitted.

By these regulations, and a proper arrangement of stations, it is found that two watchmen are, during the whole night, so near to each other in the town that they can come to each other's assistance by springing their rattles, in from two to three minutes; and three or more can be collected in four or five minutes. And, by a simple contrivance of the change of route, no person can know when the watchman can come to any specific place.

To make this plan effective, it was necessary to have 23 clocks, marked from 1 to 23; whilst keys and locks to each clock, for each watchman, are provided, of such construction that no one can pick them, and one cannot open the other. If any watchman procure another key, which it will be difficult to do it can be rendered useless by a very slight alteration in the tumbler.

Six of these clocks have one set of pegs, 8 two ditto, 7 three ditto, 2 four ditto, being equal to 51 separate clocks, so that four watchmen come to one clock; and each can put down only his own pegs, and cannot possibly interfere with the other three, or with any other clock. These clocks are fixed at houses easily accessible, and at such places as must compel the watchman to pass through particular streets, and in such a time as he is directed, or the clocks will in the morning show when he has not been there. The rate at which he walks is, on the average, two miles per hour.*

* Abridged from the Report of the Commissioners of the Derby Nightly Watch; quoted in the Appendix to the Municipal Corporation Report, Part III. fo. 1851-2.

Dr. Kitchiner, in his directions for roasting a Sucking Pig, says: "A Sucking Pig, like a young Child, must not be left for an instant."

NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(*Continued from page* 150.)

7. SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S SALMONIA.

Vegetables, (p. 201.)—Davy, in a declamation, speaks of "a castle, or mansion house, clothed in beautiful vegetables." What an expression! Of course, the mind's eye will immediately see a castle, or mansion house clothed with beautiful cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other decorative vegetables. Surely he must have written beautiful vegetation, or else vegetals, which would be admissible, as some bo'anical writers use the word *vegetal*, instead of *vegetable*, for the sake of uniformity of termination, when mentioning the three grand divisions of nature —thus, anim*al*, veget*al*, and miner*al* kingdoms. Our lately deceased and much lamented friend, Professor Burnett, in an excellent lecture delivered at King's College, on March 14, 1832, made the following observations on this ugly word vegetable. "One common word, however hypercritical the change may sound, I will confess that I do wish to see a little altered; and as it is one of the first we shall be compelled to use, and one that, of all, will be the most frequently employed, perhaps it will be as well at once to state it, and thus early to anticipate any objection that may not impossibly be raised to the substitution of the word *vegetal* for *vegetable*, in the drafts and diagrams which have been drawn out to assist in the explication of these lectures. This has been done designedly, and not by chance; for as I have elsewhere observed, 'How such an irregular and inharmonious word as veget*able* became established in our tongue, to the prejudice of the legitimate and more elegant, (although now regarded as dis*able*-ed,) vegetal, can scarcely be conjectured. This latter word, long all but obsolete, still has good authority to boast. Butler writes, 'as from a seed, all sorts of *vegetals* proceed:' Burton also prefers this form; he says, 'The earth yields nourishment to *vegetals*, sensible creatures feed on *vegetals*,' &c. Both *végétal* and *végétable* are current words among the French, and as the latter can scarcely be exploded now, it is to be hoped that both will soon become equally familiar terms with us. My acute and learned friend, Mr. George Field, in his 'Analogy of the Physical Sciences,' has also well observed, 'it is to be desired that custom should authorize the substitution of vegetal for vegetable, whether used as a substantive or adjective; for, if the terms animal and mineral be more proper than anim*able* and miner*able*, then, by correct analogy, *vegetal* is more proper than veget*able*.' If custom, however, refuse to admit the euphonious vegetal as copartner with animal and mineral, at least, let consistency pervade the whole,

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for animable and minerable are alone fit compeers for the cacophonious *vegetable*."

Craw-fish, (p. 204.)—Though this fish be called, as here, craw-fish, yet that can only be regarded as a vulgar corruption. Formerly, its name in this country was *crevice*, from the French *ecrevisse*, since corrupted to cray-fish and craw-fish.

Ants, (p. 207.)—Speaking of ants, it is here stated, that "the females, when impregnated, lose their wings." This would give a reader to suppose that the wings dropped off: not so, however. Kirby and Spence state that female ants "cast their wings, not accidentally, but, by a *voluntary* act." When an ant of this sex first emerges from the pupa, she is adorned with two pairs of wings, the upper or outer pair being larger than her body. With these, when a virgin, she is enabled to traverse the fields of ether, surrounded by millions of the other sex, who are candidates for her favour. But, when once connubial rights are celebrated, the unhappy husband dies, and the widowed bride seeks only how to join the choir of aerial dancers,—her only thought is to construct a subterranean abode, in which she may deposit and attend to her eggs, and cherish her embryo young, till, having passed through their various changes, they arrive at their perfect state, and she can devolve upon them a portion of her maternal cares. Her ample wings, which before were her chief ornament, and the instruments of her pleasure, are now an incumbrance which incommode her in the fulfilment of the great duty uppermost in her mind; she, therefore, without a moment's hesitation, *plucks them from her shoulders*. Might we not then address females who have families, in words like those of Solomon: "Go to the ant, ye *mothers*, consider her ways, and be wise."—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 369.

Caterpillars, (p. 209.)—It is here given as a general principle, that the caterpillars of moths and butterflies, when about to transform into the chrysalis state, spin cocoons. But several species of caterpillars, including all those of the butterfly tribe, do not spin any cocoon at all.

Gnat, (p. 210.)—"The gnat, the female of which only is said by De Geer to bite man, or suck human blood, in Sweden, lays her eggs in a kind of little boat, or cocoon of her own spinning." In England, and, we believe, every where else, it is only the female that sucks human blood. She does not, however, here or elsewhere deposit her eggs "in a kind of little boat or cocoon of her own spinning." She merely, while stationed over the water's surface, lays her eggs so as to keep united, by the aid of a glutinous fluid, in the *shape* of a boat. To talk of a gnat "*spinning*" a cocoon may sound very well to the ears of an angler, but to those of a naturalist it is ridiculous. It is, really, "spinning a yarn," as a sailor would say. Now, with only one exception, no insects, (spiders are not insects, but belong to another class of creatures,) when in their perfect state, or the state in which they breed, can spin, or are provided with material to spin. The exception to which we refer is mentioned by Kirby and Spence, who state that "the only insects certainly known to spin an egg-pouch like the spiders, are the Hydrophili, a kind of water-beetles."—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. iii. p. 72. Pliny, Bingley, and Goldsmith, (who, though a noble poet, was a miserable naturalist,) are, it may be stated, also guilty of misrepresenting the gnat as spinning a thread. Goldsmith, indeed, asserts that the female gnat goes under water to anchor her eggs, by means of a thread, to the bottom!

Coleoptera, (p. 214.)—Instead of the *order* Coleoptera, Davy speaks of the "Colyoptera genus."

J. H. F.

Southwark.

Spirit of Discovery.

HALLEY'S COMET.

GOSPORT Observatory, Sept. 2.—A few general remarks on the comet, whilst it is an universal topic of conversation, may not at present be uninteresting. It now rises a quarter before 11 at night, nearly north-east, under the bright star Capella; and 1, or half-past 1 in the morning, with a perfectly clear sky, is a good time to look for it. Its diurnal arc, or that above the horizon, being nearly three-fourths of the celestial sphere, it only continues 6½ hours under the horizon. It is a very old comet: for Apian observed it in 1531, and Kepler in 1607; indeed, it is supposed to have been in existence upwards of 500 years, and having, it is said, decreased in brilliancy and train in latter revolutions round the sun, we must not, therefore, in its most favourable position, expect that it will present such an appearance as Cassini expressed, when he observed it in 1682,—that it was as round and clear as Jupiter, which expression is confirmed by other contemporary observers; nor that its train will appear to us under so great an angle as 90°, as observed by M. Pingre in 1759. Our admiration of its present visit, or when it becomes visible to the naked eye, the latter end of this month, will be excited chiefly by its many curious historical associations, and from its being the first that was ever predicted, and that tolerably true, by the celebrated Dr. Halley, who also carefully observed it in 1682, and from a knowledge of its elements, and the similarity of its periodic times of revolution, strongly contended that it was the same as observed in the years 1305, 1380, 1456, 1531, and 1607. But some writers, in

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adopting the test of identity for the age of the comet, have gone so far back as 130 years before the birth of Christ for the first time of its appearance, when it is said to have signalized the birth of Mithridates; and certain it is, that in tracing back its respective revolutions at a mean period of 76 years, it will bring it nearly to that early date. —*Hampshire Chronicle.*

Communicated by Professor Airy to the *Cambridge Chronicle*:—"This remarkable body has at length made its appearance. As early as the 6th of August it was seen at Rome; but though carefully sought, it was not discovered in this country so late as Thursday the 20th of August. Early in the morning of Sunday and Monday last (Aug. the 22nd, 15h., and Aug. the 23rd, 14h.,) it was seen by Sir James South, at Kensington, and, (at very nearly the same times,) by a well-known observer (the Rev. Mr. Hussey, at Hayes,) near Bromley, in Kent. The account of the former observations is published in the *Times* of Monday last; for that of the latter we are indebted to private communication. The admirable mounting of the telescopes employed, especially that of Sir James South's powerful achromatic, rendered the search much less troublesome than it would be with an unmounted telescope. The large telescope presented to our (Cambridge) Observatory by the Duke of Northumberland is not yet mounted, and could not therefore conveniently be employed for seeking the comet. Of the place of the comet, as observed at Rome, we have no further account than that it agreed nearly with the place predicted by M. Damoiseau. On the 22nd of August, 15 h. Sir James South found its right ascension to be about 5 h. 42 min. 31 sec., and its declination 23° 43 sec. north; at Bromley, at nearly the same time, the determinations were 5 h. 42 min. 20 sec., and 23° 45 sec. On the 23rd of August, 14 h. Sir James South found its right ascension to be 5 h. 43 min. 18 sec., and its declination 23° 50 sec. The right ascensions do not differ materially from those of M. de Pontécoulant's Ephemeris, but the declinations are less by about 1°. The time of perihelion-passage calculated by M. de Pontécoulant is the 7th of November: the observations of right ascension would correspond better with the time of perihelion-passage, the 10th of November, and those of declination would be best represented by supposing the time of perihelion-passage the 16th of November. The latter determination is liable to a much smaller error than the former; and we may probably, with much confidence, fix on the 15th of November as the day when the comet will be nearest to the sun. On that supposition the comet will be nearest to the earth about the 11th of October, and its distance will then be less than one-fourth of the sun's distance. For the first ten days of October the comet will not set to this country; and on the 6th or 7th of October it will probably be seen within the square formed by the four principal stars of the Great Bear, or Charles's Wain. The yet imperfect observations make it impossible to predict its place at present with greater accuracy. It is remarkable that, from the accounts of all the observers, the comet at present exhibits no tail: in all its former appearances it is described as having a tail of considerable length. There is, however, reason to believe that all comets diminish in splendour on each successive appearance. The comet is only visible at present with a telescope of at least six inches' aperture.

"The near agreement of the observed time of re-appearance with the predicted time (the error not exceeding nine days in seventy-five years) must be considered an astonishing proof of the accuracy which has been introduced into astronomical calculations. The neglect of the most trifling disturbing cause would have many times increased this error, as is evident from the circumstance that the periodic time of this comet has once been increased more than a year by the attractions of the planets. The nearness of the agreement also proves that there is no unknown planet of great bulk (as has sometimes been suspected) near which the comet has passed. The next inquiry among astronomers will be, What is the cause of the trifling disagreement which exists? It is probable that it is entirely due to small errors in the observations at former appearances."

CAPTAIN BACK.

CAPTAIN BACK arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday the 8th, in the packet North America.

The *Montreal Gazette*, after announcing his safe return in high health and spirits, states that Dr. King and the rest of the expedition were left at Fort Reliance, all well, and intending to proceed for England by way of Hudson's Bay. No casualty had occurred except the death of Williamson, a volunteer artilleryman, who died on the journey back to Hudson's Bay station. He was an elderly man, and unable to undergo the fatigue of the expedition; and, though accompanied by two Canadians well acquainted with the country, separated from them and perished. Captain Back despatched men in all directions to search for him, but his body was not found for a considerable time.

Captain Back is further stated to have traced Great Fish River to the sea; and it is said to be large, but dangerous of navigation, and greatly impeded by ice. This river may, nevertheless, open a new channel of communication with the polar waters. Captain Back's observations on the aurora and mag-

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THE PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET, (*see page* 179.)

netic poles, as he approached the north, are looked for with much interest.

The extreme cold experienced (say the Montreal papers) was 70° below zero. Capt. Back left Fort Reliance, March 20, travelled on snow-shoes to Fort Chippewayan, whence he departed May 28, and arrived at Lachin on the 6th of August.

We presume that Captain James Ross will now proceed on his mission by sea to the Arctic Circle, which, we believe, only waited the return of Captain Back, the vessel being already selected, and nearly fitted for the voyage.—*Literary Gazette.*

New Books.

A SUMMER RAMBLE IN SYRIA.

By the Rev. Vere Monro.

[This work will be found to yield as much excursive reading as its title promises. It is, indeed, a ramble; for, scarcely two pages are occupied by the same subject. It is throughout, shrewd and clever, ingenious and lively; yet, it has also a grave interest, in pointing out many sites of events perpetuated in the Bible. The whole region is a promising one for the observant traveller, whether he look to its ancient history, or its present condition. It is holy ground—as Jerusalem, Bethsaida, Damascus, Lebanon, Antioch, Galilee, and Aleppo, or their remains, testify: whilst no country, perhaps, exhibits a greater variety in the character of its population. The peculiar qualifications of the reverend traveller for illustrating the history and identity of the numerous Scriptural sites, will be found to conduce materially to the interest of his journal; though, it should be added, that the work is, by no means, over-fraught with sacred characteristics, nor is it encumbered with speculative disputations on disputed points, or identities, which it were now fruitless labour to attempt settling. But, it is time to proceed in a few extracts.]

Godoloski—a Child of Fortune.

This lively little Frank had visited divers countries, without residing in any one long enough to acquire its language; accordingly, his *patois* was a mosaic of all known tongues, with much that belonged to none. By birth a Pole, he was early consigned to the care of an uncle, a clergyman in Philadelphia, whose roof he left in consequence of his aunt smiting him in the face with a coffee-pot. Houseless for the night, he took shelter in a watch-box, and was next morning carried before the mayor as a vagrant. His uncle being sent for, used every argument to induce him to return, but to no purpose: Godoloski had resolved to visit his native land, and nothing could shake his determination; whereupon his kind-hearted uncle wept, and beat his aunt,—and the young Pole took his leave of America, and his passage for Europe in a French vessel. During the voyage, he was captured by the Dutch, and being detained a prisoner for ten months, subsequently passed into England, and fixing himself at Manchester, married the daughter of a rich merchant. "Now," said he, "I kept my carriage." But, alas! the instability of all human happiness!

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His wife died, his riches perished, and having visited all the chief towns in England, he settled in Edinburgh, where his great solace seems to have been oat-cake and milk-porridge, the recollection of which even now makes him rub his hands with delight. After this, he travelled into Russia; but finding nothing there to detain him, went to France and resided at Lyons, where he became a soap-boiler, publican, and preacher. Here he flourished, his revenues increased, and he had lodged some thousand francs in the Lyons' bank, when the house failed, and, becoming again penniless, he was compelled to migrate. His next attempt was in the northern part of European Turkey, whence he finally came to Cairo, and now occupies a shop about nine feet square in the Frank quarter, where he practices as chemist, perfumer, and physician. His dearest wish at present is to return to Scotland, marry a Scotchwoman, and breakfast on oat-cake and milk-porridge.

Edom.

In meditating a journey through the confines of Edom, I had overlooked the prophetic denunciations against any who should traverse it, so literally and wonderfully inforced up to the present hour. "None shall pass through it for ever and ever."* "I will cut off from Mount Seir him that passeth out, and him that returneth."† The repeated and persevering attempts of travellers‡ to explore Idumæa, have always proved abortive, except in two instances. Seetzen§ did "pass through," and died soon after at Aleppo: Burckhardt penetrated into it, but turned aside in dismay, and died soon after at Cairo.

The lasting validity of these prophetic warnings have been powerfully vindicated in Keith's Evidence of Prophecy. With all submission to the writer in the Quarterly, I must incline to the literal acceptation of the prophecy respecting Edom, which seems to be thus far supported by the facts adduced in evidence, and to the opinion that none shall "pass through it for ever and ever," (except to their cost,) until the days come when the gospel of peace shall have harmonized the whole earth, and the prophecy shall be finally completed that "Seir and Edom shall be a possession;" which Bishop Newton, following Onkelos the Chaldee paraphrast, interprets primarily of David, but ultimately of the Messiah.

Women of Samaria.

We were proceeding on our way, when some women were descried drawing water at a well near the track, and the day being hot, I desired my servant to ask if they would give me some to drink; but they refused the indulgence, one of them exclaiming, "Shall I give water to a Christian, and make my pitcher filthy, so that I can use it no more for ever?" This happened within the precincts of Samaria, and was a proof how little change the spirit of the people had undergone within the last eighteen centuries. These women were young and handsome, with full, dignified, and stately figures: a dark coloured fillet bound the head, and passing under the chin, left the face entirely uncovered.

Not an hour after this, we observed another group similarly employed. "Now," said Ahmet, "observe the difference: instead of Arabic, I will speak to them in Turkish." He did so, and picking up their vessels, they took to flight; but, when he continued to pursue them, with what I suspect was a volley of abuse, one of them came back trembling with her bardac,‖ and we drank freely; she refused any reward. It was near sunset before we reached the village of Tantoura, considered by D'Anville to be the Dora of antiquity; and its distance from Cæsarea¶ justifies that belief, according to the account of Jerome; though no marks of its former self survive.

Crocodiles.

Crocodiles are rarely found in the Nile below Manfalout, in lat. 26°, and even there, are very diminutive in size. About Faras, in Nubia, where they are more than twenty feet long I never heard any well-established charge of anthropophagism brought against them. They appear to be, in the main, harmless, inoffensive creatures, not to say *diffident:* and I suspect that the wilful murders with which they stand charged, originate most commonly with those who give evidence against them. I have occasionally seen a dead body fished out of the Nile with arms and legs entire, and nothing missing except the clothes, which, I conclude, would be of no use to the crocodiles, among whom the body had been floating, probably for many leagues. Nothing could be so natural, as for those who best knew the cause of a man's disappearance to say,—"Have you heard what a shocking thing has happened?—poor Mustapha went to fetch a pail of water this morning, and a crocodile took him;" and thus this calumniated fish has of late days lost its character. —Herodotus relates, that the priests at the Lake Mæris kept a tame crocodile, which used to come ashore for cakes and wine, and was very gentle. Mr. Sharon Turner does not deal honestly by this creature, for at the same time that he endues him with a mild and amiable *disposition*, he attempts to convict him of most diabolical *acts:* for he insinuates, that he will "leap or scramble

* Isaiah xxxiv. 10. † Ezek. xxxv. 7.
‡ Irby and Mangles.
§ Vide Sir F. Henniker's Travels.

‖ The earthen waterpot of the country.
¶ Three leagues.

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into boats, overturn skiffs with his tail, and eat the crew!" and yet, forsooth, he is neither a fierce nor a cruel animal.

Vestiges of Cæsarea.

Those palaces which heretofore were the resort of emperors—those courts which rested upon marble and glistened with gold, echoing with the revelry of princes; the theatres, the temples, and the forum,—are now furrowed by the plough, or grazed upon by the beasts* of the field. You search for the semblance of their figure, some phantom of the past, and you find it not: and the imagination, dwelling upon the busy streets and stately colonnades, still inquires, where is Cæsarea? It lies entombed beneath the little mounds that are barely marked upon the surface; so lowly, they could scarcely serve to hide the mouldering shreds of a peasant's cot; and it should seem as if the very stones had rotted in the soil!

This city, once called the "Tower of Strato," has been supposed to be the Apollonia of Pliny; which, however, is placed by Ptolemy nearer to Jaffa. It was called by Vespasian, the "Flavian Colony." Herod, continually on his guard against a revolt of the Jews, made it a strong fortress, and ornamented it in the most sumptuous manner; all the edifices, not only palaces but private houses, being of marble: and seeing the want of a harbour on that dangerous coast, he made a port equal in size to Piræus, furnished with towers raised in the sea, upon one side of a semicircular mole, the most splendid of which bore the name of Drusus, the adopted son of the emperor; the foundation stones of the mole being fifty feet long by eighteen wide, and nine feet thick. Around the port was a continued series of buildings of the costliest marble; and, in the centre, upon a mound, stood a temple in honour of Cæsar, surmounted by two statues,—one representing the Emperor, modelled after, and equal to, that of the Olympian Jove—and the other a figure of Rome, not inferior to the Argive Juno.

First Sight of Jerusalem.

It were superfluous to enlarge upon the intense anxiety which every one feels who believes the eternal records of undeviating truth, as he draws near to this remarkable city. His impressions, however, have been already made; so fully has her desolate estate been set forth under every variety of figure, that reality cannot carry him beyond that point to which his imagination has long since reached; and that graphic portraiture of her widowhood, which he here finds drawn to the life, confirms, (if Scripture yet needs confirmation,) the accounts which the same records contain of her former happiness. The first exclamation which bursts forth, is that which phophecy has said shall be in the mouth of "all that pass,"—"Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" It is impossible that any delineation can be more just, or any image more vivid, than is contained in those few words, "How doth the city sit solitary!" The sight carried across a tract of grey, desolate, and barren rock, rests upon a bare, dead wall, above which little is seen except the tops of a few Turkish mosques. At this time, not a living creature was moving without the city; and, with the exception of the leaden green produced by a few ragged olives, scarcely a sign of vegetation could be traced: a death-like silence settled upon the rocky waste, and the city placed upon an eminence, as if an object for observation, presented one of the most gloomy and melancholy spectacles that the fancy could paint.

The Pool of Siloam.

Fifteen wide steps conduct into a spacious, arched cavern, where are still some marks of the zeal of St. Helena, by whom it was ornamented; and twelve other narrow steps lead down to the water, which is remarkably clear, but contains no perceptible medicinal property. It has, nevertheless, ever since the time of our Lord, been supposed to possess some purifying quality; and we learn from Fenelon that it was much prized by the Saracens, and Nicephorus relates that the Turks used it for disorders of the eyes; a practice which most probably arose from the miracle recorded in the ninth chapter of St. John: and a belief in its latent virtue still prevails; for upon one occasion it happened that after resting for awhile in the Garden of Gethsemane, and indulging those intensely interesting reflexions which must needs overpower every Christian who should find himself alone upon such a spot, I had wandered down the valley, and descending to the "pool," was pondering over its transparent water, when a sickly-looking Turk came down into the cavern, and taking off his clothes walked into the water. Having no attendant, I could not learn exactly what benefit he expected to derive; but he said that it was "good," and continued in it for some time. The aperture in the rock under which the water appears, has been artificially cut, and is about five feet high; the water not being quite knee-deep. Josephus relates that, before the arrival of Titus and the Roman army at Jerusalem, this fountain and all the others about the city failed to such a degree that the Jews were distressed for water; but upon the arrival of the invaders the springs again flowed, and the Romans had not only enough for themselves and the cattle, but also for the gardens.

* The prophecy of Zephaniah, ii. v. 6, literally fulfilled.

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Under the rock opposite the pool are sixteen tanks, or cisterns, used by the fullers; and below this is shown the tree upon which Judas hanged himself. It is a fig-tree of not many years' growth, but sloping in so gallows-like a direction as apparently to have invited the legend.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

[In the seventh letter is a specimen of Miss Fanny's irregular ode, and the fate of its publication.]

I had got, dear, thus far in my Ode,
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,
Flowers, billows, and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings,
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.
The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it,—
Decides the great question, to live or to die!
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,
All depends on the answer of Simkins and Co!
You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book!!!
Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you'll find "This day published by Simkins and Co.
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe, Woe!'
By Miss Fanny F———, known more commonly *so* ☞."
This I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.
How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear, believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet,* explain it, dear girl,
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence,—
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small second edition,)—
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I've managed, this last year, to scrape up, by stinting
My own little wants in gloves, ribbons, and shoes,
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!
And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of ribbon soon end,—but the measures of rhyme,
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.
The remaining expense, trouble, risk,—and alas!
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;
And my friend, the head dev'l of the "County Gazette,"
(The only Mecænas I've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)
Live on naught but ambrosia, *his* lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!
As for *puffing*,—that first of all lit'rary booms,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons;
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground;—
In *this* respect, naught could more prosp'rous befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp could I call)
Knows the whole world of critics, dear, *hypers* and all.
I suspect, indeed, he himself dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;
As I've heard Uncle Bob say, 'twas known among Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.
But, hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from town—
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,
All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.
And then, the great point—whether Simkins and Co.
Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no?

Five o'clock.

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear.
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps,—
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

* A day coach of that name.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguished physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition,
(Ere critics have injur'd their powers of nutrition,)
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.
Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific;
But smooth female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,
Is a volume just published by Simkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients,—the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotic,—are mix'd *per* receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation
To say that—'bove all, for the young generation,—
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.
Nota bene—for readers, whose object 's *to sleep*,
And who read, in their night-caps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of * * 's rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where, heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were squandered away,
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket.
Some thought them despatches from Spain, or the Turk,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;
But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious.—
Messrs. Simkins and Co. to avoid all delay
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanced the whole reading world, by a day!

[We are content with these lively, harm-

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less sallies; though, in their place, we do not affect to question the fitness and merit of the other portions of this smart satire.]

The Public Journals.

THE METROPOLITAN EMIGRANT.—BY JOHN GALT.

(*Abridged from Fraser's Magazine.*)

EVERY man has his own reasons for emigrating, so had I: but I think that, by relating the events of my own life, the reader will have a better idea of them than by any other account I can give; I will, therefore, without delay, relate the incidents that led to, and those which followed after, my emigration.

I was bred by my father in the haberdashery line, and was by him installed in a shop in the borough, with a due assortment of goods; but, after a few days, I perceived that there was some vacancy in my household; long was I before I discovered what this want was—indeed it was not I that found it out, but Miss Barbara Putty, my cousin, who one day, for the first time, deigned to enter my shop: the very first observation she made was—

"Cousin, you want a wife."

"Indeed, I think I do," replied I, in a demure tone; for much did I dread lest my not having thought of it before might have been deemed by Miss Barbara an insult to the sex, represented in her person: however, my forebodings were, happily, not realized, for nothing more was said until the departure of the stale damsel, when she exclaimed, in an intended jocular tone,

"Cousin Stephen, I shall call next month on your bride, whom I hope to find in the person of Miss Amelia Sprat;" and, adding in a lower tone, "who will have three hundred pounds fortune."

My want was thus explained, and I forthwith conned over my list of female friends, and the one I thought would suit me best was the identical Miss Amelia Sprat, the daughter of a plump, rosy-faced fishmonger. That very evening I shut shop full an hour before the usual time, and proceeded to Mr. Sprat's, whom I found busily engaged in his own concerns; but, as I had screwed myself up to the sticking-place, I at once said that, as I had an important communication to make, I would be much obliged by his giving me a private interview.

He at once ordered his boy to attend to the business, and, having taken me into a small room, desired me to acquaint him with what I had to say, as he was very busy and wanted to get back.

"Mr. Sprat," answered I, "I have found that an essential article is wanted in my household, and ——"

"Oh," interrupted he, "you want a wife, I suppose."

"Exactly so," continued I; "and in your amiable daughter I think I have discovered the person I should wish to espouse."

"Very well," said he, "if she agrees I will not withhold my consent; so there's the parlour-door, and Amelia's within."

All went well—I was married, and my cousin, Miss Barbara Putty, fulfilled her prediction; moreover, stayed the remainder of the day with us, during which she enlightened my wife on sundry points of domestic economy, and in the craft of household management.

For some time things went on better than I had ever anticipated, and, by degrees, I was led into speculations in various kinds of haberdashery, pronounced so many gold mines; but it is wonderful that they all, without exception, turned out losses, to the great detriment of my purse and temper, for, as things grew worse, I am told that I became remarkably crabbed and peevish.

One day as I was standing behind my counter, two elderly gentlemen came in and asked permission to wait for a little, till it had ceased raining, as it was at the time very wet: of course I complied, and handed them seats. After a little they began to converse about the Canadas, and, having been but little instructed about foreign countries, I listened attentively to what they were saying, which was, as near as I can recollect, to the following effect:—

"I think, Mr. Brown," said he who seemed the elder of the two, "that I shall soon emigrate myself, things are becoming worse every day, and I believe that the States or the Canadas are now the best place for a poor man; and, if I mistake not, they will soon receive many of the poor bankrupt tradesmen and others who find themselves sinking lower every day."

"Ah, Mr. Millman," answered the other with a smile, "both you and I are too old to think of it now; we could not change our habits so much as to be able to endure the privations of the backwoods: emigration appears to me fitted chiefly for the lower orders, and those who have no fixed habits; but I agree with you in thinking that Canada is the place for the poor tradesmen of this country."

"My opinion," replied Mr. Millman, "is, that those tradesmen who are going on the high road to ruin, could do no better than, instead of selling their goods at half-price, carry out their merchandise with them to Canada, and begin business again."

This advice appeared to me very judicious, and from that time I commenced revolving in my own mind what I had heard about this land of refuge, and likewise endeavoured to inform myself better on the subject, whereby it was soon noised abroad that I, Stephen Needles, was going to emigrate.

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I had now resolved to emigrate. I therefore stuck up printed hand-bills in my shop-windows, that contained a great deal about "prodigious sacrifices," "great catch," &c.; and in a few days disposed of all the things I did not intend to take with me.

Every thing went on as well as I could wish; and I sailed on the 10th of July, in the ship Providence, from London for Quebec, with a great assortment of goods.

With respect to our voyage, I will say nothing—neither about my own sickness and fears, nor those of Amelia; but will merely state that, after a wearisome voyage of seven weeks, we arrived at the capital of Lower Canada.

We did not remain long at Quebec, for I was dissuaded from opening shop there by being told that the market was decidedly overstocked, and was advised to go to some of the new settlements, where I should be able to drive a prodigious trade. I therefore determined to set off the next Monday, being the second we had spent in the "false city," as my wife denominated Quebec, giving orders for the construction of an enormous beef-steak pie.

Monday turned out, to our delight, a very fine day, and we started by six in the morning in a vehicle denominated a wagon; which name, however, I cannot say I think appropriate. We were accompanied with three veritable wagons, containing part of our luggage; the other part of which I had agreed with the man to be sent after me.

When we had travelled several hours, we began to feel the admonitions of hunger; and we therefore resolved to breakfast at the place where we then were, as no inn was in view. So, having got it out of the wagon, we placed the ponderous pie on the ground, and satisfied the cravings of nature. Then we spread a cloth over it, while we went to look after the rest of our train, which was just appearing in sight.

We found no damage of a serious nature had befallen our articles; and we therefore prepared to re-enter our conveyance, when Amelia recollected our provisions, and ran to fetch the pie; with which she soon returned and placed it upon the seat, while we got in; which we had barely accomplished, when we perceived the cloth moving.

"What can it be?" said my wife, putting down her hand to lift it. She had hardly touched it when a hiss was heard beneath, and a snake thrust out its had and began to crawl up her arm. She gave such a terrific scream that the horse took fright, and setting off at full speed, ran foul of a stump, and precipitated us, snake and all, to the ground.

"Ah, ah!" shrieked Amelia, in a tone of horror; "I feel it twining down the back of my neck. Oh, oh! take hold of its tail—stop it!"

"I'll not touch the reptile," said I: "I'm sure its a rattlesnake. Wait till I——"

"Oh! I am dying—I feel it stinging me. Ah, ah!—there again," interrupted my wife, throwing herself with all her force upon the ground; and the snake, finding itself, I suspect, in no very comfortable quarters under Amelia, who is corpulently inclined, abandoned its position, and, to its victim's horror, glided across her mouth in its progress. She then got up; and the driver, who was indulging in a fit of laughter at her expense, soon extirpated the reptile, which he pronounced of the most harmless dispositions. However, nothing could induce either of us to taste the pie again; on which the man and his companions breakfasted, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense.

Nothing more occurred till we arrived at the place where I intended to settle, as it is called; and we got to the tavern just before sunset. Here we had some tea; and then went to the balcony, where we remained talking of our prospects in Canada till we were completely discomfited by whole swarms of mosquitoes, that fastened on our hands and faces in such a manner as to occasion us some pain.

In a few moments I became disagreeably itchy; and as we were scratching the blains in very agony, a person told us with a grave face that doing so only made them worse, as if it were possible to help it. In the irritation of my nerves, I answered him very tartly; and on his laughing, grew so angry that I quite forgot myself, and in the end made him equally furious.

From that time to this I have had reason to repent having so given way to my temper; but to the irritation produced by the bites of the mosquitoes I attributed all the misfortunes that I experienced in that part of the country; for I have reason to believe that this person went about the village, and stirred them up against me.

The next day I purchased a convenient house, and removed my goods into it without delay; and after being occupied a fortnight with carpenters, joiners, &c., I placed my commodities in excellent order (the remainder having duly arrived), and was quite prepared to receive customers.

My store, as they called it, being opened, the people of the village immediately flocked to it, and bargained for articles, which, to my astonishment, they were about to carry away without paying; and on my asking them for money, they impertinently shrugged their shoulders, and went away leaving the things behind them. Strange as it may appear, it is the fact that not one of those who entered the shop purchased an article: all without exception, on my demanding the price, muttered some outlandish gibberish and walked out.

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"Well," says I to myself, "these are the poor people of the village, who are trying to get me wheedled out of my property; those that can pay will come to-morrow."

But the next day, and the one following, not the shadow of a customer crossed my threshold, and I began to fidget; but I shall always think that it arose from that quarrel I had at the inn; and what makes me more certain is, that the same individual told me that the reason I had no custom was because I did not give credit, as if I should have trusted persons I never saw in my life before. They were, however, to say the mildest thing of them, barbarians; for they could not speak a Christian tongue, but uttered gibberish, and laughed one with another as they left the shop. As a proof of their utter foolishness, when I was showing some capital cloth to one of these habitans, as they are called, he held up his garment, and said, with a corresponding shrug, "It isn't as goot as dat;" when it was better beyond comparison. But my store-keeping business was fast coming to a conclusion.

* * * * *

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

The Observatory at Paris.—Neither wood nor iron were used in the construction of this building. The whole is of stone, and all the rooms and staircases are vaulted. In one apartment, by putting the mouth against a pilaster, and speaking low, the voice may be heard by a person at the opposite pilaster, and by no other person in the room. Upon the floor of another apartment is engraved an universal chart.

Liverpool and Manchester Railway—In one week of the last month, 14,588 passengers travelled the whole length of the line along the Liverpool and Manchester railway. This is exclusive of passengers going short distances, and of those proceeding by the Bolton and other branch railways. The following is the number of passengers along the whole line during the first seven months of the present year: January, 26,572; February, 24,171; March, 26,880; April, 31,300; May, 35,118; June, 56,280; July, 54,642; —Total, 255,053. This number is also exclusive of short distances and branch railway passengers.

A slip of bamboo cane, twelve inches high, was planted on the 1st of April, 1833, in a garden at Hières, in the Var, (France,) and has thrown out several shoots of from 20 to 26 feet high. The ground has been constantly irrigated during the hot season; but the degree of cold it is able to bear has not been ascertained, since the late winters have been very mild. One of the shoots, which appeared above the ground on 3rd Sept., 1833, had, on 9th October last, reached the height of 25 feet. Its circumference at the base was nine inches, and at about six feet from the ground, seven inches. If it can be reconciled to this climate, it will become of great utility, from the rapidity of its growth. It is propagated by shoots, which at the end of five or six months may be separated from the mother root; and it may also be multiplied by cuttings.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Passage to India.—The first Indian mail by way of Alexandria and the Red Sea, which was despatched from Falmouth on March 3, in the *African* steamer, arrived at Bombay, April 22, in 50 days from England. The passage by this route may now be generally accomplished in 50 days, viz. 17 days from Falmouth to Malta, 5 from Malta to Alexandria, and 28 from Alexandria to Bombay, including stoppages.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Eprouvettes.—We undestand, by *eprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, properly organized, all the faculties of taste. A distinguished gastronomer proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote.—Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous, but the Cardinal was, notwithstanding, most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*—"Be of good faith, your Eminence:" was the reply, "both shall appear: both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical—it was the moment of the *eprouvette positive.* The maître d'hôtel advances: two attendants raise the monster, and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled Cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *eprouvette negative*—but the maître d'hôtel suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *eprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.—*Quarterly Review.*

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Louis XIV.—In the royal library, at Paris, is a pair of globes, nearly 12 feet in diameter, and 35 in circumference; which are supposed to be the largest in Europe, except one in the University of Cambridge. An inscription on the celestial sphere informs us that "all the planets are laid down in the position they occupied at the birth of Louis le Grand:" and one on the terrestrial globe asserts that "it was constructed to exhibit the countries which that great monarch might have subdued, had not his moderation prescribed limits to his valour."

Every one has observed that dogs, before they lie down, turn themselves round and round several times. Those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the actions of animals in a wild state, know that they seek long grass for their beds, which they beat down and render more commodious by turning round in it several times. It would appear, therefore, that the habit of our domestic dogs in this respect is derived from the nature of the same species in the wild state. This is a curious fact, and serves to prove how much the instinctive habits of wild animals are retained by their domesticated progeny.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty —the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country, from the fashion of the times themselves.—*Cobbett.*

A Truth.—I cannot form an idea of a mortal more wretched than a man of real talent, compelled to curb his genius, and to submit himself in the exercise of that genius, to those whom he knows to be far inferior to himself, and whom he must despise from the bottom of his soul.—*Cobbett.*

Onions.—In a garden here, (at Old Romney,) I saw some very fine onions, and a prodigious crop—sure sign of most excellent land.—*Cobbett.*

Blackberry Jam.—A Correspondent of the *Magazine of Domestic Economy*, writes with homely emphasis: "Blackberry jam, I have every reason to believe, is the most salubrious preserve that can be devised for the gratification of human beings. I speak from ample experience, having had made, and seen consumed, *many hundred weights* of it within the past few years."

Vaudeville.—This species of drama is said to have derived its name from the following circumstance. Oliver Basselin, a fuller in Normandy, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, used to compose humorous songs, which he sang as he stretched out his cloth in the *vaux* or valleys on the banks of the river *Vire*. These songs became popular, and, from being first called *Vaux-de-Vire*, afterwards assumed the name of *Vaudeville*.

The New York papers announce the death of Enoch Crosby, in the 88th year of his age. He was the original of Fenimore Cooper's character of Harvey Birch, in the novel of *The Spy*, and rendered important services to General Washington during the American war.

Magisterial Ignorance.—One of Cromwell's followers, who filled the important station of an Irish Justice, at the period of 1661, having occasion to write the word "usage," contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was, "*yowzitch.*" When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred that "nobody could spell with pens made from Irish geese." F. J. S.

Eating Fast.—The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life,—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare.

Fortune.—In the obituary of the year 1799, we find recorded the deaths of two persons, whose circumstances are extraordinary examples of reverse fortune. The first was Mr. James Calvert, who in February died in indigence, having been the sole proprietor of the first ticket ever drawn so high a prize as 20,000*l.* in the English lottery; and in a subsequent lottery he gained 5,000*l.*: he was originally a capital vinegar-merchant, at the corner of Old-street, in the City Road. In the following month died Mr. Abraham Newman, who was one of the richest citizens of London, and a happy instance of the powers of accumulation by the steady pursuit of honourable industry. Without speculation or adventure, he acquired 600,000*l.* as a grocer: he retired from trade about four years before his death, but so forcible was his habit, that he came every day to the shop, and ate his mutton at two o'clock, the good old city hour, with his successors.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 740.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1835. [Price 2d.

STATUE OF JAMES WATT, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(BY CHANTREY.)

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STATUE OF JAMES WATT,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This noble monument, by Chantrey, is placed in St. Paul's chapel, one of the small chapels on the north side of the choir of the chapel of Edward the Confessor. Its pedestal, or base, bears the following eloquent inscription, written by Lord Brougham:

NOT TO PERPETUATE A NAME
WHICH MUST ENDURE WHILE THE
PEACEFUL
ARTS FLOURISH,
BUT TO SHOW
THAT MANKIND HAVE LEARNED TO HONOUR
THOSE
WHO BEST DESERVE THEIR GRATITUDE,
THE KING,
HIS MINISTERS, AND MANY OF THE NOBLES
AND COMMONERS OF THE REALM,
RAISED THIS MONUMENT TO
JAMES WATT,
WHO, DIRECTING THE FORCE OF AN ORIGINAL
GENIUS,
EARLY EXERCISED IN PHILOSOPHIC RESEARCH,
TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE STEAM ENGINE,
ENLARGED THE RESOURCES OF HIS COUNTRY,
INCREASED THE POWER OF MAN,
AND ROSE TO AN EMINENT PLACE
AMONG THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS FOLLOWERS
OF SCIENCE
AND THE REAL BENEFACTORS OF THE WORLD,
BORN AT GREENOCK, MDCCXXXVI.
DIED AT HEATHFIELD, IN STAFFORDSHIRE,
MDCCCXIX.

There is not a word of monumental flattery in these emphatic lines; but they assert certain useful truths, upon which are based the interests and happiness of the whole of the human race.

The erection of this monument originated at a meeting held in the Freemason's Hall, on Friday, June 18, 1824,—or upwards of eleven years since. "On this occasion, the ate Earl of Liverpool, then Prime Minister, was in the chair, and was supported by his colleagues, Mr. Peel and Mr. Huskisson. Mr. Canning was also to have been present, but was detained by official business. The other principal speakers were Sir Humphry Davy, Mr. Wilberforce, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Brougham." Of these illustrious men, two only, (Mr. Peel and Mr. Brougham,) have lived to see completed the tribute which their eloquence so honourably advocated. "Lord Liverpool, who first addressed the assembly, concluded his speech by announcing that the King himself had desired him to state how deeply penetrated his Majesty was with the sense of the services rendered to Great Britain by him whose memory they were met to honour, and desired to place his name at the head of the subscription list, with a subscription of 500*. Humphry Davy, who followed, in quent comparison between Watt medes, said that Archimedes science in the highest esteem, genius of Watt, on the contrary, tran every principle upon which it seized into a useful practical application, and might be said to have called down science from heaven to earth."

"It was at this meeting that Mr. Peel did himself so much honour by his frank and ardent acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude due by himself and his family to the inventor of the steam-engine, to whom he said, they owed all that they possessed. He felt that the class of society from which he had sprung had been ennobled by the genius of Watt. Mr. Brougham dilated eloquently, and, as M. Dupin describes it, 'in a tone of voice simple, grave, *impressive*,' on the general character, both intellectual and moral, of his illustrious friend, whose memory they had come together to honour. 'Not,' he said, 'that his memory needs a monument to make it immortal; for the remembrance of him will be as durable as the power which he has subjected to the use of man; but to consecrate his example in the face of the world, and to show to all the world that a man of extraordinary talent cannot employ it better than in devoting it to the service of the whole human species.'"*

The statue is a masterly performance of art, and adds even to the sculptor's high reputation. It is said by those who knew Watt, to convey his figure and aspect: even a glance will associate his noble genius and capacious brow.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

(*From the French.*)

We find in the *History of the French Revolution*, by M. Desodoard, a singular remark relative to the Prisoner of the Bastile, so famous under the name of "Iron Mask."

Immediately after the taking of the Bastile, (says M. Desodoard,) all the doors of the interior were thrown open. The papers which were deposited in this state-prison, (and the preservation of which would have been a great acquisition to history,) were left entirely to the mercy of the multitude. However, the more curious collected together and preserved some of these documents, among

* Our acknowledgment for these particulars of the meeting is due to the Printing Machine. There are two remarkable circumstances connected with this statue, which ought to be noticed. First, the meeting at which it originated is said to have been prompted by the Baron Dupin. Secondly, eleven years have elapsed between the proposition and completion of the monument. Indeed, there is a third fact: Watt was not honoured with burial in Westminster Abbey, and the Baron Dupin speaks of his remains lying in the obscure retirement of some unknown cemetery.

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of [illegible] were found a great number of cards, [illegible]ned by ministers, and containing notes [illegible]tive to the prisoners.

[illegible]ne of these cards, numbered 64,389,000, [illegible]tained these words: "Foucquet, from the [illegible] of Saint Marguerite, with a *Mask of* [illegible];" afterwards "XXX," and underneath, "Kersadwin." I have seen this card in the hands of those who found it.

Every one is aware, (continues Desodoard,) that the superintendant Foucquet was at first confined in the citadel of Pignerol, which then belonged to France; that he passed several years there, and eventually found means of escape. It is not known where this celebrated exile died: the fact is attested in the *Memoires de Gourville*, the friend of Foucquet. It is probable, conjecturing from the card found in the Bastile, that Foucquet was retaken and conducted to the Isles of St. Marguerite, whence he was brought to the Bastile in 1691. Voltaire remarks that, at this epoch, there disappeared no man of consequence in Europe: that is true; but, the disappearance of Foucquet is dated 1664.

With regard to the mask of iron which he wore, it was, without doubt, a plan devised to prevent the prisoner being recognised on his route; as he had many friends. It would be absurd to suppose that he wore the mask all his life; because it is certain that his face would have become inflamed, and gangrene have terminated his days.

Without deciding any thing by this card, I can only say, in support of the conjectures of M. Desodoard, that long before the taking of the Bastile, I heard it told to a man of the court, (who had the particular confidence of a celebrated minister,) that the prisoner was not a *Prince*, but a much disgraced *Minister*.

Anecdote Gallery.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

The first battle between the Swiss and the Burgundians under Charles the Bold, was fought in 1476. The duke had a strongly intrenched camp at Granson, but scorning such advantage against the Swiss peasants, he advanced to meet them on the road to Neufchâtel; thus offering battle in a hilly region, where his numerous cavalry could prove of no advantage. The two armies met on the second of March. The Swiss foot embodied in large masses, and armed with long halberds, bore down the Burgundian knights, who in vain resisted. Charles had a few archers, and no infantry in the advance; thus committing the usual mistake of the French, in deeming mounted gentlemen able to repel twice their number of peasants on foot. The Burgundian flank was soon turned by other bands of the Swiss mountaineers, amongst whom the huge and terrific horns of Uri and Unterwalden were heard to blow. The battle became instantly a rout; the Burgundians and their duke fled, losing, indeed, few of their numbers, as the Swiss had no cavalry to pursue, but leaving to the conquerors the plunder of a camp which rivalled that of Xerxes in luxury and splendour. Silken tents attached with cords of golden wire, velvets, tapestry, pearls, and jewels in profusion, became the property of the amazed victors. Plate was flung away as pewter. The large diamond which the duke wore customarily at his neck, was found in a box of pearls; it was at first rejected as a bauble, then taken up again and sold for a crown. It was afterwards purchased by the Pope for 20,000 ducats, and still adorns the papal tiara. Another equally beautiful diamond, worn at Granson, was bought by Henry VIII., and afterwards given by his daughter Mary to her husband, Philip II.; and it now belongs to Austria.

In one of the battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after a long silence, thus offered him consolation: "My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

Charles XII., King of Sweden, was once riding near Leipsic, when a peasant came and knelt before him to request justice from a grenadier, who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"—"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done my master; you have taken from him a *kingdom*, and I have taken only a *turkey* from this fellow." The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his *bon mot*, saying to him, "Remember, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for *myself*."

Frederic the Great had five libraries, all exactly alike, and containing the same books ranged in the same order; one at Potzdam, a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Charlottenburg, and a fifth at Breslaw. On removing to either of these places, he had only to make a note of the page at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bought five copies of the books he chose to read.

Colonel Kemyss, of the 40th regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his

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diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "take the man, and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time, the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of the cap—"Sure an't plaise y'r honnur, and din't y'r honnur tell me to *lave* him in the river? and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r honnur's orders." The bystanders, and even the colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the facetious mistake of the honest corporal, who looked innocence itself and wondered what there could be to laugh at.

An old colonel, who used to be invited with us to dine at Luna's house, (says Mr. Hardy,) had such a propensity to laughter, that, after having once yielded to its influence, he could not restrain himself as long as anything remained to excite it. I used to make him burst into a horse-laugh whenever I chose, only by winking at him ridiculously. Upon one occasion, when a great number of persons were assembled at table, a fancy came across me to try whether a grin and an odd remark would have the same effect upon him in company. It answered marvellously well. He could not restrain a burst of laughter, which rather startled the rest of the party; to whom, however, I managed to convey a hint, and they immediately entered into the spirit of the joke. Each, in his turn, told some extraordinary anecdote, or made some odd remark, at which the colonel burst out anew, till at last his laughter became quite alarming. The consequence was that he did not swallow one mouthful during dinner; for, no sooner did he attempt to introduce a bit of food into his odd mouth, which even then was distorted by a suppressed grin, than some one made a laughable observation, which again excited the poor man's risible propensity, and the meat was suffered to return to his plate untasted. He afterwards complained that, in addition to his having lost his dinner, his sides were quite sore with the exertion.

General Scott and two or three others, were sitting one evening in a log-tavern, when in came a well-dressed stranger, from the New England States, and called for half a pint of whisky. The landlord informed him that he did not sell it in such small quantities. The general, who was very fond of whisky, said, "Stranger, I will join you, and pay half; therefore, landlord, give us a pint of your best." The whisky was brought, and the general, who was to drink first, begs by saying to the stranger, "colonel, y good health."—"I am no colonel," repl the stranger.—"Well, then," said the ral, "major, your good health."—"I major," replied the New Englander.—" your good health, captain," said the —"I am no captain, sir," said the stranger, "and, what is more, never held a commission in my life."—"Well, then," said the general, "you are the first man in Kentucky that ever wore a cloth coat and was not a commissioned officer." W. G. C.

REIGNS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

THE reigns of thirty kings, &c., since the time of William the Conqueror, in 1066, arranged according to their duration.

	Yrs.	Ms.	Ds.
George III.	59	3	4
Henry III.	56	1	1
Edward III.	50	5	7
Elizabeth	44	4	15
Henry VI.	38	6	17
Henry VIII.	37	10	1
Charles II.	36	0	7
Henry I.	35	4	12
Henry II.	34	9	2
Edward I.	34	8	9
George II.	33	4	3
Charles I.	23	11	1
Henry VII.	23	8	19
Richard II.	22	3	16
Edward IV.	22	1	8
James I.	22	0	3
William I	20	11	22
Edward II.	19	7	6
Stephen	18	11	19
John	17	7	1
Henry IV.	13	6	4
William III.	13	0	14
William II.	12	11	18
George I.	12	11	6
Anne	12	5	6
George IV.	10	4	28
Richard I.	9	9	22
Henry V.	9	5	24
Edward VI.	6	5	19
Mary I.	5	4	22
James II.	4	0	17
Richard III.	2	2	5
Edward V.	0	2	18

William IV. began to reign June 26, 1830.

Mary, queen of William III., died Dec. 28, 1694.

George, prince of Denmark, husband to Queen Anne, was born at Copenhagen, April 11, 1653; died at Kensington, Oct. 28, 1708, in his 56th year; buried at Westminster Abbey. Their only son, George, Duke of Gloucester, died at Windsor Castle, July 30, 1700, at the beginning of his 12th year; buried in Westminster Abbey.

There have been six minorities since the Norman Conquest: that of Henry III., Edward III., Richard II., Henry VI., Edward V., and Edward VI. W. G. C.

POPE'S RAPE OF THE LOCK.

MR. CARYL, (a gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose

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fortune he followed into France, and author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*,) originally proposed the subject of this poem to Pope, with the view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a difference that had arisen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. This little liberty was taken too seriously; and although the two families had long been friends, it occasioned a coolness between them.

This exquisite piece was written, as we learn from Pope himself, in two cantos only, in less than a fortnight, in the year 1711, when he was about twenty-three years old.

The author sent a copy of it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted: and she was so delighted with it that she distributed copies of it among her acquaintance, and at length prevailed on him to publish it, as appears by the motto.

The piece produced the desired effect; for it reconciled the two families, and gave offence to no one but Sir Geo. Brown, who often observed, with some degree of resentment, and, indeed, justice too, that he was made to talk nothing but nonsense in the character of Sir Plume. The incident occurred at Hampton Court Palace.

Select Biography.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

(By Mr. Rush, late American Minister in this country. Abridged from an American work.)

Among the most distinguished of the noblemen of England who have recently passed from the scene of life, was the late Duke of Sutherland. He was long known as Marquess of Stafford, the title of duke having been conferred upon him by the present King during the administration of Earl Grey. Few persons who have flourished in any country or age, ever appropriated more liberally or beneficially the resources of a great estate, or made a better use of the advantages of a cultivated mind and taste. The acquisitions of individuals and manner in which they spend their fortunes, are not, for the most part, topics of public comment; but it is otherwise where the scale of their operations has been so large as to affect and improve the resources of a nation. The eminent British subject in question was the original owner of one-fifth of the stock of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-way. In this manner, he contributed materially to advance that great work in England, which, in the beginning, had heavy obstacles to contend with; but the final success of which has done good not merely in England, but everywhere, by the example it set. In aiding this great English work, the first upon a large scale here, or in any part of the world, he did not overlook the interests of the Bridgewater canal, which belonged to him, but made a donation to that concern of forty thousand pounds sterling, the better to enable it to meet the competition of the rail-way. He was always ready to acknowledge and promote public improvements, come what would to his own interests. He became the principal proprietor of a new line of canal between Liverpool and Birmingham, by which new and extensive internal communications are to be opened in that part of England, appearing to clash, however, with his interests in the Trent and Mersey navigation. Nor would he ever throw any obstructions in the way of the projected rail-way between Birmingham and Liverpool, although it is to pass directly through some of his own estates in Staffordshire, and must affect his interest in two canals. These, indeed, are maxims which should sway the conduct of a truly wise man. But they are the maxims of an enlarged and elevated wisdom, that rises above the first impulse of selfishness, and which, by the lights of cultivated reason, can see in public benefits ultimate private advantage; just as the sound, political economist sees in measures, obviously for the good of the whole community, ultimate benefit to every part, even those parts supposed at first to be injuriously affected. When also a fall took place in the prices of agricultural produce, the Duke of Sutherland caused his English rents to be estimated according to the annual average price of wheat, and his Scotch rents according to that of wool, although, by contract, they were to have been paid in sums of money much higher than this scale of settlement yielded; which timely and well-judged liberality had the happy and twofold effect of saving his tenants from loss, and his own estates from dilapidation.

But his manner of dealing with his Scotch estates in the county of Sutherland is not to be passed over without notice somewhat more particular. He came to the possession of these estates by marriage; his Duchess, who still lives to adorn and benefit society in her own country, having been Countess of Sutherland in her own right, and as such, lineal inheritress of the most ancient subsisting peerage of Great Britain, with the property annexed. In 1812, he began to turn his attention to the effective improvement of this property, to which he had made important additions by purchases of his own. He actually made four hundred and fifty miles of roads, Parliament, or the local public in Scotland, bearing half the expense; and he constructed one hundred and thirty-four bridges. His tenants on this property were, most or all of them, suffering under the evils of a crowded population without employment.

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Their condition was also made worse by the fact, that the improvement of the more southern counties of Scotland had driven into the mountains of Sutherland portions of their population too idle or vicious to apply themselves to the more regular and industrious habits which the improved circumstances of those counties rendered necessary. Many also who, by the commission of offences, were exposed to prosecutions, especially under the revenue laws, found a refuge in the less accessible parts of the Sutherland estate, inducing the original lessees to receive them as sub-tenants, on their undertaking to pay rents not to be realized out of the funds of honest industry.

The Duke saw and resolved on putting an end to a system in all respects so pernicious. His great object was to make all who lived upon these estates immediate tenants of the landlord, so that the managers should become acquainted with the wants of all, and the poorest tenant have a direct appeal to himself and the Duchess. He desired also to stimulate their industry, and rouse their energies, in the hope of raising their character, and giving them a desire for independence. In all these beneficent and just objects, he eminently succeeded.

Success, however, was only to be achieved through difficult and laborious details not necessary to be here recounted. Pecuniary and other sacrifices were also called for at first, which might have disheartened a common resolution; but his seems to have been of a stamp that never faltered in courses that it thought right, his whole life exhibiting as much firmness as benevolence. He had the great satisfaction of living to see every cotter upon his estate holding immediately of himself, at reduced rents, and enjoying the entire fruits of his labour, freed from vexatious services attached, as remnants of ancient days, to the earldom of Sutherland.

The great benefits thus derived were attested, not to mention other proofs, by the wonderful improvements in the appearance and dress of those upon whom the changes operated; by the style and cleanliness of their houses; by the introduction of gardens; and by the new cultivation of thousands of acres of land before untilled, and thenceforward enjoyed by them without any increase of rent. Who does not here think of what Swift said, of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before? Such were the rich results, moral, social, and even national, of individual sagacity, knowledge, and perseverance, allied to benevolence and justice, in planning and carrying into effect agricultural and other improvements throughout a great district of country; which, before the reforming hand was applied to it, exhibited so much to deplore in its rudeness, and the comparative misery or depression of its inhabitants.

At a dinner at Dornoch, given to Mr. Macleod, member of Parliament, soon after the death of the Duke of Sutherland, that gentleman, on a toast to his memory being proposed, said among other things, that "no man of his time had contributed so much to the happiness of so great a number of his fellow men." On revisiting Sutherland in 1827, when the vast improvements which his exertions had brought about were in operation, he was presented with a piece of plate, of the value of eight hundred guineas, by his tenants, on which was the following inscription:—

"This piece of plate was presented to the most noble George Granville, Marquess of the county of Stafford, and Elizabeth, Marchioness of Stafford and Countess of Sutherland, on their return to Sutherland, in June, 1826, by the tenantry of the Earldom of Sutherland, amounting to one thousand two hundred and ten, in testimony of the attachment of a people advanced to independence, industry, and comfort, and supported amid the calamities which oppressed agriculture, by the wisdom, the justice, and the generosity of their beloved landlord."

He died at Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherland, in the summer of 1833. He had gone thither on a visit from his English home; but Scotland, by the affectionate wishes of her Highland inhabitants, who had so signally experienced the effects of his wisdom and goodness while living, and now wept over his death, became the home of his remains. These were deposited, without pomp or pageantry, in the ancient cathedral of Dornoch, the place of interment of the Earls of Sutherland since the year 1248. The coffins were made by his own carpenter; the shroud by the females of his family and daughters of his tenants; but the presence at the funeral of ten thousand mourners, as a contemporary account of the ceremony states, some of them coming from a distance of sixty or seventy miles to show their reverence for the memory of their departed landlord, was a remarkable spectacle. The simplicity of his funeral was at his own request, under a beautiful allusion in his will to Tacitus's remarks respecting the funeral of Germanicus. The respect and affection in which he was held in districts where, from his large possessions and frequent presence, his character was likely to be most severely canvassed and justly estimated, were powerfully shown in the fact, that immediately after his funeral, meetings were held in Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Sutherland, at each of which it was determined to erect a monument to his memory, to be placed on some suitable site in each of those counties respectively. The sum collected by voluntary subscription in these districts for the erection of the monuments was upwards of three thousand pounds sterling. The contributions from several thousands of contributors were chiefly in small

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sums—five pounds and under. In very many instances, they did not exceed a shilling. All these were touching memorials to exalted virtue and worth. Mere rank, title, and wealth, never commanded them in such ways, or to such an extent.

The Duke was a highly accomplished as well as an eminently useful man. England had reason to be proud of such a subject. He was a fine classic; knew Latin critically; spoke French with remarkable purity and elegance; was thoroughly versed in English, French, and Italian literature; a good botanist, and acquainted with all the modern discoveries in chemistry. These were but a part of his attainments. It is to his honour that they were chiefly self-acquired, although he had been at Westminster and Oxford. He was in the House of Commons before he was of age; ambassador at Paris from 1790 to 1792, the most critical period of the French revolution; in all which public situations, and others that he held, he gave uniform proofs, (although in Parliament neither a frequent nor a copious speaker,) of a sound and discriminating understanding, pure patriotism, and noble disinterestedness. In Paris, he appointed Mr. Huskisson, whom he found in that metropolis, a young Englishman engaged in the study of medicine, his secretary; and, on returning to England, became instrumental in procuring him a place in the War and Colonial Offices, then under the direction of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. He thus contributed, by his early and right appreciation of the character of Mr. Huskisson, to the future advancement of that powerful statesman. Those who remember the kind and elegant hospitalities of the Duke, are fond also of remembering how that illustrious pair, Huskisson and Canning, were wont to share them.

After succeeding, in 1803, as heir to the last Duke of Bridgewater, to the Bridgewater Canal and estates connected with it, he set the example, which has been improved by others, of opening his splendid collection of paintings to the public on stated days, at Cleveland-house, St. James's. His patriotism and courtesy were extended much farther to artists, to whom he afforded a liberal facility of access to this magnificent collection of private art, for the purpose of enabling them to pursue their studies and increase their acquaintance with the works and styles of the ancient masters. He was the president and munificent patron of the British Institution. To the national gallery of paintings, he presented a magnificent work of Rubens, from the Doria Palace at Genoa, for which he had paid three thousand pounds; he was in many other ways judiciously and extensively an encourager of the fine arts in England. Nor did any solicitors of public or private charity ever sue to him in vain, in any well-authenticated instance of want or distress.

Such, under various aspects of character and usefulness, was this enlightened and estimable nobleman. Exemplary in all his domestic and social relations, beloved by his family, steady in his friendships, just and wisely generous in all his dealings, faithful and able in the public trusts confided to him, with a train of private virtues that shed comfort and happiness before the path of thousands who were under his influence, in which offices of beneficence, he was ever and actively aided by his amiable and accomplished Duchess. Such a man may well be accounted an honour and a blessing to the country to which he belonged. The foregoing notices of his life have been taken, generally in its own words, from a printed but unpublished memoir of him drawn up by Mr. Loch, a member of the House of Commons, which the writer of this abridgment has received from England.

His family is among the most ancient in England. It stands at the present day allied, probably, to more of the great families of the nation than any other of the peerage. One of his estates, the ancient Gower estate of Stittenham, in Yorkshire, has been in the family by actual legal ownership since the twelfth century, and the tradition is, that it belonged to them before the Norman Conquest. His person was of the middle size; his countenance and features expressive of benignity and decision; his conversation, from the variety of his knowledge, adequate to almost all topics, but generally restrained and unostentatious; his manners grave, simple, dignified and courteous; it would be only common praise to add, those of a perfect gentleman. Such was this eminent and meritorious man. He died in his 76th year.

Antiquariana.

EGYPTIAN HOUSE.

Our last volume, (p. 325,) contained so minute a description of the private houses of the ancient Egyptians, that in introducing the present illustrative specimen, we shall merely state the circumstances under which this extraordinary relic of antiquity has been brought to light.

The Engraving shows the Model of an Egyptian House, with its Courtyard: it is 17 inches long by 17 inches broad, and 21 inches high. It formed Lot 515 in Mr. Salt's Collection of Egyptian Antiquities, sold in July last by the Messrs. Sotheby; and the reader will, doubtless, rejoice to hear that this interesting relic was purchased by Mr. Hawkins, for the British Museum; its cost being eighty-four pounds. It was found

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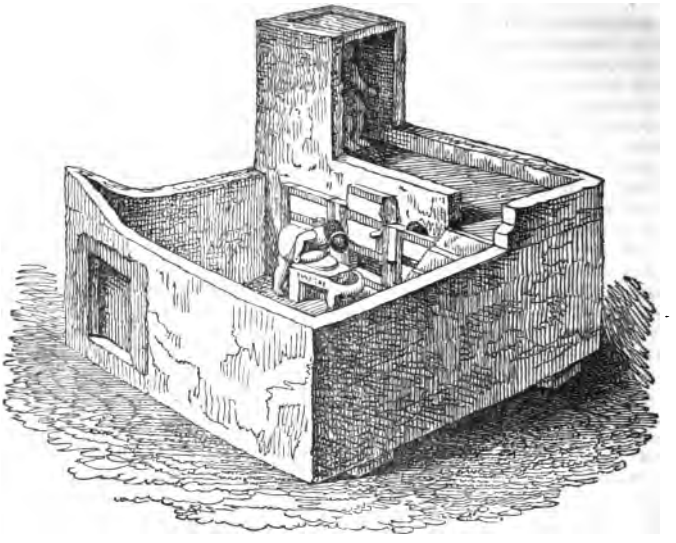

(Model of an ancient Egyptian House.)

with the models of two funereal boats in one of the tombs at Necropolis, appropriated for the reception of the mummied bodies of foreigners.

In the sketch, in front of the courtyard, on the left, is the door, fastened by a bolt; in the yard is represented a female preparing corn. The ground-floor consists of three store-rooms, with sliding doors. There is a ladder or staircase, which leads from the courtyard up into a gallery, at the extremity of which is a covered apartment, wherein is seated in a chair the master of the house.

The Public Journals.

THE METROPOLITAN EMIGRANT.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

I PROPOSED that we should dispose of all our goods and betake ourselves to farming. She, however, to do her justice, said that she was certain we could not succeed in making money that way; but I silenced her by asking her to show what way we could do better.

Accordingly, that same day, I went to our rival in the village trade, and struck a bargain with him for both the goods and the house.

The next week I left Labois, but with a much smaller retinue than when I entered it a month before, being only attended by one wagon. During the week I had come to the determination to settle in the township of Inverness; and, having arrived there, purchased a two hundred acre lot on the banks of a small stream, and at once contracted with two men to build a house and clear ten acres of land for me.

On the third week I entered on my land, the house having been put up and the greater part of my bargain finished. I had provided myself with the necessary woodman's utensils, and having seen the progress of the men I had hired, now thought myself capable of cutting down the trees that grew around.

I had resolved to follow their modes in everything, and, among others, had noticed that they never wore coats (I was afterwards told that they were at the time in pledge for whisky); accordingly, I took off mine, and worked hard for the first two days, when I began to feel pains in my back and arms. I with great difficulty managed, however, to continue throughout the third; but the next morning I suffered so acutely on attempting to rise, that I was certain I had got the rheumatism by going without my coat. All that day I lay in bed, and had warm cloths and flannels swathed about me, and, on the suggestion of my wife, suffered a mustard blister to be applied. These remedies, in five days, succeeded in allaying the pains, and on the sixth I left my room, but could not stand upright; on the contrary, I had to get two sticks, and move forward, stooping very much, only now and then lifting my head to see I did not run against stumps. That evening I was, in spite of the exhortations of my well-meaning spouse, round the edge of my clearing, and examining the place where I thought I could best renew my

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operations. After moving about a little in my stooping manner, I lifted up my head to see where I was going, and to my horror perceived a great bear wriggling its jaws and advancing towards me. I chose the lesser evil of the two, and disregarding the pain in my back, rushed to the house at the top of my speed. On getting in, I locked and bolted the door, and went up to the bedroom window (for we had that unusual thing—a two-story house), from which I saw the bear very scientifically pull down the pig-sty, and remove a fine fat pig we were intending to have killed for our Christmas dinner. The squeaking of the victim brought my wife, who, with great daring but little prudence, ran towards the thief, but, fortunately for herself, fell before she was up to it, having put her toe under the exposed root of a tree; I say fortunately, although she broke her arm in the descent; but to our great satisfaction it was soon healed, though the doctor's bill was anything but a trifle.

Every one who knows anything of Canada must have heard of the shocking winters of the Lower Province; and as the cold weather approached, I began to get rather terrified as to the result, it being the first winter I had been there. Accordingly I hired five immense stoves, one for the kitchen, one for the parlour, and the rest for the bedrooms, for which I paid five-and-twenty dollars. Indeed, this way I found was common with those who were not determined as to their stay; and as I had moved so much of late, I thought it was better than to purchase them. I then busied myself in cutting firewood, but the trees on my lot were unfortunately soft wood, which does not burn well; and what with being green, and what with being soft, we were placed in rather a disagreeable situation, as will be seen in the sequel. But, to tell the truth, I must say that my constitution was more adapted to cut and measure cords of lacings than cords of wood. It was while I was thus engaged, that I discovered that what I and my wife had imagined to be the rheumatism, was merely the pains occasioned by such unusual hard work, and not at all to be regarded, though it was no joke at the time.

It was about the middle of January, and a bitter cold morning, for a piercing north wind that nothing could repel, having arisen, we, as may be expected, instantly set about lighting a fire. Shivering and shaking with cold did I view Amelia's vain efforts to strike a light, in trying to effect which she only bruised her fingers, and failed in eliciting a single spark for at least five minutes. When at length that desirable object was attained, a candle having been lighted, we discovered that there was no wood in the house, and I had therefore to go to the shed where it was, a distance of about seventy yards. Although I knew it was a very cold morning, yet I thought as it was so near it would be needless to put on a greatcoat or gloves, therefore I rushed forth, and was instantly enveloped in a violent *poudre*, which almost blinded me, and cut my face to the bone. Though the wood was, as I have said, so close at hand, it was full three minutes before I reached it. Having loaded myself, I again entered the whirlwind of ice and snow; and though my hands were dreadfully cold, yet I managed to carry my load almost to the door, where, being unable to retain it any longer, I let go, and tumbled in half frozen to death; both my hands and the tip of my ear were frozen, which it took some time to get into their original state. Meanwhile Amelia ran out and brought in the firewood; yet it was so green and wet with melted snow, that it was full three quarters of an hour before it was kindled, during which period we were in a lamentable state, cold and comfortless within, while we could hear the bleak biting wind rushing without, whirling the small frozen snow into every cranny and crevice that it could get near, and threatening destruction to any one who should attempt to go out.

During this winter an unusual quantity of snow fell, and covered the roofs of the houses for some depth. While the frost lasted it was prevented from sliding off; but when spring approached and the days grew warmer, it loosened its hold on the roof, and would slide off in a great heap. One night, having occasion to go for something or other to the store, Amelia went out while I waited for her return. As the store was not more than ten minutes' walk, she had not thought it needful that I should go with her, though the night was as black as pitch.

For at least half an hour I sat ruminating beside the stove, listening to the snow falling off the roof, when my attention was roused by hearing a great portion slide off with a vast din, and at the same instant I imagined I heard a faint outcry; but as nothing followed, I sat still, greatly rejoicing that so much had fallen, as its melting on the roof made the house very damp, and likewise thinking it would greatly lessen my labour in throwing the remainder off, as I had intended to do on the morrow.

I waited for about ten minutes longer, reflecting on my fortunes in Canada, and revolving in my mind the events that had happened within the last twelvemonths — my twofold emigration, first from England, and then from the village where I had kept store, and hoping that I was now fairly settled for life, when I suddenly recollected my wife, who I found had been absent some time more than was necessary. Wondering what could have delayed her, I stepped to the window

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and looked out: all was dark and dismal, and I could not see further than an immense mound of snow that had slid off the roof. On finding how useless it was to remain looking for her from the window, I shut it and returned to the stove; but becoming uneasy, I silently, and with a kind of stealth, reached my hat and coat from the peg, and putting them on, resolved to go out and look for the missing Amelia. As the road was straight, I was under no apprehensions of losing my way, and therefore, climbing over the aforesaid high pile of snow, I hastened towards the store, hoping to meet her on the road, when the thought struck me that she was lying buried under the heap before my house. Having, therefore, called a neighbour, we procured torches, and looked for her tracks in the snow.

As we were going along, my companion eyeing me in a curious manner, said—

"Between neighbours I don't intend to say anything, but you had better make off before it's known."

"What's known?" answered I, much astonished at his words.

"Oh," said he, "you are quite safe with me; you need not fear my informing."

"What do you mean?" cried I, in some alarm.

"Only that you might not have met with any other person so accommodating. I have killed a man myself."

I started back from him in horror, and then asked, though almost choked by fear—

"Do you suppose I've killed my wife?"

"Certainly," said he; "or what are these spades for? but you ought to have chosen a better time—waited till the frost was out of the ground; it will be hard work to dig through."

I was quite thunderstruck; so much so, that I dropped my spade, which he perceiving, added,

"You may rely on me; only be off as quick as you can, for all the people hereabouts are expecting it, as they saw that you could be here for no other reason than to get rid of her, being nothing of a farmer."

Here I interrupted him, having recovered my breath and faculty of speech, both which had deserted me; and after some time made him understand that it was to dig her up that I required his assistance.

Having by this time reached the mound of snow, the mystery of her disappearance was cleared up by our perceiving one of her feet sticking up. We soon extricated her, almost dead with bruises, wet, and want of air: indeed, she would have been suffocated, had not her head got beneath the platform before the house.

As I had received something of a fright when my auxiliary said he had killed a man, I asked him to come in with a very bad grace; which he perceived, and gave vent to shouts of laughter, whereof I was in a manner constrained to ask the cause; upon which he answered, still laughing, "Why, Mr. Needles, we saw you were a coward, and therefore determined among ourselves to have some sport with you; and I was just amusing myself with you the whole time."

On hearing this, I asked him in and gave him a dram to say nothing more about it; but, notwithstanding, the story was in everybody's mouth two days after, and it was always in my ears for a month. But to continue.

The next morning my wife awoke with a very bad cold, that confined her to the house for a fortnight; by which time the snow was nearly all off the ground, and the spring fairly set in. The persons who had maple trees on their lots now commenced making sugar for their consumption during the rest of the year. But I was unable to do this, as my lot was covered with *magnificent pines*, and similar unprofitable trees; the sight of which, growing in great luxuriance, had induced me in my inexperience to take my present land in preference to that covered with far better trees. But the not being able to make sugar was the first and least of my manifold misfortunes while engaged in farming.

This season happening to be a very bad one, my crops, when harvested, produced so little, and that little of such bad quality, that I found myself out of pocket; which was a very discouraging thing to a new settler, and occasioned many sad reminiscences of my shop in the Borough, both to myself and Amelia. But we knew that, now we were out, we could not easily get back; so we mutually desisted from speaking on the subject.

In the spring I suffered the loss of one of my oxen by the falling of a tree: and it was impossible to repair its loss, as I had hardly sufficient money left to crop my land. While in this deplorable situation, I received 20*l.* from my father, accompanied with many hopes that we were succeeding in the farm; for he knew that I had left the store-keeping. This money restored me in some degree, and I managed to live to the autumn; when I again had a miserable crop, although my neighbours had very good ones.

On my expressing my wonder at this circumstance, one of them had the kindness to tell me that I never would make a shilling out of my land, it was so poor; adding, "And those pine stumps will hold up their heads for at least twenty years to come, in spite of all you can do. I advise you to clear out for some better location."

On hearing this opinion from one who ought to know, and as I had no reason to disbelieve him, as every pains had been taken

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in vain to render the last crop more plentiful, I thought it was deserving of attention and consideration. Accordingly, after tea, I thus addressed Amelia on the subject: "We have now been in this country upwards of eighteen months, and nothing but vexation and loss have attended us ever since we set foot on it. We have expended almost all our money, sold our goods, and, in fact, have been step by step going on to ruin. I therefore think that we had better scrape together what money we can, and return home. But what say you?"

Her answer was quite accordant with my wishes. But she added: "I think you would have done better if you had followed my advice, and never had anything to do with a farm, as I do not pretend to know anything about it; and the result proves you are no wiser than myself."

From this time we began to make preparations for our departure, which we had resolved should take place before winter. The selling of our furniture, farming utensils, oxen, &c. procured us the necessary sum. And as we could not hope to find a purchaser for the farm, we left it to receive a new coating of trees, and with all expedition set out for Quebec, which we expected to reach in two days, but which, by unusual rains and other circumstances, took us four; by which we arrived just in time to get on board the ship Frederick, bound for London; thus escaping the fraudulent, or at least exorbitant, charges at the inns.

This time we had a rough, boisterous, four weeks' passage, in the course of which I enjoyed the felicity of many a good ducking, as, not being very sick this time, I stood for the most part on deck. Nothing remarkable happened throughout, and glad was I when the ship anchored at Gravesend; from whence I was soon conveyed in the steam-boat to London; where, having taken a coach, I arrived about eight o'clock in the evening at my father's, where we stayed till we were re-established in another shop, into which I was right glad to enter, after having experienced in Canada the folly of emigration.

New Books.

JESSE'S GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(*Continued from page* 171.)

Cats.—Mr. White, in his Natural History of Selborne, states that of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element. The following fact, however, communicated to me by a friend who lived several years in Jamaica, will prove that they take the water, and is also another instance of the attachment of animals to the place where they were bred. Being in want of a cat, one was given him which was not full grown. It was put into a canvass bag, and a man on horseback brought it a distance of five miles from the place where it was bred, and from which it had never been removed before. In doing so, he had to cross two rivers, one, named the Mino, which was about eighty feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, running strong; the other, called Thomas's river, was wider and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers there are no bridges. The cat, when it arrived, was shut up for some days, and when supposed to be reconciled to her new dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The next day, however, she was missing, and was found shortly afterwards at her old abode.

A family residing at Newcastle-on-Tyne went one summer to Tynemouth, leaving their house in the care of two female servants. One evening, when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the servants were induced to go upstairs to see what she wanted. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbours, but, in the mean time, the man made his escape out of the window, and over the roofs of the adjoining houses.

Notwithstanding these anecdotes of cats, I must confess that they are not general favourites. An agreeable writer makes the following contrast between the dispositions of dogs and cats. He says, "I do not love a cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you, turning back, as he goes off, a staring, vindictive face full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness, seeming to say, 'Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever.' But the dog is my delight. Tread on *his* tail or foot, he expresses for a moment the uneasiness of his feelings, but in an instant more the complaint is ended. He runs around you, jumps up against you, seems to declare his sorrow for complaining as he was not intentionally hurt; nay, to make himself the aggressor, he begs by whinings and lickings that his master will think of it no more." Every one must allow the accuracy of this description. Cats are, however, persecuted animals,—

> "Cats are thought imps,
> And boys against their lives combine,
> Because 'tis said that cats have nine."

Public Gardens.—The English are, perhaps, the only people in Europe who cannot be admitted freely into public walks, gardens,

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or buildings, without committing some injury or nuisance. Names are cut on trees or benches, or something or other is mutilated or defaced. It is very different on the continent. The public gardens at Frankfort are only separated from a high road by a single rail, and yet nothing is injured, although no one is excluded. In these gardens, a nightingale had, for many years, built its nest in a particular spot close to one of the walks. It was seen by every one, and yet no one molested it, until, one day, a foreign servant saw and took it. When it became known, the man was hunted by a mob, taken before the city authorities, and, the fact being proved, he was sentenced to have his coat turned, to be drummed out of the city with every mark of disgrace, and never to enter it again.

Rats stealing Eggs.—The captain of a merchantman, trading to the port of Boston, in Lincolnshire, had constantly missed eggs from his sea-stock; he suspected that he was robbed by his crew, but not being able to discover the thief, he was determined to watch his store-room: accordingly, (having laid in a fresh stock of eggs,) he secreted himself at night in a situation that commanded a view of his eggs. To his great astonishment he saw a number of rats approach; they formed a line from his egg-baskets to their hole, and handed the eggs from one to the other in their fore-paws. Almost every farmer's wife knows that eggs are removed by rats from a hen-house without breaking them.

Dog and Horse.—The following is an instance of the sensibility, if I may call it so, of a horse, and proves how alive he is to danger. A friend of mine was riding a horse one day in India, attended by a spaniel dog, who had long been its companion. The dog ran into some long grass, and came out crying and shaking its head: the horse, contrary to his usual custom, not only avoided the dog, but showed the utmost dread of its coming near him: the dog soon died, and, upon examining him, it was found that he had been bitten in the tongue by a venomous snake.

Mouse and Pot of Honey.—A few years ago, the Rev. Mr. North, the rector of Ashdon, in Essex, placed a pot of honey in a closet, where there was plaster rubbish, it having been recently built. After some months, he went to the closet for the honey, and was struck with the appearance of a mound of rubbish against the side of the pot, and nearly to the top of it. He delayed removing it, till he had considered what could have occasioned it, the closet having been locked. On setting a trap, he caught a mouse, which proved to be the culprit. Upon examining the honey, the pot was nearly full, the honey having been raised to the top of the vessel by means of throwing in rubbish of the same material as the mound, and with which it was nearly half filled. In relating this anecdote, I have mentioned the name of the clergyman and his place of residence, in order to avoid an appearance of deception. He is now dead, but the fact is known to many persons, one of whom communicated it to me. It affords, I think, a strong proof of the reasoning faculties of animals.

Horses Swimming.—A farmer residing on the borders of the New Forest, in Hampshire, went over to the Isle of Wight, and there purchased a mare from a person of his acquaintance near Newport. The mare was put into a passage-boat, conveyed to the Hampshire coast, and, when landed, was taken to the purchaser's residence, and afterwards turned into one of his fields. The next morning the mare was missing; search was made for her, but she could neither be found nor heard of, and it was supposed she had been stolen. The farmer soon afterwards had occasion to go again to the Isle of Wight, and on mentioning his loss to the person from whom he had purchased the mare, he was informed that she had safely returned to the premises of her former master. The nearest distance from the Hampshire coast to the Isle of Wight is five miles, although the mare probably had to swim a much greater distance.

It is certain that horses have the power of swimming many miles, of which the following fact is a proof. A gentleman, while bathing under the rocks, which are close to the sea, near Dunraven Castle, in Glamorganshire, saw some strange object at a considerable distance swimming towards him: as this object came nearer, it made a great snorting, and proved to be a horse. The opposite coast was ten or twelve miles from the spot, and it was never ascertained to whom the horse belonged, or from whence he came. He was much exhausted when he landed, and was taken to Dunraven Castle, the owner of which took care of him for many years. It is more than probable that the horse was endeavouring to return to his former quarters in South Wales.

Swallows Migrating.—The *unanimity of purpose* in swallows is one of those facts in natural history which I always reflect on with wonder and curiosity. I allude to those vast collections of them which are seen every year on the banks of the Thames, the attempts they appear to make in order to prepare themselves for their migration, and the sudden disappearance of the whole flock in one instant. They may be compared to one of those vast caravans which are known to assemble in the East, in order to make the passage of an extensive and dangerous desert, for the purpose of arriving at some far distant place. Those have, however, a leader, and a sun, a moon and stars to guide them; while

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the swallow, with nothing to direct it but that unexplained instinct which a beneficent Creator has implanted in it, traverses the *deserts* of the air, passes through regions where it had never been before, and may be seen skimming the pools of Greece, (its Mecca,) with its wonted hilarity.

"There
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal mouths
Invite them welcome back."

There is sarcely a village in England, in which an assemblage of some four or five hundred swallows may not be seen early in September, either on the church or some other large building. These, in their flights, meet with other assemblages, and join them, and this may account for the vast collections of these birds on the aytes of the river Thames. When seen on a building, they open their wings to admit the warmth of the sun, and preen their feathers, appearing joyous and happy. It is a pretty sight, but it reminds us that winter is approaching. I am never tired of watching swallows: there is an elegance and pleasing hilarity in all they do.

The Old English Rat.—The following anecdote was recently communicated to me of the old English, or black rat; this animal is now become very scarce in this country. Unlike the Norway rat, which is fierce, and lives in little harmony even with its own species, our original animals appear to have been sociable in their habits, and to have shown kindness and friendship to each other. The fact referred to was communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Ferryman, a clergyman in Sussex, an accurate observer of nature, and whose beautiful collection of specimens of British birds and animals, is second to none that I have ever seen; they are all stuffed by himself, and he has given them a great interest by displaying their peculiar habits; he is in his 85th year, but his mind is still as vigorous as ever. Besides being a good scholar and a naturalist, he has made many curious and important discoveries in mechanics; and it is to be regretted that his retired habits, and the secluded situation in which he lives, have prevented him from becoming better known. He informed me that some fifty years ago, when the old English rat was numerous, he resided at Quorn, in Leicestershire. Walking out in some meadows, one evening, he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw amongst the number an old, blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. Mr. Ferryman has a large glass case of English rats, in which this interesting anecdote is commemorated with equal truth and fidelity. Mr. Ferryman also communicated to me the following anedote of a rat, which I am in justice to him bound to admit he did not *implicitly* believe himself, neither are my readers required to do so; I merely give the story as I heard it. He said that he had an old friend, a clergyman, of retired and studious habits. When sitting in his room one day, he saw an English rat come out of a hole at the bottom of the wainscot; he threw it a piece of bread, and, in process of time, he so familiarized the animal that it became perfectly tame, ran about him, was his constant companion, and appeared much attached to him. He was in the habit of reading in bed at night; and was on one occasion awoke by feeling a sharp bite on his cheek, when he discovered the curtains of his bed to be on fire. He made his escape, but his house was burnt down, and he saw no more of his rat. He was, however, convinced, and remained so for the rest of his life, that his old companion had saved him from being burnt to death by biting his cheek, and thus making him aware of his danger. The marks of teeth were visible upon it, and the reader may put what faith he pleases on the supposition of the good clergyman. He himself was always indignant if any one doubted it.

Spirit of Discovery.

HALLEY'S COMET.

(*Translated from the French of G. de Pontecoulant, by Colonel Charles Gold, C. B.*)

We here present in one table the different appearances of the comet of 1759, from the most ancient observations which have reached us to the present day. Thus grouped, the periods* will be seen collectedly, and this table will serve as a recapitulation of its history.

We beg it may be remembered, that the observations anterior to the fifteenth century, are too vague and uncertain not to leave great doubt as to the identity of the comet to which they refer, with that of 1759. That identity is founded only on the conformity of the periods.

Presumed Appearances of the Comet of 1759, in past ages.

Appearances.	Year.	Remarkable Events.
1st	130 before Christ.	Birth of Mithridates.
2nd	322 Christian era.	An interval of six revolutions.
3rd	399 do.	The Comet of horrible aspect, whose tail seemed to touch the earth.

* The interval between the two consecutive returns is called the "period" of the Comet.

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4th	550	do.	Rome taken by Totila; an interval of two revolutions.
5th	930	do.	Five revolutions in this interval.
6th	1005	do.	Three revolutions the interval.
7th	1230	do.	Three revolutions of 75 years each.
8th	1305	do.	One revolution of 75 years. Comet of terrific magnitude, followed by the plague.
9th	1380	do.	One do. do.

Appearances of the Comet after the 15th Century.

Appearances.	Year.	Observations.
10th	1456 A. D.	The Comet of an unusually large size; its tail extended over two-thirds of the interval between the zenith and the horizon. Period 76 years.
11th	1531 do.	Period 75 years. Apian, an astronomer of Ingolstadt, proved by it that the trains of Comets have always an opposite direction to the Sun.
12th	1607 do.	Observed by Kepler and Longomontanus. Period 76 years 8 months.
13th	1682 do.	Observed by Cassini, Hévélius, Halley, &c. Period 75 years.
14th	1759 do.	Return predicted by Halley; calculated by Clairaut.—Period 76 years 6 months.
15th	1835 do.	Expected approach to its perihelion. Period 76 years 8 months.

MEAN TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

According to Laplace, any actual diminution of the mean temperature of the earth, would be detected by a diminution of the length of the day. It appears by computation that one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer would make an alteration of nearly one second in the length of a day, and four or five minutes in that of a year.

OUTLINE OF THE RECENT ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

(*From the Athenæum.*)

On the 7th of June, 1834, Captain Back left Fort Reliance with his party, and was employed, during the remainder of that month, in transporting his boat and stores on rollers to his destined point of embarkation on the Thlewee-cho-dezeth,—a very arduous service, the distance being above 200 miles, and his people being in far from vigorous condition, in consequence of the spare diet to which they had been subjected during the previous winter. The task was, however, successfully accomplished, and, on the 7th of July, the party, consisting of Captain Back, Mr. King, his surgeon and only assistant, and eight men, all Europeans, bade adieu to their companions, and proceeded down the river in the direction ascertained the preceding season. The stream was at first deep, and interrupted by rapids as it cut its way transversely through a mountain range running east and west; but, beyond this, it proceeded to the northward, with little interruption, till, in latitude 65° 40′ N., longitude 106° 35′ W., it took a sudden turn to the east, thereby destroying the hopes up to this time entertained, of its entering the sea near Bathurst's Inlet. It now became very broad, and broken, as it were, into a succession of small lakes, terminating in one so large that it showed a clear horizon on several points of the compass; and here the expedition was much embarrassed by ice, so that, for above twenty miles, it was only enabled to advance by severe exertion. On recovering the clear water, however, the stream speedily again contracted, still trending easterly, and even south-east, and much broken by rapids and cascades, until, at length, in latitude 65° 54′ N., longitude 98° 10′ W., (not far, therefore, from the head of Wager Bay,) it burst with great fury between four granite mountains, and flowed thence, tolerably directly, towards the north. It also here became again very wide—from half a mile to a mile—and was even more broken with rapids and whirlpools than before; the adjoining country being in like manner rugged and hilly. The first Esquimaux were met not far from the sea, fishing at the foot of a considerable fall; and though they seemed, in the beginning, disposed to be hostile, they became afterwards very obliging and serviceable. On the 29th July, the expedition reached the sea, in latitude 67° 7′ N., longitude 94° 40′ W.

The river first terminated in a narrow estuary, much embarrassed by shoals and sand-banks; and the view to the north was in some measure closed in by a lofty headland, belonging to the eastern mountains, (afterwards called Victoria headland.) The opposite shores, however, speedily increased their distance from each other; that to the westward falling back in a direction nearly N.W., while that to the eastward trended off to N.E.¾E.: and as Captain Back was now to the eastward of Captain James Ross' Pillar, he considered it to be his duty to proceed to the westward, and so endeavour to approach it. But the drift ice was so closely packed on the shore in this direction, and was, at the same time, so frequently and dangerously set in motion by heavy N.W. gales, that he was unable to advance beyond latitude 68° 45′ N., longitude 96° 22′ W., when it bore about N.W. by N., distant eighty-three miles. From this point, a clear, icy horizon was seen in the N.N.W., in about which direction there seemed no doubt that

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there was a passage to the open sea, the tides coming up from this quarter, and the vertebræ of a whale being found driven on the coast opposite to it, with several pieces of drift wood, little sodden with water, and of a kind, (the white pine,) known to be peculiar to the banks of M'Kenzie River. Due north were two blue objects, which seemed to be large islands. In the N.E. were water and ice, with what is denominated a water sky beyond them. In the east the sea was clear, with one small island bearing E. by S., from fifteen to twenty miles distant; and to the right of this was also a wide, open space before coming to the eastern land.

The packed ice seemed chiefly confined to the western shore; and beyond it, especially to the eastward, the passage appeared quite free. Had Captain Back not known, therefore, of Captain Ross' return, he would have proceeded in that direction; and so, probably, have set at rest a question which he has now rather raised than decided, viz. whether Captain Ross was not merely on an island, and never on the main land of America at all. Under his circumstances, however, and with the extremely severe task before him of re-ascending so rapid and broken a river as the Thlewee-cho to his winter quarters, he would have been inexcusable had he quitted the coast in his solitary, and, by this time, also damaged boat. Accordingly, he set out on his return on the 15th of August, having previously obtained from his friendly Esquimaux, a delineation, after their manner, of the adjoining coast, which he has brought home with him, and which, so far as he went, was remarkably corroborated by the results of his own survey. He also ascended the most favourably placed of the neighbouring hills, so as to extend his sphere of vision; and thus took every step possible, in his circumstances, to render the result of his journey satisfactory. In ascending the river on his return, he was obliged to abandon his boat, and proceed on foot over the young ice; but his people, being well supplied with provisions, did not suffer materially under this additional fatigue. They arrived at Fort Reliance on the 27th of September, after an absence of three months and a half on their arduous service; and may all be expected in England, at the latest, by the Hudson's Bay Company's ship in November. Their gallant leader has been enabled to precede them by returning through Canada.

On the face of his narrative, great dangers and difficulties appear to have been boldly and ably surmounted; while these have led him across a considerable extent, (almost 1,000 miles,) of entirely new ground, of which we had no previous knowledge, unless through Indian report, now indubitably proved, in the main, incorrect. But, beyond this, the results of his labours are also extensively negative. Our previous conceptions of the configuration of the north-eastern extremity of America, especially as founded on Sir John Ross' representations, are much modified by them; and, individually, we now believe that his Boothia was merely an island, none of his statements being irreconcilable with this hypothesis, excepting only the difference of level which he alleges that he found between the seas on either side of its peninsula. We cannot help hoping, however, that the real fact may yet speedily, as it may certainly now easily, be ascertained. Besides what Captain Back's details, when obtained, may do towards settling the question, nothing seems more certain, from the result of both these last expeditions, (Ross' and Back's,) than that the ground respectively examined by them may easily be gone over again. From Chesterfield or Wager Inlets, the distance to the Thlewee-cho is now shown to be short; while that from Repulse Bay to the sea, into which it falls, is probably still shorter. An expedition, wintering at any of these points, with the means of constructing boats, in preparation for the following season, could easily, cheaply, and certainly complete the bottom of Regent's Inlet; while one or two vessels either sent down the Inlet, or to the westward of Boothia, as might be thought best, could complete the observations about the magnetic pole, begun by Captain James Ross, and probably connect his farthest with Cape Turnagain also, in one or two seasons. No value need be attached to the bringing these vessels back; if they got hampered they might be abandoned, and the crews return in their boats, as Captain Ross did, to a fixed rendezvous in Lancaster Sound or Repulse Bay.

The Gatherer.

Extraordinary Balloon Ascent —The following is an account of Mr. Green's last ascent on Sept. 17, from the pen of the intrepid aëronaut.—"I ascended from Vauxhall Gardens, accompanied by Mr. Butler, of Woolwich, at a quarter before six on Thursday evening, and a gentle breeze from the south-west took us in a north-easterly direction, crossing the river at Blackfriars-bridge. The huzzas of the populace, as we passed over the town, being reflected by that part of the balloon immediately over our heads, were loud almost to an unpleasant degree. We descended in the parish of Walthamstow at about a quarter past six, and having announced to Mr. Butler my intention of remaining up all night, he was very anxious to re-enter the car, and accompany me. This I did not deem prudent, for, in case of being carried out to sea, it would be much more advantageous to have his weight in disposable ballast. Having accordingly taken in a fresh supply of sand,

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I reascended, passing over Bishop-Stortford, Royston, and Huntingdon. I then met with a current which took me more to the east, and at a quarter before six, on Friday morning, I descended in the parish of Wimbsbotham, near Downham in Suffolk. Though early, I was soon surrounded by a large concourse of persons, all appearing most anxious to render me assistance. I partook of an excellent breakfast at the residence of Mr. J. Pike; and as my balloon had gained considerable power, on account of the sun's rays having expanded the gas, and evaporated the dew, which had collected during the night over the whole machine, I once more reascended, in the hope of finding either an inland current, or one that would enable me to cross the Channel; but, perceiving that I was going rapidly in the direction of the German Ocean, I suffered the gas to escape, and came safely to anchor within one mile of the sea, and close to the town of Lynn, in Norfolk, at half-past 10 A.M. I received numerous congratulations, though many persons, I believe, doubted the statement of my having been in the air during the past night, The towns lighted by gas illuminated the atmosphere for a considerable distance over them, and were easily distinguished. I fired several Bengal lights during the night, and, from the shouts which reached me from the earth, doubt not that their appearance must have created much astonishment. I remained in the air altogether about thirteen hours, and from the zig-zag direction of my course, must have travelled about 130 miles. From the very trifling loss of power, the balloon sustained during the whole of the time, I judge that I might have remained up for at least five days and nights."

Tinney, the Bass Singer, many years attached to Covent-Garden Theatre, although possessing one of the finest voices ever heard of its class, had a great disinclination to sing solo; his chief pleasure being to sing in glees and chorusses. The organist of a chapel in Marylebone, at which he sang, wrote the following appropriate lines on the subject:—

How is it, Tinney,
You're such a ninny,
While you've a voice to go low?
Sure such a fellow,
With notes so mellow,
Should oftener sing a solo.

Sing less in chorus, while on earth,
Solo's the test of merit;
In heaven's chorus you'll have a birth,
But on earth, pray show some spirit.

J. H. H.

Celibacy.—The following great names are enlisted in dislike of matrimony:—Newton, Locke, Boyle, Gibbon, Hume, Adam Smith, Harvey, Leibnitz, Bayle, Hobbes, Hampden, Sir F. Drake, Earl of Essex, Pitt, Michael Angelo, the three Caracci's, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Haydn, Handel, Wolsey, Pascal, Fenelon, De Henry, Pope, Akenside, Swift. Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Thomson, and Jeremy Bentham.—Among the ancients, we find nearly all their great philosophers:—Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Bion, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, and Diogenes,

The following distinguished men, though married, were unhappy in that state:—Aristotle, Socrates, Pittacus, Periander, Euripides, and Aristophanes.—Among the moderns:—Boccaccio, Dante, Milton, Steele, Addison, Dryden, Molière, Racine, Sterne, Garrick, and Lord Bacon.—*Woman; as she is, and as she should be.*

Elegant Yankeeism.—The *Cincinnati Republican*, in acknowledging the defeat of its party in the election for Hamilton County, has the following consolation:—"We are beaten! There is no necessity for making long faces about it! The Storer party have *catawampously chawed us up!*"—F. J. S.

Epitaph in Staplehurst Churchyard, Kent:

A man is born—alas! and what is man?
A scuttle-full of dust—a breath—a span—
A vale of tears—a vessel turn'd with breath,
By sickness broached, and drawn off by death.

F. J. S.

Where to get Married.—On the wrapper of the *New York Mirror*, published the 4th of July last, is the following advertisement:—

"Rev. William M. Stillwell, 112, Chrystie-street, is authorized by law to unite persons in Marriage, according to Title 1, Chap. 8, Part 2, of the Revised Statutes." R. R.!

Gainsborough.—I always listen with pleasure to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the Pigs. "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs, but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one on 'um had a foot in the trough."—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

Lampreys.—In the Gloucester Corporation accounts, is an entry of 13*l.* 10*s.* paid for lamprey pies sent by custom to the King, the Lord High Steward, &c.

Massacre.—During the tumults at Paris, on Sept. 3, 1792, and the four following days, 160 prisoners, (among whom were three priests and the Princess Lamballe,) were massacred in the prison of La Grande Force. The prisoners resisted during thirty hours, but being overpowered by numbers, they were, at length, compelled to yield. During three days, a negro pursued the work of slaughter without relaxation.

Erratum.—The columns of the portico of the Pantheon are Roman Doric, and not Ionic, as stated in page 179.

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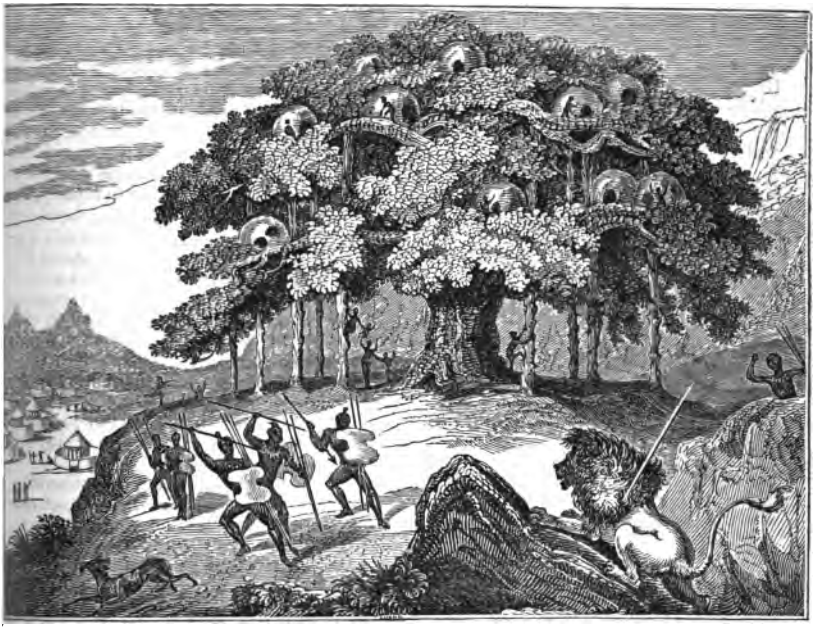
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 741.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.



INHABITED TREE, IN CAFFRE-LAND.

THIS grotesque scene was sketched from about 1,000 miles north-east of Cape Town; and lies not far from Kurrichaine, the Staffordshire as well as the Birmingham of that part of South Africa.

The tree stands at the base of a range of mountains, due east of Kurrichaine, in a place called "Ongorutcie Fountain." Its gigantic limbs contain seventeen conical huts. These are used as dormitories, being beyond the reach of the lions, which, since the incursion of the Mantatees, (from the adjoining country,) when so many thousands of persons were massacred, have become very numerous in the neighbourhood, and destructive to human life. The branches of the tree are supported by forked sticks or poles, and there are three tiers or platforms on which the huts are constructed. The lowest is nine feet from the ground, and holds ten huts; the second about eight feet high, has three huts; and the upper story, if it may be so called, contains four. The ascent to these is made by notches cut in the supporting poles; and the huts are built with twigs thatched with straw, and will contain two persons conveniently. Other villages have been seen by travellers, built similarly to the above; but these were erected on stakes instead of trees, about eight feet above the ground, and about forty feet square, (larger in some places,) and containing about seventy or eighty huts. The inhabitants sit under the shade of these platforms during the day, and retire at night to the huts above.*

The accompanying drawing of this inhabited tree was taken by Mr. Moffatt of Litakou, and forms one of the embellishments of Mr. Steedman's interesting *Wanderings and Adventures in Southern Africa*, just published. The natives represented in the foreground have been added to complete the picture, and to show how slight and inefficient their weapons are, to defend themselves from the attacks of those fierce invaders by which they are surrounded and so liable to be assailed.

* South African Quarterly Journal, Sept. 1830.

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THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, PARIS.

(*From Le Camaléon; translated by M. L. B.*)

In times past,—a custom certainly not dictated by the spirit of philosophy,—cemeteries and market-places lay contiguously to each other, as if to show, that life is ever the near neighbour of death. Indeed, the market was often held on fixed days around the cemetery, whose graves for awhile disappeared under the busy tread of traffickers, like those whom our Lord chased from the Temple. It is so even yet in some of the French provinces; and in Switzerland, where the churchyard is generally the scene of Sunday gaieties and diversions. There, amid high and tufted grass, facing a pot of beer and a game of bowls, people chat, enjoy themselves, and conclude all affairs of a family nature, of interest, and of pleasure,—no funereal echo seeming to repeat to them those solemn words:—"Mortal! remember, but dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!"

A cemetery, in fact, little resembled in former days, those Gardens of the Dead* which bear date from the French Revolution, and which have obliterated the lugubrious characteristics of the tomb. Our ancestors little dreamed of the refinements of Père la Chaise, where death is embalmed in flowers, and enlivened by the songs of birds amid woodland shades. Even as late as the end of the eighteenth century, death, naked and hideous, dwelt in the midst of towns, and poisoned the atmosphere of the living. When rank and fortune could not open to the dead the vaults of a church wherein they might sleep in darkness, (or) under the aristocratic burden of a mausoleum, they were allowed six feet of earth formed by human corruption in the Halles quarter or cemetery of the Holy Innocents—that insatiable gulf which, for eight centuries, devoured bodies, and absorbed many thousands of men.—The market has now intrenched upon the burying-ground.

This cemetery, the most considerable which Paris then inclosed within her walls, was situated between the streets, St. Denis and Fers, the Lingerie, and the Ferronerie: its contracted space was also diminished, by the Church of the Holy Innocents, which occupied the angle of the streets of St. Denis and Fers, and the charnel-houses, (a sort of low galleries,) which were ranged round the ground set apart for sepulture.

This was originally a marsh, improved by cultivation into meadows, at a period when Lutetia, (Paris,) was comprehended within the Isle of the City; but when the inhabitants clustered in a faubourg upon the right bank of the Seine, these meadows partook ere long of those two essentials to a town—a market-place and burying ground,—and yet retained the name of Fields.

For some time, the neighbourhood of certain chapels on the road to St. Denis, had tempted interments under the auspices of Saint Opportunity; and the cemetery which was laid out, at the same time that the church of that saint was founded, filled in proportion to the increase of Paris: the soil was peopled above and below.

But to how many profanations was this asylum of the dead exposed, until Philip Augustus, in a truly Christian spirit of respect, inclosed it with high walls, and shut it in with solid gates.—Animals were free to dung, and rake up the earth; sheep and horses there found pasturage; by day it was a scene of debauchery, and by night a retreat for thieves and murderers. About this period, an atrocious crime seems to have been committed, even perhaps in the cemetery itself:—some Jews crucified a child, in commemoration of the punishment of Christ; this child, named Richard, was added to the calendar of saints; and the chapel of the cemetery dedicated to him, was ere long reunited to its first patron, the Holy Innocents, who have given their name to a market and fountain.

Two centuries later, the cemetery being full, all the bones were exhumed which time had not pulverized; and these bones remained heaped up in broad day, until some wealthy and pious person took it into his head to bestow a more honourable resting place upon relics which rotted pell-mell with the dead bodies of dogs. This was, probably, the charitable Nicholas Flamel, who began to erect charnel-houses, to shelter the poor dead, as said an inscription; and all vied in following his example, who wished to give proof of superior devotion; nor did the Marshal de Bocicant, that valiant knight and able ambassador of the reign of Charles VI., disdain to associate with merchants and tradespeople, in erecting those charnel-houses which quickly replaced the inclosure of Philip Augustus.

These *charniers* formed a gallery open to the cemetery, with about five-and-twenty arcades in its length, and fifteen in its breadth; above these arcades ran vast lofts, or garrets, whose roof and dormer windows sloped to the side of the cemetery. In these were ranged, nearly as in our catacombs, the bones which had been taken from the earth; the caprice of grave-diggers disposed them in a fantastic symmetry and order, which by turns excited laughter and horror; and one forgot that these fragments of skeletons once possessed motion, thought, and speech. Along the charnel houses, tombs crowded in all parts, suspended from the vault, or arched ceiling, attached to the walls, or sealed

* Literally, "*champs du repos*," but we prefer as synonymous, the elegant and truthful Orientalism. —Trans.

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down in the pavement; also, on every side might be seen epitaphs, sculptures, and paintings; in fact, all efforts of man seeking to survive himself in stone and marble. But the dead did not long enjoy alone their possession; decorative artists glided in, under the pretext of being better able there, to satisfy the sorrow of relations and friends. Ornamenters and image-makers were joined by scribblers, whose services were not to be despised in the momentous affairs of epitaphs and wills; but these were followed by toymen, ribbon-gilders, and milliners. For sixty years, the *charniers* presented this scandalous spectacle; every tomb was occupied by a shop; every epitaph concealed by a stall; and the Palais Royal was needed to deprive of vogue the trade of these places, which had more customers than the Galleries of the Palais de Justice.

In the churchyard, interments took place as usual; and every time it was full, it was emptied into the garrets which bowed under the wrecks of fifty generations. This cemetery received about 20,000 corpses during eight days of plague in the year 1435; but its black and unctuous earth possessed, it is said, the peculiar property of decomposing bodies in less than a week. The aspect of this place was horrible—without consolation and without melancholy: the earth incessantly turned up for the dead, and incessantly trampled on by the living, refreshed not the eye with any verdure, but grieved it by the sight of a few privileged monuments; amongst others, the pretended tomb of St. Richard, and the Tower of Nôtre Dame de Bois, a sort of obelisk, the use and origin of which are equally unknown. None of that imposing silence, which ought to accompany death, reigned there; and there nothing was which could inspire the idea of another life; the cries only of traders, the uproar of the markets, and the barking of dogs, were heard; and paupers, schoolboys, and street-porters, only were beheld. On the evening after a funeral, the grave could not be found, so many feet had so quickly trampled it down.*

For several years, this permanent focus of infection, situated in the very centre of a populous quarter, had excited the attention of the guardians of public health; but the many delayed from day to day a reform which must wound the private interests of the few. Men of science had frequently declared that sickness and mortality were greatly increased by the putrid miasma, which, disengaged from this cemetery, mingled with the atmosphere of Paris; and who knows how long civil carelessness might have neglected their sage admonitions, had not an accident at length obliged those in power to cede to the remonstrances of the Philanthropist. The pressure of the bodies accumulated in the graves was such, that several cellars of the neighbouring houses fell in;† and it was proved that the decomposition of bodies could no longer go on in an inclosure so saturated with putrefaction. The cemetery was then closed, fresh inhumations therein prohibited, and at the end of a certain period necessary for the metamorphosis, the cadaverous earth was transported to the bottom of the quarries, the charnel-houses were destroyed, the ground was levelled and paved, and a market opened thereon, which was adorned with an ancient fountain, from the chisel of the celebrated Jean Goujon. No remains of the cemetery have come down to us; yet, who can avoid reflecting, when passing through this filthy and noisy market, that, during eight centuries, one half of the inhabitants of Paris disappeared on this spot; and that beneath its shops, abounding in commodities essential to life, might even yet be found bones, and a sepulchral odour!

* "I have extracted," says the writer of this paper, who signs himself, *A Young Antiquary*, "from a work by the bibliopolist Jacob, these curious particulars, which are not to be found elsewhere."

† We remember hearing of a similar accident which, some years ago befell, or was at least reported to have befallen, the churchyard of St. Clement's, in the ancient and populous city of Norwich: and which, we believe, but our memory is very indistinct on the point, occasioned a clearance of that cemetery, and layers of fresh earth to be put into it.

ANCIENT MATHEMATICIANS.

THE science of mathematics has always been cultivated by nations which had the least pretensions to be called civilized; nor have barbarous people been without some vestiges of this most important branch of philosophy. Like every great science, it arose by degrees: at first it was in the possession of only a few persons; but afterwards, when known by many, it became a branch of education. It has attained its present elevation by successive discoveries,—each throwing new lights on former, and each widening the path of knowledge. Mathematics and Astronomy preceded other sciences; and, from the relation which they bear to each other, we are justified in calling them the sister sciences.

The Assyrians first cultivated mathematics; for though something was known before their time, yet the science was not sufficiently established to deserve the appellation. From Chaldea, it was carried into Egypt, the people of which country proved great proficients in it. Aristotle, indeed, ascribes to them the honour of founding the science; and, if to place philosophy on a certain basis, to enlarge its boundaries, and to methodize its facts,—is to deserve the name of its founder, then the ascription is not vainly made. Greece, through the instrumentality of Thales, was the next great country which had the science

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imparted to it. Thales had travelled in Egypt, and his object in visiting that country being well known, the priests freely initiated him into many secrets which they kept from the mass of their countrymen. Pythagoras was a devout admirer of the science: most of the illustrations of his doctrines are drawn from it; and its facts first drew his attention to astronomy, the principles of which he taught successfully. Anaxagoras, Briso, Antipho, Democritus, and Hyppocrates of Scio, were, also, eminent teachers of the science. Before the time of the latter, the facts of mathematics were scattered,—some philosophers were acquainted with principles, of the existence of which their brethren did not know, and a general treatise on the science was very much wanted. Hyppocrates supplied this desideratum by compiling "the Elements of Mathematics;" which gave an impetus to, and was the means of extending, the study.

"The divine Plato" is the next great name which we find connected with mathematics. He enlarged the boundaries of the science, and used it in proving the facts of physics, by which means natural philosophy was built upon a safe and indestructible basis. Many of his disciples distinguished themselves by their attainments in mathematics; insomuch, that thirteen have been mentioned by Proclus,—among whom were Theatelus, who wrote the elements, and Archiates, who first applied the science to use in life; before his time it was for the scholar alone, but he succeeded in showing that it was applicable to the use of man in general. Neocles and Theon succeeded the latter, and improved and extended the Elements. Menæchmus first wrote on the conic sections. Aristotle's works are stored with geometrical problems, and from them a work on mathematics was compiled by Blancanus. Eudemus and Theophrastus, the followers of Aristotle, were also distinguished professors of the science: the first wrote a treatise on geometry and numbers, and the latter a mathematical history. Aristeus, Hypisicles, and Isidorus originated the book of solids; which first drew to its study the glorious master of the science—Euclid, who collected and amended the various treatises of mathematics, and also added much valuable matter. After a life spent in the pursuits of philosophy, he died in the year B. C. 284. About a century subsequent to the death of Euclid, Archimedes flourished: he proposed and solved many problems in geometry, and drew the attention of other philosophers to the study, which had begun to decline. Conon was a contemporary of his, and was eminent in geometry and astronomy. Menelaus and Hipparchus wrote on various branches of the science; and the learned still possess Theodosius's three books of spherics.

Ptolemy of Alexandria was the first distinguished geometrician after the birth of Christ. To his knowledge of the science may be ascribed the progress he made in astronomy. Plutarch succeeded him, and many of his problems are extant. Eutochius flourished next; and in his commentaries he notices several eminent mathematicians, among whom are Diocles, Sporus, and Nicomedes. To another geometrician, Ctesibius, we owe the invention of the pump. Many other eminent individuals might be mentioned, if our limits permitted; but the passing notice of one, Pappus, whose mathematical work is extant, must suffice.

Thus have the founders of this noble science been mentioned,—a science which strengthens the intellect, — which, unlike others, cannot err,—which teaches man how to reason much better than logic can do,—which gives order to sciences, which, without it, would be in confusion; and which gives fact, where, without it, there would be naught but assumption. To conclude, it is a science necessary to man in every relation of life; and its possessor has a key with which he can unlock the secrets of nature, reason, and philosophy.

E. J. Hytch.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(To the Editor.)

Permit me to offer the following brief notes in relation to Mr. Neville Wood's observations, (at page 69,) on the birds in this institution.

The American cuckoo said to have been shot in Pembrokeshire, and now in the Museum, is not the only instance of its being killed in Britain, three others being on record (See *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 62.)

Mr. Wood notices as "curious varieties" a white jackdaw, white sparrows, white coalhoods, white swallows, and a white woodsnipe or woodcock.

The occurrence of white jackdaws is mentioned in Rennie's edition of Montague's *Ornithological Dictionary*, and by Captain Brown in his edition of White's *Selborne*. White sparrows are not uncommon: (see Rennie's Montague's *Orn. Dict.*; Brown's White's *Selborne*; *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. i. 494, vol. v. 583.) A white swallow is mentioned in Fraser's *Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia*, p. 471; and a white woodcock is mentioned by Bewick.

I differ with Mr. W. in thinking that in the Museum there is "a far greater number of specimens of the eggs of some of the common species than is at all necessary," or that two or three would be sufficient;" for the eggs of particular species of birds are so apt to vary in their colour, marking, size,

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and even in their shape, as to present many extraordinary varieties. From this circumstance, the eggs of very distinct species of birds so frequently are alike or nearly so, that I have known some of the best ornithologists hesitate to speak positively of the exact species to which they belong, unless the nest were also produced to assist in the identification. JAMES FENNELL.

FLOWERS THAT OPEN AND SHUT AT PARTICULAR HOURS.

"In every nook and shelter'd dell,
Are faithful monitors that tell
How pass the hours and seasons by."

SEVERAL plants expand and contract their flowers with remarkable precision at particular hours of the day. Linnæus, indeed, attempted to arrange such plants so as to form a botanical timepiece. In some instances, this regularity may be ascribed to the influence of either light or heat; but not, however in all. Decandolle experimented on plants placed in a cellar strongly illuminated with lamps, with the view of making them alter their hours of opening; and though, by this expedient, he got the *Ornithogalum umbellatum* and *Anthemis maritima*,—plants which naturally close their flowers during night, to open; yet his strongest light could not induce the *Oxalis stricta* and *Oxalis incarnata* to unfold their flowers.

The Goat's beard, (*Tragopogon pratensis*,) opens its yellow flowers at about 3 A.M., and closes before noon: hence its popular name of "Go-to-bed-at-noon."

The great, White Water-lily, (*Nymphæa alba*,) opens its snowy, floating flowers at about 7 A.M. and closes them at about 4 P.M.

The scarlet Pimpernel, (*Anagallis arvensis*,) called also the poor man's weather-glass, because it never expands its corolla in moist or rainy weather, opens, on fine days, at 8 A.M. and closes at 4 P.M.

The wild Succory, (*Cichorium Intybus*,) also opens at 8 A.M. and closes at 4 P.M.

The Sandwort, (*Arenaria*,) opens at about 9 A.M. and closes between 2 and 3 P.M.

The Star of Bethlehem, (*Ornithogalum umbellatum*,) opens at about 11 A.M. and closes at 3 P.M.

The *Mirabilis dichotoma* is called "the four o'clock flower" in the West Indies, on account of its opening regularly at that hour in the afternoon.—*Burnett's Botany*, p. 595.

The evening Tree-primrose, (*Œnothera biennis*,) opens between 6 and 7 P.M.

The night-blowing Cereus, (*Cactus grandiflora*,) opens at about 7 P.M. and closes before sun-rise.

These are facts worth knowing, not merely to the naturalist, but to the traveller, the sportsman, the labourer, and, indeed, to every one who spends any part of his time in the fields. J. F.

The Cosmopolite.

CHINA.

CHINA has a vast population, for there is little celibacy, war, or pestilence; many find "no cover set for them at nature's table"—the straitened parents suppress the best law of nature, and cast their helpless offspring upon the streams. The infants, thus abandoned, are tied in a box, and many are rescued by public officers. It would be better, that the officers should be appointed rather to receive them from the parents.

The water, like the land, hath its inhabitants—two millions, to whom the earth is but an occasional element, have no home but the frail barks on the rivers. These boats, at the large cities, are moored in lines, with spaces, like streets, between them. The whole population may be one hundred and fifty millions; of these, one million and two hundred thousand are soldiers—better fitted, however, to suppress insurrections at home than to achieve foreign conquests. The Chinese are, to an extreme, the reverse of warlike, or the Great Wall had never been built to show how much their industry exceeds their courage.

In all China, there are but about a hundred family names, and the Chinese are sometimes called, collectively, "the hundred names." No marriages are contracted between persons of the same name.

The Chinese dress, it has been said, was devised by Modesty herself, though it is little indebted to Taste. It is loose and clumsy, and conceals the shape. The Chinese have a repugnance to the display of the human figure, even in sculpture; the less they have of virtue the more they pretend to decorum. The chief garment is a long and loose robe, bound with a silken sash, from which are suspended the chop-sticks, and, in the higher ranks, a rich pipe, tobacco-pouch, two watches, and a fan. No gentleman is dressed without his fan. This peaceful instrument hangs in a case, like a scabbard, and is worn alike by civil and military.

The dress of the females nearly resembles that of the men; but the colours are more gaudy. A Chinese lady conceals every part but her face; she trims her eyebrows into an arched line, stains her teeth, paints her face, and permits her nails to grow several inches—carrying them in a sheath of bamboo. Her feet are cramped, in childhood — making childhood a season of torture, and crippling her through life, so that she rather totters than walks. The compressing bandages occasion so much pain, that children are sometimes restrained by force from tearing

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them off. The shoe of a belle is four inches in length and two in width. These horrid feet are called "golden lilies."

As the Chinese never change their dress from motives of cleanliness, but wear the same, night and day,—and as there is no washing machine, no washing, and but an unfrequent dipping of the garments in ley,—the presence even of a grandee may be detected by more than one of the senses. There are no handkerchiefs, but little pieces of paper are used for the nose, and the hands are wiped on the sleeve of the robe. Truth requires it to be said, that vermin spare not the highest classes.

One badge of servitude only is retained—the long queue, derived from the Tartars. It is a single tuft of hair, depending from the crown, while the rest of the head is shaven: it reaches to the waist, and is terminated by a braid of silk. A Chinese cannot be more disgraced than by losing his queue, or more affronted than by having it pulled. When he stands, it hangs down, but when he runs, it stands out horizontally.

The Chinese are neither so good nor so bad as they have been represented. The early travellers and missionaries, finding a state of society in which there was no discord, though there was no freedom, were prone to overvalue it, and the French writers spread the same delusion over Europe. Two opposite parties in France vied in extolling the Chinese—the Jesuits, to show the importance of a country they were converting—and the philosophers, that they might prefer the doctrines of Confucius to Revelation. Subsequent travellers, finding much of this praise undeserved, were perhaps disposed to deny credit to the Chinese for their actual virtues, and described them, in general terms, as dishonest, inhospitable, cowardly, false, and ungrateful. No foreigner, however, has of late had an opportunity of seeing them to good advantage, and it is admitted that they are, with all their faults, tractable, frugal, cheerful, and most industrious. Their moral virtues rest upon a slender foundation, but their habits are domestic. The despotism of the government, the severity of the police, and the demoralizing tendency of corporeal punishment, inflicted at the will of an officer, on all ranks, must lead to the abasement of the people. The bamboo, like the cudgel in Russia, is never at rest; it is "the image of authority;" honour and generosity vanish before it, and falsehood and meanness are as general as the fear of it.

The shadow is followed, rather than the substance; ceremony is a greater study than duty. Yet, nothing is more common than moral inscriptions in houses and shops; they are a part of Chinese ostentation. They are like much of the national lore, indisputable truisms, as — "when men discover their errors, they ought to reform;" "act with sincerity, and you will be trusted." A saying peculiarly Chinese, is—"music distinguishes the honourable from the ignorant; ceremony, the courtier from the plebeian."

Ceremony makes up the life of a Chinese; it is his study, his guide; there is no authority so strong with him as custom. The very children of the higher classes are infected with a gravity beyond their joyous age, which restrains them from the natural sports of childhood. The books of ceremonies are numerous, and regulate nearly every occurrence in life. The invitation to a feast is repeated several times, in writing, before it is accepted, and after this distant skirmishing the battle of ceremony begins. A Chinese banquet is not to be tasted without long study and practice in the ceremonial. Vauban never had more indirect modes of approaching a fortification than the Chinese have in sitting down to dinner.

Each guest has a small table to himself, but no one must begin until all are ready; and in eating, the company preserve the regularity of a drill. To drink, is a more serious undertaking. The head-waiter, falling on his knees, invites the company to take a glass, when the parties rise, as one man, and walk solemnly into the middle of the room, each one holding his cup with both hands; these they raise as high as their lips, and then sink them almost to the ground—the lower, the more polite. This is repeated several times, each one watching intently the progress of the other, and no one drinking until, after many attempts, the cups all touch the lips at the same moment. The cups are then drained and inverted, and, after various salutings, the company return to their seats. To the Chinese, we are indebted for that convenient subterfuge, the visiting-card; but we have reduced to a single slip, that which is, in China, a pocket-volume.

The *Kotou*, or "act of adoration" to the emperor, is performed by nine prostrations. The English diplomacy, on these ceremonies, consumed as much time as the object of the mission, and after all their caution, the distrustful strangers were marched back to their ships, under flags, describing them as tribute-bearers to the emperor.

By an imperial order, it was arranged, at Lord Amherst's reception, that "His Majesty should, with profound veneration, ascend the throne, in the Palace of Light and Splendour; that the guard should wear their leopard-tail dresses, and that the band should play the '*Lung Ping*,' or 'a glorious subjugation.' Then the great officers were to proclaim the word *Peen* (whip), and the band to play *Che-ping*, 'a subjugating sway.'"

The Chinese, though insolent to foreigners, for whom the common term is foreign devil,

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are timid before magistrates, having been trained to obedience under institutions that have inverted the very passions and instincts of nature. A Chinese child is early made to believe that the emperor is the general father, and that to resist his authority is both treason and impiety. The books abound in anecdotes of dutiful children; they uphold the fifth commandment; parents are cherished, and infants abandoned to perish. Many of the incidents related of filial duty are peculiar. The highest encomiums have been bestowed on the son of parents who were too poor to purchase curtains to their bed; he prescribed it to himself, to lie motionless upon his own couch and let the mosquitoes feast upon him, rather than brush them off, lest it might add to the number that afflicted his parents. But the art of defence is taught in books, though there are no pitched battles. The Canton Register says, that the first lesson of a boxer is to thrust, for hours, at a bag of sand, and he varies his assault in the manœuvres called—"a dragon thrusting out his claws, a drunken China-man knocking at your door, and a crane and eagle reciprocally embarrassed."

The peculiarities of language and customs of China have preserved the nationality, by rendering difficult all communication with foreigners. The first impression of a stranger is, that he is in the midst of a redundant population; everywhere he sees masses of people, chiefly of one sex, for females are secluded. The good-humour of the crowd is remarkable; there is no brawling or complaint, except the wailing of some unpitied offender undergoing the bamboo, for justice here is prompt, if not discriminating. In the interior, the foreigner sees frequent and populous cities, with walls, gates, and pagodas; he sees fields without cattle or inclosures, and soldiers in paper helmets and quilted petticoats, fanning themselves, or kneeling to salute a passing officer. The shops glitter with varnish and gilding, and gaudy lanterns are suspended before them, inscribed—"they do not cheat here," to remove the more probable belief that they do. There are many processions, civic, military, nuptial, and funereal. In these is music, in which noise prevails over harmony. The streets offer every variety of occupation. There, the barber has his chair, the cobbler, his bench. At sunset, the tumult of the busy and the idle ceases, the streets are deserted, and the city is quiet.

The Chinese have, if not invention, a great talent for imitation, and copy, very exactly, any European work. Their powers of deception are great, and the cheats of a city almost equal in number every bargain and sale. No purchaser, who would be just to himself, buys without his own measure or weight; and many a foreigner, at Canton, has bought as a capon only the skin of one, adroitly stuffed; or as a ham, a gammon, from which he could slice nothing but chips. The condition of females is universally the test of civilization, and in China their lot is deplorable. Few of them can read, and all, whose condition permits it, are secluded. They are drudges and slaves, not wives. They are contracted without their own consent, and they may be repudiated without their own fault. The stronger sex have made the laws which bind the weaker to domestic servitude, forgetful that Providence has intrusted the protection of the weak to the generosity of the strong.

The Chinese have considerable skill, and many secrets in the arts, which they seem to have obtained by accident, for they are ignorant of the principles. They have lenses and spectacles, without a knowledge of optics. Their music is rude and discordant, and, to an European ear, a Chinese concert is intolerable. They calculate numbers, readily, by means of a table with balls. They carve neatly, in ivory and wood, and we are familiar, in this country, with their concentric moveable globes, one within another, and all cut from one piece of ivory. Many of their inventions were anterior to the same in Europe, but they have been little improved. They had, centuries ago, a knowledge of gunpowder, of the magnet, and of printing. Yet, their guns are clumsy match-locks; their types, stereotype pages cut in wood; and their mariner's compass is a guide little to be trusted. Types are so cumbrous, that they are housed in large buildings, and a memorandum is made in a book, stating where they may be found for a future edition.

The general beverage is tea, which is taken at all hours, and always without sugar or milk, hot water being poured upon the leaves in the cup. The tea is much improved by a voyage to Europe; and a most acceptable present, at Canton, is a box which has been returned. The conoscenti in tea are very careful to boil the water over a fire made of pine, in an earthen vessel made in a particular province, and to infuse it in a cup of another kind. The manner of presiding at a tea-table is, in this ceremonious country, an art with its principles, rules, and instructers. The emperor, Kien Long, recorded the virtues of tea in an ode, which may be read on half the tea-cups in the Empire.

The Chinese language has no affinity with any other. In the tongues of Europe, the knowledge of one is a step towards another; but when the linguist has mastered many languages, he has few principles to aid him in the Chinese. The written and oral languages are entirely different. The spoken is composed entirely of monosyllables, and these are few, though they are varied by various tones and inflections, some of them so delicate, that they escape an European ear; thus,

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the word *po* signifies, among many other things, an old woman, a captive, wise, inclined, a very little, to boil, to winnow rice, to prepare, and to cleave. This ambiguity of language leads the Chinese to use many gestures and contortions of body, in speaking; and they often make with a finger the sign or character which expresses the thing. The number of sounds in the language, which can be expressed in English, are about three hundred and fifty, so that a similar sound is applied to more than two hundred different ideas. All words are indeclinable; there is neither gender, number, case, mode, tense, nor person. This defect is remedied in part by an invariable order, or following of the words. Their written language is good in theory, only it expresses no sound—being intended, without the intervention of it, to represent ideas alone. The characters are, some of them, rude representations of the objects signified, as in the sign for a woman, child, &c. The character for a prison is an inclosure—and a dot in it, represents a captive. The character for a tree, if used twice, represents a thicket—and thrice, a forest; that for time, repeated, is eternity. Many of the emblems, expressing simple ideas, are ingeniously compounded; thus the character for *mother* and *water*, when combined, make the sea, mother of waters. *Good* and *word*, unite to make *praise;* and *calamity* is expressed by the characters for *fire* and *sword*—also, by the sign for a *broken reed*. The signs for *ear* and *door*, make *to listen;* to *grieve*, is expressed by a *heart* and *knife;* and to *meditate*, by a *heart* and *field*. A *bargain* is denoted by a *word* and a *nail*. The sign for a *barber* is compounded of the characters for *razor* and *respect;* and *comfort* is expressed by the emblems for *rice* and *mouth*. *Happiness* is denoted by the characters for *children* and *land;* and this symbol embroidered, is often presented by the emperor as a mark of peculiar favour. The Chinese are as little gallant in their signs as in their courtships. The sign for a *wife* is compounded of *woman* and *broom;* and *security* is represented by a *claw* placed over a *woman*. To *scold* is expressed by the signs for *two women;* and *levity* is a *man* between *two women*. *Conceited*, is a *woman* and *to strut;* *anger*, a *woman* and *sour wine*. *Handsome*, however, is a *woman* and *to sigh;* and *to marry*, is a *woman* and *take*. There is a general key, by which about two hundred characters, which enter into the composition of most others, may be known. These characters mark the principal objects of nature, and are the roots or genera of the language. The dictionaries are arranged in reference to them. The *heart* is one of these roots; and the curved lines for *heart*, enter into the character, for all sentiments, passions, and affections. Under the genus *hand*, are arranged all trades and manual employments; and under that of *word*, all kinds of speech, debate, study, writing, and knowledge. Some of the usual figures of speech are peculiar; a mat or bed is called the kingdom of sleep; the head, the sanctuary of reason; the eyes, the stars of the forehead; the stomach, laboratory of aliments; and a lamb, a sucker on its knees. The wounded, in a battle, are said to be *spoiled;* and widows and orphans are called the poor of Heaven.

The fundamental part of the Chinese penal code, has been translated by Sir George Staunton. The first and greatest crime is treason, which is defined to be "an attempt to violate divine order of things upon earth; resistance to the emperor, is therefore a disturbance of the peace of the universe." The punishment for treason, is to be executed by a lingering and painful death; the criminal's goods are confiscated, and all his male relations, over sixteen years of age, and within the degree of father, grandfather, son, paternal uncles and their sons, are put to death. If under sixteen years, they are enslaved. The other crimes, defined next after treason, and punished with nearly equal severity, are desertion, or quitting the empire to adhere to a foreign power; parricide, or an attempt to murder a parent, grandparent, uncle, or aunt; massacre, or the murder of three or more members of one family; sacrilege, or stealing from temples, or the emperor; counterfeiting the emperor's seal, or administering to him any improper medicines; impiety, or disrespect to parents or near relations, or refusal to honour their memory; discord, or maltreating members of the family; and insubordination, or rising of the people. The penalty for these crimes is never remitted.

In the laws regulating the palace, it is provided that the emperor's physician shall receive a hundred blows, if he administer unusual medicines; and that the cook, if he serve up unusual food, shall first swallow it and then receive a hundred blows. If his majesty ask a question, the first officer in rank is directed to reply; and if an inferior should speak first, he is mulcted in a month's salary. Any officer of state, who ambitiously addresses the emperor, soliciting places, is punished by a hundred blows, and if he falsely accuse another officer, is beheaded.

The government is, in theory and practice, a despotism. The will of the emperor is above all law, and obedience is inculcated to him as a general Father, for his government, such as it is, is called *paternal*. — *New-England Magazine.*

Persian Lament.—The spider weaves her web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl sings her night-song on the towers of Erasiab.

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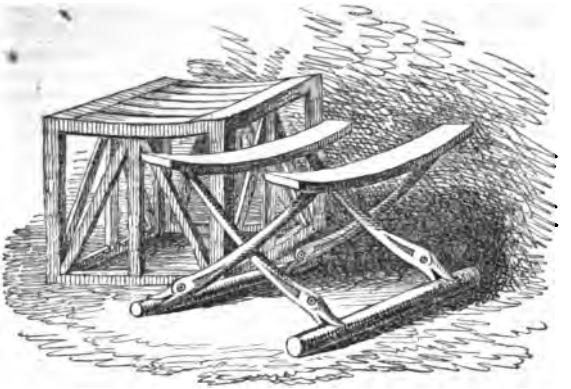


(Egyptian Seats.)

Antiquariana.

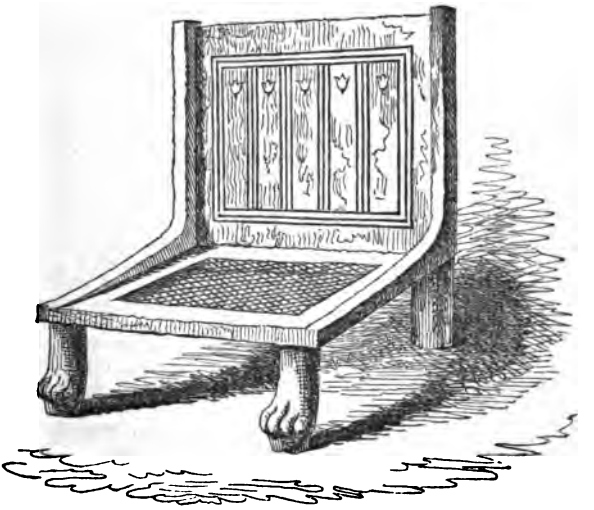
EGYPTIAN FURNITURE.

The accompanying specimens of ancient Egyptian furniture exceed in rarity and interest the model of a house already figured at page 200. They are likewise from Mr. Salt's Collection, just disposed of by the Messrs. Sothebys.

First are two seats, one a very singularly made folding seat of hard wood, the four legs terminating in the head of the goose, curiously inlaid with ivory. When this interesting object was found, it had its original leather seat in high preservation; but it is partly mutilated. It much resembles the camp-stool now in use.

Next is a low but well-made chair, the centre part of the back composed of variously coloured woods, curiously inlaid with ivory, representing the flower of the lotus: the base of the legs, the lion's feet, are perfect, and extremely interesting: height of the back 25 inches, and the seat 5½ inches.

In all the various collections of Egyptian antiquities, that have hitherto been formed, there exists no relic similar to the above. They were found in the Tombs at Thebes, and must be considered as among the most valuable that recent research has brought to light. They have been very judiciously purchased by Mr. Hawkins for the Collection in the British Museum.



(Egyptian Chair.)

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The Public Journals.

REBECCA AND THE TEMPLAR OF IVANHOE.

By Grenville Mellen.

"As Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to the looks and manner a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not—her cheek blanched not; the thought that she had her fate at her command, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois Guilbert thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding."

"Now, maiden, the spell of thy pride,
That turned all thy passion to scorn,
In the flush of its triumph's defied
By a spirit too fated to fawn.
Thy taunts were full bitter—but now,
The tongue they made eloquent then
Shall send no quick blood to thy brow,
To stain its deep lustre again.

"Thy triumph is over—the halls
Where Beauty meets Valour in arms,
Never saw, like these desolate walls,
Half the light that escapes from thy charms!
And for conquest of hundreds no more
Shall flash the keen light of their sun;
But its warmth and its glory shall pour
In splendour, unwasted on one!

Thy triumph is over. Beware!
The revel that rings at the hearth,
Can no sound to these battlements bear—
They know not the echo of mirth.
How vain, then, the thrill of thy cry,
Proud maiden, thy struggle how vain!
You may shriek to the hollow, blue sky—
Will the hollow sky answer again?

"Think not 'the Defender'* whose heart
Grew mad with thy beauty before,
Will, subdued, from thy presence depart
Or cringe to thy haughtiness more!
No!—thy bloom, Rose of Sharon! to me
Shall yield its first fragrance divine;
My repose on thy bosom shall be,
While thy hair veils thy blushes on mine!"

His fiendish eye flash'd as he spoke;
His lip, with a horrid disdain,
As his accents of passion outbroke,
Drew up, till it quiver'd again.
And how stood the beautiful now!
Before that unquenchable blaze,
That leapt, as he finished his vow,
From the Templar's demoniac gaze?

She shrank not—she paled not—her look
As the tones of his menace grew loud,
Of a pride and a glory partook,
That spoke of a spirit unbow'd!
The tide of her startled blood went,
Free and fast, through her queenly frame,
As a host, from the citadel, sent
To guard all the shrine of her fame!

A light, all unearthly, it wore,
That mien of a maiden offended—
How strong was the triumph it bore;
How pure was the home it defended!
Not a word she sent back—but her eye
On the craven knight fearlessly shone;
Her hope was a hope from the sky—
She stood with her Virtue alone!

The insulter advances—but, ere
One fall of his sandal'd heel rang,
The maid from the turret shot clear,
And as quick to the battlement sprang

"Now, Templar—one foot, if you will—
One foot less between us—and, lo!
My spirit unsullied is, still—
My corpse, unpolluted, below!"†

She triumphed!—'Mid shame and amaze,
As to voice of a strange command,
All rebuked, sank the Templar's gaze,
And unnerved was his giant hand!
"Come down! by the light of my cross,
Unscath'd and untouch'd thou shalt go;
For the world may not fathom the loss
Of a virtue that masters thee so!"

He turned—and the turret-door fell
With a crash on his rattling mail,
That roused, from that terrible spell,
The Jewish maid, panting and pale!
She entered—she knelt—prayed—and wept
'Mid the veil of her glorious hair!
For Israel his† promise had kept—
She had found His "Deliverance" there!

New England Magazine.

* The order, of which Bois Guilbert was one, sometimes styled themselves "Defenders of the Temple."

† "The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape for his daughter."

A SPORTING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

EXTRACT of a letter from Lieut. Clarke, of the 26th Native Infantry, Bombay:—

"In June, 1833, I set out from Cutch to join my regiment, then lying at Deesa. On the night of the 22nd my tent was pitched about 20 miles from a village called Ghousnard, on the banks of the river Burnasse. I travelled with a double set of servants, camels, &c., and by keeping one set constantly in advance, I had nothing to do but ride from tent to tent, every thing being prepared for my reception. Devotedly fond of field-sports, I had pursued them with the utmost avidity since my first arrival in India. I had enjoyed peculiar facilities for so doing, from having been almost constantly on detachment. The country I was now travelling through abounded in game, particularly hog and black buck, and I anticipated with the delight a sportsman only can feel, the havock I should make amongst them.

"Early on the morning of the 23rd I traversed the distance from where I had slept to my tent near Ghousnard, on a Hirkara camel, and having partaken of a capital breakfast I eagerly interrogated my shikaree as to what prospect of sport. He told me 'there was plenty of hog.' I gave immediate directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favourite Arab, that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India, my chaluck sewar riding my second horse with a spare spear: a syce leading a third; and another with my rifle: these, with 14 coolies or beaters, completed the party. It was an undulating country, and interspersed over it were numerous small covers of tamarisk, &c. At this time of the year there were no signs of cultivation. We had beaten a considerable quantity of ground without success, moving only a few pigs that were too small to ride after; and my patience and good humour were rapidly evaporating, when my shikaree pointed out the

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pug or track of a large boar; it appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded for above a mile, every moment in the hope of rousing him; when turning the angle of a small cover we suddenly came upon a dead bullock; about 20 yards to the right of it was another; and not 100 in advance was the hog we were pugging. The coolies collected round it, and I heard them repeating the words 'Lions, lions!'

"Enraged at my being baffled of my expected sport, and my blood up, I dismounted, and my shikaree showed me the lions' track. We could make out distinctly that there were six; and as it is their habit to return at night and devour their prey, I made no doubt that they were still in the immediate neighbourhood. I seized my rifle, and after considerable remonstrance, and with some difficulty, I persuaded my coolies to follow them up, and, taking the lead, we tracked them into a tamarisk nullah or ravine, running at right angles and into the bed of the river. The tamarisk resembles the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres. After a short pause we entered, not knowing but that the next step might throw us into the lions' jaws. We, however, beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered they had stolen away, five taking down the bed of the river: the other, which by the track appeared a very large one, had doubled back into cover, broke higher, and made up the bed of the Burnasse. This last I determined upon following. We soon tracked it into a small jungle on the edge of the river. I had just entered when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds; I fired and missed her. I shouted to my sewar to keep her in sight. He put his horse to speed, and in a short time returned and told me she had taken refuge in a large yellow break. He guided me to the spot, and I got within 30 yards; she was crouched, glaring on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired—she uttered a tremendous roar and rushed out—I had wounded her in the shoulder, for as she crossed the bed of the river she went on three legs. My sewar again followed, but she turned on and pursued him, roaring terribly. He, however, found no difficulty in getting away; and she retreated and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called here a bauble-tree.

"There she stood in full view, appearing almost as large as a bullock, with her tongue out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and, cocking my rifle, steadily approached till within 30 yards, when I gave her my fire. I struck her, I believe, in the belly. When she received my shot, she lowered her head and rushed towards me as if mortally wounded; but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off and again made down the bed of the river for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank, and entered a large jungle.

"The natives crowded round me and assured me she had received her death-blow. I was greatly elated—thought her a cowardly skulking beast—and imagined I had nothing to do but take possession of my prize. I quickly reloaded, and though the sun was at its meridian, and the heat intense, I still pursued on foot. We now entered the jungle into which we had marked her; it was so thick I could hardly see a yard before me. I walked for some time without success, at length one of the coolies exclaimed, 'Sahib! Sahib! hush, hush, do you not hear anything? There was a dead silence for a moment, and then I distinctly heard the panting of some huge beast near me. I looked earnestly in the direction, but still I could not see anything. By this time all the coolies had decamped, leaving me alone with my shikaree. 'There, Sahib! there in that bush.' I now caught sight of her sitting up like a dog, with her tongue out and glaring on us. I raised my rifle, but my hand shook so from the excitement and extreme heat and exertion, that I felt certain I should miss. I lowered it, and turning to my shikaree told him he must shoot her. He was a capital shot: I have seen him break a bottle at a hundred yards with a ball. 'No, no, Sahib, me not shoot, me afraid me not hit him.' I threatened to shoot him if he hesitated, putting the rifle into his hands; and in order to give him confidence, I advanced forward a little to his left. He fired and missed, threw down the rifle and fled. The moment the enraged beast heard the report, she rushed out. For a second I paused—then turned and ran for life. It was a heavy sand, and I had on spurs and gaiters; I could not have run far, before I heard her roaring tremendously close behind. I cast a look back—she was within a few yards. I attempted to dodge: my courage died away—my legs failed me. She sprang, and dashed me to the earth. The first blow must have been certain death, but her leg being broken she could not strike. She seized me by the lower part of the back, shaking me as a cat would a mouse, lacerating and tearing me dreadfully: then threw me to the ground on my face. She now caught me by the left arm, mumbling and biting it; the agony was so intense that I threw up my right arm, and caught her by the ear. She quitted her hold and seized my wrist. I inwardly prayed for death to relieve me. Apparently exhausted, she now crouched at full length, one leg

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resting on my right thigh, the other a little drawn back between my legs; her tongue out, panting like a tired hound, glaring on me full in the face. I had some indistinct feeling at the time that my eye might awe her; and thus with my head a little raised (for she had thrown me on a bank), we lay looking on each other.

"My native servant, a sewar, who had been in my service ten years, had now approached to within twelve paces of me; I heard him exclaim, 'Oh God! oh God! Sahib, what shall I do; the horse will not approach nearer?' 'Turn it loose and assist me;' but he came not. I dared not move my head or turn my eye. 'Great God! Chard Cawn! you will not let your master die this dog's death, and not help him?'—but still he came not. I reproached him with every term I could call to mind, but could only hear in reply his exclamations of horror and fear. At length, when sight began to fail and death appeared inevitable, the monster sprang from me—ran about twenty paces—and fell dead.

"The whole party now crowded round, they placed me in a cummerbund, and bore me to the nearest village. I was almost naked—my clothes were torn to ribands. I fainted two or three times before I arrived there. They washed my wounds with warm water, bound them with linen rag, put me on a bed, and carried me to my tent. Chard Cawn went off express on one of my camels, to a brother officer, Lieutenant Green, who was on a march with a detachment for Deesa; he travelled forty miles before he found him. Green quitted his detachment and was with me by seven that evening: to his unremitting kindness and care, of which I can never show myself sufficiently grateful, I am indebted for my life. I was a hundred miles from medical assistance: it was three days before my wound was dressed, the rags being merely moistened to prevent them from sticking. During that time he constantly rode by my bed, which was borne by natives, never quitting me night or day. It was the middle of the fourth day before I arrived in camp; and seven weeks before I quitted my bed.

"I retain the skull of my formidable opponent—the trophy of my hard-earned victory. My general health is so much impaired, that you may soon expect me in England to recruit.—*United Service Journal.*

TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

HOVERING OVER ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Why dost thou hover there—
Thy light wings radiant with each rainbow hue:—
To breathe the woodbine's balmy air,
Or drink from violet-cup the scented dew?

Ah! has the roseate dye
Of art's gay flower and fashion's mimic toy,
Caught *thy* keenly-glancing eye,
And woke anew thy low, sweet hum of joy?

No perfume greeted thee,
When flitting o'er the charms that pleased thy sight;
Silent was then thy minstrelsy,
And far away is bent thine eager flight!

Oh, could the trusting heart
Know, by unerring instinct such as thine,
The spell of the deceiver's art—
Its faithless tint and deeply-wrought design—

Then might we freely love
The incense-breathing truth of souls sincere,
Whose fragrance weekly floats above,
And shun the scentless flowers, that perish here.

Thou bright and fairy thing!
If, in thy sports, amid earth's verdant bowers,
A false hue lures—ah! swiftly wing
Thy gladsome way back to the odorous flowers.

New England Magazine.

New Books.

COLERIDGE'S TABLE-TALK.

(*Concluded from page 62.*)

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said, it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven followed.

I call these strings of school boys or girls which we meet near London—walking advertisements.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided:—1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.

Galvanism is the union of electricity and magnetism, and, by being continuous, it exhibits an image of life;—I say, an image only: it is life in death.

It used to be said that four and five *make* nine. Locke says, that four and five *are* nine. Now I say, that four and five *are not* nine, but that they will *make* nine. When I see four objects which will form a square, and five which will form a pentagon, I see that they are two different things; when combined, they will form a third different figure which we call nine. When separate they *are not* it, but will *make* it.

Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can *think* with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanning reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

How inimitably graceful children are in general before they learn to dance!

There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children.

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I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.

———'s face is almost the only exception I know to the observation, that something feminine—not *effeminate*, mind—is discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius. Look at that face of old Dampier, a rough sailor, but a man of exquisite mind. How soft is the air of his countenance, how delicate the shape of his temples!

Quarantine cannot keep out an atmospheric disease; but it can, and does always, increase the predisposing causes of its reception.

Black is the negation of colour in its greatest energy. Without lustre, it indicates or represents vacuity, as, for instance, in the dark mouth of a cavern; add lustre, and it will represent the highest degree of solidity, as in a polished ebony box.

I know no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's. I think his and Defoe's irony often finer than Swift's.

When I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation, in the time of Edward VI. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus:—

Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!
Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep:
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus!

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg!
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it I beg!—
Crosses three, &c.

And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds. —I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side; but I cannot say I ever tried it for *that*.

I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, &c.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a license that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America.

I think Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position which is peculiarly —perhaps I might say exclusively—fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra*.

When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined.

Charles Lamb translated my motto *Sermoni propriora* by—*properer for a sermon!*

A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. ——— and myself in a lane near Highgate. ——— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said: "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!"—"There is death in that hand," I said to ———, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.

The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra-Spartan;—all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

No tongue can express good Mrs. Bowyer. Val. Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, "Away, woman! away!" and we were let off.

A philosopher's ordinary language and admissions, in general conversation or writings *ad populum*, are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician, who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character.

Look at that head of Cline, by Chantrey! Is that forehead, that nose, those temples and that chin, akin to the monkey tribe? No, no. To a man of sensibility no argument could disprove the bestial theory so convincingly as a quiet contemplation of that fine bust.

Newton *was* a great man, but you must

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excuse me if I think that it would take many Newtons to make one Milton.

To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be:—surprise at perceiving any thing out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. *Such* surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances of danger becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is.

I wish the naval and military officers who write accounts of their travels, would just spare us their sentiment. The Magazines introduced this cant. Let these gentlemen read and imitate the old captains and admirals, as Dampier, &c.

How many books are still written and published about Charles I. and his times! Such is the fresh and enduring interest of that grand crisis of morals, religion, and government! But these books are none of them works of any genius or imagination; not one of these authors seems to be able to throw himself back into that age; if they did, there would be less praise and less blame bestowed on both sides.

Some men are like musical glasses;—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

[Our task, or rather pleasure, of selection is now done; and peace be to the memory of the writer—a great light, indeed, the lustre of whose genius will shine for ages.]

Notes of a Reader.

EMPLOYMENT OF THE INSANE.

[Dr Ellis, in his fourth Report of the Middlesex Pauper Lunatic Asylum,* thus illustrates the efficacy of the system of occupation in practice at this Institution.]

A. B., aged 43, a mechanic, of a sanguine temperament, active mind, naturally kind hearted, sober, and industrious, became insane in consequence of the loss of property and the reckless conduct of a drunken wife. He was first sent to a private madhouse, and afterwards to a public hospital, where he remained a year and seven days, his probationary time, when he was discharged and brought here as a dangerous patient and expected to remain for life. After making observations on his character for some time with great care, he was permitted to be employed. He felt grateful for the confidence reposed in him, and gradually went on improving in his ability to work at his trade, and in recovering the tone of his mental powers. After some weeks the officer in the department in which he was occupied was taken ill with rheumatism, which disabled him from working at his business. This produced an increased desire in the patient to render himself useful, and from this time his recovery became rapid. His mind occupied by his business, and at the same time being actively employed, he had no longer any leisure in the day to indulge in fanciful delusions, and wearied by useful labour he slept soundly during the night. Long after he appeared perfectly sane his sense of hearing was morbidly affected. He fancied he heard various sounds and the whispering of voices, but that by degrees left him. He was discharged, cured, in about five months, and has remained so to the present time (Jan. 1835), though he has had much to contend with that would have driven reason from her seat in many a strong mind. Since his recovery he has repeatedly said, that, had he remained where he was, that blessing would never have taken place; for, being surrounded only with the naked walls of his room, galleries, and airing courts, he was without one single object before him to occupy his mind. But any one, who traces the progress of the disease, will be convinced, that, notwithstanding the mind may sometimes regain its tone when left entirely to itself, yet the want of proper employment, still existing in the greater part of the asylums for the insane, is most unfavourable to their recovery. When the mind, after long excitement, from either moral or physical causes, begins to assume a moderate state of quiescence, and in a small degree to cease its discursive wanderings, it is evident, that, unless some object be presented to it which will occupy its attention without producing too much fatigue, its natural tendency will be to dwell upon its own erroneous imaginations, until the phantoms it has conjured up become identified with itself. The experience of 20 years has confirmed this view of the case, and shown that, to dissipate such delusions, constant, energetic employment is the sole remedy that can be relied upon. The only plausible argument that can be urged against it is, the fear of some injury being done by the patients with the tools intrusted to them. On this account every instrument is carefully removed out of their reach; and in many hospitals none of them are even permitted to take their food with a knife and fork, but are only furnished with a spoon. This arises from its being erroneously supposed, that, because a man is insane on one point, he will most probably act in all cases violently and irrationally. But the truth is, that, in insanity, the natural disposition of the individual in-

* Obligingly forwarded by P. Q.

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fluences his conduct, except in particular points on which he is insane, in the same manner as it would if he were perfectly rational: and the majority of the insane, when not under excitement from the disease (in which case it would, of course, be improper for them to be employed), would be as little willing to do any harm with their tools as would the same number of sane persons. Care and discrimination are, of course, necessary; but with these, long experience has proved that the system of employment is attended with much less danger than is usually apprehended. In this Institution, during the present year, occupation has been carried to a much greater extent than at any former period, the average number employed being 320. No additional servants have been engaged in the domestic parts of the Establishment, notwithstanding the increased number of the patients. There is still but one cook, one laundry-maid, and one sane person, in short, at the head of every department, the work being done by the patients, under their direction.

In former years considerable difficulty has been experienced in finding occupation for them in the winter months, particularly as the inhabitants of this part of the country are generally unaccustomed to any in-door manufacturing employments. This in a great measure has been overcome, by having procured persons to teach them the spinning of twine, making pottle-baskets for fruit, picking, carding, and spinning wool for the making of mops, together with the manufacturing of straw hats and bonnets. This is done, not only for the use of the whole 570 patients, but a quantity of them have been sold. Six persons have also been taught to make shoes within the year, who before were totally ignorant of that business. The active bustle excited by these means has produced the most salutary effects, and many of the patients, who, before it took place, were obliged to be confined to keep them from mischief and from destroying their clothes, are now daily amusing themselves in some of these varied avocations as their fancy dictates. In fact, a very large proportion of the patients, with the exception of the imbecile and fatuous, are now stimulated to make an attempt to employ themselves usefully, from merely imitating the others; and, of however little value their work may be, the attempting to do something useful gives them a little feeling of self-importance, and in some measure seems to connect them with society.

THE REVENGE OF AN INDIAN BROTHER.

An Indian, known as the Iotan, was despoiled of his nose in the following manner:—Several Otoe Indians, by dint of paying fifty times their value, had become possessed of a number of kegs of whisky. As this was rather a rarity, a council was called, and a general carousal of the male portion of the village resolved upon. The females were excluded, it being deemed necessary that they should remain sober, to exercise a conjugal care over their husbands, when so inebriated as to be unable to take care of themselves. In the meantime, a person was appointed as guard, whose business it was to keep watch over the liquor, and drive off all interlopers who might be inclined to test its quality before the time appointed. After three long, and to them lingering days, the time came round; and at the appointed hour not a soul was behindhand. The signal was given, and the revel commenced. As the liquor began to work upon the passions of the revellers, they grew furious. They howled, yelled, and fought. The females fled from the building. All weapons had been removed beforehand; for they knew their own ungovernable nature when under the influence of liquor, and therefore had taken precautions to prevent the occurrence of mischief. But when the whisky commenced its work, the savage was changed to a demon, and the lodge resounded with their screams and howlings: there was a hell within its bosom. The giant warrior fixed his gripe upon the trembling frame of the aged; brother smote brother; friends fought with bitter fury; and the weak and decrepit were trampled under foot. It was in this stage of the riot that the Iotan and his brother had a furious scuffle. They grappled and rolled upon the ground. In the frenzy of strife and intoxication, his brother bit off the end of his nose, and instantly extricating himself, rushed out of the lodge. The Iotan was perfectly sobered: he paused for a moment, looking intently on the fire, without uttering a word; then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the builing and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life; "To-night," said he, "I will go to my lodge and sleep; if I can forgive you when the sun rises, you are safe; if not, you die." He kept his word; he slept upon his purpose; but sleep brought not mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had resolved upon his death, that there was no further hope for him; at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should. His brother received the message, and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge, and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track

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from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring, his brother was watchful, and kept out of his way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He laid in wait for him in the forest, crouching, like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day, while seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious footstep. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it, and gazed cautiously around. The Iotan recognised his brother instantly. His careworn face and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking-place, and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed, but met his fiery look with calmness and without flinching. "Ha! ha! brother," cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, "I have followed you long, in vain—now I have you—you must die." The other made no reply, but throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart. His revenge was gratified, but from that hour a change came over him. He became gloomy and morose; shunned the society of his fellow-men, and roamed the woods, where he was nearly driven to suicide by the workings of his feelings, and the phantasies of his brain. It was not until many years had elapsed, that he recovered from the deep anguish caused by this unnatural act of vengeance.—*Indian Sketches, by J. T. Irving.*

The Gatherer.

Borough of Stafford.—The earliest incorporation of this borough was by charter of King John, in 1208. This charter was confirmed, and new privileges granted, by that of Edward VI., under which the government is constituted of a mayor, recorder, ten aldermen, ten common councilmen, a town-clerk, and two sergeants-at-mace. The borough sends two members to Parliament, and has done so since the 23rd of Edward I. The sons of burgesses, and those who have served apprentice seven years in the borough, have a right, (upon the demand thereof,) to be made burgesses. The ancient custom of Borough English, by which the youngest son succeeds to property in preference to the elder children, prevails in Stafford. W. G. C.

Banbury Cakes.—In the Corporation accounts of Banbury, we find a charge of "Cakes for the Judges at the Oxford Assizes—*2l. 3s. 6d.*"

Education.—Although more than 1,000 children are educated at High Wycombe, at schools supported by voluntary subscription, there is not a single scholar at the free grammar school.

Bridges.—In former times, the repair of bridges was almost of equal importance with that of churches, and the duties of superintending both these repairs were often vested in one body. Thus, long before the date of the charter of Elizabeth, (1568,) the earliest in existence, a corporation existed at Henley, charged with the maintenance of the church of St. Mary of Henley, and of the bridge across the Thames. There are numerous instances of grants and bequests to the church and bridge; and, at the present day, *the* bridge-masters for the time being are, by prescription, churchwardens of the parish church of Henley.

In 1750, a mad enthusiast, a private in the Life Guards, predicted that London would be overthrown on a certain day, which induced an impudent quack to sell a large cargo of pills, which he assured the people were "good against earthquakes!"

Coining false money was a crime severely punished in France ages since. In the registers of the *Parlement*, we find that, in 1347, maitre Etienne de Saint Germain, and Henry Foinon, *ecuyer*, were *boiled* at Paris, and afterwards hanged, for having made dies to stamp gold coin.

Ornamental Needlework, two hundred years since.—

Tent-work, Raised-work, Laid-work, Prest-work, Net-work,
Most curious Pearl, or rare Italian Cut-work.
Fine Fern-stitch, Finny-stitch, New-stitch, and Chain-stitch,
Brave Bred-stitch, Fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch, and Queen-stitch,
The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch, and Maw-stitch,
The smarting Whip-stitch, Back-stitch, and the Cross-stitch.
All these are good, and these we must allow;
And these are everywhere in practice now.
Taylor, the Water Poet.

Scott tells a story of a Scottish country gentleman, who broke in upon the description of the hunt in the "Lady of the Lake," by exclaiming, when the hounds swim after the boat in which Ellen and the knight seek "the enchanted hall,"—"By —, sir, it will kill the dogs to take the water after such a day's work!" Who among us has not been equally carried away?

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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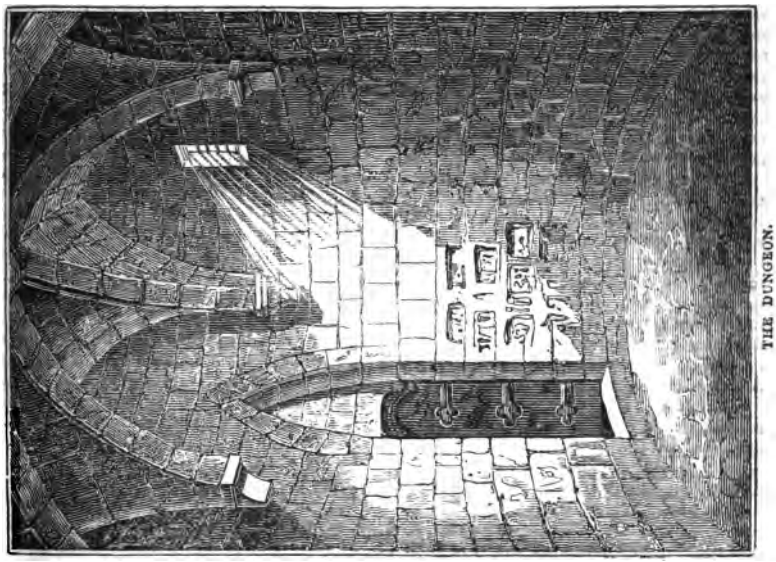
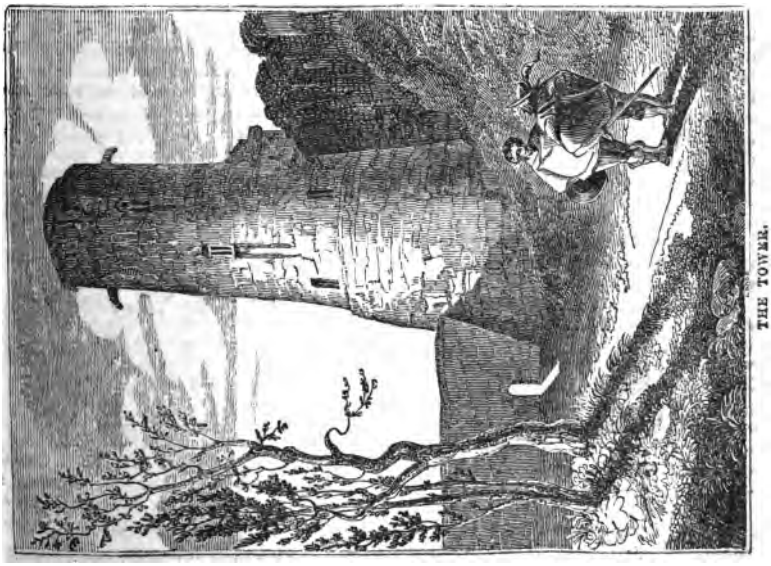


THE DUNGEON.

THE PRISONER OF GISORS.



THE TOWER.

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THE PRISONER OF GISORS.

Scenes and stories of long captivity abound with that strange species of interest which the writers of our day term the "romance of history;" for, as Byron sings:

> Truth is strange,
> Stranger than fiction.

Historical association hedges such places with a kind of terrific divinity; and the mysteries of persecution and cruelty are still to be traced within their cells; while their ruins have long adorned the smiling landscape. To this class of attractive objects belong the interesting scenes figured on the previous page, as they exist after a lapse of more than seven centuries.

The country in which this castle stands, is nearly in a line between the capitals of France and Normandy; and, in past ages, whenever war broke out between the two states, this district experienced all the glory and all the afflictions of warfare. It was, in fact, a kind of debatable land: hence arose the numerous strongholds by which the country was once defended, and whose crumbling walls are now grouped into picturesque scenes by the observant traveller.

The ancient capital of the district, known as the Norman and French Vexin, is Gisors, and lies on the river Epte. The Earls of Vexin long enjoyed the honourable privilege of bearing before the Kings of France the national banner. The first Earl was Walter, son of Clotaire, who lived about A. D. 965; and Godfrey first assumed the title of Lord of Gisors.

Gisors itself, however, existed before the tenth century; but its chief celebrity was due to William Rufus, who, anxious to strengthen his frontiers against the power of the Kings of France, caused a massive castle to be erected there in 1097; which was enlarged by Henry I., who was "completely a castle-builder." Philip Auguste took this castle from the English, while their monarch Richard I. was in the Holy Land. "In 1197, Philip embellished Gisors with new buildings; and he retired hither the following year, after the battle of Courcelles, a conflict which began by his endeavour to surprise Richard I., but which ended with his total defeat. He had well nigh lost his life during the flight, by his horse plunging with him, all armed as he was, into the Epte. He took refuge in Gisors, and the golden gate of the town commemorated his gratitude. With eastern magnificence, he caused the entire portal to be covered with gold; and the statue of the Virgin, which surmounted it, received the same splendour."

"During the war between France and England, in the fifteenth century, Gisors was repeatedly won and lost by the contending parties. In later and more peaceable times, it has been only known as the provincial capital of the bailiwick of Gisors, and of the Norman portion of the Vexin."

"The castle consists of a double ballium, the inner occupying the top of a high artificial mound, in the centre of which stands the keep. The whole fortress is of the most solid masonry."*

Thus far the Castle of Gisors. A little distant are other ruins, more celebrated by traditionary legends, and well known as the *Castle of Neaufle*. Here, two queens, one of whom was the widow of Philip de Valois, are said to have taken refuge. But, the place derives far more interest from its having received that mysterious personage known as the *Prisoner of Gisors*, who figures so conspicuously in the romantic annals of French history.

The Engravings show the main tower or keep of the castle, and its gloomy interior. The architecture is of the same massive character as that of the Castle of Gisors. The entrance is by a bridge thrown across the moat of the castle, which part of the fortifications is now covered with flowery turf and straggling trees. Little more of the castle, save part of the outer wall, remains. The credulous peasantry of the neighbourhood have a tradition that a subterranean passage once led from the tower to the adjoining Castle of Gisors.

On entering the tower, the visiter descends by a stone staircase to the dungeon: it is a small, circular vault, with a fretted ceiling; and it is only lit by one narrow loophole, strongly barred, and at eight or ten feet from the floor.

Of the celebrated tenant of this living tomb, distinguished as the Prisoner of Gisors, some particulars, of painful intensity, are related. He is believed to have been a victim of state persecution, and to have remained in this cell forty years! The wall bears evidence of his having been a man of genius, though this evidence furnishes no clue to the cause of his long captivity. Nevertheless, his memory will last as long as the walls of the dungeon hold together; for he has wrought out of them beautiful sculptures, representing episodes of the Christian religion, with characteristics of knight errantry. He worked, says the legend, with no other implement than an *iron nail;* the figures are on that part of the wall which alone receives the faint and sickly ray of light from above: they are executed in a masterly style of art, and their character partakes of that period when our churches were profusely ornamented with florid Christian sculptures—or the time that intervened between the reigns of our Seventh Henry and Elizabeth—a style which the most fastidious

* Dawson's Letters from Normandy, vol. ii. pp. 67 and 68.

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still study with interest, though no longer as subjects of imitation.

Whatever, therefore, may have been the rank of the Prisoner of Gisors, he is allowed to have possessed no mean knowledge of the fine arts. The execution of these sculptures may have been the only consolation of his long captivity; while it may have recalled the studies of boyhood, or the inspirations of youth born to fulfil brighter destinies.

Yet, how did his forty years' captivity terminate? He is said to have escaped from his cell, but falling on the rock outside, he was mortally injured; and carried back to prison to breathe his last.—Such was the end of the Prisoner of Gisors!

The Sketch-Book.

COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIANS.—BY HAZLITT.

(*Abridged from the Essay in the Table Talk*, vol. 2.)

THERE is a set of people who fairly come under this denomination. They spend their time and their breath in coffee-houses and other places of public resort, hearing or repeating some new thing. They sit with a paper in their hands in the morning, and with a pipe in their mouths in the evening, discussing the contents of it. The Times, the Morning Chronicle, and the Herald, are necessary to their existence: in them "they live and move and have their being." The Evening Paper is impatiently expected, and called for at a certain critical minute: the news of the morning becomes stale and vapid by the dinner-hour. A fresher interest is required, an appetite for the latest-stirring information is excited with the return of their meals; and a glass of old port or humming ale hardly relishes as it ought without the infusion of some lively topic that had its birth with the day, and perishes before night. "Then come in the sweets of the evening:"—the last new play, the next fight, the insurrection of the Greeks or Neapolitans, the price of stocks, or death of kings, keep them on the alert till bed-time. No question comes amiss to them that is quite new—none is ever heard of that is at all old.

"That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker."

It is strange that people should take so much interest at one time in what they so soon forget:—the truth is, they feel no interest in it at any time, but it does for something to talk about. Their ideas are served up to them, like their bill of fare, for the day; and the whole creation, history, war, politics, morals, poetry, metaphysics, is to them like a file of antedated newspapers, of no use, not even for reference, except the one which lies on the table!—You cannot take any of these persons at a greater disadvantage than before they are provided with their cue for the day. They ask with a face of dreary vacuity, "Have you anything new?"—and on receiving an answer in the negative, have nothing farther to say. Beyond the last twenty-four hours, or the narrow round in which they move, they are utterly to seek, without ideas, feelings, interests, apprehensions of any sort; so that if you betray any knowledge beyond the vulgar routine of Second Editions and first-hand private intelligence, you pass with them for a dull fellow, not acquainted with what is going forward in the world or with the practical value of things.

A dearth of general information is almost necessary to the thorough-paced coffee-house politician; in the absence of thought, imagination, sentiment, he is attracted immediately to the nearest common-place, and floats through the chosen regions of noise and empty rumours without difficulty and without distraction. Meet "any six of these men in buckram," and they will accost you with the same question and the same answer: they have seen it somewhere in print, or had it from some city-oracle, that morning; and the sooner they vent their opinions the better, for they will not keep. Like tickets of admission to the theatre for a particular evening, they must be used immediately, or they will be worth nothing: and the object is to find auditors for the one and customers for the other, neither of which is difficult; since people who have no ideas of their own are glad to hear what any one else has to say, as those who have not free admissions to the play will very obligingly take up with an occasional order.

There is a kind of conversation made up entirely of scraps and hearsay, as there are a kind of books made up entirely of references to other books. This may account for the frequent contradictions which abound in the discourse of persons educated and disciplined wholly in coffee-houses. There is nothing stable or well-grounded in it: it is "nothing but vanity, chaotic vanity." They hear a remark at the Globe which they do not know what to make of; another at the Rainbow in direct opposition to it; and not having time to reconcile them, vent both at the Mitre. In the course of half an hour, if they are not more than ordinarily dull, you are sure to find them on opposite sides of the question. This is the sickening part of it. People do not seem to talk for the sake of expressing their opinions, but to maintain an opinion for the sake of talking. We meet neither with modest ignorance nor studious acquirement. Their knowledge has been taken in too much by snatches to digest properly. There is neither sincerity nor system in what they say. They hazard the first crude notion that comes to hand, and then defend it how they can; which is for the most part but ill. "Don't you think," says M——, "that Mr.

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—— is a very sensible, well-informed man?" —"Why, no," I say, "he seems to me to have no ideas of his own, and only to wait to see what others will say in order to set himself against it. I should not think that is the way to get at the truth. I do not desire to be driven out of my conclusions (such as they are) merely to make way for his upstart pretensions."—"Then there is ——: what of him?"—"He might very well express all he has to say in half the time, and with half the trouble. Why should he beat about the bush as he does? He appears to be getting up a little speech, and practising on a smaller scale for a Debating Society — the lowest ambition a man can have. Besides, by his manner of drawling out his words, and interlarding his periods with inuendos and formal reservations, he is evidently making up his mind all the time which side he shall take. He puts his sentences together as printers set up types, letter by letter. There is certainly no principle of short-hand in his mode of elocution. He goes round for a meaning, and the sense waits for him. It is not conversation, but rehearsing a part.

"Men of education and men of the world order this matter better. They know what they have to say on a subject, and come to the point at once. Your coffee-house politician balances between what he heard last and what he shall say next; and not seeing his way clearly, puts you off with circumstantial phrases, and tries to gain time for fear of making a false step. This gentleman has heard some one admired for precision and copiousness of language; and goes away, congratulating himself that he has not made a blunder in grammar or in rhetoric the whole evening. He is a theoretical *Quidnunc* — is tenacious in argument, though wary; carries his point thus and thus, bandies objections and answers with uneasy pleasantry, and when he has the worst of the dispute, puns very emphatically on his adversary's name, if it admits of that kind of misconstruction."

It is sometimes curious to see a select group of our little Gotham getting about a knotty point that will bear a wager, as whether Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was originally published in quarto or folio. The confident assertions, the cautious overtures, the length of time demanded to ascertain the fact, the precise terms of the forfeit, the provisoes for getting out of paying it at last, lead to a long and inextricable discussion. G—— was, however, so convinced in his own mind that the Mourning Bride was written by Shakspeare, that he ran headlong into the snare: the bet was decided, and the punch was drunk.

I do not think there is anything deserving the name of society to be found out of London: and that for the two following reasons: First, there is *neighbourhood* elsewhere, accidental or unavoidable acquaintance: people are thrown together by chance or grow together like trees; but you can pick your society no where but in London. The very persons that of all others you would wish to associate with in almost every line of life, (or at least of intellectual pursuit,) are to be met with there. It is hard if out of a million of people you cannot find half a dozen to your liking. Individuals may seem lost and hid in the size of the place: but in fact from this very circumstance you are within two or three miles' reach of persons that without it you would be some hundreds apart from. Secondly, London is the only place in which each individual in company is treated according to his value in company, and to that only. In every other part of the kingdom, he carries another character about with him, which supersedes the intellectual or social one. It is known in Manchester or Liverpool what every man in the room is worth in land or money; what are his connexions and prospects in life—and this gives a character of servility or arrogance, of mercenariness or impertinence to the whole of provincial intercourse. You laugh not in proportion to a man's wit, but his wealth: you have to consider not what, but whom you contradict. You speak by the pound, and are heard by the rood. In the metropolis there is neither time nor inclination for these remote calculations. Every man depends on the quantity of sense, wit, or good manners, he brings into society for the reception he meets with in it. A member of parliament soon finds his level as a commoner: the merchant and manufacturer cannot bring their goods to market here: the great landed proprietor shrinks from being the lord of acres into a pleasant companion or a dull fellow. When a visiter enters or leaves a room, it is not inquired whether he is rich or poor, whether he lives in a garret or a palace, or comes in his own or a hackney-coach, but whether he has a good expression of countenance, with an unaffected manner, and whether he is a man of understanding or a blockhead. These are the circumstances by which you make a favourable impression on the company, and by which they estimate you in the abstract. In the country, they consider whether you have a vote at the next election, or a place in your gift; and measure the capacity of others to instruct or entertain them by the strength of their pockets and their credit with their banker. Personal merit is at a prodigious discount in the provinces. I like the country very well, if I want to enjoy my own company: but London is the only place for equal society, or where a man can say a good thing or express an honest opinion without subjecting himself to being insulted, unless he first lays his purse on the table to back his

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pretensions to talent or independence of spirit. I speak from experience.

Retrospective Gleanings.

MIND, BEHAVIOUR, AND PERSON.

Owen Feltham says:—In every man that we meet with, there be three things that encounter our consideration,—the mind, the behaviour, and the person. As a beauty in any of these commends the party to our liking; so a blemish in any of these sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. The most beautiful and the most lasting of these is that which to the eye is not visible; and, though it take not that sense, yet it casts abroad such rays as draw out the love and liking of those that come to find the goodness, or the parts that it is furnished with. How grateful does the ingenuity of some men make them. It is a wealth by which they live; and many times having none of their own, they are, for the handsomeness of their disposition, taken into a partnership of empire with those that have abundance. Such was Aristippus, who being at first forced to read philosophy to get a living, by the gratefulness of his wit and parts, grew high in favour with Dionysius. And when he was shipwrecked at sea, and cast upon Rhodes, it got him such friends there, that when all his companions returned, he was tempted by the favour of the citizens to stay from his own country among strangers, with whom he had no interest but what his parts had won him. Surely it is the noblest wealth, and with most ease is carried everywhere. It is kept without a foreign guard, and is of present use wheresoever a man is thrown. And truly, the beauty and comeliness of the body does oftimes do the like; nay, with mean capacities, it does a great deal more; for it suits to the mind, and is more obvious to their senses, that see no deeper than the grounds of corporeal beauty, and the emanations of a pleasing aspect. Yet, certainly, it is a form that pleaseth all, as well the wise in mind, as the weak in apprehension. Xenophon was of more than ordinary loveliness; and being a youth, by chance was met by Socrates in a narrow turning at Athens; Socrates liking his aspect, held out his staff to stop him in the way, and questioned him where such and such merchandise were sold, which Xenophon presently told him. Then he asked him, if he knew where men were made better; to this he replied, he could not tell. Then said Socrates, go with me, and I will show you. Upon this he became his scholar, and afterwards grew a favourite to Cyrus, and for acts and arms, and left his memory famous even to this day. The next is a handsome behaviour. He that demeans himself well is ever ushered in by a friend, that recommends him to the company that knew him not. It is not difficult by the behaviour to guess at the man. This is a motive beauty, which waits upon the whole body, as the other does upon the face and complexion. The Emperor Trajan was so winning this way, that his friends would have thought it too much, had he not satisfied them with this answer: "That he desired to be such a prince to others, as he desired another prince should be to him, were he a subject." There is a grace which waits upon a noble mien, that exacts a liking, if not a love, from all that do behold it. As these, being well complexioned, procure favour and let us into men's affections, so a stain in any of them, sits like the owl among birds; if there be but light, we shall be sure to be chattered at. A mind that is filled with ignorance, or the perverseness of a froward disposition, hath many enemies and no friends. As upon the sea in a storm, men may look without horror at a distance, but never will covet to come upon it; where, if we escape drowning, we cannot escape being frightened and wet. He that is of a bad disposition, wants nothing of being a tyrant but power: and wants not will, but means to do mischief. The vices that we harbour inwardly, are divulged by our outward fashion; even petty things the wantou do discover: the gait, the motion of the hand, sometimes the answer, holding up the finger to the head, or the very cast of the eyes does it. Laughter, the countenance, or the habit, discovers us to the wicked and the wild. The best remedies for these are divinity, morality, and physic. Religion can convert and adorn that mind, which naturally was ill. It is the reason of the Deity, which doubtless can do more than all that is infused from man; and comprehending the universal duty of man—as to God, the world, and himself, it must needs excel in this all that can be gained from man. They that are truly acted from the inspirations of heaven, have all that can be got from below, with the excellencies of what is above. Though to mend our conversation, philosophy can go far, as Socrates did confess to Zopirus, when he taxed him with several vices: yet its effects are allowable rather in outward morality, than in the intrinsic integrities of the soul. And certainly, when that is prevalent within, the outward demeanour is both acquired and directed by it. A wise man ought not in his carriage to commit a solecism against wisdom. Men are like wine, not good before the lees of clownishness is settled, nor when it is too sour to be tasted. In a middling clarity and quickness it is best: and so is man in his carriage and comportment, when he is neither dull nor vapouring, nor too tart and severe in his way. He that can preserve himself in this temper, shall preserve his body in health,

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the better; and so correct the inconveniences that may, by want of that, render him less grateful to the company. As it is not necessary for every man to be a doctor in these arts, so it will be convenient he have so much of them, as may not only keep him from contempt, but procure him approbation abroad. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

(From a Ten Month's Sojourn in the North-east. By R. C. Taylor, Esq. F. G. S.)

EXPLORATIONS of this kind are not performed without many privations, much fatigue, exposure, and the customary inconveniences attending our peregrinations amongst woods and rocks, far from human dwellings; where our bed is the hemlock boughs, our covering the bark of the forest timber, our awning the "greenwood tree." Yet have this rude forest life, these wild scenes, and even these temporary privations, their share of interest, and of not unpleasing novelty. After the heat and burden of the day have been borne and its toils have ceased;—after all hands have been busy about the camp, each to his individual task, some in erecting the temporary sleeping place, or shanty, by some pleasant stream; one cutting logs and bringing in a substantial stock of fuel for the night, another barking trees for our roof; one making up a fire large enough to roast an ox, and preparing the evening meal, while another catches trout, which abound in all these mountain streams, and the hunter brings in, perchance, the newly killed venison;—after all these preliminary duties have been despatched, as well as the meal, the refreshed geologist, or naturalist, as he reclines on his fragrant couch of hemlock, and basks before a cheerful fire some ten feet long in his front, and has, like myself, the good taste to luxuriate in a cigar, and the good fortune to possess one, feels well inclined to thank his stars for the comparative comforts and enjoyments of that evening. And then the peculiar charms that pervade those calm and beautiful nights, in the depths of the forest, when the fire-flies glance around him; when the whip-poor-will enlivens the solitude with its vociferations, for song it is not, yet always seeming the voice of a friend; when the blazing night-fire illuminates the outspread canopy above, and brings into relief each drooping branch of birch, or maple, or tulip, or cucumber, or some of a hundred other native forest-trees; and the bat flits around, and the woods resound with the chirp of the cricket and Cicàda; and, perchance, he listens with excited interest to the distant bark of some wolf or fox, who has scented from afar the evening's repast. Long before daybreak, he hears the shrill, peculiar notes of one little early songster. I never could obtain a sight of this punctual warbler, who failed not to announce the approach of day. His song is seldom of so long duration as an hour, and he ceases at the rising of the sun. The Cicàda and the cricket, and the Caprimúlgus, are silent; but other voices are uplifted around, and new sounds fill the woods. The squirrels, grey, and red, and black, chirp and chase each other among the branches; the pheasant seeks his accustomed log, on which he commences to drum; and flocks of the passenger-pigeon, in search of their morning meal, come sweeping by with a rushing sound. Numerous species of the thrush tribe have commenced their song from the topmost branches, and chaunt their early matins; and it is time for us ramblers of the forest to be up and stirring likewise. The trout now bite greedily in the neighbouring stream: in half an hour a supply for half a dozen hungry fellows is brought into the mess. We toast them at the fire, or if we have the luxury of a frying-pan, they are soon in delicious condition: the coffee boils, and with the help of maple sugar, a glorious breakfast ensues. I do not exactly say that we fared so sumptuously every day, as I am unwilling to spoil the romance of the thing. In truth, I must admit that, in the spring and fall, we were sometimes like frost-bitten, and an extra blanket would have been agreeble now and then; and that at times provisions were rather scarce, compelling the observance of a general fast for some twenty-four hours. A bitter infusion of hemlock is an indifferent, but sometimes necessary substitute for tea in the woods; and one must learn to bear with philosophy an occasional inundation of a few inches of water over our "lowly bed." The "lights and shadows" will be found inseparable, even in a backwoods life. During fifty-three nights passed in this kind of bivouacking, and altogether eight months almost wholly living in the woods, we became familiarized to these circumstances. Abundant leisure and opportunities were afforded for studying nature and her varied productions.

Our first camping ground was, for twenty-three nights, at different points of the Tioga valley, a few miles from the sources of that river. Here we had the pleasure of the society of my friend Dr. Saynisch, an able German naturalist, seeking specimens of the numerous birds which traverse the Alleghanies on their way from the south. We had sufficient guns and rifles among our party to insure a supply both of birds and animals, and to afford work during the evening to skin and prepare them. At this position we found ourselves in the midst of a scene which was new to us, and, in fact, of rare occurrence. It was the nesting place, a season or two previously, of the passenger-pigeon; and

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here the gathering together of these birds, for the purpose of incubation, was exhibited on a scale perfectly astonishing. For the length of nine miles they had occupied every tree and sapling in the whole breadth of the valley, which is from a quarter to a third of a mile wide. Thousands and millions of nests were seen on the beech, birch, and maple-trees, every tree of which contained several nests; and I counted on some of them from twenty to fifty nests. Unlike most birds, they are said never to return to their "nesting places" in a succeeding year; we therefore saw only their deserted nests: yet even these were interesting, as evidences of the countless multitudes which had congregated here. During the season, when the young pigeons or "squabs" were ready to fly, their retirement was invaded by numerous persons, who filled sacks and carts with them; there requiring no other trouble than the shaking of the young trees, or occasionally cutting down those of greater size. This year the pigeons established themselves in a new spot, in the beech woods ten miles to the west. By daybreak in the morning, they would fly past us, almost with the rapidity of lightning, in flocks of hundreds, in constant succession, in search of food, and would be seen returning during the day. The hunters say, with what accuracy I know not, that these flocks would travel sometimes a hundred miles for a breakfast.

Rattlesnakes are in great numbers in some parts of this district, having their dens on the dry points of rocky ridges, facing the south: but it is remarkable that they are seldom or never found in those woods, in the same country, which consist of beech and maples. We killed forty-one huge rattlesnakes on one ridge, bordering Lycoming valley, during one month's stay in August. Some of these were from 5 feet to 6 feet 2 inches long, very thick, and truly formidable. Although I was in the daily habit of finding these horrid reptiles coiled in my path, I was only once struck at by one, and, fortunately, it did not reach me. I have, however, had twice opportunities of observing the rapid effects produced by the bites of this terrible animal, upon men who were attached to the service on which I was engaged. The first case was on the hand, which swelled almost instantaneously, extending frightfully up to the shoulder. We were then encamped near the summit of the Alleghany ridge, late in the evening, and many miles from medical assistance. In this emergency, amidst the alarm consequent on such an event, and under such circumstances, the poor man's life was, in all probability, saved by the coolness, courage, and promptness of my amiable friend, Mr. H. Hopkins, now himself numbered with the dead, who sucked the venom from the wounds. The hand was then scarified with a razor, and a temporary kind of cupping apparatus, made out of a common, earthen jug, was applied, and fortunately with perfect success. Much blood was extracted, and the man came back to his employment in three or four days. The second case was that of an assistant, last year, who was bitten in the ankle into an artery, which happily leading to much hæmorrhage, prevented the absorption of the venomous fluid, and enabled the man to resume work in less than a week. Rattlesnakes are sluggish, and easily killed. I have repeatedly endeavoured to verify Mr. Audubon's account of the rattlesnake ascending trees, which has been confirmed.

Black snakes are called "racers," from their occasionally chasing men with great ferocity. They move with astonishing swiftness; the eye can scarcely follow their rapid passage. They are constrictors of great power.

The water-snake leaves the water to bask in the sun, on the roads and paths. He is very fierce, and springs boldly and frequently to the attack, but is not poisonous. I have taken a large trout from the stomach of one I killed on a road.

Copper head snakes of the Alleghany Mountains are more deadly in their bite than the rattlesnake. They are more dreaded than the latter, because, unlike it, they give no warning of their vicinity. They are also sluggish, and easily destroyed. Our party killed eighteen under one large stone, on the banks of the little Juniata River, near the base of the Alleghany Mountains.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

PLANTING.

A RECENT Number of Mr. Loudon's *Gardener's Magazine* contains an account of the Duke of Devonshire's new arboretum at Chatsworth, in which Mr. Paxton remarks that an estate of three acres may be planted, with an eye to beauty as well as science, with 1,200 species of trees and shrubs. At Chatsworth; there will be 2,000 species, each with all the accommodation a tree could desire, and there is room for 2,000 more if they should be discovered. There are already 1,670 kinds of trees in 75 natural groups, covering about forty acres.

CURIOUS PLANT.

THE Engraving shows the *Arum Campanulatum*, an extraordinary plant, brought from Java and Madagascar, to Bury Hill, where it flowered in the hot-house. On the continent of India, and in the Archipelago and Northern Circars, it is cultivated and valued as the potato is with us, and as the yam is in the West Indies. The roots often weigh from 4 to 8 lbs., and often more, each. They are compressed tubers, from each of which is produced a large leaf, from 1½ to 2 feet high.

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(Curious Plant.)

The flower appears at a different season from the leaf, and is very large and showy. From the top of the tuber arises a short, green, spotted stem, or peduncle, bearing a very large spathe, containing a spadix 10 inches high, its lower half covered with pistils of a bright yellow, and its top expanding into a large, waved, deep purple, granulated head.

The Public Journals.

THE WANING YEAR.

In spring, in summer, and autumnal wane,
How beautiful are Nature's thousand hues!
And which the fairest, who can say? For each
In turn is passing fair: possesses charms
Peculiar; and, upon the heart and soul,
Leaves an imperial impress.

Blandly crown'd
With crocus and with snow-drop coronal,
First comes the vestal Spring, with emerald vest,
And cheek of glowing childhood.

Summer next,
With all her gay and gorgeous trappings on,
Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,
And braiding roses in her auburn hair,
Under the light of the meridian sun;
While all around the groves are musical
With song of bird, and hum of bee.

But, lo!
Then comes the matron Autumn, bright at first
In eye, and firm of step—her cincture rich,
Of ripe wheat and of vine wreath intertwined;
But sadness dwells in her departing look,
And darker glooms the atmosphere around,
Till Winter meets her on the desert heath,
And breathes destruction on her sallow cheek.

The year is now declining, and the air,
When morning blushes on the orient hills,
Embued with icy chilliness.

Ocean's wave
Has lost its tepid glow, and slumbering fogs
Brood o'er its level calm on windless days;
Yet, when enshrined at his meridian height,
The sun athwart the fading landscape smiles
With most paternal kindness, softly warm,
And delicately beautiful—a prince
Blessing the realms whose glory flows from him.
The foliage of the forest, brown and sere,
Drops on the margin of the stubble-field,
In which the partridge lingers insecure,
And raises oft, at sombre eventide,
With plaintive throat, her wild and tremulous cry.
The sickle of the husbandman hath ceased,
Leaving the lap of nature shorn and bare,
And even the latest gleaner disappear'd.

The odorous clover flowers—this purely white,
That richly purple, all have pass'd away—
The yellow pendulous grain is seen no more—
The perfume of the beanfield has decay'd—
And roams the wandering bee o'er many a strath
For blossoms which have perish'd.

Grassy blades
Transparent, taper, and of sickly growth,
Shoot, soon to wither, in the sterile fields:
The garden fruits have mellow'd with the year,
And, save the lingering nectarine, remains
Nor trace, nor token of the summer's wealth.
Yet, on the wild-brier glows the yellow hip;
The dew-sprent bramble shows its clusters ripe;
And, from the branches of the mountain-ash,
The fairy bunches drop their crimson beads
In richness. On the dark laburnum's bough
Mix pods of lighter green among the leaves;
And, on the faded honeysuckle's stalk,
The succulent berries hang.

The robin sits
Upon the mossy gateway, singing clear
A requiem to the glory of the woods—
The bright umbrageousness, which, like a dream,
Hath perish'd, and for ever pass'd away;
And when the breeze awakes, a frequent shower
Of wither'd leaves bestrews the weeded paths,
Or from the branches of the willow whirl,
With rustling sound, upon the turbid stream.

Yet still there is a brightness in the sky—
A most refulgent and translucent blue:
Still, from the ruin'd tower, the wall-flower tells
Mournfully of what the summer's pride hath been:
And still the mountains heave their ridgy sides
In pastoral greenness. Every thing around
Is placid, if not joyful, as in spring,
When Hope was young, and, with an eagle eye,
Pryed forward to the glories yet to come.
There cannot be a sweeter hour than this,
Even now, although encompass'd with decay;
There is not in the heavens a single cloud;
There is not in the hair a breathing wind;
There is not on the earth a sound of grief,
Nor in the bosom a repining thought—
Quiet and contemplation mantle all.

Delta.—Blackwood's Magazine.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(*From a paper in the Quarterly Review, just published.*)

After the death of Danton, Robespierre stood alone, more dreaded and less powerful than ever. The death of Danton, so long his friend and so often his defender, alienated, and we may say, revolted, by its inexplicable motives and its obvious ingratitude and impolicy, his staunchest adherents. When Danton fell, there was no man who could think his own life worth half an hour's purchase, and, in every heart, there was excited a double feeling of subservience and suspicion; they became cautious not to provoke, and yet anxious to relieve themselves from, such an unintelligible tyranny.

And now, if Robespierre had any moderate designs, he was the uncontrolled and indisputable master of his own policy, and might, and must have shown some tendency to moderation; but, instead of any such symptom, the march of legal massacre became more rapid and bloody. The executions, which heretofore seldom exceeded eight or ten per diem, and in one case—that of Hebert—only reached nineteen, now became frequently thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty! We have ex-

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amined, as originally published from the *procès verbaux* of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the *Liste Générale des Condamnés*, and we have extracted the following table of results, which, we think, will astonish our readers, and prove that the executions grew gradually with the personal influence of Robespierre, and became enormous in proportion as he successively extinguished his rivals.

Numbers condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris in each Month, from its first institution, (17th August, 1792,) to the fall of Robespierre, (27th July, 1794.)

1792.	August	3 victims.
	September	4
	October	1*
	[*Tribunal re-modelled in March*, 1793.]	
1793.	April	9
	May	9
	June	14
	July	13
	[*Robespierre elected into the Committee of Public Safety.*]	
	August	5
	September	15
	October	60 including *Brissot*, &c.
	November	53
	December	73
1794.	January	83
	February	75
	March	123 including *Hebert*, &c.
	April	263 including *Danton*, &c.
	May	324
	June	672
	July	835 *exclusive* of Robespierre and his accomplices.

Here then we see that before Robespierre came into the government the numbers were comparatively small—the numbers of 13 and 14, in June and July, 1793, were swelled by some prisoners from La Vendée and Orleans, for which the government in Paris was not so immediately responsible—but soon after Robespierre was elected into the Committee, the numbers suddenly rose from 15 to 50, 60, 70, 80. In the month in which he had dispatched the ferocious Hebert, they rose to 123. In April, when he had gotten rid of Danton, to 263, and in the subsequent three months of his uncontrolled and autocratical administration, to 324, 672, and 825.

What can be opposed to these figures, extracted from the official returns of the Tribunal? It is true that Robespierre had ceased about the end of June to attend the Committee, but his instruments, St. Just and Couthon, were there; and, moreover, it is known that Fouquier Tinville, his public accuser, received his personal directions on the lists of victims. To the foregoing astonishing account of the *monthly* executions, we think it worth while to add the *daily* detail of the two last months:—

* There were sixteen criminals executed in this month, but there was but one whose offence was of a political nature.

June.

Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.
1	13	11	22	21	25
2	13	12	17	22	15
3	22	13	23	23	19
4	16	14	38	24	23
5	6	15	19	25	44
6	20	16	42	26	47
7	21	17	61	27	30
8	*Decadi.*†	18	*Decadi.*	28	*Decadi.*
9	22	19	15	29	20
10	13	20	37	30	14

July.

Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.
1	23	10	44	19	28
2	30	11	6	20	14
3	19	12	28	21	28
4	27	13	37	22	46
5	28‡	14	—	23	55
6	29	15	29	24	36
7	67	16	30	25	38
8	*Decadi.*	17	40	26	54
9	60	18	*Decadi.*	27	42

These things happened in our own time—thousands are still living who saw them; yet it seems almost incredible that *batches* (*fournées*—such was the familiar phrase)—of *sixty* victims should be condemned in one morning by the same tribunal, and executed the same afternoon on the same scaffold. These *batches* comprised all ranks, ages, sexes: the most different and even contradictory crimes were combined in the same accusation; persons were executed for *conspiring together*, who never saw one another till they met on the scaffold; the majority of charges were vague and visionary, some unintelligible, and many even ridiculous. It cannot be thought irrelevant, if we give a few instances of the proceedings of the Tribunal. Such details seem to have been considered too minute for history, but to us it seems that it is in these details that the true history of the Revolution is to be read.

In one batch were 22 women of the poorer class—most of them widows—"for having in various ways forwarded the designs of the fanatics, aristocrats, priests, and the other agents of England. They were condemned and executed the 23rd June, 1794."

In the same batch were 9 private soldiers and workmen, "condemned to death for having employed extraordinary means to evade the requisition, such as *pricking their own eyes with pins*, and becoming by this cowardly artifice unable to bear arms."

"Jean Julian, wagoner, having been sentenced to twelve years hard labour, took it into his head, (*s'avisa*) to cry *Vive le Roi!* was brought back before the tribunal and condemned to death, September, 1792.

† The *Decadi*, which had been substituted for Sunday, was a public holiday.

‡ On this day, (5th July,) we find, by a note in the *Moniteur*, that there were 7,502 prisoners in the prisons of Paris. This enormous number, as well as that of the executions, were probably swelled by prisoners from those country districts which had not a tribunal and guillotine of their own.

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"Jean Baptiste Henry, aged *eighteen*, journeyman tailor, convicted of having sawn a tree of liberty; executed the 6th September, 1793.

"Bernard Augustin d'Absac, aged 51, ex-noble, late captain in the 11th regiment, and formerly in the sea-service, convicted of having betrayed *several towns* and *several ships* into the hands of the enemy, was condemned to death on the 10th January, 1794, and executed the same day.

"Stephen Thomas Ogie Baulny, aged 46, ex-noble, convicted of having intrusted his son, aged *fourteen*, to a *garde du corps*, in order that he might emigrate. Condemned to death 31st January, 1794, and executed the same day.

"Henrietta Frances de Marbœuf, aged 55, widow of the *ci-devant* Marquis of Marbœuf, *residing at* No. 47, *Rue St. Honoré, in Paris*, convicted of having *hoped for* (*désiré*) the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians, and *of keeping provisions for them*. Condemned to death the 5th February, 1794, and executed the same day.

"Jacques de Beaume, *a Dutch merchant*, convicted of being the author and accomplice of a plot, which existed in the month of June, 1790, tending to encourage our external and internal enemies, by negotiating, by way of loan, certain bonds of 100*l.* each, bearing interest at 5 per cent., of George Prince of Wales, Frederic Duke of York, and William Henry Duke of Clarence. Executed the 14th February, 1794.

"James Duchesne, aged 60, formerly a servant, since a broker; John Sauvage, aged 34, gunsmith; Frances Loizelier, aged 47, milliner; Melanie Cunosse, aged 21, milliner; Mary Magdalen Virolle, aged 25, female hair-dresser;—convicted of having, in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, and *poussé de cris*, (the sanguinary code of England has no corresponding name for this capital offence,) were all condemned to death the 5th May, 1794, and executed the same day.

"Geneviève Gouvon, aged *seventy-seven*, sempstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of various conspiracies formed since the beginning of the revolution by the enemies of the people and of liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyse the public, and to annihilate the existing government. Condemned to death the 11th May, 1793, and executed the same day.

"Francis Bertrand, aged 37, *tinman* and publican at Leure, in the department of the Côte d'Or, convicted of having furnished to the defenders of the country *sour wine injurious to the health of citizens*, was condemned to death at Paris 15th May, 1793, and executed the same day.

"Mary Angelica *Plaisant*, sempstress at Douai, convicted of having exclaimed that she was an *aristocrat*, and "*A fig for the nation.*" Condemned to death at Paris, the 19th July, 1794, and executed the same day."

With this tragical *plaisanterie* of the poor *aristocratic sempstress* of Douai, hurried away from her friends and her witnesses to lose her head on the Place de la Révolution, in Paris, for having cried "A fig for the nation!" we conclude these astonishing extracts.

* * * * * *

It is evident that the better order, at least, of the people of Paris had begun to be weary of, if not disgusted with, these scenes. The guillotine had been originally placed in the Carousel: it was removed, for the execution of the king, to the Place Louis XV.; there, at the foot of a plaster statue of Liberty, as hideous as the principle of which it was the type,—it continued till a few weeks before Robespierre's fall. At first, the Parisians seem to have thought it an embellishment to this fine square, which connects their two most agreeable and magnificent public walks, the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées. Around the scaffold were placed rows of chairs, which the passengers hired, as at other places of public *amusement*, to witness the operations of the "*holy guillotine*,"—but even of blood the Parisians will tire, and the promenaders in the gardens, and the inhabitants,—particularly the shopkeepers, of the adjoining streets, through which the daily *batches* were trundled to execution, began to find that there might be too much of a good thing. Of this, Robespierre, who lived in the principal of these streets, (Rue St. Honoré,) could not be ignorant, and advantage was taken, (*that—a la Titus—a day might not be lost*,) of the holiday of the Decadi, 8th of June, 1794, to transport the guillotine from the Place Louis XV., (where it had executed, as the *Liste Générale* carefully informs us, 1,256 persons, to the other extremity of Paris, where it was very appropriately erected near the ruins of the Bastile. But, by this time, the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine had also become satiated with massacre, and they too complained of the vicinity of the great revolutionary engine; and after it had occupied its new position only *four* days, and dealt with *only seventy-four* victims, it was again removed still farther to an open space in a less thickly inhabited neighbourhood near the Barrier *du Trône*: there it stood a little more than six *busy* weeks, in which it dispatched 1,403 persons. In the night of the 9th Thermidor, it was again conveyed—for Robespierre's own use—to its former position in the Place Louis XV., or de la Révolution, in order that he and his friends might die on the scene of their most remarkable triumphs. These movements of the guillotine are indicative of the state of the public mind.

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TERENCE RYLEY'S ADVENTURES.

(Communicated to the Dublin University Magazine, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

London, August the 29th.

MY DEAR AND BLESSED MOTHER—This goes hoping it will find you in better *health*, (to say nothing of the *spirits*,) than it leaves me in at present; for what with the hot weather, and the travelling, and the bother, I haven't a leg, left nor right, to stand on. I wish I was back with you and the girls in Bannow; and if once I get there—catch me out of it again—that's all! Oh! they're an unbelieving set, them English; and betwixt you and me—though I'd be sorry to have it made public—not over and above mannerly. Would you believe it that I saw a spalpeen take the inside of—who do you think? Counsellor Dan himself! and I may walk ten mile of ground without any one saying, "God save you kindly," or "I'm proud to see you, Mister Ryley." Think of that! And as to the unbelief: they've no belief in them at all, good or bad. I got a little comfortable one night—(the master has grand lodgings in a beautiful house, where the outside step of the door is washed every morning, and a white brick rubbed on it for cleanliness)—one night I was in the kitchen, and conversing about home and the like—its mighty quare, so it is, how people's hearts turn home, wherever their bodies are—and I said quite quiet, how the roses and woodbine and things that way covered over the cottages in Bannow; and how the landlords lived on the soil and by the soil; and how there were no locks on the doors, and nothing but quietness and civility one to another, and the clergyman and priest mighty gracious together; and I was growing quite comfortable thinking of my home, when a slip of a girl, (a mighty nate pretty creature, that, if people went by the dress, would be called a born lady with us,) turns up her nose, and says, (oh, mother, if you could but hear their tongue!) "Mister Paddy," says she—"My name's Terence, if you please, miss," says I, smiling up in her blue eyes, (don't tell Kathleen Carey, by the Benny bridge, that I did that same, though.) "But you are an Irishman?" she says again. "Thank God for his goodness, I am," said I; for I never let on to the English I'm ashamed of my country. "Then," says she, "don't think to make a fool of me; for every Irishman is born a Paddy! Born a Paddy," she says again, "the same as a cow is born a cow, and a pig a pig!" And from that day to this, sorra a name she has on me but Paddy, and I can't find it in my heart to quarrel with her, on account of the blue eyes. "And if Ba-no," (that's the way she calls it,) "if Ba-no is so pretty," says she, "why did you leave it?"—"Because, miss," I makes answer, "I was *rather soft*, and I took a fancy to the master, on account of the fancy he took to me, and not quite liking to go to service in my own place, on account of my father being a decent tradesman of a tailor."—"That's Irish pride," says she, her blue eyes laughing like fairy-candles in her head.—"No, miss," says I, "it's only *decency*."—"Decency," she says, "has nothing to do with it. My father has a shop in the Strand; but he has ten daughters, and though we might all live at home, we would think it mean to be *dependant* while we could earn our living by our own hands. My sisters have all trades; but I like service better." Oh, mother, think of the five Miss Kavanaghs, in their black beavers and Tuscany bonnets, turning out from their father's bit of a shop on the hill, to earn their bread; and yet Lucy's father's shop is grander than e'es a shop in Dublin. "I think," she says, saucy enough, "that in Ireland, instead of each person trying to make a little property for themselves, they all go on living on what their parents have got; taking away from the capital, and adding nothing to it; just, Paddy, as you eat up all your potatoes on Saturday night, without remembering that you could not buy any on Sunday." I don't know how it is, but the more saucy that girl is, the brighter grow her eyes! *but don't tell Kathleen.*

* * * * * * *

It would take an acre of paper to tell you the wonders of this town. Myself has seen the most of them; and, oh! the golden splendour of the coaches, lined through and through with all manner of beautiful velvet; and the bishop's carriages all so grand, only it's little black aprons they wear, like stonemasons; may be it's out of economy they do it, to save their clothes. And the park; to see the ladies in that park of a sunny Sunday in June; the Phanix is nothing to it, the ladies in it I mean, so neat, and so beautifully dressed, and their feet so well set out.

Lucy has the prettiest feet for a pattern I ever saw. I wish Kathleen could but see how tight her shoe fits. I must say the English bangs us, in regard of the neatness: you never see the ladies at the houses I've been staying at with my master, curled up to the nines with bits of dirty newspapers, of a morning. Indeed, to spake the truth, travelling makes a man see a dale of faults in his own country; and Lucy says so best, for if he don't see them, he can't mend them; but don't *let on* to Kathleen.

My masther has a bit of an Irish groom that's the means of bringing great ridicule upon the country, by his quare talk, and his quare ways. I could pass very well for English, but for him, he's so cruel ignorant; but no wonder, sure he's from Cork; I sent him to the post-office for letters, and he come back grinning like a fool, after knocking the post-house-man down; (it was at a

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place called Richmond this happened, where there's a morsel of a hill, that they make such a bother about, and you could pick it with a needle out of Howth, and it would never be missed; however, it's a purty big hill for the English,) and what did he knock the man down for? Why just because he wanted to charge him one and four-pence for a letter—"And," says Teague, "I see him give a bigger one to a man for three-pence."—"Go back with him, Terence," says the master to me, "and make an apology to the honest man, for his ignorance, and fetch me the letter."—And so I did; I 'pologized dacently, and got the leetter, and fetcht Teague away with me, and he grinning all the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got home, he cut a caper before the master, for all the world like the animals one Mister Bunn keeps at a big play-house to plase the gentry.

"I've done him," says he, "the tame nagur," says he, in his vulgar way; "I've done him," he says again, "masther darlint," he says, laying down three strange lethers, not for masther at all; "Masther, dear, I stole those lethers out of his little box; and so there's the worth of your money!" Did you ever hear tell of such an onagh? Oh! God for ever bless you, my darlint mother, for giving me the larning, which makes me able to hold up my head with the best of them. And sure, barring that Mr. James, of the Bannow school, takes none but tip-tops, 'id recommend you to send my little brother, Lanty, to him for one quarter, just to fit him for a gentleman; though Lucy says that's a bad trade, when there's nothing to support it: *but don't tell Kathleen.*

I layed by my pen after wiping it, not as I used long ago, when I was top boy, with Master Ben—in the sleeve of my jacket, but in a piece of folded, cut cloth Lucy gave me, to tache me decency—the saucy slut—she said; and the reason, mother, to tell you the truth, that I layed it down was, that I heard Lucy laughing, and a dale of whispering in what they call the *still-room*, though, God knows, it's often the noisiest room in the house. I peeped in at the window, and saw —what do you think—a bit of an English baker trying a plain gold ring on Lucy's finger! Oh, mother! I never saw her eyes look so bright, and she blushing like a Bannow rose! I don't know what came over me, but I made a blow at the baker, forgetting the window, and smashed the glass and my hand to smithereens almost, (I hope you'll excuse the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of mine; and Kathleen and I promised—(for God's sake don't tell Kathleen) —but the little, deceitful devil — there's no use in talking, but the English women are all jilts. I could have taken my bible oath, from the way Lucy went on, jeering and teasing the life out of me, which is the way the girls in our place do when they fancy a handsome boy like myself—I could have sworn before the priest she liked me: and then to hear her say—"You, indeed, Mister Paddy! — Marry an Irish valet, and live among savages! — I pitied your ignorance, and tried to improve you; and that's my reward, to be frightened to death by an Irish ogre; and at such a time too;"—and off she goes like any lady into sterricks; and the baker falls on me, and I powerless—for there's no use in talking: I *had* a great regard for Lucy; but *for your life don't let on to Kathleen.*

Mother, darlint, I wish I was home again; it's a mighty fine place, but the Irish are thought nothing of here. I don't know why we think such a dale about the English; I'm sure they don't return the compliment—another proof of their bad manners.

Kathleen's eyes are brown, mother, and to my thinkin', brown eyes have not the sharp, conceited look of blue—blue are uncommon sharp. Well, I don't know, but if Kathleen was made up like them English, she'd be as well looking after all! And I mind the time when at bat or marbles, she'd give up to me; she'd a mighty sweet temper; and if she'd put on English shoes—but no; the English girls beats the Irish clean out about the ancles. Still what does that signify; sure if they're stout, they'll last the longer—and the sweet smile of Kathleen! Mother, mother, I was a baste to forget the tears she shed, at the corner of the turning just fornint the cottage, going down to Blackhall—and the new car upon starting, and I going on it as far as Taghmon! and thin how she purtended that it was the sun in her eyes dazzled her, until whin she saw me fairly on the car, she hid her face on your shoulder to hide her sorrow. FOR YOUR LIFE, mother, don't tell Kathleen a word about Lucy. Oh, my *fancy** was taken with the one, but my *heart* was with the other. Mother, I'm thinking I'll go home at oncst; and if I don't, why, I'll soon write again. God's blessin' be about every one of you. What do you think they have in the farmyards here but steps of stairs, for the fowls to step easy to roost! Think of that! God for ever bless you; and my remembrances to the Bannow boatman. I hope he thinks of to-morrow, as he has got a new boat. I'm sorry enough to hear that the times are bad with the Bannow postman. Sure the gentry shouldn't forget that he as good as walked twice round the world, and not for sport either; but to bring them conveniences, before Carrick was turned grand into a post town. My duty to the priest; and mother, Heaven's blessing on you, mother, and don't let Kathleen forget yours and hers ever constant and affectionate to command, TERENCE RYLEY.

* An *Irish* distinction truly.

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New Books.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.
*By Alphonse de Lamartine.**

[We shall best gather the characteristics of this work from the author's own advertisement. It is neither an elaborate production, nor a journal of travels; but, as our quotations will testify, it is a poetical and philosophic pilgrimage, comprising recollections, sketches, and reflections, made during a tour in the East, in 1832—1833. Brilliant imagination and pure enthusiasm illumine every page; while the author feels the holier influences of his journey in the emotions of his heart being deeply awakened, and his mind enlightened by sublime and awful lessons: and the reflections he has made on religion, history, manners, traditions, and the various phases of nature, are not lost upon him. Yet are these volumes presented as notes—as the fugitive impressions of a passenger. And how did the author write them? Sometimes during the repose of noon, under the shade of a palm-tree, or of the ruins of a monument of the desert; oftener at night by the light of a resin-torch, under his tent, beaten by the wind or rain; one day in the cell of a Maronite convent of Lebanon; another, rocked in an Arab bark, or on the deck of a brig, amidst the cries of sailors, the neighings of horses, and the interruptions and disturbances of every kind which are incident to a journey by land or by sea: sometimes he passed a week without writing; sometimes the loose pages of his album were torn by the jackals, or steeped in the surf. For a painter alone these notes may contain a degree of interest; some of them are exclusively picturesque; they are the written glance, the *coup d'œil* of a lover of nature, seated on his camel, or on the deck of his vessel, and who, with a few colourless strokes of his pencil upon the pages of his journal, sketches the landscapes as they may fly before him, that he may retain some remembrance of them for the morrow.

Accompanied by his wife and daughter, M. de Lamartine left France by Marseilles, in a vessel of 250 tons, with a crew of sixteen men. The brig was loaded with provisions necessary for a pilgrimage of two years; and the cabin contained a library of 500 volumes, and an arsenal of muskets, pistols, and sabres. Thus they sailed for the Holy Land, sojourning at Malta, where they decided on going to Syria and touching at Athens: here M. de Lamartine purposed establishing his wife and daughter, and going alone across Asia Minor to visit the other parts of the East. A few prominent points of the pilgrimage will furnish several interesting columns for our readers.]

* Translated from the French: the poetry rendered by Miss Landon.

At Sea.

We have seen, descending below the horizon, the last summits of the grey mountains on the coasts of France and Italy; then, the blue sombre line itself, limiting the sight, has vanished. All things worthy notice have gradually disappeared, as to an unfortunate being who has successively lost all the objects of his affections and his habits, and who seeks in vain something whereon the heart may repose.

The sky becomes, for awhile, the grand and only scene of contemplation; from whence the eye falls on this imperceptible point lost in space—on the small vessel which has become the entire universe to those whom it conveys.

The mate is at the helm: his masculine and tranquil countenance, his firm and vigilant glance, now fixed on the binnacle to observe the compass, now on the prow to discover through the cordages of the foremast his course through the waves: his right arm poised on the helm, by a movement impressing his will on the vast mass of the vessel; everything displaying in him the importance of his trust—namely, the destiny of the vessel, and the lives of thirty persons afloat in her.

On the foredeck the sailors are in groups, seated, standing, or lying on planks of shining fir, or on cables rolled in large spirals: some are mending the old sails, as young girls embroider their wedding veils, or the curtains of the nuptial bed; others leaning over the balustrades looking at, though scarce seeing, the foaming waves—as we look mechanically on a road—and casting to the wind with indifference, the smoke of their pipes of red clay; one party is giving the hens water in the long troughs, another offers hay to the goat with one hand and takes hold of its horns with the other; while some are playing with the two fine sheep in the suspended long boat; these poor animals raise their heads above the sides of the boat, and seeing only the white foam of the ocean, bleat after the rocks and the arid moss of their mountains.

At the extremity of the vessel, the horizon of this floating world, is the sharp prow preceded by the bowsprit inclined over the sea, and projecting like the form of a sea monster. The undulations of the sea, almost insensible at midship, produce at the prow very considerable oscillations; sometimes seeming to direct the course of the vessel towards some star in the firmament, sometimes to plunge it in some deep valley of the ocean; for the sea seems to rise and fall without ceasing when one is either at the stem, or stern of a vessel, which by its mass, and its length, multiplies the effect of these undulating waves.

We, separated by the mainmast from this scene of maritime habits, either seated on a bench of the quarter-deck, or walking with

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the officers, look at the sun descending, and the waves ascending.

In the midst of all these masculine, severe, or pensive countenances, is a child with its long hair flowing, in its white frock, with a beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, a sailor's straw hat tied under its chin—playing with the captain's white cat, or with some sea pigeons caught the night before and placed in a cage under the carriage of the cannon, and to which it distributes crumbs of bread —a portion of its food.

Night at Sea.

We had, during the whole of the night, a favourable but a heavy sea. In the evening the wind freshened, the waves formed and began to roll heavily against the sides of the brig; the bright moon prolonged torrents of a white and wavy light in large, liquid valleys hollowed between the great waves. These floating beams of the moon resemble currents of running water, and cascades of snow water, in the bed of the green valleys of the Jura and of Switzerland. The ship descends and ascends heavily each of these deep ravines. For the first time, during the voyage, we heard the timbers of the vessel creak under the strokes of each billow, making a noise to which we can compare nothing save the last groans of an ox felled to the earth, and stretched on its side in the convulsions of agony. This noise, mixed in the night with the roaring of a hundred thousand waves, the gigantic bounds of the vessel, the crackling of the masts, the whistling of the land breezes, the spray of the foam which is thrown upon and hisses on the deck, the heavy and hasty steps of the sailors aft while reefing the sails, to the laconic and strenuous order of the officer of the watch,—all this forms a mass of significant and terrible sounds, which shake more deeply the very heart of man than the roar of cannon on the field of battle. These are scenes at which we must have been present to be acquainted with the painful part of a sailor's life, and to measure our own moral and physical sensibility.

Carthage.

The breeze fell, the sea calmed, the day passed away in vainly looking in the distance for the vaporous coast of Africa. In the evening the wind suddenly rose, the vessel tossed from side to side, sinking under the sail like the broken wings of the sea-bird from the shot of the sportsman; her sides shook with a noise similar to that of a house falling down; I spent the night on deck with my arm passed round a cable: from the white clouds, which pressed together like a high mountain in the Gulph of Tunis, the lightning flashed, and we heard the sound of distant thunder. Africa appeared to me as I had always represented it to myself, its sides torn by the fires of heaven, and its calcined summits hid beneath the clouds. As we approached, and the Cape of Byserta and afterwards that of Carthage became visible, seemingly advancing to meet us, all the great images, all the fabulous or heroic names which have resounded on these shores, were recalled to my memory, and reminded me of the poetical and historical dramas of which these places were successively the theatre. Virgil, like all poets who wish to surpass truth, history, and nature, has rather spoiled than embellished the image of Dido. The historical Dido, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her first husband, caused her funereal pile to be erected on the Cape of Carthage, and ascended it, the sublime and voluntary victim of pure love and fidelity even to death! This is more beautiful, more pathetic, more holy, than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet attributes to her, with his ridiculous and pious Eneas, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathize.

But the *Anna Soror*, and the magnificent adieu, and the immortal imprecation which follows it, will always cause Virgil to be pardoned.

What relates historically to Carthage is more poetical than its poetry,—the heavenly death and obsequies of St. Louis: blind Belisarius: Marius expiating amongst wild beasts, on the ruins of Carthage—a wild beast himself—the crimes of Rome: the lamentable day in which, like a scorpion surrounded by flames, which pierces itself with its empoisoned sting, Carthage, surrounded by Scipio and Masanissa, set fire itself to its edifices and its riches: the wife of Asdrubal shut up with her children in the temple of Jupiter reproaching her husband with not having been able to die, and lighting herself the torch destined to consume her and her children, with all that remained of her country, leaving nothing to the Romans but its ashes!—Cato of Utica, the two Scipios, Hannibal, all these great names still rise on the abandoned cape like the columns yet standing of a fallen temple. The eye sees nothing but a naked promontory rising above a serted sea; a few reservoirs, empty, or filled with their own fragments, a few aqueducts in ruins, a few moles ravaged by the waves, and covered by the surge; a barbarous city close by, where even these names are unknown, reminding one of men who live too long and become strangers in their own country. But the past suffices when it shines with such brilliant reminiscences. Perhaps I love the place better alone, isolated in the midst of its ruins, than if profaned and troubled by the noise and crowd of new generations! It is with ruins as with tombs: in the midst of the tumult of a great city, and the filth of our streets, they afflict and

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sadden the eye; they are a stain on all this noisy agitated life;--but in solitude, on the sea shore, on an abandoned cape, on a wild coast, three stones grown yellow by age and broken by the lightning, make us reflect, think, meditate, or weep.

Solitude and death, solitude and the past, which is the death of things, necessarily ally themselves in the human mind. Their accordance is a mysterious harmony. I prefer the naked Promontory of Carthage, the melancholy Cape of Sunium, the barren and infected shore of Pæstum, to place in them the scenes of time past, to the temples, the triumphal arches, the Coliseum of expired Rome, trodden under foot in living Rome, with the indifference of habit and the profanation of oblivion.

A Greek Pirate.

We are sailing delightfully with a fair wind, which carries us between Cape Matapan and the Isle of Cerigo.

A Greek pirate approaches us, while the frigate gives chase, at a few leagues distance, to a suspicious sail. The Greek brig is only at a cable's length from us. We all go upon deck, and prepare for combat. The cannon is charged, and the deck strewed with guns and pistols. The Captain hails the Greek brig and commands her to retire. They, seeing twenty-five men, well armed, on deck, do not choose to risk to board us. They therefore obey the captain's requisition, but return again and almost touch our vessel. We are going to fire. They make sundry excuses, and remain nearly a quarter of an hour within pistol shot; they pretend that theirs is, like our own, a merchant vessel, returning to the Archipelago. I look at the crew, and never did I see crime, murder, and pillage, written in such hideous characters as on the countenances of these men. There are from fifteen to twenty banditti—some in the Albanian costume, others in ragged European dresses—seated, lying on deck, or working the vessel. They are all armed with pistols and poniards, the handles of which are of chased silver. There is a fire on deck, and two old women cooking some fish. A young girl of fifteen or sixteen appears from time to time amongst these wretches—looking like a celestial figure amongst infernal monsters. One of the old woman forces her several times to go below deck; she goes down weeping. A dispute seems to arise on this subject between some of the crew, and the poniards of two are already raised and brandished. The captain, who was coolly smoking his pipe, and leaning on the helm, rushes between them, and knocks one of them down on deck. The quarrel is made up, and the young Greek girl comes again on deck; she wipes her eyes with the long tresses of her hair, and sits down at the foot of the mainmast. One of the old women kneels behind her, and combs the long hair of the young girl. The wind freshens, the Greek pirate tacks in an instant, all sail is set, and she soon appears only like a white point in the horizon.

We lie back to wait for the frigate, which has made a signal to us, and in a few hours joins us. The Greek pirate that it pursued has escaped. It entered one of the inaccessible creeks of the coast, where they always take refuge on such occasions.

The Greek Parliament.

I attended a sitting of the Greek Parliament. The parliament house is a wooden shed, the walls and the roof being of badly joined fir planks or boards. The deputies are seated on raised forms or benches; the floor is covered with sand; and they speak from their places. We sat down to see them arrive, on a stone at the entrance of the shed. They came successively on horseback, each accompanied by an escort more or less numerous, according to the rank of the chief. The deputy having dismounted, his palikars, with their glittering arms, go and form a group at a little distance in the plain, which presents the image of an encampment or a caravan.

The attitude of the deputies is martial and haughty; they speak without confusion and without hesitation, in a tone of voice which displays feeling, but is at the same time firm, measured, and harmonious. We see no longer those ferocious figures repulsive to the eye, which are encountered in the streets of Nauplia; but the chiefs of an heroic people, who still hold in their hands the gun or sabre with which they have been combating for their deliverance, and who consult together on the means of securing the triumph of their liberty. Their parliament is a council of war.

One can conceive nothing more simple, and at the same time more imposing, than this spectacle of an armed nation, deliberating thus amid the ruins of their country, under a roof of boards raised in the open air; while the soldiers polish their arms at the very door of the senate-house, and the horses neigh, impatient to resume the path of the mountains. Some of the heads of the deputies are admirable for a display of beauty, intelligence, and heroism. These men are from the mountains: the Greek merchants of the isles are easily distinguished by their features (which are more effeminate), and the impress of deceit, which is legible on their countenances. The spirit of trade, and the indolence of their habits, have indeed effaced all traits of nobleness or force, and stamped instead, those of fraud and vulgar cunning.

(To be continued.)

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The Gatherer.

Almost all countries present examples of the strange love which mankind have of doing things in a roundabout way. In England, a member of parliament does not give up his seat—he only "accepts the Chiltern Hundreds." In the Ottoman empire, when the Sultan wants to dismiss a grand vizier from office, he sends a messenger, who enters the vizier's house, walks up to his table, and wipes the ink out of his golden pen. No more is said or done, but the vizier understands that he is forthwith dismissed.

Spirits.—23,216,272 gallons have been distilled in the United Kingdom, in the year 1834. The return for England is 4,652,838 gallons; Scotland, 9,193,091; Ireland, 9,370,343. The amount of duty stands thus:—England, 2,866,612*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Scotland, 1,007,507*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; Ireland, 1,369,318*l.* 6*s.* giving a total of upwards of five millions sterling.

Miniature Steam-Engine.—An inhabitant of Sheffield has constructed a beautiful model of a steam-engine of an extraordinarily small size. Notwithstanding the weight of the whole, including the fly-wheel, does not exceed two ounces and a half, and its size scarcely exceeds that of a hen's egg, yet the most minute parts are fitted up in a style of the utmost perfection, and the motions are performed with the greatest velocity.

Liverpool and Manchester Railway.—At the seventh half-yearly meeting of the Directors, they reported a continued increase in the traffic, as compared with the corresponding six months of the former year. The receipts of the half-year ending 30th June, amounted to 99,474*l.* 16*s.*, and the expenses to 61,814*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*, leaving a net profit for six months of 37,660*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* A dividend of 4*l.* 10*s.* per share was recommended by the Directors.

The first exhibition at Somerset House was in 1769, the number of works of art being 136.

Epitaph at Bristol, on Hippsley the Actor.

Here lies John Hippsley, a lad in truth,
Who oft, in jest, died in his youth;
Preferr'd from candle snuffing art,
He with applause play'd many a part:
The Collier first advanc'd him higher;
Next Gomez, plagu'd with wife and friar;
Fam'd in Flewellin, Pistol's Hector;
Then was of playhouses projector,
And author too, and wrote a farce;
But there, all say, he show'd an ass.
If acting well a soul will save,
He sure a place in heavn'n shall have:
And yet to speak the truth, I ween,
As great a scrub as e'er was seen. G. K.

Cholera.—The last caravan attacked by the cholera at Mecca, worn down with fatigue and destitute of water, almost wholly perished. No less than 40,000 pilgrims were left behind in the desert! The dust of the desert surrounding Mecca is, in fact, the dust of mankind.—*De Lamartine.*

Lines, cut in stone over Fiddleford Mill Door, near Sturminster, Dorset.

Date 1566.

He that wyll have here any thynge done,
Let hym com fryndly, he shall be welcom;
A frynd to the owner, and euymy to no man,
Call all here frely to come when they can;
For the fase of trothe I do alway protesse,
Myller, be true, disgrace not thy nest;
If Falsehood appere, the fault shal be thyne,
And of sharpe punishment think me not unkind;
Therefore, to be true yt shall thee behove,
To please God chifly, that sitthye above.

Ivy.—In all the ruins I have seen in Germany, (and that is no small number,) I have never discovered the least vestige of ivy.—*Coleridge.*

German Beer.—They were brewing at the inn, (Hessen-Dreisch,) I inquired and found that they put three bushels of malt and five large handsful of hops to the hogshead. The beer, as you may suppose, is but indifferent stuff.—*Coleridge—New Monthly Magazine.*

Coleridge, speaking of some half-naked children, describes their only covering as "the relics of a *ci-devant* shirt."

The Statue of the Duke of Kent, at the top of Portland Place, is nearly lost, through its not being in proportion to the site on which it stands. Indeed, this is a situation in which something bold and imposing should be placed, in order to correspond with the buildings around, and to make a handsome termination to the street; and also, in some measure, to correspond with the Duke of York's pillar, in Carlton Place.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

National Gallery.—At the sale of books and drawings of the late Mr. Nash, there was a design for a National Gallery at Charing Cross even more commonplace than that which is now in course of erection. It contained three tiers of glazed windows, and eight or ten doors at regular distances; and, in fact, was only distinguishable from a row of street houses by having a central portico and some other columns and cupolas. If these had been removed, it would have been impossible to distinguish the proposed public building from a row of private houses.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

There is as perfect a friendship between the Arab and his horse, as there is between us and the dog.

Erratum at page 160:—The date of the psalter, the earliest printed book with a date, is 1457, and not 1547, as there misprinted.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (*near Somerset House,*) *London. Sold by G. G. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 743.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1835. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE ITALIAN TAILOR-BIRD, AND ITS NEST.

1. The Bird. 2. Nest of ditto. 3. Portion of the Nest, to show the stitching of the leaves.

WE recently took occasion to illustrate the wisdom and contrivance shown in birds' nests by their tiny architects.* The above is, however, a more extraordinary specimen of them than any yet quoted. Its builder is one of the order of Perchers, which are the best nest-builders of all the feathered tribes. They do not usually select, like the Climbers, the interior of a hollow tree or similar situations, but most commonly interweave their nests between the twigs and branches of shrubs, or suspend them from them, or even attach them to humbler vegetals; some having even exercised arts from the creation, which man has found of the greatest benefit to him since he discovered them. These birds, indeed, may be called the inventors of the several arts of the weaver, the sempstress, and the tailor, whence some of them have been denominated weaver and tailor-birds.

The nests of the latter are, however, most remarkable. India produces several species of tailor-birds, that are instructed by their Creator to sew together leaves for the protection of their eggs and nestlings from the voracity of serpents and apes; they generally select those at the end of a branch or twig, and sew them with cotton, thread, and fibres. Colonel Sykes has seen some in which the thread was literally knotted at the end. The inside of these nests is lined usually with down and cotton.†

But, tailor-birds are not confined to India or tropical countries. Italy can boast a species which exercises the same art: one of our most eminent ornithologists, Mr. Gould,

* See Mirror, vol. xxiii. p. 295.

† A nest of the Indian tailor-bird will be found engraved in the Mirror, vol. xiv., p. 120.

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has a specimen of this bird in his possession; and the Zoological Society have a nest in their museum; from which sources, the originals of the annexed engraving have been lithographed.*

This little bird was originally described and figured by M. Temminck, in 1820; but its singular instincts, as to its mode of nidification, were afterwards given in detail by Professor P. Savi. It is called by the Pisans, *Becca moschino*, and is a species of the genus *Sylvia*, (*cisticola*.)

In summer and autumn it frequents marshes, but in the spring it seeks the meadows and corn-fields; in which, at that season, the marshes being bare of the sedges which cover them in summer, it is compelled to construct its nest in tussocks of grass on the brinks of ditches; but the leaves of these being weak, easily split, so that it is difficult for our little sempstress to unite them, and so to form the skeleton of the fabric. From this and other circumstances, the spring nests of these birds differ so widely from those made in the autumn, that it seems next to impossible that both should be the work of the same artisan.

The latter are constructed in a thick bunch of sedge or reed; they are shaped like a pear, being dilated below and narrowed above, so as to leave an aperture sufficient for the ingress and egress of the bird. The greatest horizontal diameter of the nest is about two inches and a half, and the vertical is five inches, or a little more. (*See Fig.* 2 *in the Engraving*.)

The most wonderful thing in the construction of these nests is the method to which the little bird has recourse to keep the living leaves united, of which it is composed. The sole interweaving, more or less delicate, of homogeneous or heterogeneous substances forms the principle adopted by other birds to bind together the parietes or walls of their nests; but this Sylvia is no weaver, for the leaves of the sedges or reeds are united by real stitches. In the edge of each leaf, she makes, probably with her beak, minute apertures, through which she contrives to pass, perhaps by means of the same organ, one or more cords formed of spiders' web, particularly that of their egg-pouches. These threads are not very long, and are sufficient only to pass two or three times from one leaf to another; they are of unequal thickness, and have knots here and there, which, in some places, divide into two or three branches.

This is the manner in which the exterior of the nest is formed; the interior consists mainly of down, chiefly from plants, a little spiders' web being intermixed, which helps to keep the other substances together. In the upper part and sides of the nest, the two walls, that is the external and internal, are in immediate contact; but in the lower part, a greater space intervenes, filled with the slender foliage of grasses, the flores of Syngenesious plants, and other materials, which render soft and warm the bed in which the eggs are to repose.

This little bird feeds upon insects. Its flight is not rectilinear, but consists of many curves, with the concavity upwards. These curves equal in number the strokes of the wing, and at every stroke its whistle is heard, the intervals of which correspond with the rapidity of its flight.

Perhaps, of all the instincts of birds, those connected with their nidification are most remarkable; and of all these, none are so wonderful, as those of the tribe to which belongs the little bird, whose proceedings in constructing its nest have just been described. In the Indian tailor-birds, the object of their sutorial art has been stated; and, doubtless, in the case of the Italian, the attack of some enemy is prevented by her mode of fabricating her nest. Situated so near the ground, her eggs, but for this defence, might become the prey of some small quadruped or reptile. He who created the birds of the air taught every one its own lesson, and how to place and construct its nest, so as to be most secure from inimical intrusion.†

* To illustrate the Rev. W. Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.

TO THE COMET.

Mysterious stranger—thou art come at last—
Thy wild career—
Whether it omens us or good or ill,
Or whether thou art but as meteor still—
Is surely near;
And, brief as it began, will soon be past.

Star of that vast Eternity, whose track
No calculations measure—eye can bound:
All that the world can give of awe thou hast;
For awe doth thine erratic course surround,
Yet not the slavish, overwhelming fear
Of ignorant suspicion and mistrust,
But awe of an Almighty presence near,
And feelings suitable for humble dust,
Who witnesseth, yet knows not how or why
Thou canst pursue thy path amidst the sky.

When Earth beholds thee next, new forms shall hail thee,
And fear thee as they hail, as we do now;
And fruitless cogitations shall assail thee,
As those which weary many a mind below;
Yet thou wilt pass upon thy destined way,
Heedless as thoughtless of vain sons of clay.

Have other worlds, as ours, proclaimed thee nigh,
And waited for thy coming—as our own?
Did other inmates of more regions sigh,
Knowing, as thou revolvest, they are gone—
Fled, as the Autumn's leaves, which only grew
To feel the sunshine, and inhale the dew.

Mysterious token of the Uncreate!
Who can, untremblingly, gaze on the air,
And see the record of Eternal Fate,
Thy presence and thy magnitude declare;
Without the conscious knowledge—there is One,
Who reigns amid infinitude alone.

† Abridged from the Seventh Bridgewater Treatise. On the History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals. By the Rev. W. Kirby, M.A. vol. ii. pp. 465—470.

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What that infinitude we scarce can guess—
We only know its space we cannot span;
And what the orbs that hold their destined place
Beside the boundary ordained for man—
What we now are, we know not—or to be—
Our life, use, fate, are lost in mystery.

To Him who made those stars we fain would turn—
Omnipotent, as throughout all divine—
Humbly adoring feel our spirits burn,
That we are suffered to approach his shrine;
Who, more benignant, deigns our wants to hear—
To hear—and grant his humblest creature's prayer.

Mysterious stranger—thou art come at last,
True to each foretold presage dark and dim;
So, in predicted time, in ages past,
Came forth thy promised star, Jerusalem!
When all creation saw their Glorious King
For human sins be human offering.

Though less, not loved the least—a triumph given
Unto our world amongst the hosts of heaven—
In darkest gloom that Glorious Light appear'd,
And from the darkest gloom man's spirits rear'd,
Teaching the prayer of thanks we daily raise—
Oh, Lord—thy will be done—receive our praise!

A. C. R.

A VISIT TO THORNTON ABBEY.

"Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin." BYRON.

THAT vague and pleasing melancholy which persons of sensibility feel, on beholding the mouldering remains of former greatness,—whether it be the tower "by war or tempest bent," or the baronial castle, proud in beautiful decay, rearing its broken turrets to the sky; or the old manor house, with tall chimneys, shrunk moat, and antique windows; or the abbey, where whispering ivy clings, and the piping winds make sad music through the dilapidated cloisters;—all alike excite that sadness which is not akin to grief—a pensive, yet soothing mood of melancholy, from which we wish not to be freed—which brings before the mind's eye, visions of far-off and twilight years; while the days that are gone "roll by us with all their deeds," and we commune in spirit with departed time. We stand where they have stood, who have long been dwellers of other worlds,—where they have lived, loved, joyed, sorrowed, and gone through all the changes of this most fleeting dream of being; "life's little day is past, and they are gone;" we call, and are only answered by lone echoes. Yet, their majestic dwellings remain, and will remain, when we who now muse upon their owners, shall be as they are.

These feelings were called forth on visiting the noble and beautiful ruins of Thornton Abbey, some account of which, with an Engraving, may be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xxvi. p. 281. Its situation is five miles from Barton-on-Humber, and adjoins the village of Thornton. As a turning in the road brought the venerable pile in full view, what a feeling of reverence did its proud decay inspire! The "eager arms of time" were still warded off by the thick clustering ivy, which in green luxuriance clasps the grey walls up to the very top. Beautiful was the effect of the incessant rustle and motion to the summer air of this verdant tracery, in contrast with the stern and immovable edifice. Old oaks, of immense magnitude, spread their giant arms, the last remnants of the good greenwood which once surrounded the domain. You enter the ruin through a broad gateway, and find, ranged on either side, deep niches, the remains of the dim cloisters. A small door on one side opens into an apartment, which has evidently been used as a kitchen; here is the wide, open fireplace, and numerous small openings in the wall, resembling closets. Passing through another low door, (which, as Mrs. Radcliffe would have said, "slowly creaked on its hinges,") you find yourself at the foot of narrow, winding stone stairs, which conduct to the top of the building; a view of the surrounding country being seen at intervals through the narrow loopholes. At the first landing, is the grand banqueting room, of noble dimensions, having a bay window with the sculptured stone-work still entire; there, we may suppose, in 1541, the obsequious monks entertained the burly King Henry VIII., with his gentle queen Jane Seymour. What suit and service were paid, in this very room, by the bare-headed fathers to their royal guest, all unconscious that the destroyer was so near! fancy pictured the monarch's glance of design, scanning the outward and visible signs of internal wealth, displayed around him, and even then planning its appropriation. Now, rank weeds cluster on the mouldering floor, and the fragments of some gipsy's fire remained on the desolate hearthstone! What a homily did the present decay afford on the vanity and fleeting nature of all things earthly.

Endless would it be to enumerate the cells, chambers, and passages of the abbey, calculated to stand through many a coming year, if we may judge by the thickness of the walls. Imagination was busy, and it was a luxury to rest on a pile of moss-grown stones in front of the building, and indulge her vagaries. She brought again the matin bell, which, when the morn "in russet mantle clad," lighted up the old woods around, rang drearily through the silence; and while the monotonous day faded in the crimson west, the vesper chimes broke softly on the calm twilight hour. To the left, is a dark walk, the trees meeting overhead,—in the shadow of the "dim, religious light" beneath, who may tell what steps have traversed—what hearts have there sighed over the world they had forsaken,—over scattered prospects, blighted hopes, and withered affections! the future closed by a life-long vow, which, like the mountain barriers and iron gates which closed round the "happy valley" of Rasselas, for ever shut out the world beyond. Centuries have rolled by, and in their sweeping

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course have brought a change over all things. In the once sacred precincts of this stately relic of monastic pride, the cattle were quietly browsing; while rank grass and nettles grew thickly in the vacant courts, where "all devouring Time, is sitting on his throne of ruins hoar."

Leaving the abbey, we passed on some short distance to the ruined chapter-house, and the abbot's lodgings. The former is in complete but beautiful ruin; and through the Gothic windows, and solitary arches, the haymakers were seen busily and blithely employed in a field on the other side, presenting a gay and scenic contrast to its solemn beauty.

But the most curious records of the things that were to be seen in this interesting place are the lately excavated remains of a magnificent church, which from the space now spread open, must have been an immense structure. The stone lies in broken but richly-carved masses, fresh from its long burial as if newly hewn, although trees of great size have flourished in leafy pride for years above this buried "work of long forgotten hands!" All unconscious had each proprietor been of the immured treasure, until an observant person remarked the brown hue of the grass, extending to some distance near the chapter-house, and sagaciously concluded that some cause must exist for the phenomenon. The spade soon brought to light the spot sacred to the worship and the burial of a past age: long rows of tombstones extending up the aisles, with the carved basements of fluted columns on each side. The inscriptions are mostly illegible: one we could decipher, contains the dust of "Roberti and Julia," date 1443. And who were they, who in the days of the meek King Henry VI., here found repose from the feverish dream of life? Conjecture is left to speculate on the parts they have acted in the wild drama of human existence. It was a stirring and awful thought to stand over the buried dust of four centuries, which, however great, or beautiful, or beloved, had thus left nothing but a name to tell that such had been! In moments like these, how vividly is the fast fading nature of our little span of life presented to the mental eye, with the small importance of those idols of the world which we so fondly grasp at; while the stream of time which stays not in its course, is bearing us and our transient joys and sorrows, rapidly on its bosom towards the wide ocean of eternity! ANNE R.

Anecdote Gallery.

ADVENTURE AT ACHEN.

ON the 25th of July, 1825, the transport Roharts, which was conveying troops from Rangoon to Gooty, passing between the Andaman Isles and the coast of Tenesseram, at half-past seven A.M., went over a coral shoal ten fathoms at the edge next the coast, and the bottom; with which circumstance we commence our anecdote, because B— says expressly, "This shoal is not known, neither is it marked in Horsburgh's Charts; the captain fifteen years since came upon it, but no attention was paid by the proper authorities to his notice of the circumstance, because being then young in his profession, it was thought he might be out in his reckoning."

As the vessel must pass Achen, and the crew were short of live stock, the captain determined to anchor near, or amid the numerous islands termed by mariners, Achen Head; and he did so on the 1st of August, when a hard-blowing, adverse gale had subsided. There were but three British officers on board, a major, a lieutenant, and an ensign, of the East India Company's service; and these gentlemen starting at daybreak for the shore, landed, after sailing about three miles up a river, or creek. This stream was narrow, and, at low water, so shallow, as scarcely to afford sufficient depth to float a moderately sized boat; a footpath pleasantly shaded with trees ran along the river banks from the sea, to the spot whereat B— and his companions landed. They found the houses of the inhabitants of Achen, like those of the Burmese, built of bamboo, and similar in appearance and arrangement; to each, a garden is attached in front: the canoes and boats of the natives are also upon the Burmese plan. There is not, (or, at least, was not at that period,) an European settler on the island; but a great deal of traffic appeared to be going forward, whilst the active, business-like air, and industrious stir of the scene, presented rather a singular spectacle for an Indian settlement. The natives of all ranks carry a creese in their girdles, and some, in addition, wear a sword. As previous to the landing of our military, the people had never seen any but naval officers, the appearance of the three in question was quite an event, and, evidently, they were regarded as lions. In the course of the day, B— strolled forth to reconnoitre; and, after walking about a mile, came to an old fort, which he was about to enter, when three or four men stationed as guards at its gate, opposed his progress, and authoritatively demanded who and what he was, and what he wanted at the king's palace? Now for aught B— knew, the King of Achen might be a mortal enemy to the Company's officers; or, at the least, he might be strangled or beheaded as a spy, so that never came such sudden approximation to royalty less welcome. He was staggered for a moment, but soon recovering his self-possession, replied with composure, that he was an Englishman, and had business with

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the King; for, aware of the difficulty of access to an oriental prince, he believed such an answer equivalent to at once making his bow. However, the soldier who went to apprise the monarch of the Englishman's visit, soon returned, with a gracious message from the young king, (who was but fourteen years of age,) to this effect—"He was then going to take a siesta; but would be happy to see the Englishman at four o'clock that afternoon." Long previous to that hour, the transport was under weigh, B— safely on board, congratulating himself on his escape, perhaps from torture, or death, and yet not without some qualms of conscience for the trick which he had put upon the good-natured, youthful King of Achen.

ADVENTURE OF AN OFFICER IN ITALY.

A BRITISH officer travelling in Italy, arrived one evening at a small village, much fatigued and in need of refreshment. Applying for it at the door of a *capanna*, provisions were set before him, and a bed prepared for the exhausted wanderer, for which hospitalities he paid little or nothing. Next day, his host offered to put him in the right road to the place he next intended to visit; and, during their walk, the officer asked him several questions respecting the state of Italy, Italian towns, Italian government and police, &c. concluding by inquiring the profession of his guide, and how he maintained himself and family:—"Signor," replied the man, "*Sono rubatore—bandito*"—and he plucked from his vest a concealed stiletto, advising the astonished traveller to hasten forwards, lest he should meet with *ladri* less honourable than himself; assuring him, however, that all who confided in him for protection and kindness, were safe, and certain of receiving it.

THE SOLDIER'S BOUQUET.

A FEW years since, a young officer in a Maltese regiment, who had but lately entered the service, and was not much accustomed to the smell of gunpowder, appeared one morning on parade with a rose in his button-hole, with the fine perfume of which he ever and anon regaled his olfactory nerves. Upon observing this, his commanding officer, Count G——, a veteran who had seen much service, ran up to the young man, tore the rose from his bosom, and trampled it under foot, exclaiming, as he broke one of a soldier's cartridges under his chin, and actually thrust the powder into his nostrils,—"That, sir, is the only *bouquet* for a soldier!"

IGNORANCE OF MILITARY TERMS.

THE lady of the late Dr. H—, of Eton, having a son in the army, and in a regiment, part of which was ordered to one of the Indies, consoled some friends and herself with the assurance, that "they were not likely to lose the young man, since only two *redoubts* of his regiment were ordered on foreign service, and he was not in either of them."—M. L. B.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

THOSE who wished to make acquaintance with Kosciusko, when at Paris, in 1798, procured an introduction to Madame Fiszer, the widow of his former adjutant. One evening, as Kosciusko entered the apartments of this lady, she met him with the information that he would have an opportunity of admiring a very interesting woman, whose most earnest wish was to make his acquaintance. "With all my heart," said Kosciusko, "provided it is not a learned lady; for to learned ladies I have a natural antipathy." Madame Fiszer replied, that it was a learned lady, Madame de Stael Holstein, one of the most celebrated in the French literary world. At these words, he snatched up his hat, and, with a civil apology to his fair friend, hurried out of the house. When Madame de Stael appeared, full of earnestness for the anticipated pleasure of the evening, the Polish countess frankly told her what had passed. Madame de Stael invited herself for the following evening, and requested the lady of the house not to announce her visit to Kosciusko. Next evening, Kosciusko came as usual, found several of his countrymen, and was conversing with them, when Madame de Stael entered unannounced. When the established forms of presentation were over, she went up to Kosciusko, and with her innate, vivacious eagerness, loaded him with flattering speeches, and concluded with the following address: "General, tell me your history; pray relate to us the principal events of the Polish revolution."—With perfect composure and self-possession, he laconically replied, "Madame, I made, but cannot relate, it."

One day, my grandfather, (says Mirabeau,) arrived at a review the very moment it had taken place. Alighting from his horse, he went directly to the major, who instantly said to the commissioner, "There, sir, is M. Mirabeau, whom I told you would not fail to be here in the course of the day." The commissioner replied, that he was very sorry, but his duty was to review the troops, and make a report of the men missing; that the troops had passed before him, and the captain was not present; that he had nothing to do with any other circumstance, and, consequently, the review was closed, for M. Mirabeau would be reported absent. Mirabeau allowed the major to plead his cause, and exclaimed against the commissioner's severity; but the inspecting officer, who strictly adhered to his instructions, refused to alter.

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his decision. The young captain, who till then had remained silent, now approached the commissioner, and with the utmost coolness said to him, "I am then absent, sir?" —"Yes, sir," replied the commissioner.—"In that case," said Mirabeau, "this takes place in my absence," and attacked the commissioner with his horsewhip, and gave him, in the middle of the parade, a singular dilemma to solve.

In the battle of Culloden, the heroism of Gillies Mac Bane was most eminently displayed, and worthy of a better fate. This gentleman was major of the regiment of Clan Mac Intosh; and when the Argyle militia broke down the park wall, by which means they were enabled to attack the Highlanders in flank, the brave Gillies stationed himself at the gap, and, as the enemy entered, they suffered severely from the irresistible strokes of his claymore. At last, finding himself opposed singly to the whole troop, he set his back to the wall, and defended himself with the fierceness of desperation, keeping the enemy at bay, and killing several of them. Some officers, admiring his valour, endeavoured to save his life, but Gillies fell, when he had slain thirteen of his foes.

During the American war, Captain Gregg, and a brother officer, returning from hunting, were fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both fell, and the Indians coming up, struck them on the forehead with the tomahawk, and scalped them. Captain Gregg, in describing the operation, said, he felt as if molten lead were poured on his head; yet he had the hardihood to lie still, suppressing his breath, to make them suppose he was dead. When they had left him, he felt as if something cooling were applied to his burning head: this was caused by the coldness of the tongue of his dog, which was licking it. The dog, after fawning upon him, left him and disappeared in the woods. Captain Gregg, in attempting to rise, found he was wounded in the back by a musket-shot, and severely bruised on the forehead by the stroke of a tomahawk, which would have killed him, had not its force been broken by his hat. He crawled to his brother officer, who lay dead near him, and opening his waistcoat, laid his throbbing head upon his warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay were torture to him. Here he expected death to put an end to his sufferings. In the mean time, the dog hastened home to the captain's friends, and by his manner showed that some accident had befallen his master. They followed the dog, which guided them to the scene described, where they arrived just in time to save the life of Captain Gregg, who, under the care of a skilful surgeon, ultimately recovered.

When the British soldiers landed at Trinidad, (says a recent writer,) they broke open a boiling-house and distillery, and made grog in a most original manner, and on a very extensive scale. They rolled out three hogsheads of sugar, and seven puncheons of rum, which they emptied into a well of water, drew up the mixture in buckets full, and drank it. This singular mode of making grog was introduced by the regiment under the command of Colonel Picton, who, during his government, endeavoured, but without success, to make the Colonial Department reimburse the proprietor for the damage sustained.—Picton had an original way of treating those debtors who had the means, but wanted the will, to pay. Instead of undergoing the heavy delay of a Spanish law process, creditors were in the habit of going to the Governor, who would then summon the debtor before him, and ask him if the plaintiff's claim was just. If the defendant answered in the affirmative, Picton desired him to pay him immediately. Perhaps the defendant would remark, that he had not the money at the moment; when the Governor would ask him, by what time he would have it. If the defendant said, he should have it in a week, the Governor paid the plaintiff himself, and then turning to the defendant, he would desire him to take care that he produced the money within ten days. This was enough, for few men would venture to trifle with the Governor.

During a campaign in Germany, Lord Townsend, who commanded one of the brigades, gave a dinner to his officers, as is usual with generals on a march. When the soup was served up, (says Sir J. Campbell,) a universal complaint was made of its horrid taste. An inquiry was instantly made into the cause, when it was found that the French, by whom the place had been occupied as an hospital but two days before, on retreating, for the purpose of expediting the interment of their dead, had thrown many of them into the wells. The company instantly broke up in disorder: but old Major Hume, of the 25th foot, who had been a soldier from his infancy, and often, no doubt, fared on viands not the most delicate, proceeded with characteristic indifference to finish his dinner, exclaiming that the soup was good, and that it would have been better if the whole French army had been in the water of which it was made.

On the second anniversary of the battle of Albuera, (says Lieutenant Cadell,) the 28th regiment gave a dinner to Sir Rowland Hill, and the staff of the second division. Being encamped, they had no tables or chairs; but the deficiency was ingeniously supplied by Lieutenant Irwin. A nice piece of turf being selected, he marked out the length and

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breadth of a mess-table for one hundred covers. The sward was carefully lifted, and a trench dug round, large enough to accommodate the party; the sods and mould were then carefully placed in the centre, and levelled; this centre-piece being excavated sufficiently to give room for their legs underneath. When the mass was raised to a proper height, the sward was carefully laid on, so that they had a beautiful, green table, novel and ingenious. The dinner was cooked in every way the old soldier could invent — roast and boiled, soup and bouillé; camp kettles were reversed for ovens to bake pies, and every guest brought his knife, fork, and plate.

W.G.C.

The Naturalist.

HUMAN SKULLS OF UNUSUAL THICKNESS, AND BRAINS OF UNUSUAL WEIGHT.

UNUSUALLY thick skulls have been long ascribed to men who are deficient in intellect, and dull in comprehension; hence they have been called reproachfully thick-headed fellows, or *block-heads*. This notion, however, like many others equally common-place, is a false induction; for particular men and whole nations displaying unquestionable talent and intelligence, have been remarkable for the extraordinary thickness of their skulls. The learned Professor Porson was, on a *post-mortem* examination, found to possess a skull so exceedingly thick, that Gall, the celebrated phrenologist, wittily observed that it was no wonder he had so retentive a memory, for it was impossible for things to escape from his head, when once they had got into it. In Stow's Survey of London, mention is made of a human skull above three quarters of an inch thick, which was found at St. Catherine's Cree Church. The author of the "Dissertation concerning the Poems of Ossian," says of Oscar, (Ossian's grandson,) that he stood unrivalled for thickness and hardness of skull. Indeed, his skull must have been of more than ordinary thickness, as we are told that when it was desired to wake him from his profound slumbers, this was effected by dashing a large stone at his head. On one occasion, when he had fallen asleep on his post, Ossian and Ca-olt, finding the enemy approaching, consulted for awhile on the best method of waking the somnambulist, and decided on dashing a stone at his head, as the least likely to hurt him. "Ca-olt took up a heavy stone, and struck it against the hero's head. The hill shook for three miles, as the stone rebounded and rolled away!" Dr. Bulmer, on the authority of Purchas, observes "that blockheads and loggerheads are in request in Brazil, and helmets are of little use, every one having a natural murion of his head: for as to the Brazilian's heads, some of them are as hard as the wood that grows in the country, so that they cannot be broken." In Oviedo's General History of the Indies, it is remarked, "that Indian skulls are four times as thick as other men's; so that on coming to handy strokes with them, it shall be requisite not to strike them on the head with swords, for many have been broken on their heads with little hurt done."

"The brain generally weighs, according to Soemmering, from 2 lbs. 5½ oz. to 3 lbs. 3¼ oz. Professor Dewhurst has weighed several at 4 lbs. The brain of the late Lord Byron, without its membranes, weighed 6 lbs. and contained more medullary substance than ordinary, as also did that of Oliver Cromwell. That of Dr. Gall weighed only 2 lbs. 10 oz. 7½ drs. Baron Cuvier's brain weighed, according to M. Berard, 3 lbs. 13½ oz., and according to M. Rousseau, 3 lbs. 14 oz. 4 drs. A horse's weighs only 1 lb. 4 oz., and that of an ox is one-fourth of the dimensions of the human brain."* Mr. Scoresby found that a whale, 19 feet long, and 11,200 lbs. in weight, possessed a brain weighing only 3¾ lbs.

J. F.

THE CAPIBARA.

As a specimen of this curious animal has lately been added to the collection in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the following particulars respecting its natural history may not be unacceptable to our readers. The capibara possesses many physiological characters that render it somewhat questionable in what order of the zoological classification it ought to rank. Its short, thick neck, the colour and bristly nature of its hair, and a few other appearances were thought by some naturalists sufficient to warrant them in regarding it as a species of hog, and accordingly they have placed it in the order *Pachydermata*. The shape of its body which is more elevated behind than before, the divided lip beset with bristles, the palmated feet, the number and form of the teeth, and the absence of tail, and tusks, and hoofs, are circumstances that declare the impropriety of its arrangement in that order. Cuvier and his followers think it more correct to include it in the order *Rodentia*, in which are classed the cavies and other animals to which it bears the nearest resemblance, but which it eclipses in size. The capibara inhabits the rivers of Guiana and the Amazon, wherein it swims with great dexterity by means of its webbed feet. Its principal food is fish, corn, and fruits. It seizes its finny prey with its teeth and claws, and, having captured it, brings it to the water's edge, and there eats it. It cautiously keeps close to the water, that it may be enabled, in case of danger, to elude its enemi by swimming or by diving to the

* Times, April 20, 1835.

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bottom, where it can remain a long time. Its land excursions are usually taken at night time, and in the company of several others. When away from the water, it stands but little chance of escaping from its foes, as it is but a bad runner. It frequently, when feeding, assumes an erect position, like that of a squirrel sitting, or a lapdog begging; and the sound it utters has been compared to the braying of an ass. Though its disposition in a natural state is shy and timid, yet when domesticated it fears not its keeper, but will attend to his call, and follow him. It is hunted for the sake of its flesh, which is fat and tender, but of a fishy flavour. The South American epicures, however, prize the head as a *bon bouche*.

TWO-LEGGED PIGS.

At a meeting of the Zoological Society, on February 12, 1833, a note was read from Colonel Hallam, accompanied by two individuals of a race of pigs with only two legs, the hinder extremities being entirely wanting. The latter, Colonel Hallam states, were observed "at a town on the coast in the Tanjore country, in the year 1795; they were from a father and mother of a similar make, and the pigs bred from them were the same." —*Philosophical Magazine.*

DAVID DOUGLAS.

We were sorry to learn, through a Report of the Geographical Society's meeting of March 9th, of the death of this eminent and zealous naturalist. His numerous discoveries in botany and zoology must ever cause his name to be gratefully remembered, and his unfortunate fate to be deeply deplored, by the man of science.

In 1825, the London Horticultural Society sent him on an exploration of the west coast of North America, from whence he returned, in 1827, with many species of plants, &c., previously unknown to naturalists. Among his botanical discoveries were two most noble and stupendous pines. The one, called after himself *Pinus Douglasii*, growing on the banks of the Columbia, attaining the height of 230 feet, and a circumference of more than 50 feet, near to the ground. The other, *Pinus Lambertiana*, growing in Northern California, being upwards of 215 feet in height, and nearly 58 feet in circumference near the root. Many remarkable birds and other animals were brought by him from the previously but little explored mountains near the river Columbia, and other parts of North America. It is to him we are indebted for the introduction into this country of the *Oxalis crenata*, a plant which promises by and by to become every where cultivated and generally preferred instead of the potato, on account of its greater merits.

During his sojourn of two years among the wild Indians of the Rocky mountains, it is said he was "reduced to such extremities as occasionally to sup upon the flaps of his saddle; and once, not having this resource, was obliged to eat up all the seeds he had collected the previous forty days in order to appease the cravings of nature. Not appalled by these sufferings, he returned again to endure similar hardships."*

We have often regretted that many naturalists have died, even within modern times, of whom nothing is to be obtained in the shape of biography; but we hope that some competent hand will write an account of the life and discoveries of David Douglas.—J. F.

* Magazine of Natural History.

The Public Journals.

HYMN TO JOY.—FROM SCHILLER.

Joy, thou brightest Heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

Chorus.

Myriads join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving father's place.

Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be;
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our jubilee!

Yea: who calls ONE soul *his own*—
ONE, on all earth's ample round;
Who can not, may steal alone,
Weeping, from our holy ground!

Chorus.

Sympathy! with blessings, crown
All, that in life's circles are!
To the stars she guides us, where
Dwells enthroned the Great Unknown.

Joy, to every living thing,
Nature's bounty doth bestow—
Good and bad still welcoming;
On her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friend in death approved:
Sense, the worm has—but, in Heaven
Stands the soul, of God beloved.

Chorus.

Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek Him, in yon starry sphere—
O'er the stars, He governs all!

Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day;
Joy's the main-spring of creation,
Keeping every wheel in play;
She draws from buds the flow'rets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure skies,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air—
Realms unreached by mortal eyes.

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Chorus.

As her suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly;
As the knight to victory—
Brothers, speed upon your way.

From Truth's burning mirror, still
Her sweet smiles the inquirer greet:
She, up Virtue's toilsome hill,
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet.
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent wall of the grave,
Flits her form in angel light.

Chorus.

Patient then, ye myriads live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

For the gods, what thanks are meet!
Like the gods then let us be!
All the poor and lowly greet,
With the gladsome and the free!
Banish Vengeance from the breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

Chorus.

Be the world from sin set free—
All our follies be forgiven!
Brothers, in that starry Heaven,
As we judge, *our* doom shall be.

Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves, in gentle trances,
Dead Despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge;
Toss the foam off to the skies—
"Our Good Spirit" here we pledge!

Chorus.

Him, the seraphs ever praise,
Him, the stars, that rise and sink;
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to Him, our glasses raise!

Spirits firm, in hour of woe—
Help, to innocence opprest—
Truth, alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken, wrongs redressed;
Pride, unquelled by tyrants' thrones,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Still may merit win her crowns;
Down with Falsehood's poisonous brood!

Chorus.

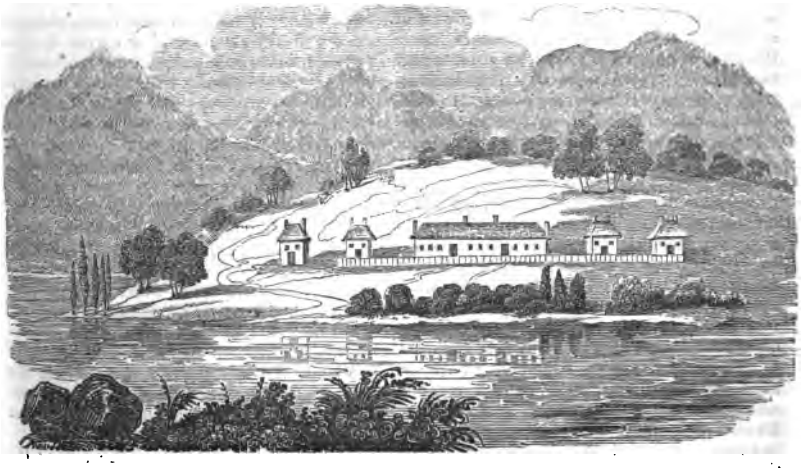
Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup, now
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it, by the Heavenly King!

New England Magazine.

JUVENILE TRANSPORTATION.

POINT PUER, VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

THE destitute and neglected state of children in the lower neighbourhood of London is deeply to be deplored, both on account of the ruin which ultimately becomes their lot, and also on account of the mischief done to the community when they ripen in years and turn out depredators upon the inhabitants of the metropolis. In St. Giles's, in Whitechapel, and in the lower parts of Westminster, these unfortunate bits of humanity may be seen from the sly, lurking, young pickpocket to the ragged little varlet, without either shoes or stockings and scarcely a rag to cover him, galloping and frisking about the pavement, in all the joyousness of childhood, but under training to be a rogue, with a tolerable certainty that his future steps will be upon the tread-wheel, and his ultimate existence at Botany Bay. The parents of many of these children are labouring men, or very poor journeymen; and melancholy is the fact that trifling as their wages may be, a considerable portion of their money is expended in drunkenness. The children are neglected and half starved. The fathers are at their work all day, the mothers are out charing, begging, or hawking, and when these urchins become of a sufficient age to steal, the parents shake them off and tell



(Point Puer.)

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them to support themselves: but bad enough as this may appear, it is still worse when we reflect that many, very many parents turn their children out every morning, and beat them every night, unless they contrive, by begging or thieving, to bring home a given sum, independent of their own support.

These boys go to crime as naturally as a duck takes to the water—it is their element—and hence it is that our jails are crowded with juvenile delinquents, who are so steeped in crime that all the philanthropic labours of public societies and individuals are as useless, as their promoters are amiable.

The above Engraving is a representation of an establishment lately founded near Port Arthur, Van Dieman's Land, for the reception of juvenile rogues, where they are trained to habits of industry, and brought up to various trades. It is situated on a neck of land, in a beautiful country, about a mile and a-half from the Port, and is called Point Puer. The impure Puer younkers, about 160 in number, rise at six, and go to rest about nine. The hours are regularly employed—industry and obedience are the order of the day. Their former idle habits are gradually rooted out of them; for proper management and emulous employment will effect more towards the reformation of these unfortunate two-legged seedlings; than months or years will do in the dens of hulks, or on the squirrel-like employment of a tread-wheel.

SELIM.

New Books.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

[A SERIES of "First Impressions" under this name has lately appeared in our namesake journal, the *New York Mirror*. Their writer is Mr. N. P. Willis, an American poet "of some reputation in his own country," says the *Quarterly* Reviewer; and, we are disposed to add, favourably known to the English reader. These sketches are the result of the author's recent visit to this country, and his introduction to some of the first circles of British society. They are, certainly, very cleverly drawn, and in a much better style than ordinary American writing, so often crude, slipshod, and unsatisfactory even to tiresomeness; so that Mr. Willis's Impressions will afford amusement to a certain class of readers, who have survived repletion from the silver-fork school: besides, some curiosity may be felt as to the opinions of an American on the high-bred ease and the best elements of our society; that is, if the public have not been overdosed by the coronetted impertinence and quackery of the German Prince. Be this as it may, some undue importance has been attached to Mr. Willis's reports by their elevation to the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*, wherein their bad taste and feeling are very properly castigated. This has insured them notoriety enough to induce a London bookseller to announce the "Pencillings" for republication, in the old day dose of "three volumes," as before, and the embargo of private property, after these said "Pencillings" have been almost rubbed out of Jonathan's memory and esteem. We quote a specimen from the *Athenæum* reprint of one of the chapters, though without the author's modifications, which, we believe, the new edition will possess.]

Gordon Castle—the Park—Duke of Gordon—Personal Beauty of the English Aristocracy.

The last phaeton dashed away and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his Grace was out deer-shooting; but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye. * * *

It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September, and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set, looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks; and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to his mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment, and luxury, and beauty, lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills, and by the

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occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery, the signal to dress, and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen, the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad, red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a very tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.

It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid; and on the sideboard stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large coursing cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-one, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat, he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had upon my right, Lady ——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen "heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble" so unequivocally clear. There were two young men, and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found: the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thorough bred." There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the Continent—the *paysans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressement*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *dérèglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentlemanlike" and Indian-like. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly, (which he always does,) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate, and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished, when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly, he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him, or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-café* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music, filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embar-

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passing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels. I have described it, and shall describe others minutely; and I hope there is no necessity of reminding any one that my apology for thus disclosing scenes of private life has been already made. Their interest as sketches by an American of the society that most interests Americans, and the distance at which they are published, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy.

I arose late, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck, on entering, with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels, and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes, (for shooting,) and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. I wondered, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of many people in my own country, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.

Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable, than the whole tone of the meal. One after another rose, and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon-fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands, is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations; those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard room; and I was left with Lord Aberdeen in the breakfast-room alone. The tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest about America. When secretary for foreign affairs in the Wellington cabinet, he had known Mr. McLane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. McLane, and hoped he enjoyed his friendship. He wished he might return as our minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, he said, was worth a score of practised diplomatists. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. McLane, of whom he could scarcely say enough. His politics would naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the president very much as a man.

Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him, a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society.

Still suffering from lameness, I declined all invitations to the shooting parties, who

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started across the park, with the dogs leaping about them in a phrenzy of delight, and accepted the duchess's kind offer of a poney phaeton to drive down to the kennels. The duke's breed both of setters and hounds is celebrated throughout the kingdom. They occupy a spacious building in the centre of a wood, a quadrangle inclosing a court, and large enough for a respectable poorhouse. The chief huntsman and his family, and perhaps a gamekeeper or two, lodge on the premises, and the dogs are divided by palings across the court. I was rather startled to be introduced into the small inclosure with a dozen gigantic bloodhounds, as high as my breast, the keeper's whip in my hand the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion that, without it, they would "hae the life oot o' me in a crack." They came round me very quietly, and one immense fellow, with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid his paws on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice. One can scarce believe these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thoroughbred heads, large, speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however. I never had seen such perfect creatures. "Dinna tak' pains to caress 'em, sir," said the huntsman; "they'll only be hangit for it!" I asked for an explanation, and the man, with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant, told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way showed signs of superior sagacity. In coursing the hare, for instance, if the dog abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. Greyhounds are valuable only as they obey their mere natural instinct, and if they leave the track of the hare, either in their own sagacity, or to follow their master, in intercepting it, they spoil the pack, and are hung without mercy. It is an object, of course, to preserve them what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master, their death-warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The duchess told me afterward that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of showing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.

The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky, floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face, and caressing fondness, (lucky dog! that affection is permitted in *his* family!) quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the duke's would as soon ask him for a church living as for the present of one of them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds, of one family of which, (long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged, and perfectly white little wretches,) the keeper seemed particularly proud. I evidently sank in his opinion for not admiring them.

I passed the remainder of the morning in threading the lovely alleys and avenues of the park, miles after miles of gravel-walk, extending away in every direction, with every variety of turn and shade, now a deep wood, now a sunny opening upon a glade, here along the bank of a stream, and there around the borders of a small lagoon, the little poneys flying on over the smoothly rolled paths, and tossing their mimicking heads, as if they too enjoyed the beauty of the princely domain. This, I thought to myself, as I sped on through light and shadow, is very like what is called happiness; and this, (if to be a duke were to enjoy it as I do with this fresh feeling of novelty and delight,) is a condition of life it is not quite irrational to envy.

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE.

(*Continued from page* 236.)

[HAVING reached Syria, accompanied by three friends, M. de Lamartine enlisted in his service a number of attendants, and purchased fourteen horses. He established himself at a short distance from the town of Baireut, from whence he made several excursions, and where he left his wife and daughter during his journey to Jerusalem. From these excursions, full of descriptive vigour and beauty, we shall, at present, quote but sparingly.]

Arrival at Baireut.

The sloops of several vessels, and the porters of Baireut, under the superintendence of the Consul's janissaries, effected the landing of our party and of our various provisions; and before the night had set in we were all ashore, temporarily accommodated, and welcomed by M. and Madame Jorelle with the most marked attention. The impression of the first hours of the first days on shore, after a voyage, partakes in some respect of our sensations when convalescent after a long illness; such was our first evening's enjoyment. Madame Jorelle, a charming young lady born at Aleppo, has kept up the rich and dignified costume of Arabian females; the turban, the embroidered vest, the poniard at the girdle; we could never cease admiring this magnificent costume, which added fresh lustre to her purely oriental beauty.

At night a supper was served up in the European style, in a kiosque with broad grated windows opening upon the harbour,

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admitting the refreshing night breeze which played with the flames of our wax lights; I broached a case of French wine to be added to this hospitable feast, and we thus passed our first night in conversation respecting the country we had left and that we came to seek; a question about France followed a question upon Asia. Julia played with the long tresses of some Arabian woman or black slave, who came to visit us; she was in admiration of those costumes so new to her; her mother twisted the long locks of her flaxen hair in imitation of those of the ladies of Baireut, or settled her shawl in the shape of a turban on her head. I never saw anything more ravishingly beautiful amongst all the female countenances engraved in my memory, than the appearance of Julia in her head-dress of a turban of Aleppo, with its gold chased cap, from which dropped pearl fringes and chains of gold sequins, her hair hanging down in tresses on her shoulders, and her wondering gaze fixed upon her mother and myself with a smile which seemed to say: Enjoy your delight, and see how beautiful I also can appear!

After reverting for a hundred times to our native country, and naming every place, every individual, whom a common recollection might recall to our minds; after conveying to one another all the mutual information that was calculated to interest us, we came to the subject of poetry; Madame Jorelle requested I would recite to her a few fragments of French poetry, and she translated to us some of the poetry of Aleppo. I told her that nature was far more poetical than poets could ever be; that she herself, at this moment, at this hour, in this delightful spot, by this moonlight, in her foreign costume, with her oriental pipe in hand, and her diamond-hilted poniard at her girdle, was a much finer subject for poetry than all those which the utmost stretch of our imagination had fixed upon. And as she replied that she should be highly gratified at having a recollection of our voyage to transmit to her father at Aleppo, in poetical language addressed to herself, I withdrew for a moment, and brought her back a few verses, the sole merit of which consisted in the locality of the place where they were written, and in the sentiment of gratitude which inspired them.

Lebanon.

At about two miles from Deir-el-Kammar, there is obtained one of the most magnificent views of the Lebanon. On the one side, its deep gorges, which the traveller is about to enter, suddenly open beneath the feet. On the other, the castle of Dptedin rises in the form of a pyramid on the summit of its hill, covered with verdure and surrounded by the foaming waters; before him the mountains, gradually descending to the sea—some dark, others of a lighter aspect,—unroll themselves like a cataract of hills, and disappear either amongst verdant ridges of olive-trees in the plains of Sida, or on a rising hill of a brick-coloured sand along the shores of Baireut. Here and there, the contour of the mountain sides, and the varied lines of their immense descending ridges, are terminated and broken by the tops of cedars, of fig, or broad-crested pine-trees; numerous villages shine at their feet or on their summits. This prospect terminates in the sea; the eye following, as upon an immense map or an embossed plain, the slopes, the undulations, the intersections of the coasts, the capes, the promontories, the gulfs of its shores from the Carmel to Cape Batroun, along an extent of fifty leagues.

The air is so fine that one can fancy any object to be almost within a few hours' travelling, which it would require three or four days to reach. At those distances, the sea appears so mixed up with the firmament, with which it is blended in the horizon, that it is impossible at the first glance to distinguish the two elements from each other, and the land appears to float in an increased double ocean. It is only by fixing the sea with more attention, and by observing the little white sails on its blue surface, that it is possible to distinguish the object in view. A slight and more or less gilded haze floats above the waves, and separates the sky from the water. At some moments, light fogs raised up from the sides of the mountains by the morning breeze detach themselves, like a bird's white feathers consigned to the winds, and are carried away to the sea, or evaporated by the rays of the now burning sun.

Nazareth.

I perceived at my feet, at the bottom of a valley hollowed out like a basin or a small lake, the white and gracefully grouped houses of Nazareth on the two sides and at the extremity of this basin. The Greek church, the high minaret of the Turkish mosque, the long thick walls of the convent of the Latin fathers, were all at once perceptible; a few streets formed of smaller houses, but of an elegant and oriental shape, were grouped round these larger edifices and animated with the noise and the movements of life. All around this valley or basin of Nazareth, were seen clumps of the high thorny napal; fig trees deprived of their autumnal leaves; with green and yellow light-leaved pomegranates—the whole giving a freshness and a grace to the landscape, like the flowers of the field round a village altar. God alone knows what passed at that moment in my heart; but by a spontaneous, and as it were an involuntary movement, I found myself on my knees, at the feet of my horse, upon one of the blue and dusty paths of the precipice we were descending. I remained, I suppose,

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several minutes in silent contemplation, wherein all the thoughts of my life as a sceptic or a christian rushed upon my mind with such confusion, that it was impossible to class them; these words alone escaped my lips: *And the word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.* I pronounced them with the sublime, profound, and grateful sentiment they are calculated to inspire: the place indeed suggests them so naturally, that I was struck, on arriving in the evening at the sanctuary of the Latin church, to find them engraven in letters of gold, on the marble table of the subterranean altar in the house of Mary and Joseph.—Having made this exclamation, bowing my head respectfully to the earth which had given birth to Christ,* I kissed it in silence, and moistened with tears of repentance, of love, and hope, that soil which has seen so many shed, which has imbibed so many, and from which I invoked a portion of truth and love.

The Lake of Gennasereth.

The great and mysterious scene of the Gospel passed almost entirely on this lake, the borders of this lake, and the mountains which surround and overlook it. Behold Emmaus, where he chose at hazard his disciples, amongst the meanest of mankind, to testify that the strength of his religion was in the doctrine itself, and not in its powerless organs. Behold Tiberias, where he appeared to St. Peter, and founded in three words the hierarchy of his church. Behold Capurnaum—behold the mountain where he delivered the fine sermon of the mount—behold that on which, as God, he manifested the heavenly beatitudes—behold that from which he said, "I have compassion on the people," and multiplied the loaves and fishes, even as his word creates and multiplies life in the soul—behold the gulf of the miraculous fishing—behold, in fine, the entire Gospel, with its affecting parables and its tender and delicious images, which appear to us such as they appeared to the hearers of the divine Master when he pointed out to them, with his finger, the lamb, the fold, the good shepherd, and the lily of the valley:—behold, to conclude, the country that Christ preferred on earth; that which he has chosen for the exordium of his mysterious drama; that wherein, during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his parents and his friends according to the flesh; that wherein nature, of which he had the key, appeared to him with the greatest charms:—behold these mountains from whence he saw, like us, the sun rise and set in revolutions which measured so rapidly his mortal days: here did he successively repose, meditate, pray, and cultivate love to God and benignity to man.

* It is a singular mistake to refer to Nazareth as the *birth*-place of our Saviour.

Eastern Women.

To live for one single man, and with one single thought, in the interior of their apartments; to pass the day on a divan, plaiting their hair, and disposing the numerous jewels they wear, with grace and elegance; to breathe the cool air of the mountains or the sea from off a terrace, or through the openings of the trellised window; to walk awhile under the orange trees and pomegranates of a little garden; to ruminate on the banks of a reservoir, which the falling water animates with its murmur; to take care of the domestic affairs; to make the bread, the sherbet, and the sweetmeats with their own hands; to go once a week to the public bath, in company with all the young damsels of the town; and to sing some stanzas of the Arabian poets, and accompany their voices with a guitar;—this comprises the whole life of the eastern women. Society does not exist for them; therefore they have none of those false feelings which self love creates in society. When young and handsome they are wholly engrossed by love, and afterwards devote themselves entirely to their children and domestic cares. This state of civilization—is it equal to any other?

(*To be continued.*)

The Gatherer.

Life prolonged by Civilization.—If we collect England, Germany, and France in one group, we find that the average term of mortality which, in that great and populous region, was formerly one in thirty people annually, is not, at present, more than one in thirty-eight. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000 to less than 1,200,000; and 700,000 lives, or one in eighty-three annually, owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Railways.—In passing along the common to Bagshot, an immense mound appears at a distance from the road, crossing a valley in which there is neither hedge, house, road, tree, nor ploughed ground. It is a wild part of the heath, which has, probably, never been touched by man since it was left by the waters of the deluge. There is something grand in seeing this noble mound majestically crossing it in order to carry forward the railway, (Great Western,) on the proper level; and one is tempted to speculate on the probability, at some distant time, of the whole globe being covered and penetrated by railways, at convenient distances, cutting through low hills, and raising banks across the shallow valleys; and tunnelling mountains, and crossing deep valleys on bridges. The whole continent of

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North America will, probably, be the first large portion of the world that will exhibit this state of things; but if the nations of Europe were but as anxious to make roads and railways as they once were to make war, we should soon be in advance of our Transatlantic brethren.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Arabia never was conquered by any foreign nation. Its sands have been its security, and the poverty of the scattered people offered no temptation. It was always the native country of romance and superstition. In it Sabeanism, or star-worship, prevailed for indefinite ages, till overturned by Mahomed, who was born at Mecca in 569.

American Vessel.—There is at present lying in St. Katherine's Docks, an American packet beautifully fitted up, bearing the name of "The Toronto." Upon her figure-head is the representation of an American savage: in the interior, the grained maple, mahogany, ebony and satin-wood used in the panels, indicate the refinement of luxury, while the plated door-locks, with the cut glass handles, &c., give their finish to the whole. It is worth the inspection of the curious, especially after the "travellers' tales" that have lately been afloat respecting the Americans.

Reproductiveness of Vegetation.—Nature has given to certain of its vegetable productions more duration than to empires: certain oak-trees have seen many dynasties pass away; and the acorn that we tread under our feet, the olive-stone that we roll between our fingers, and the cedar-cone that is swept by the wind, may flourish, and cover the ground with shade, when the hundreds of generations which may come after us will have given back to the earth that handful of dust that they alternately have borrowed from it.—*De Lamartine.*

A Mistake.—M. de Talleyrand having one day invited M. Denon, the celebrated traveller, to dine with him, told his wife to read the work of his guest, indicating its place in his library. Madame de Talleyrand, unluckily, got hold, by mistake, of the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, which she ran over in great haste; and, at dinner, she began to question Denon about his shipwreck, his island, &c., and, finally, about his man Friday!

An Arabian.—A Turkish Aga whom M. de Lamartine met returning from Mecca, had a young thorough-bred Arab horse, upon whose back, he said, one might take coffee at a gallop, without spilling a single drop out of the cup.

Pickpockets in 1598.—Hentzner, in describing his visit to Bartholomew Fair, in this year, says: "while we were at a show, one of our company, Tobias Solander, had his pocket picked of his purse, with nine crowns du soleil, which, without doubt, was so cleverly taken from him by an Englishman who always kept very close to him, that the Doctor did not, in the least, perceive it."

Toplitz.—The celebrity just now attached to this place of the recent Congress of Sovereigns, induces us to state that Toplitz is a town of Austria, Bohemia, in the Circle of Leutmuitz, with numerous hot-springs. Near this place the Austrians defeated the Prussians in 1762. During the royal visits at Toplitz, the first stone has been laid of the monument to be erected in the field of battle of Kaln, in honour of the Russian General Ostemann and the Guards who devoted themselves for the safety of Bohemia. The Emperor Ferdinand has commissioned M. Kushmann to design the monument, which is to be a statue of Victory.—*Paris Advertiser.*

The Mandril.—A pair of these curious denizens of the Gold Coast have been secured at Cape Lopez, in the Gulf of Guinea, and transmitted by an agent, J. Polito, to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where they arrived on Tuesday last, and will give the crowning charm to this collection, as two such splendid animals have never been seen in this country. They are in the finest condition, the bright scarlet of the nose, and the furrowed mazarine blue of the cheek bones, which are distended to an immense size, contrasting strongly with the beautiful olive of the fur and the orange-coloured pointed beard. They are of a most powerful and robust make, stand five feet in height, and are exceedingly malicious and mischievous. They have not yet been indulged with spirituous liquors, but have their pot of porter daily. They are called by the natives Choras; live in large bands, and are more than a match for all the other inhabitants of the forest. This is the *Papio Maimon* of Geoffrey, and the *Cynocephalus Maimon* of Desmarest: of whom "Happy Jerry," of the King's Mews and Surrey Zoological Gardens, was an eccentric specimen.

Odd Corruption.—At Tiddenham, in Gloucestershire, was formerly a chapel of St. Tecla, corrupted into Treacle.

Old Gardens.—Our ancestors not only promenaded in their gardens, but played at chess in them, and slept in them after dinner, in the open air, on a pillow. There were grass-plots, near houses, where the sick walked to have a purer air from the exhalation of the flowers of the herbs. In the gardens of monasteries, pot-herbs were plucked by a wooden tool, and were not allowed to be picked upon Sunday.

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The Mirror

OF

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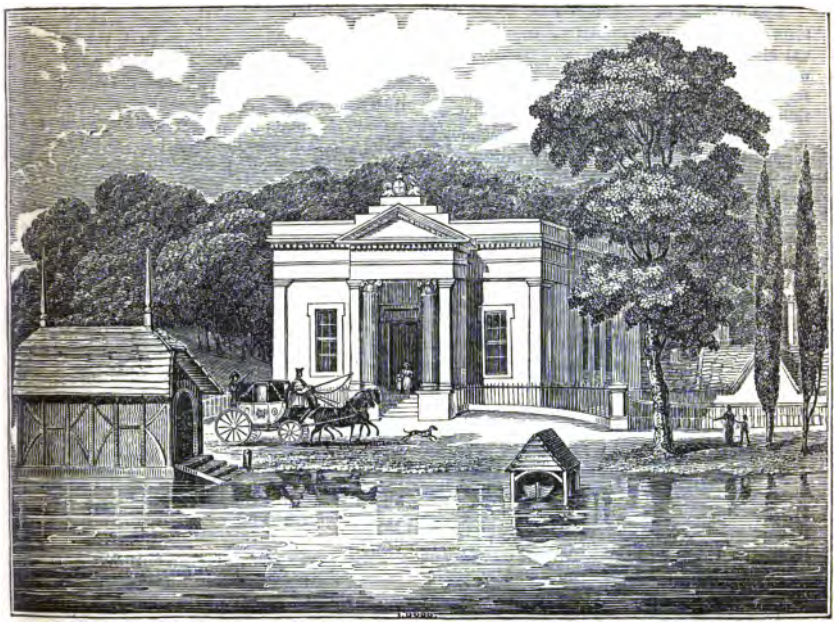

THE NEW RECEIVING-HOUSE OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY, HYDE PARK.

The Royal Humane Society, for the recovery of persons apparently drowned or dead, has extended its useful exertions through upwards of sixty years. It was founded in 1774, by Drs. Goldsmith, Heberden, Towers, Lettsom, Hawes, and Cogan; but principally by the exertions of the last three gentlemen. The annual reports of the Society, from its institution till 1780, were prepared by Dr. Cogan; from 1780 to 1808, by Dr. Hawes; and from 1808 to 1813, by Dr. Lettsom. The Society offers rewards and medals for exertions in saving lives; the number of cases in which successful exertions have been made amount to more than 5,000; and the number of claimants rewarded, to upwards of 20,000. Similar institutions have been established in other parts of Great Britain, in our colonies, and elsewhere.

The Society has eighteen receiving-houses in the metropolis. The principal house was erected in the year 1794, on the north bank of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, upon a piece of ground presented to the Institution by George III., and subsequently extended by his present Majesty, the Patron. The fitness of this site is attested by the number of persons resorting to the Serpentine in the bathing and skaiting seasons, and consequently, the number of accidents occurring there. Indeed, it is stated that not less than 200,000 persons, on an average, annually bathe in the river, and the neighbourhood of the receiving-house: and, on one occasion, during a frost, twenty-five individuals were submerged by the breaking of the ice; but, by the exertions of men, (who are required to be good swimmers,) employed by the Society at such seasons, and the proximity of the receiving-house, no life was lost.

The house built in 1794 was taken down in the course of last year, and the foundation-stone of the present building was laid by his Grace the Duke of Wellington. It is a neat structure, of fine brick, fronted and finished with Bath and Portland stone. The front has pilasters at the angles, and a neat entablature, which is surmounted by the Royal Arms upon a pedestal. Over the entrance is a pediment supported by two fluted Ionic columns and pilasters; upon the entablature is inscribed "Royal Humane Society's Receiving-house." The door-case is tastefully enriched: over it is sculptured in stone a fac-simile of the Society's medal

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encircled with a wreath: the design being a boy endeavouring to re-kindle an almost extinct torch by blowing it; and the motto being "Lateat scintillvla forsan;"—"Perchance a spark may be concealed."

The interior of the receiving-house consists of an entrance-hall, with a room for medical attendants on the left, and waiting-room on the right; parallel with which are two separate wards for the reception of male and female patients. Each contains beds warmed with hot water, a bath,* and a hot-water, metal-topped table for heating flannels, bricks, &c.; the supply of water being by pipes around the walls and beneath the floor of the rooms. Next are a kitchen and two sleeping-rooms, for the residence of the superintendent and his family: adjoining is the furnace for heating water, planned by Messrs. Simpson and Thompson, engineers of the Chelsea Water-works. In the roof of the building are two cisterns for cold and one for hot water. In the rear is a detached shed, in which are kept boats, ladders, ropes, and poles; wicker boats are likewise in constant readiness. In short, the whole of the arrangements are upon the most complete scale: the medical assistants of the Institution reside near the spot; and the superintendent supplies the furnace from daybreak till eleven o'clock at night; so that a hot water bath can be made ready for use in a minute. Lastly, the committee consider this receiving-house a model for all other institutions of the same kind.

This unique building has been erected from the design of J. B. Bunning, Esq., architect, who is a member of the committee, and has, upon this occasion, generously relinquished all claim on the Society for his professional services. The design being selected under the disguise of a motto.

The cost of the building has been 2,010*l.* 6*s.* to meet which has been raised 1,362*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; but, in order that the general funds of the Society may not be encroached on, there is required to meet the contract 648*l.* 6*d.* for which purpose subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. Berkley Westropp, the active secretary of the Society. We think such a sum will not long remain unsubscribed, when the philanthropic object to which it is to be applied, is duly considered by the humane public.

The prefixed Engraving is from a sketch by a Correspondent. In the front is a boat-house, and another building for the Society's use.

* An improvement in the construction of these baths, suggested by the experience of the superintendent, merits notice. It consists in a hollowed space in one end to receive the head of the person in the bath, so as to prevent that sensation of cramp which is often experienced from the ordinary slope of the bath.

VENICE AS IT WAS.

INTERIOR OF THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

While Venice flourished—as long as the Secret Tribunal of the Three held its awful sway over the republic—the gloom of mystery and terror hung over the Bridge of Sighs; and the gondalieri, as they shot their light barks beneath its lofty arch, shuddered and crossed themselves. But now that the reign of terror has ceased, the secrets of this mysterious passage, unknown to any but the jailers, (whose secrecy was bound by fear of certain and instant death,) are exposed to the curious gaze of every visitant of Venice.†

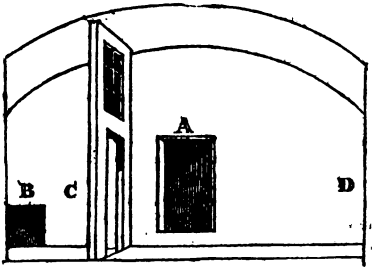
The Bridge of Sighs unites the Ducal Palace with the common prisons—a curious specimen of the deep craftiness of St. Mark.‡

The bridge is divided into two distinct passages, each leading from the common prison, and being secured at the entrance by strong iron doors, now bricked up; and each passage being lighted by two windows looking out upon the canal. An iron door forms a communication between the two divisions of the bridge, as a reference to the accompanying sketches will explain. In each of these passages, beyond the door of communication is another door, crossing the passage, and dividing it into two separate apartments —a greater means of security in the conducting of prisoners.

One passage is terminated by a small flight of steps, leading to a door on the partition side of the passage, which opens upon a small lobby to the magistrates' room. By this were conducted prisoners whose offences were slight, and whose punishments could be but temporary; while it served to conceal the other more important passage, which formed,

SECTIONS OF THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Passage for Prisoners convicted of smaller offences.



A. Door of communication with the other passage.
B. Door leading to the magistrates' room in the Ducal Palace.
C. Elevation of the floor of the other passage.
D. Here is a door now bricked up, leading from the Common Prisons.

† The usual *giro* of the Palace and its curiosities does not include the Bridge of Sighs; but the key may always be procured upon application at the Tribunal of Justice, where it is kept.

‡ Engraved in the Mirror, vol. vi. p. 433.

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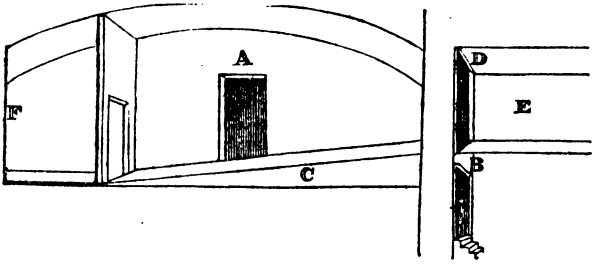

Passage for the Prisoners of State and the Inquisition.

A. Door of communication with other passage.
B. The door of the other passage leading to magistrates' room.
C. Elevation of the floor.
D. Door of the passage opening upon the passage.
E. Which leads to the chambers of the Council of Three and the Inquisition, and also to the dungeons.
F. Door leading from Common Prisons, also bricked up.

in fact, the real *Ponte di Sospiri*. Through this second passage were led the victims of the Three and of the Inquisition. Beyond the door which divides this passage, the floor rises to another door, which is exactly over the outlet to the adjoining division of the bridge: it opens upon a secret passage, leading to the tribunal of the Three and the Inquisition, and also to the dungeons; and was unknown to any but the jailers.

Could any thing be more artfully contrived? It was known that there was somewhere a secret passage from the prisons—was it in the Bridge of Sighs? There could be no other; but the common criminals having passed the bridge, there was nothing terrible or mysterious: it merely led them to the magistrates' room; being blindfolded, they could not, of course, observe the door of communication, (the exact use of which I cannot comprehend,) or that there were only two windows on one side of the Bridge. They had certainly passed the Bridge of Sighs: they could not have been deceived. They could not see, it was true; but the light splash of oars had reached their ear, with the mingled murmur of groups crowding upon the quay. They had been examined and punished, perhaps; but there was nothing horrible. Still, however, tradition whispered many a tale of horror. The black, mysterious bark shot at midnight through the moonbeam, as it smiled upon the gambols of the infant wave: it stopped—hark! a struggle—a gasp—a heavy splash—and all again was still.

It was all mystery; the purpose of St. Mark was answered. St. Mark was impenetrable; and, cloaked in mystery, still wrote its annals in blood.

It is always told with a shudder, on the part of the relater, that those who passed the bridge never returned: probably so; still it does not follow that it always led to death. The common prisoners, as we have seen, escaped; and, not unfrequently, the gondola glided up to the water-gate of the palace to receive some happy being, who, having escaped drowning, guillotining, and strangulation, was conducted blindfold, and set free in some distant quarter of the city.

Terrible as such mysterious and summary execution of justice must have been, still, the Venetian *populace* was happy. The writer of this has been assured by a member of the most learned convent at Venice, (one who knew it as a republic,) that no people could be more happy than the Venetians: taxes were light; justice (*i. e.* public justice) was administered with impartiality; their grievances were always listened to with attention by St. Mark, and readily redressed. On the proud nobles alone, (save when curiosity or presumption drew down the displeasure of St. Mark,) frowned the terrors of the republic: but it was the dragon gnawing its own bowels. E. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

MR. KYAN'S PATENT PROCESS FOR PREVENTING DRY ROT.

Dry Rot is a term applied to the decay of timber, when it has the appearance of being tolerably dry, but soon becomes useless by losing its elasticity and toughness, and its resistance of any considerable pressure. By this decay or disease, in ships, houses, or other structures of wood, such has been the magnitude of the losses, as to have excited almost universal search after a remedy.* Various plans and processes have from time to time been experimented; but none, we

* There has been much dispute respecting the cause of dry rot, so that it is not surprising to hear of so many suggested remedies. We remember a quarto volume being published on the subject, sixteen or seventeen years since, the order of which for a country book-society raised a laugh at the expense of the member who recommended the entertaining big book. By the way, Mr. Waterton, in his usual, straightforward manner, says: "Dry rot is a misnomer. This disease in timber ought to be designated a decomposition of the wood by its own internal juices, which have become vitiated for want of a free circulation of air."—See *Architectural Magazine*, No. xviii.

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believe, has excited more attention than that recently proposed and patented by Mr. Kyan, after twenty-three years' patient investigations.

Mr. Kyan's process may be described as analogous to tanning; the principle of which is preserving the animal skin, or gelatine, by the introduction of tannin from oak bark. "It is true," as illustrated by Dr. Birkbeck, "Mr. Kyan does not act on the gelatine of animal matter; but he does on the albumen, one of the approximate principles of vegetable matter."

Mr. Kyan was led to the present experiment by having, as he conceived, ascertained that *albumen*, was the primary cause of putrefactive fermentation, and, subsequently, of the decomposition of vegetable matter. Aware of the established affinity of corrosive sublimate for this material, he applied that substance to solutions of vegetable matter, so as to preserve them incorruptible; and finding them unchanged by time, he concluded that corrosive sublimate, by combination with albumen, was a protection against the natural changes of vegetable matter; in short, that as tannin preserved animal, so the corrosive sublimate would preserve vegetable, matter.

The purposes to which the process is applicable are, preventing dry rot, seasoning timber, protecting from insects, preserving canvass, cordage, &c. from mildew. It is especially applicable to Canada timber, which is much more liable to decay than that grown in the northern parts of Europe; as well as to timber of British growth, particularly to that of Scotland, much of which is of little or no value for durable purposes, on account of its liability to decay. The timber thus prepared would be highly useful in houses, farm-houses, and outhouses; and for posts, rails, gates, fencing, &c. For the latter purposes, the prepared timber has been extensively employed in the fencing of the Regent's Park; and the houses in the Zoological Gardens.

The mode of applying the solution of corrosive sublimate is, by placing in a tank the timber to be prepared, and securing it by a cross beam to prevent its rising to the surface. The solution is then admitted, and for a time, all remains still. "In ten or twelve hours, the water is thrown into great agitation by the effervescence occasioned by the expulsion of the air fixed in the wood, by the force with which the fluid is drawn in by chemical affinity, and by the escape of that portion of the chlorine or muriatic gas, which is disengaged during the process. In the course of twelve hours, the commotion ceases, and in the space of seven to fourteen days, (varying according to the diameter of the wood,) the change is complete."*

* Lecture delivered by Dr. Birkbeck at the Society of Arts, 1834.

A still more important application of Mr. Kyan's process than any yet named, remains to be mentioned. This is to the preparation of timber for shipbuilding; and with such view, the process has been recommended to the attention of his Majesty's Government, who have caused the merits of the recommendation to be investigated with considerable care. For this purpose, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty appointed as Commissioners of Inquiry, Captain John Hayes, Chairman; B. Rotch, Esq.; Professor Daniell; Dr. Birkbeck; and Alexander Copland Hutchinson, Esq. These gentlemen commenced their investigations by experiments and evidence on the 15th of April last, and made their report to the Admiralty on the 9th of June. The evidence was taken at the Admiralty, Whitehall, and Somerset House; and the experiments were made in a tank about 17 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet 6 inches deep, constructed in the basement of the river front of Somerset House. In this tank was put a solution of 224 lbs. of corrosive sublimate, and 1,062 gallons of water, in which were immersed six pieces of timber for experiment, viz. Dantzic fir, Canada red pine, Riga fir, English oak without sap, English oak with sap, and English elm.

We gather from the report, that the result of the comparative experiments, as far as they go, which have been brought under the notice of the Commissioners, inclines them to believe, that external protection is afforded by Mr. Kyan's process, and that it, therefore, would be found sufficient for canvass and cordage, and for wood under certain circumstances; but it cannot be denied, that the extent of the general efficacy of the process, as regards large timber, must depend upon the fact of penetration or non-penetration, or of some external influence proceeding from the exterior, of which no evidence has been offered to the Commissioners. The experiments made by the Commissioners at Somerset House, indicate a definable penetration of the mercury to a very limited extent; but the Commissioners are not agreed as to whether this fact disproves the possibility of any interior effect of any kind, being produced upon large timber by the process.

"All the persons examined, who have used the prepared wood, are of opinion, that the process renders the ordinary length of time for seasoning timber unnecessary. Sir Robert Smirke, however, thinks that while timber of large scantling may be used the sooner for it, still it would not supersede the usual length of time for seasoning wood for joiners' work."

"As to the strength of the solution, with a view to the expense, there has been great inconsistency in the statements made to the Commissioners. The solution for the experiment at Somerset House, consisted of

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224 lbs. of corrosive sublimate to 1,062 gallons of water, being rather more than 1 lb. of corrosive sublimate to 5 gallons of water, (the proportion last named by Mr. Kyan,) the price of the corrosive sublimate at the time of this experiment being 3*s.* 7*d.* per lb. It was stated by Mr. Kyan that the solution loses none of its strength, and becomes in no way altered by the immersion of the timber; and the greater part of the solution in the tank, at the time of the Commissioners' visit to Mr. Kyan's premises, was stated to have been in use some years.

"Two bottles of the solution used for the experiment at Somerset House were sent to Professor Faraday, one having been filled before the immersion of the timber, and the other afterwards; and he has stated that they contain the same proportions of corrosive sublimate in solution."

"On the point of expense, it may be proper to observe that the additional cost of building the Samuel Enderbey, a ship of 420 tons, entirely of the prepared timber, was 240*l.*; and it appears that the Board of Admiralty have agreed to pay at the rate of 15*s.* a load extra for such as may be used in the construction of the Linnet."

As to the salubrity of the process, the evidence proves it to have produced no ill effect upon the health of the workmen, who have used the prepared timber for shipbuilding or other purposes. It, however, appears that great caution is requisite in preparing the solution, and in the use of the process.

With regard to its effects on the health of a ship's crew, the Commissioners observe that the Samuel Enderbey, which was completely built with prepared timber last year, sailed last October for the South Seas; and in three accounts received from apprentices on board her, (none others have come to hand,) one of which was dated lat. 3° S., long. 24° 30′ W., the crew were mentioned as being all well. Another ship, the John Palmer, was extensively repaired in the autumn of 1833 with new timbers and new topsides from the light-water mark; the interior was also new from the lower deck upwards; and the whole of the timber used for these works, as also the plank for the men's fitted sleeping berths, were prepared on Mr. Kyan's plan. Two accounts received from the master since she sailed, one dated on the Line, and the other from the Straits of Timor, state that the crew were all well.

The Commissioners consider it desirable to avoid any risk, by placing provisions in direct contact with the prepared wood; and they suggest that ropes and sails, being much handled by seamen, the raw material of them when prepared, should be washed, prior to being well manufactured.

As to the alleged increased purity of bilge water in ships built of the prepared timber, some that was pumped out of the Samuel Enderbey last autumn, was "perfectly sweet."

Anecdote Gallery.

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

In the year 1140, a count of Perch, who had led an irreligious life, made a vow during a very violent tempest, that if he escaped shipwreck, he would found upon his estate a monastery, and that the roof of the church should have the form of a ship's keel. Upon his return to his domain, he chose for the situation a wild valley, very low; the only descent to which was by a narrow passage—hence the name La Trappe. The regulations of this convent were exceedingly austere. By degrees, its manners became relaxed, when a singular adventure gave rise to the greatest reform in this institution. The estate fell by inheritance to M. L'Abbe de Ranee, a man of good family, and naturally of a benevolent heart, but given up to an unfortunate amour. As he returned from a journey, having been absent but a few days on business, on his arrival he went to his beloved mistress, a woman of the greatest beauty and vivacity: by means of a key, he passed along a dark passage, and ascending by a private staircase, opened the door of her chamber—when, lo! instead of the beauteous Monbazon, he beheld by the light of a blue lamp on the toilette, a head besmeared with blood; and casting his frantic eyes around, he saw the body in a coffin, which being too small, the head had been cut off, and placed in a dish upon the table. This frightful spectacle inspired him with the resolution of abandoning the world, and entering into the convent of La Trappe, where he introduced all the austerities of St. Bernard.

The monks of La Trappe never speak: they eat only vegetables and drink water; they rise every morning at two, and after matins, they make themselves a grave, in remembrance of their mortal state; they wear camlet next the skin, and lie upon straw. In the place where they assemble to warm themselves, (which is the only indulgence they take,) over the fireplace is the picture of a beautiful woman; and a person turns it every five minutes; when a half putrid skeleton appears. G. H.

PATRIOTIC FANATICISM.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of Figueiras, in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior with some of the monks

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came out to meet the general, and assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted: Captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment; and, about an hour afterwards, it was announced to the prior that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them: he and two other monks accepted the invitation in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he felt much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, ate of every dish first, and, with his two brethren who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The general expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded by asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world, adding with emphasis: —"This, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the judgment-seat of God!" Cold and trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physicians were in vain: in less than an hour every one of them had ceased to live. G. H.

THE FOUNDER OF THE FITZWILLIAM FAMILY.

THE founder of the present noble family of Fitzwilliam was an alderman of Bread-street Ward, in the year 1506. Before his death, he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased accounts of each, "Amore Dei remitto." Cardinal Wolsey was the chief means of this worthy citizen acquiring his large fortune. After the disgrace of the cardinal, Mr. Fitzwilliam very hospitably entertained him at Milton, Northamptonshire, one of the fine seats of the present earl. Henry VIII. was so enraged at this, that he sent for Mr. Fitzwilliam to Court, and said—"How, ha! how comes it, ha! that you dare entertain a traitor?"—Fitzwilliam modestly replied, "I did it not from disloyalty, but gratitude."—The angry monarch here interrupted him with—"How, ha!" (the usual exclamation of his rage,) but he, with the tear of gratitude in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom, continued, "from gratitude, as he was my old master, and the origin of my greatest fortunes."—Impetuous Harry was so much pleased with his answer, that he shook Fitzwilliam heartily by the hand, and said, "Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master; come into my service worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude; for few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and Fitzwilliam was immediately sworn in a privy councillor. —G. H.

WAT TYLER AND SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

WAT TYLER, when in servitude, had been beaten by his master, Richard Lions, "a great merchant of wines," and sheriff of London. This chastisement working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven; and when Wat assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried before him on the point of a spear. So Grafton tells us, to the eternal obloquy of this arch-rebel, who "was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace." I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel, yet there are secrets in history. Sir William Walworth, "the ever-famous Mayor of London," as Stow calls him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs; but, when I discovered in Stow's Survey, that Walworth was the landlord of the stews on Bankside, which he farmed out to the Dutch *crows*, and which Wat had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling first knocked down the saucy rogue, and then thrust him through with his dagger; and that there was as much of personal vengeance as patriotism, which raised his arm to crush the destroyer of so much valuable property. G. H.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

IN the churchyard at Keyshoe, in Bedfordshire, is the following inscription now almost obliterated. The event to which it relates, together with the circumstances which are known to have been connected with it, appear too remarkable to be consigned to oblivion. No alteration has been admitted in copying the inscription from the stone, but in the spelling and grammar.

"In memory of the mighty hand of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of William Dickens, April 17th, 1718, when he was pointing the steeple, and fell from the ridge of the middle window in the spire, over the south-west pinnacle. He dropped upon the battlement, and there broke his leg and foot, and drove down two long coping stones, and so fell to the ground with his neck upon one standard of his chair, when the other end took the ground. He was heard by his brother to say, when near the ground, 'Christ have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus Christ help me!'" It

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is added that he died November 29th, 1759, aged 73 years.

The height from whence this person fell was not less than 132 feet, and his leg and foot were exceedingly fractured; but his injury in other respects was so trifling, that he not only lived more than forty years afterwards, but within seven months from the time of his fall, he was capable of ascending the steeple a second time, and he then finished pointing the spire.

The chair in which he sat was suspended by a strong rope of four strands, yet it parted evidently through the rocking of the spire, occasioned by the striking of the church clock at eight in the morning. Upon examining the ropes, it appeared that three of the strands, out of the four which composed it, had been previously cut through with a knife.

William Dickens had been in company the evening before this event with a person of the same business, and a strong suspicion was entertained that this man had cut the rope in revenge for being disappointed in the job. Whether this suspicion was well or ill founded, must be referred to the unerring Judge of the hearts and lives of all.

The grandson of the man who was so wonderfully preserved, was, in the year 1797, minister of the Dissenting congregation at Keyshoe; and every particular of the account here given has been confirmed by the strongest authority. G. H.

Antiquariana.

SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, (hope's true gage,)
And then I'll take my pilgrimage."
Sir Walter Raleigh.

The custom of making pilgrimages to spots of reputed sanctity, prevailed to a great extent in the latter ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was transferred, at a very early period, to the Christian church. Journeys of this kind to Jerusalem are mentioned in the third century; and, in the fourth, they are said, by St. Jerome, to have been common from all parts of the Roman empire. The custom of worshipping the relics of martyrs also prevailed in Egypt in the same century. It was, however much later before either practice became established in its full extent; probably, not till the time of the Crusades. In England, there were few shrines or relics of great repute, which dated beyond this period. In some of the most celebrated, as that of the Virgin at Walsingham, and the true blood at Hailes, the sacred *materiel* was professedly imported by the Crusaders; whilst the greatest of all, the shrine of Becket, at Canterbury, derived its existence from an event as late as the twelfth century.

The passion of visiting shrines and other sacred places, appears, in the middle ages, to have prevailed pre-eminently in England. In the days of Bede, (in the seventh and eighth centuries,) a pilgrimage to Rome was held to be a great virtue. In later ages, the "shadow" of St. James, at Compostella, was chiefly visited by English pilgrims, and appears to have been set up to divert a part of the inundation which flowed upon Rome.

In the days of Chaucer, it seems to have been almost as fashionable to make occasional visits to the tomb of some favourite saint, as it now is to frequent the different watering-places.

In the number of her domestic shrines, England alone exceeded all other countries. Thirty-eight existed in Norfolk alone; and to one of these, that of our Lady of Walsingham, Erasmus says, every Englishman, not regarded irreligious, invariably paid his homage. The pilgrims who arrived at Canterbury, on the sixth jubilee of the translation of Becket, are said to have exceeded 100,000; a number which, if correctly given, must have comprised nearly a twentieth of the entire population of the kingdom. Even on the eve of the Reformation, when pilgrimage had much declined, it appears that upwards of 500 devotees bringing money or cattle, arrived in one day at an obscure shrine in Wales. These facts give some idea of the extent to which pilgrimages were carried in this country, and impart a peculiar interest to the subject.

The pilgrimages of the middle ages may be divided into four classes—first, pilgrimages of penance or devotion to foreign shrines; secondly, pilgrimages of the same kind to English shrines; thirdly, pilgrimages to medical or charmed shrines; and, fourthly, vicarious pilgrimages for the good of the soul of the principal. Other kinds have been enumerated; but these contain all which had any professed reference to devotion.

The professional costume of a pilgrim is usually described as consisting of a long, coarse, russet gown with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leathern belt worn round the shoulders or loins, a bowl and bag suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck with scallop shells, or small leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm, and a long walking-staff, (the bourdon,) hooked like a crosier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument.

Annexed are portraits of two pilgrims. First is a simple pilgrim in the costume of the fourteenth century. His hat is turned up in front, and fastened with a scallop-

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Simple Pilgrim, (fourteenth century.)

Palmer Pilgrim, (fourteenth century.)

shell;* he is bare-footed, and holds a staff in his left hand; he has a long beard, though it was dangerous at the commencement of the thirteenth century for a stranger to appear with a beard †

Next is the figure of a palmer pilgrim, designed by the late Mr. William Alexander, F.S.A., of the British Museum, from a monument in Ashby-de-la-Zouch church, in Leicestershire. He has not a hat like the previous pilgrim, but as a substitute, a head-covering, intended for shooting off the wet; he bears his scrip slung over his shoulders, with cross-band and shells; his outer robe with half-open sleeves, shows a close robe under them: in his right hand he bears a staff, and in his left, a rosary: he is shod; the shoe being like the countryman's half-boot, the Doric Cretan shoe, worn by *Diana succincta* and hunters, to save the ancles in leaping rocks.

* Scallops being denominated by ancient authors the shells of Gales, or Gallicia, plainly apply to the Compostella pilgrimage in particular. Fuller, however, says, scallop-shells were assumed by pilgrims because used for cups and dishes by them in Palestine; and that Nicholas de Villers, the first of the family, who attended Edward I. to the holy wars, bore the scallops to denote a tour to Palestine; whereas it was usual to return by Compostella, and the shells appear to have implied this as above. Elsewhere we find the scallop-shells referred to St. James the fisherman, and patron of pilgrims.

† Strutt. It should, however, be noted that in the twelfth century, the laity and clergy had all renounced the beard; the peasants only, and those who travelled to the Holy Land, did not shave, after the example of the Orientals.

Before setting out, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. On a certain day, he repaired to the church, and, after making confession, he prostrated himself before the altar, where certain prayers and masses were said over him, ending with the *Gloria Patri*, *Ad te*, *Domine*, *levavi*, and the *Miserere*. He then arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff, sprinkling each with holy water, and placing the former round his neck, and the latter in his hand. If he were going to Jerusalem, the crosses of his gown were sprinkled in the same way, and publicly sewed upon his garment. The service then ended with the mass, *De iter agentibus*; and, on the day of taking his departure, he was sometimes led out of the parish in procession, with the cross and holy water borne before him.‡ Before commencing his journey, he also settled his worldly affairs, and frequently gave a part of his goods to religious uses. In Blomefield's *Norfolk*, an instance is cited of a pilgrim who insured the prayers of a religious house during his absence, by a gift of cattle and corn, and gave the reversion of his estates to it, if he should not return. Such acts of generosity had, probably, a reference to the protection which the church bestowed on these devotees. During their absence, their property was secured from injury, nor could they be arrested or cast in any civil process.

‡ Fosbroke, Brit. Monachism, p. 433.

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The most desperate characters respected the sanctity of their profession, and, in some instances, have been known, after robbing them by the way, to restore all they had taken from them.* The pilgrims to foreign places were compelled, by a law of 9 Edward III. to embark and return by Dover, "in relief and comfort of the said town;" and, in 13 Richard II., 1389, at the request of "the barons of Dover," who alluded to this ordinance, the king commanded, that all pilgrims and others, excepting soldiers and merchants, should embark at Plymouth or Dover, and no where else, without special license from the king himself: those, however, who wished to go to Ireland, might embark where they pleased. From the reason assigned by the barons for their petition, it has been inferred that the restriction arose from a desire to check the smuggling, which is said to have been extensively carried on by persons in this disguise. At Dover, too, was founded a hospital called the *Maison Dieu*, for the reception of poor pilgrims; a considerable portion of which building remains to the present day.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the palmers; a class of men whose real history and condition are little known, though their name is familiar.† Their designation is supposed to have been derived from the palm, (the symbol of Palestine,) branches of which were brought home by them, as evidences of their journey. The distinction between them and ordinary pilgrims has been defined as follows: "The pilgrim had some home or dwelling place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he obtained his palm by death."‡ These distinctions, however, were not invariably preserved; and it would be, perhaps, difficult to determine any that were so. The profession of a palmer was, at first, voluntary, and arose in that rivalry of fanaticism which existed in the earlier part of the middle ages. But, afterwards, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was not unfrequently imposed as a penance; and by a law of Henry I., priests who revealed the confessional were punished by these perpetual pilgrimages, amounting to banishment. In some cases, a variety of severe conditions were added to the sentence. Some who were thus condemned, were made to wander about almost naked, carrying rings and chains of iron; and others were bound, in all their journeys, to kneel down at short intervals and beat the earth with the *palms* of their hands. There can be no doubt that these forms of penance were actually inflicted; but to what extent, in any particular age, it is impossible to ascertain. May not, however, the palm penance have furnished the denomination of palmers?

(To be continued.)

* Paston Letters, vol. iii. p. 304.

† The reader will recollect the palmer's disguise in the most popular of all Sir Walter Scott's romances, Ivanhoe.

‡ Staveley's Romish Horseleech, p. 94.

The Public Journals.

TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

On seeing her in York Cathedral, during the Performance of the Messiah.

SWEET Princess! as I gaze upon thee now,
In the bright sunshine of thy youthful grace,
And in thy soft, blue eyes, and tranquil brow,
Would seek resemblance to thy lofty race,
I think how soon the whelming cares of state
May crush thy free, young spirit with their weight,
And change the guileless beauty of thy face;
Nor leave of that sweet, happy smile one trace:
Then earnestly I pray that thou mayst be
Through all thy life beloved, good and great;
And when from thy calm home, by Heaven's decree,
Thou art called to rule a mighty nation's fate,
Mayst thou throughout thy reign be just and wise,
And win at last a crown immortal in the skies.

Blackwood's Magazine.

KIT NORTH'S FIRST SALMON.

A GAUDY—a gorgeous tyke—arrayed in silver and gold, and plumed from the Bird of Paradise. Nothing is ever found in a salmon's stomach—some blockheads have said—but animalculæ in a state of decomposition. How do they account for his swallowing with avidity a bunch of worms? How will they account for his attempting to swallow this humming-bird? Lord have mercy upon us! was it we that fell there into the water? Thank heaven no—there it is again—A FISH! A FISH! Shall we let our lure dangle six feet high in air, or let it wet its wings in the Leven? Wet its wi——Mercy! he is on! What will become of us! Hush! hush! stand out of the way. That cursed cork-tree! No—no—no—a harmless hazel. All's right—all's right. The banks are bare on this side for a mile down. But, hang him—the river horse wont swim down—and if he leaps up that waterfall! Sulky already, by Jove! like a stone at the bottom. That is a good omen. He has it in the tongue, and is taciturn. Tom Stoddart would recommend us to go in and kick him. But we would rather be excused. Let us time him. Twenty minutes to—Whew! there goes a watch like winking into the water. Let the Kelpie fob it. Now we call that strong, steady swimming, and we are willing to back him against any fish in the river. You could not swim in that style, you villain! but for Us. There, take the butt, my boy; how are you off for a barb, my darling? If you suppose you are on single gut you are a gudgeon: for let us assure you, sir, that you are snuving

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on three-ply! Alas! poor fellow, we could pity you; but we cannot let you off. Our character is at stake—and after we have slain thee, we should like to have a shot at yon eagle. Perhaps you are not so much of a monster after all, and we are willing to conclude a bargain for you at two stone, troy. Well, that beats Bannagher and Ballyshannon too. Ten loups, six feet high, in instant succession! Why, when we get you on shore we shall let you astonish the natives, by bouncing in and out a dozen empty barrels all waiting for your brethren when they come to be cured. Didn't we tell you that could not last? Such feats of agility were not becoming—barely decent—in a fish in your melancholy situation—and you should be thinking, without showing it, of your latter end. We begin to suspect in good earnest that we are a great natural genius. Only think of learning how to kill a salmon at a single lesson! "Angling made easy, or every man his own Lascelles." We wonder how long we have had him on;—let us look —whew! minus a watch and appendages—what care we for them more than for a leg of mutton and trimmings? Yet, for *her* sake, we wish we had not lost that exquisitely delicate silk paper, with Cupid upon it pulling his arrow from a bleeding heart. But awake! awake, my love! and come hither; for the rain it is over and gone, and the greensward sleeps in the sunshine. * * * * Oh! red, red are thy lips, my love! What aileth these small teeth of thine? And what, we beseech thee, hast thou been doing with that dear nose? Not a word in reply, but a wallop between our legs, that capsized us. "AND THUS IT WAS THAT CHRISTOPHER NORTH KILLED HIS FIRST SALMON."

Blackwood's Magazine.

QUID PRO QUO—BURNS AND BLOOMFIELD.

OUR well-beloved brethren—the English—who, genteel as they are—have a vulgar habit of calling us *the Scotch*—never lose an opportunity of declaiming on the national disgrace incurred by our treatment of Burns. We confess that the People of that day were not blameless—nor was the Bard whom now all the nations honour. There was some reason for sorrow—perhaps for shame—and there was avowed repentance. Scotland stands where it did in the world's esteem. The widow outlived her husband nearly forty years—she wanted nothing—and was happy; the sons are prosperous—or with a competence—all along with that family all has been right. England never had a Burns. We cannot know how she would have treated him—had he "walked in glory and in joy upon *her* mountain-sides." But we do know how she treated her Bloomfield. She let him starve. Humanly speaking we may say that but for his imprisonment—his exclusion from light and air—he would now have been alive;—as it was—the patronage he received served but to protract a feeble, a desponding, a melancholy existence,—cheered at times but by short visits from the Muse, who was scared from that dim abode—and fain would have wafted him with her to the fresh fields and the breezy downs—but his lot forbad—and generous England. There was some talk of a subscription—and Southey, with hand "open as day to melting charity," was foremost among the Poets. But somehow or other it fell through—and was never more heard of—and meanwhile Bloomfield died. Hush then about Burns. Pretend to admire what you cannot read—leave *the Scotch* to their own reflections on the fate of their Ploughman—and explain to us at your leisure, in what lay, the grace of English gratitude to your Farmer's Boy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MOOR, AS IT WAS.

WE have not given you more than a single hint of a great part of the parish—the Moor. It was then ever so many miles long, and ever so many miles broad, and nobody thought of guessing how many miles round—but some dozen years ago it was absolutely measured to a rood by a land-louper of a land-surveyor—distributed—drained—inclosed—utterly ruined for ever.—No—not for ever. Nature laughs to scorn acts of Parliament, and we predict that in a quarter of a century she will resume her management of that moor. We rejoice to hear that she is beginning already to take lots of it into her own hands. Wheat has no business there—and should keep to the carses. In spring she takes him by the braird till he looks yellow in the face long before his time—in summer by the cuff of the neck till he lies down on his back and rots in the rain—in autumn by the ears, and rubs him against the grain till he expires as fushionless as the winnlestraes with which he is interlaced—in winter she shakes him in the stook till he is left but a shadow which pigeons despise. See him in stack at Christmas and you pity the poor straw. Here and there bits of bear or big, and barley, she permits to flourish—nor is she loth to see the flowers and shaws and apples on the poor man's plant, the life-sustaining potato—which none but political economists hate and all Christians love. She is not so sure about turnips, but as they are a green crop she leaves them to the care of the fly. But where have her gowans gone? There they still are in flocks which no cultivation can scatter or eradicate—inextinguishable by all the lime that was ever brought unslakened from all the kilns that ever glowed—by all the dung that was ever heaped up fresh and fuming from all the Augean stables in the land. Yet her heart burns within her to behold, even in the midst of what she

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abhors, the large, dew-loved heads of clover whitening or reddening, or with their rival colours amicably intermingled, a new birth glorious in the place of reedy marish or fen where the cats-paws nodded—and them she will retain unto herself when once more she rejoices in her Wilderness Restored.

Blackwood's Magazine.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

The Dublin Audience.—The visiters of the galleries in the Dublin, and indeed all the Irish theatres, differ in conduct from the natives of any other country. They single out individuals whom they know in pit or boxes, and keep up a fire of interrogatories by no means pleasant, and not always decorous. On one occasion, a Mr. C—, a wine-merchant, about whom some delicate affair was then murmured, was in the pit: a lad in the gallery began to inquire of Mr. C—, "How's Mrs. So-and-so, Mr. C—? Why wouldn't you bring her along wid you, Mr. C—?" &c. &c. Mr. C— bore this for some time with great good humour, but at last rose, and said, "As the gentleman wishes to have a chat with me, will some of ye just throw him over to the pit, and then we shall be able to converse at our ease?"

On another occasion, when there was a cry of "Sit down in front;" a gentleman at the back of the gallery immediately replied, "Wid all my heart, only let me get there, I'll sit down fast enough."

When Tom Cooke was leader of the band, they used to call to him whenever any body in the course of the scene had to make love to Mrs. Cooke, (who played the chambermaids;) and a song of "When I'm a widow" was commonly honoured with a double *encore*, that the gods might reiterate again and again, "D'ye hear to that, Tom Cooke!"

I am speaking of Dublin Theatre twenty years since, when they were, if they took to an actor, the most liberal auditors in the world; but woe betide the unhappy wight to whom they did *not* take.

Suett's Landlady.—Suett had at one time a landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid ycleped gin, a beverage which Suett himself by no means held in abhorrence. She would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion:—"Betty, go and get a quartern loaf, and half a quartern of gin." Off started Betty: she was speedily recalled.—"Betty, make it *half* a quartern *loaf*, and a quartern of gin:" but Betty had never got fairly across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard—"Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it all gin."

Kemble and Liston.—When Liston was in the Newcastle company, he had a strong bias in favour of tragedy, and having been in the scholastic profession, it suited his notions of the dignity of the drama. In some case of emergency, he was sent on for David in the "Rivals." C. Kemble, who was in Newcastle for practice and improvement, saw him play this one part, and advised Liston to stick to the country boys, and recommended him to the London managers, but the advice was not listened to until five years afterwards. Liston, during his tragedizing, applied to Stephen Kemble, the manager, for an increase of salary. "Pooh! pooh!" said Stephen, "such actors as you are to be found in every hedge." The insult struck deep, but Liston's mode of revenging it was peculiar. Some days afterwards, as the manager was driving from Newcastle to Sunderland, to his horror, he saw his perpetrator of kings and courtiers stuck up to his middle in a quickset hedge. "Good heavens, Mr. Liston!" he exclaimed: "what is the matter? what are you doing there?" —"Looking for some of the actors you told me of the other day," replied the comedian.

When Liston came to the Haymarket, he lived in a neighbourhood where the mixture administered to him by the name of milk was of a very dubious quality. He complained to his landlady, but this brought no redress, the proportions still remaining three parts milk to seventeen of water: at last, he came to the door himself, and, holding forth two jugs, said, "Give it me separate, I'll mix for myself:" the hint was taken.

Mathews and his Namesake.—A man well known through the provinces as Irish Mathews, travelled from about 1815 until within a year or two, with an entertainment entitled, "Mathews at Home." He was, of course, continually mistaken for the real Simon Pure, but as Mathews was his genuine patronymic, he replied to all remonstrances, —"Get out of that entirely; why will I change it? Wasn't it my father's name? let t'other chap, (meaning the renowned Charles,) change *his*." To all requests to omit the words, "At Home," he replied with similar ingenuity. Irish Mathews was a man of great muscular power, and amid his "other vocal performances," lifted an anvil from the ground by fastening it to the hair of his head by whipcord. He had shoulders of ample dimensions, and was altogether a handsome fellow, as the ladies would say, which is equivalent to an "ugly customer," in the less polished phraseology of the ring. On one occasion, *the* Mathews arrived at Norwich, and, to his great dismay, saw the Irish jontleman's bills stuck all over the town. "Hang this impostor," said Charles; "I'll kick him, sure as he's born I will—I'll kick him out of the place." The more Mathews thought of it, the more resolved he became to perform the aforesaid operation upon the person of his namesake. Y—,

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who was with him, thinking to make the impostor's shame more certain, advised him to go to the performance at night, and declaring himself, then and there kick out the intruder.—"The justice of it pleases me," quoth and quoted Mathews; and together they went, paid for admission, and entered the place; the hero of a thousand "at homes" reiterating to his companion—"I'll kick him—don't try to prevent me—I *will* kick him." At the moment they came into the exhibition-room, the Irish jontleman had just concluded his feat of strength, and was putting away the anvil with as much apparent ease as Mathews could lift a chair. This, to say nothing of the "brawny shoulders four feet square" of the exhibiter, was enough. "Come along, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mathews; "it isn't worth while to make a disturbance; he's a low fellow, you see, beneath my notice."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE.

(*Continued from page* 255.)

[We omitted to mention that M. de Lamartine visited Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain palace citadel at Lebanon; and the account of the interview will be read with much interest.

The plague was raging with such violence at Jerusalem that M. de Lamartine was obliged to content himself with a residence in the Convent of St. John, in the desert, and a tent pitched near the walls of the city; within which, however, he ventured, to pay his adorations in the]

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In my turn, and the last, I entered the Holy Sepulchre; my mind filled with these stupendous reflections, my heart touched by impressions yet more sacred, which remain a mystery between man and his soul, between the reasoning insect and his creator. Such impressions admit not of words; they exhale with the smoke of the holy lamps, with the perfume of the censers, with the vague and confused murmur of sighs; they fall with those tears that spring to the eyes from remembrance of the first names we have lisped in infancy—of the father and the mother who inculcated them—of the brothers, the sisters, the friends with whom we have whispered them. All the pious emotions which have affected our souls in every period of life; all the prayers that have been breathed from our hearts and our lips in the name of Him who taught us to pray to his Father and to ours; all the joys and griefs of which those prayers were the interpreters, are awakened in the depth of the soul; and produce by their echoes, by their very confusion, a bewildering of the understanding, and a melting of the heart, which seek not language, but transpire in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, a prostrate forehead, and lips glued in silence to the sepulchral stone. Long did I remain in this posture, supplicating the Father of Heaven, in that very spot from whence the most pathetic and comprehensive of prayers ascended for the first time to His throne; praying for my father here below, for my mother in another world, for all those who live or are no more, but our invisible link with whom is never dissolved; the communion of love always exists; the names of all the beings I have known and loved, or by whom I have been beloved, passed my lips on the stones of the Holy Sepulchre. I prayed last for myself, but ardently and devoutly. Before the tomb of Him who brought the greatest portion of truth into the world, and died with the greatest self-devotion for that truth of which God has made Him the Word, I prayed for truth and courage. Never can I forget the words which I murmured in that hour, so critical to my moral life. Perhaps my prayer was heard; a bright ray of reason and conviction diffused itself through my understanding, giving me more clearly to distinguish light from darkness, error from truth. There are moments in the life of man, in which his thoughts, long fluctuating like the waves of a bottomless sea in vague uncertainty, touch at length upon a shore against which they break, and roll back upon themselves, with new forms, and a current contrary to that which has hitherto impelled them. Was such a moment then mine? He who sounds all thoughts knows, and the time will perhaps come when I shall comprehend it. It was a mystery in my life which will hereafter be made plain.

[Leaving Jerusalem, next in interest are some particulars of the Dead Sea; though, in the interim, occur the following observations on]

The Arabian Horse.

We, Europeans, have no idea of the extent of intelligence and attachment to which the habit of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, and encouraged or reprimanded by the voice of the master, can raise the natural instinct of the Arabian horse. The race is of itself more sagacious and more tameable than that of our climates; and this is the same with other animals in Arabia; nature itself has endowed them with a higher degree of instinct and a closer fraternity with man, than in our countries. They seem to retain some remembrance of Eden, where they voluntarily submitted themselves to the dominion of man, the king of nature. I have often, in Syria, seen birds caught in the morning by the children, and perfectly tame by evening; having need neither of cage nor string to retain them with the family that

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had adopted them, but fluttering freely amongst the orange and mulberry-trees of the garden, coming when called, and perching of their own accord on the children's fingers, or the heads of the young girls. The horse I had bought of the Scheik of Jericho, and which I rode, knew me as his master in a few days: he would no longer suffer another to mount him, but would break through the whole caravan to come at my call, though my voice and language were foreign to him: gentle and kind to me, and soon accustomed to the attention of my Arabs, he marched peacefully and quietly in his place in the caravan so long as he saw only Turks, or Syrians, or Arabs dressed like Turks; but when, even a year after, he saw a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the Desert, he became in an instant another animal. His eyes flashed fire, his neck grew inflated, his tail lashed like whips upon his flanks, he reared on his hind legs, and marched in this way for some minutes under the weight of the saddle and his rider. He did not neigh, but uttered a warlike cry, like that of a brazen trumpet; a cry that frightened all the other horses, and caused them to arrest their steps and dress up their ears to listen to him.

The Dead Sea

Has been described by various travellers; I neither noted its specific gravity, nor the relative quantity of salt contained in its waters. It was neither science nor criticism that I came to seek; I came simply because it lay in my way, because it was in the midst of a famous desert, and was famous itself; because it had swallowed up all the towns that formerly stood where I now see its motionless flood extended. Its shores are flat on the eastern and western sides; on the north and south the high mountains of Judea and Arabia close it in, descending nearly to its waves; those of Arabia, however, are not so near, particularly on the side of the mouth of the Jordan, where we then were. The shores are completely desolate, the air is fœtid and unwholesome, and we felt its influence during the whole time we were in the desert. A sense of heaviness in the head, and a slight fever, attacked us all, and only quitted us when we left this injurious atmosphere. There is no island to be seen; about sunset, however, I fancied I could distinguish two, at the extremity of the horizon, towards Idumea. The Arabs knew nothing of them; the sea is in this place at least thirty leagues across, and they have never ventured to follow it so far. No traveller has indeed ever attempted the circumnavigation of the Dead Sea; it has never yet been seen at its other extremity, nor at its shores of Judea and Arabia. I think we are the first who have explored it freely on the three sides, and if we had had more time at our disposal, nothing would have prevented us from having planks of fir brought here from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa; from constructing a skiff on the spot, and visiting in this way the whole extent of this wonderful internal sea. The Arabs, who do not generally allow travellers to approach it, and whose prejudices are opposed to all desire for navigating it, were at this time so devoted to our slightest wishes, that they would have offered no obstacle; and I should certainly have executed such a design if I had at all foreseen the favourableness of their conduct towards us; but it was too late; we must have sent back to Jerusalem for carpenters to construct the bark: this, with the time for navigating, would have occupied three weeks at least, and we had not so many days to spare. I, therefore, gave up the idea, though not without regret; another traveller in the same circumstances could easily accomplish it, and throw that light on this natural phenomenon and geographical question which science has so long demanded.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither funereal nor gloomy, except to the imagination. To the eye, it is a shining lake, whose immense and silvery surface reflects the rays of light like a mirror. The beautifully shaped mountains throw their shadows even to its borders. It is said that no fish exists in its waters, nor bird on its banks; I cannot decide this; I certainly neither saw petrels, sea gulls, nor those beautiful white marine doves, that swim all the day on the waves of the Syrian Sea, and accompany the skiffs on the Bosphorus; but at some hundred paces distance from the Dead Sea, I shot at and killed some birds resembling wild ducks, that rose from the swampy borders of the Jordan. If the air had been really mortal to them, they would not thus have braved, so near, its mephitic vapours. Nor did I, either, see anything of the buried towns which are said to exist at a trifling depth below the surface, and which the Arabs who were with me pretend are sometimes visible.

I followed the borders of this sea a long time, sometimes on the Arabian side, where the mouth of the Jordan lies (which river is in this part precisely what travellers have described it, a stagnant pool of dirty water in a bed of mud); sometimes on the side of the mountains of Judea, where the shore rises and assumes occasionally the form of little downs. The sheet of water presented everywhere the same appearance of silvery brightness and perfect stillness. Mankind has well preserved the faculty given by God in Genesis, of calling things by their proper names. This sea is splendid, it illuminates, it inundates, with the reflection of its waters, the immense desert which it covers; it attracts the eye, it interests the mind—but it is dead! neither sound nor movement exists on it. Its surges, too heavy for the wind to

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act upon, roll not in sonorous waves, nor ever does the white edge of its foam break on the roughness of its sides. It is a sea that seems petrified. And how has it been formed? Most likely, as the Bible tells us, and as all probability declares, it was the vast centre of a chain of volcanic mountains, which, stretching from Jerusalem to Mesopotamia, and from Lebanon to Idumea, burst open in a crater, at a time when seven cities were peopled on its plain. The cities would have been overthrown by the earthquake. The Jordan, which most probably flowed at that time through the plain, and emptied itself into the Red Sea, being stopped all at once by the volcanic hillocks, rose high above its bed, and engulfing itself in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, might have formed this sea, which is corrupted by the union of sulphur, salt, and bitumen—the usual productions of volcanic eruptions. This is the fact from all appearances; and it neither adds to nor diminishes the action of that sovereign and eternal will, that some call miracle, and others nature; nature and miracle—are they not one? and the whole universe, is it anything else, than one eternal, changing, yet continued miracle?

[Upon M. de Lamartine's return to Syria, a heavy affliction awaited him.]

At the beginning of December he lost his only daughter; she was carried off in two days, at the moment when her health, declining in France, appeared to be completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, at a country-house in the environs of Bairout, wherein M. de Lamartine had established his family for the winter. The vessel, which he had sent back to Europe, was not expected to return to the coast of Syria, and take up the travellers, till the month of May, 1833. They remained, therefore, in the mountains six months after this terrible event, overpowered by the stroke of Providence, and without any other diversion of their grief than the sympathizing tears of their travelling companions and friends. In May, the ship Alceste returned to Bairout, according to agreement; but the travellers, to spare the unhappy mother an additional pang, declined to embark again in the same vessel which had conveyed them in happiness and confidence with the charming child whom they had lost. M. de Lamartine had had his daughter's body embalmed, that it might be carried back to St. Point, where, in her last moments, she had testified a desire of being interred. This sacred deposit he committed to the Alceste, which was to sail in company, and hiring a second ship, the brig Sophia, Captain Coulonne, went on board it with his wife and friends.

[Previously to quitting Syria, M. de Lamartine visited Damascus, Balbec, and several other remote and memorable places; from which excursions we shall proceed to abridge a few passages describing]

The Ruins of Balbec.

We left Zaklé, which is a pretty Christian village at the foot of the Libanus, on the border of the plain facing the Anti-Libanus; and we pursued our course along the roots of the mountains, reascending in the direction of the north. We passed a ruined edifice, on the remains of which the Turks have erected a dervish's house and a mosque, presenting a grand and picturesque effect. According to Arabian traditions, this is the tomb of Noah, whose ark touched the summit of the Sannim, and who dwelt in the lovely valley of Balbec, where he died and was buried. Some ancient arches, and other structures of Greek or Roman origin, seem to confirm the traditions. It would appear at least that in all ages this spot has been consecrated by the memory of some great event:—stones support the evidence of history.

We were seven hours in crossing obliquely the plain leading to Balbec. As we approached the Anti-Libanus, the plain became more dry and rocky. Anemones and snowdrops were as numerous as the bubbles beneath our feet. We began to perceive an immense black mass, which detached itself from the white sides of the Anti-Libanus: this was Balbec. At length we reached the first ruin: this was a small octagonal temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble. Several of the most lofty of these columns have evidently been truncated, as some have a volute at the capital, and others have no trace of any volute. In my opinion, they have been transported hither and cut at a very recent period, for the purpose of supporting the cap of a Turkish mosque or the roof of a santon, probably in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are fine, and the workmanship of the cornices and the roof bear some traces of skill in art; but these materials are evidently fragments of ruins, restored by a comparatively feeble hand and a taste already corrupt.

This temple is situated at a quarter of an hour's journey from Balbec. Impatient to gain sight of the grand and mysterious monuments bequeathed to us by the most remote antiquity, we urged on our horses who were beginning to manifest symptoms of fatigue, and were stumbling here and there over blocks of marble, shafts of columns, and capitals. The boundary walls of all the fields surrounding Balbec are built of these ruins: antiquaries may here find an enigma in every stone. Some traces of cultivation began to reappear, and large walnut-trees, the first I had seen in Syria, rose between Balbec and us, and their branches still concealed from us the ruins of the temples. At

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length we discovered them. They were not, properly speaking, either temples or ruins.

We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuff of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly carved capitals and cornices: they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which inclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountains, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture:—these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

(From the Spectator, Sept. 6.)

A TWOFOLD curiosity, to see once more that noble pile of Elizabethan architecture, Hatfield House, and the fine pictures it contains, and to view St. Alban's Abbey since it has been restored, led us to visit this part of Hertfordshire the other day. It is a fine, open, corn country, prettily wooded; and the golden stubble-fields, burnished with a bright sun, made a splendid setting for the rich, deep, emerald green of the foliage, fresh and sparkling after a welcome shower.

The low, square tower of the old Abbey Church of St. Alban's, crowning the long length of its elevation, bore no traces of recent renovation, as it stood up in bold relief against the almost cloudless blue of a serene and glowing evening. Excepting the great western window, which is new and as yet incomplete, and one or two windows of the chancel, the exterior looked as grey and venerable as ever; for the Ladye Chapel, whose exterior has been completely renovated, (these Ladye Chapels seem pet favourites with the Restorers,) is not visible till a near approach; and the mullions of the new window of the south transept have been speckled to harmonize with the weather-stains of the old stone-work. Restoring is a needful task; but the work of the mason's chisel is harsh and crude beside the crumbling touch of time—one can't think of an old abbey as having been new. The glazing of the range of upper windows, which Mr. Cottingham unbricked, in the nave, relieves the monotonous aspect of its long, blank, brick wall, unbroken by buttress or pinnacle, and gives completeness to the design. The effect of this restoration is still more strikingly evident in the interior: the flood of light thus let in giving air and spaciousness to the lofty and elegant proportions of the clustered columns and Gothic arches, and bringing out the rich decorations of the upper range of arches.

On approaching the choir up the nave from the west door, the character of the architecture becomes changed from Gothic to Saxon, in which style this, the central and oldest part of the church, is erected. The tower is supported on four plain, round-headed arches springing from massive, square pillars. The new window in the south transept is tastefully enriched by the shields, emblazoned in the old fashion of stained glass, of the king and the principal promoters of the restoration of the building. The ceiling of the tower has been painted on wood, to correspond with that of the nave. The superb altar-screen was lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, showing to beautiful advantage the rich fretwork of its numerous canopied niches. The carving of this and the less magnificent screen that divides the choir from the nave, and the enrichments of the tombs on each side of the altar, are of the most exquisite kind, and mostly in fine preservation. It is curious to observe how the quaint and grotesque fancies of the ornaments are subdued to what may be termed a classic elegance of arrangement in the general effect. It only wanted a stained glass window to fling etherial hues, like "atoms of the rainbow," over its incrusted surface, and give appropriate splendour to the "dim, religious light." We lingered in the dim and silent aisles—the very stillness seeming to breed a stir—and prowled round its venerable walls till evening closed; fancying every now and then the shadowy form of one of the old monks threading his perilous way along the narrow, open passages leading along the upper range of arches, or creeping noiselessly under the cloister beneath.

The celebrated Homœopathe, Dr. Hahnemann, has just been authorized by the French government to practise in Paris.

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The Gatherer.

Epitaph in Hampshire.

Here lies poor Teddy;
Death took his hand, and said he,
Oh! oh! John.

The late summer reminds one of Dryden's lines to a dyed garment:

Our summer such a russet livery wears,
As in a garment often dyed appears.

Dough.—(*Dryden.*)

When the gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their dough was left upon their hands,
For want of souls: and so they made Egyptians.

Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still,
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill.—*Dryden.*

Taxes.—(*To any Chancellor of the Exchequer.*)

Impose; but use your power of taxing well;
When subjects cannot pay, they soon rebel.
Dryden.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's drops pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew.—*Ib.*

Friendship and Love.—(*Dryden.*)

That friendship, which from wither'd love does shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, refin'd:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the kind;
But when the graft no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives; but never bears again.

Origin of Family Coats of Arms.—Though the use of arms is very ancient, yet they did not become hereditary till the Crusades, when the Crusaders invented them to distinguish themselves in battle. They were, at first, only particular marks or colours, which they put upon their bucklers, coats of arms, banners, the trappings of their horses; and whole families adopted them, no doubt, to make it known that they belonged to conquerors; but these marks did not become hereditary till the age of Louis IX., towards the year 1230.

Macaroons.—These delicious sweetmeats are many hundred years old; for we find them referred to as a kind of delicate sweetmeat, placed before hermits by hospitable persons.

Solitude.—Chetwood, in Buckinghamshire, was formerly called a hermitage, purely upon account of its solitude, for no hermit ever occupied the spot.

To disfigure the noses of statues has been an almost universal barbarous custom throughout the kingdom, for many ages past.

Blacking is first mentioned in the sixteenth century. We then hear of "a pair of pumps with a cross, cut at the toes for corns, not nue indeed, but cleanly blakt with soot, and shining like a shoeing horn." Blacking was, probably, brought from Italy: for, it is said, that the shoes of the Neapolitan factors upon the exchange in London shone with blacking.

Stablemen.—Monks were formerly good stablemen. We read of the stable for the guests at St. Alban's, which was so large as to contain nearly 300 horses, which animals the monks kept in excellent condition: it had a lamp burning in it all night.

Granges were the farms and abbatial residences of our ancestors, and parks were often annexed to them. Thus, we have the Grange Road, named from the Grange of the Abbey of Bermondsey, Southwark.

The Arts.—The key of everything is in India; the generation of ideas and of arts appears to me to go back there: they created Assyria, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria; the great cities of the desert, as Balbec; then Egypt, then the islands of Crete and Cyprus, then Etruria, then Rome; then night came on, and Christianity, cradled at first by the Platonic philosophy, and afterwards by the barbarous ignorance of the middle ages, gave birth to our civilization and our modern arts. We are young—we are hardly arrived at the age of virility. A new creation of ideas, of social forms, and of arts, will, probably, arise before many ages, out of the grand ruin of the middle age, which we ourselves are in. One feels that the moral world is big with fruits, which it will produce in convulsions and in grief. Original ideas, multiplied by the press, convey discussion, criticism, and examination, everywhere; and, by directing the light of intelligence to every point of fact or of speculation in the world, will lead on, invincibly, to the age of reason.—*De Lamartine.*

Damascus Blades.—The fabrication of these celebrated sabres, if ever it existed in Damascus, is completely lost and forgotten: none are produced now but of the commonest temper; and one only meets with old weapons, good for little, at the armourers' shops. M. de Lamartine in vain sought for a sabre or poniard of the valued ancient temper. Such sabres are, however, occasionally brought from Khorassan, a province of Persia—but even there they are no longer fabricated. A certain number exists, which pass from owner to owner, like precious relics, and which are of inestimable value. The blade of one which was presented to M. de Lamartine cost the Pacha 5,000 piastres, about 63*l.* The Turks and Arabs, who estimate these blades more highly than diamonds, would give all they had in the world for such a weapon. Their looks sparkled with enthusiasm and delight when they saw M. de Lamartine's blade, and the expression upon their features amounted almost to adoration of so perfect an instrument of death.

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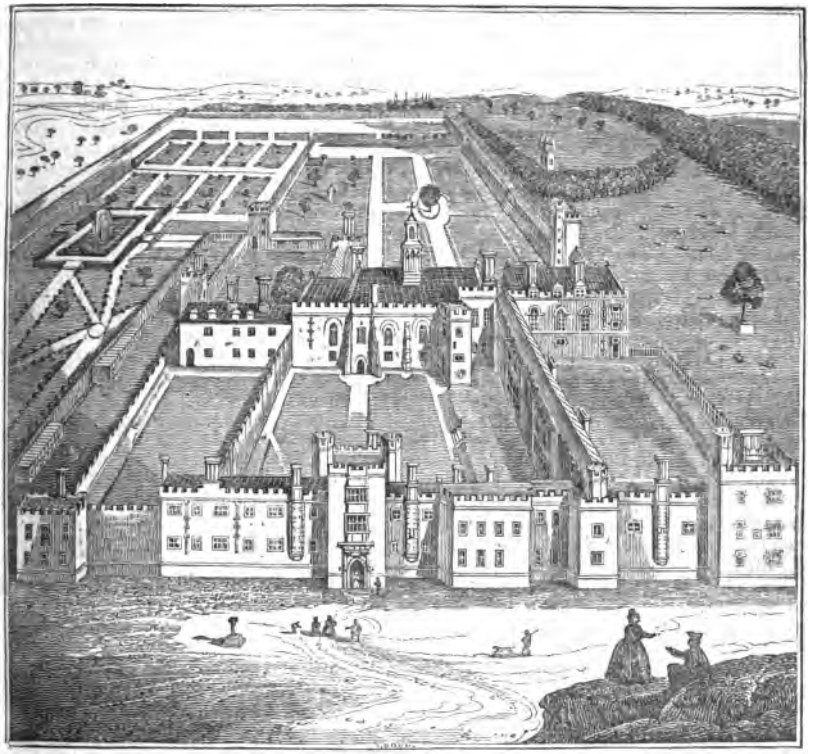
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 745.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1835. [Price 2*d*.



PENSHURST PLACE, AND THE SYDNEYS.

Penshurst was originally a fine specimen of the embattled mansion of the fourteenth century. Possibly, it might then have been a castle; but, in later times, its plan expanded into a mixture of the castle and mansion, with its towers, courts, and spacious hall, such as are shown, in the above Engraving, to have remained in the middle of the last century.

Penshurst is, therefore, interesting for its architectural character; but much more so for its long line of illustrious possessors, including the Sydneys, and among them Sir Philip Sydney, the soldier, statesman, and poet—the Crichton of his age—and Algernon Sydney, the martyr to liberty. These are bright names, whose divinity will shine around Penshurst, so long as one stone of its ruins shall remain upon another; and so long as the records of genius and patriotism shall remain imperishable.

Penshurst lies about six miles north-west of Tunbridge Wells, in a picturesque district towards the western verge of the county of Kent. The manor was possessed by the Pencestres or Penchesters, early in the Norman dynasty; of whom was Sir Stephen de Penchester, who was constable of Dover castle in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. In the 15th of Edward II., Sir John de Poultney, the then possessor of Penshurst, obtained a license to embattle his mansion.

The Penshurst property, after passing through different families, became vested in the Regent Duke of Bedford, from whom it descended to Humphrey, the "good" Duke of Gloucester. From him it devolved to his brother King Henry V., who granted it to the Staffords. Edward Duke of Buckingham being attainted, Penshurst and his other property became forfeited to the crown. Henry VIII. retained Penshurst for some

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years, and extended the park: he occasionally resided in the mansion, and it is presumed that during one of his visits here he first became acquainted with Anne Boleyn, then living with her father at Hever Castle,* in this neighbourhood.

King Edward VI. granted Penshurst to Sir William Sydney, one of the heroes of Flodden Field, who had been the prince's tutor, chamberlain, and steward of the household, from his birth to his coronation. Dying in 1553, at the age of 70, his property descended to his son and heir, Sir Henry Sydney, a learned and accomplished knight, in whose arms the youthful monarch expired. Grieved at this event, he retired to Penshurst, where he sheltered and protected his ruined father-in-law, the "great and miserable John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland,"† and his family. He enjoyed the confidence of, and was employed by, Queen Elizabeth, and died at Ludlow Castle, whilst president of the Welsh Marches. His body was conveyed to Penshurst, and buried there by the Queen's command. He left three sons and a daughter, of whom Sir Philip, Sir Robert, and Mary are distinguished in the historical and literary annals of the nation. Mary became Countess of Pembroke, and is celebrated in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, as also in the well-remembered epitaph on her, by Ben Jonson.

Sir PHILIP SYDNEY was born at Penshurst, Nov. 29, 1554: he became the most virtuous statesman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in the language of old writers, was "the jewel of her times." Yet was "his spirit too high for the court, and his integrity too stubborn for the cabinet. Elizabeth, who always expected implicit submission, could not long have endured such a servant; yet he occasionally advised her with the utmost freedom, and she received his counsel with gentleness."‡ At the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 1576, in the Low Countries, he received a mortal wound; and, it is related that, whilst in the agonies of death, he perceived one of the common soldiers also in a dying state, and calling out for water, when he ordered the cup to be taken from his own lips, to allay the parching thirst of the exhausted private.§

Sir Philip Sydney was the author of several works, which have been collected into three volumes, the *fourteenth* edition of which appeared in 1725. They consist of the *Arcadia*, the *Defence of Poesy, Astrophel and Stella*, the *Remedy of Love; Sonnets*, and *Aphorisms and Maxims*, collected by Miss Porter. There is extant a Life of Sir Philip, by his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke; and in our time, (1808,) Dr. Zouch published a Life of Sydney. His talents and acquirements appear to have made him the subject of almost universal panegyric; though there was, probably, more of fashion than discrimination in this praise.‖ Oldys, the bibliographer, asserts that he could "muster up 200 authors who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sydney." Walpole carps at his talents; but Dr. Zouch, while he acknowledges that the changes in taste and manners have rendered Sydney's writings unsuited to modern readers, contends that there are in them exquisitely beautiful passages, sound observations on life and manners, animated descriptions, sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflections on government and policy.

Sir Philip's brother, Sir Robert Sydney, succeeded to the Penshurst property; he obtained from King James the title of Lord Sydney, of Penshurst; and was afterwards created Earl of Leicester. Robert, his son and heir, succeeded in 1626; and after spending some time at foreign courts, settled at Penshurst, where he died in 1677, in his 82nd year. Among his fourteen children was the celebrated ALGERNON, who, through the iniquitous Jeffreys, was implicated in the Rye-house plot,¶ and illegally put to death in 1683; for, one of the first acts of the Revolution was to reverse his attainder, and the name of Algernon Sydney has since been held in great honour by the majority of those who maintain the fundamental principles of free government. One of Algernon's sisters, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, was the famed Saccharissa of Waller.

Penshurst continued to be inhabited by the Sydneys up to July, 1743, when Joselyn, the last Earl of Leicester of this family, "died without legitimate issue, and disputes and litigation followed."** The next possessor, however, appears to have been William Perry, Esq., by marriage with Elizabeth Sydney, niece of the above Earl of Leicester; since the original plate of our Engraving, executed by Vertue, in 1747, is stated to be the

* Engraved in Mirror, vol. xxi., p. 97.

† Lodge's Illustrious Portraits.

‡ Ibid.

§ The late Mr. West painted a very fine picture of this scene.

‖ Lloid, an old writer, says: "Sir Philip Sydney had an equal temperament of Mars and Mercury, valour and learning to as high a pitch as nature and art could frame, and fortune improve him; so dexterous that he seemed formed for every thing he went about. His representations of virtue and vice were not more lively in his books than in his life; his fancy was not above his virtue; his humours, councils, and actions were renowned in the romancer, and heroic in the statesman: his soul was as large as his parents', the modesty of the mother allaying the activity of the father; a man so sweetly grave, so familiarly staid, so prettily serious, he was above his years; wisdom gained by travel, experience gained from observations, solid and useful learning drawn from knowing Languet, his three years' companion, and choicest books, accomplished him for the love of all, and the reverence of most; his infant discourses teach men—Oh! what had his riper years done!"

¶ See Mirror, vol. iii. p. 57.

** Mr. Britton, in his Tunbridge Wells, whence the substance of these details is abridged.

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property of "Mrs. Elizabeth Perry," widow of W. Perry, Esq., "the only remaining heir of the noble family of Sydney, and the present owner of Penshurst Place."* Elsewhere we find it stated that Mrs. E. Perry left the estate in the hands of trustees for her grandson, Mr. Shelley, (younger brother of Sir John Shelley, of Castle-Goring, in Sussex,) who has since taken the ancient family name of Sydney.†

He is the eldest son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, of Castle-Goring, and married a sister of the present Countess of Albemarle: their only surviving son was Sir Philip Charles Sydney, G. C. H. the present Lord De Lisle and Dudley, and son-in-law to his Majesty. The barony of De Lisle and Dudley, conferred in the present year, was not a new creation, but the revival of a title which had long been claimed by the Sydneys of Penshurst. When his Lordship married Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, he was a captain in the Life Guards: he subsequently represented Sir Edward Kerrison's borough of Eye in parliament; and has recently received the lucrative appointment of Surveyor General of the Duchy of Cornwall. Lord De Lisle is the present occupier of Penshurst; and is understood to have been munificently assisted by his Majesty in the reparation of the mansion.‡ Its preservation is worthy of such patronage: for kings have already contributed to its embellishment; and much beautiful tapestry and furniture were presented to its most distinguished possessor by Queen Elizabeth.

"The mansion of Penshurst," says Mr. Britton, "has been a very large and imposing pile of building, bounding three sides of a square court, and with other courts inclosed by walls. Inscriptions and armorial bearings on different parts of the building, point out the respective ages of those several portions. Over the principal entrance, (in the fore-ground of our Engraving,) towards the north, is a coat of arms, with an inscription, stating that Edward VI. gave this house of Pencester, with the manors, lands, and appurtenances, unto Sir William Sydney, Knight Banneret. To commemorate which event and monarch, 'Sir Henry Sydney, of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c. caused this tower to be builded, A. D. 1585.' On a wall near the north-west angle is another coat of arms, with an inscription, recording the titles of Sir Henry Sydney, and the date of 1579. Other armorial bearings and inscriptions are inserted in different parts of the walls: for Sir Henry Sydney was ambitious of leaving some permanent record behind him of his titles, alliances," &c.

The annexed Engraving will convey some idea of the arrangement and extent of the buildings at Penshurst, nearly ninety years since; but, it is not so easy to define what the mansion was when in its greatest magnitude and splendour. "It has covered a large area, and has, evidently, been the designs and workmanship of different periods. Mr. Carter, who inspected the mansion in 1805, says that he could readily recognise the architectural characteristics of the reigns of Henry II., Richard III., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Georges I. and II.;" so that a portion of Penshurst Place is nearly seven centuries old! But, it is considered that only the designs of the three first monarchs have their distinct and specific features and characters.

Proceeding with Mr. Britton's description, and our Engraving:—"A long range of rooms extends east and west, with a northern aspect, in which was the principal front, and near the centre was the entrance gate-house or porter's lodge:" the latter portions being shown in our Illustration. "This gate-house communicated to a quadrangular court, having a raised terrace to the west, where the chapel and other buildings are said to have stood:" the terrace is shown in our Print; the line of building which flanks it is a gallery, with bow-windows, similar to one at Charlecote, in Warwickshire:§ though there may have originally been here a chapel, as Mr. Britton supposes. In this gallery is, or lately was, a large painting of Mr. Perry and his family—his eldest daughter and her mother being remarkably beautiful, and bearing a strong resemblance in features to the whole length portrait preserved here of Sir Philip Sydney. Amongst the other relics of this gallery was a large cabinet, ornamented with paintings and brass gilt, and said to be a present from James I.; a Florentine lapis-lazuli table; and the black wooden cradle of the profligate Duke of Buckingham—a precious heir-loom.

"On the opposite side of the quadrangle were the domestic offices," says Mr. Britton: these must have long been removed, as our Print shows, there being only an oblong court, with office-like buildings at its south end; and flanked by the wood-court, with its stacks of fuel.

"The south side of the quadrangle is occupied by the fine old baronial hall, which, though disfigured and mutilated, is still an apartment of architectural interest. It measures about 60 feet in length, by nearly 40 in

* In 1782, a trial "on a writ of right," was decided in the Court of Common Pleas, relating to the property and title of the Sydneys.—*Britton.*

† Fussell's Topography of Kent, 1818.

‡ Mr. Britton's visit, in 1832, drew from him the following observations. "A house that has been so long deserted by its masters must exhibit various evidences of ruin and decay. Not only walls, roofs, and timbers, but the interior furniture and ornaments are assailed by moth, rust, and other destructive operations. There were, formerly, some curious and valuable pictures, books, and manuscripts; but, whilst part of these have been taken away by unlawful hands, others have suffered by the slow but certain effects of time and neglect.

§ See Mirror, vol. xii. p. 161.

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width, and at least 60 in height. It is open to the roof, where there was an open *louvre*, or lantern, for ventilation," now surmounted by a cupola and vane. "Beneath it, on the floor, is the original fire-hearth, with a large andiron for sustaining the blazing log." As the *louvre* was the substitute for the chimney, the timber ribs of the roof and the walls are much discoloured by smoke. "At the upper, or western end of the hall, is a dais, or platform, whereon was placed the lord's table; at the side is a recess, with a staircase to upper rooms. At this end also, is an indifferent painting in chiaroscuro of a statue of Edward VI., with an attempted representation of the hall continued." At the opposite end of the room is a screen and a minstrel's gallery, beneath which is a corridor, and three arched doorways to the kitchen, buttery, parlour, &c. Exterior of this corridor is a vaulted porch, with a beautiful doorway, and a large, old door. A circular staircase communicated with the gallery, roof, and a room over the porch. On each side of the hall are lofty and beautifully formed windows, with a stone mullion in the centre, and with singular but well-disposed tracery in the arch. The sills of these windows are very near the floor, an unusual occurrence in such halls. The floor is composed of small bricks or tiles, and beneath the whole is a very fine crypt or vault."*

Among the state-rooms with which the hall communicates, is an elegant saloon, 50 feet long, with a finely coved ceiling, rich in Elizabethan and more modern decorations; among them is a crimson velvet and gold screen, embroidered with mother-of-pearl, by Queen Elizabeth, who was entertained with a masque in this room. Next is the Queen's drawing-room, which contains the chairs presented by her Majesty. Another apartment is hung with tapestry, said to be among the finest in England.

The grounds at Penshurst are very extensive, and were, at the date of our Print, laid out in the formal taste of the time: we see there the trim hedge, the evergreen wall and arch, and geometrical bed; the basin and its fountain, the strait walk and pleasant green, with its patriarchal tree, and lines dotted with smaller denizens. In the outer park, to this day, is a heronry; and a fine, large oak tree, (probably that standing alone, on the right, in the Print,) said to have been planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth; its bole measuring about 28 feet in circumference.† In the distance is seen Penshurst Church, according to Mr. Britton, "a clean, respectable edifice, with a handsome tower at the west end, a chantry, chapel and vault, at the south-east angle, appropriated to the Sydneys. Several members of the family have been interred here, and tresses and monumental tablets record their names, and dates of death."

The "solitariness" of the "sweet woods" of Penshurst, may oft have proved a happy haven to the Sydneys, from the chivalrous court and its intrigues. We may say of Penshurst as Sir Philip Sydney said of Wilton:

> here no abuse doth haunt,—
> What man grafts in his tree dissimulation.

Here, too, are we reminded of his poetical maxim:

> The common ingredients of health and long life are
> Great temp'rance, open air,
> Easy labour, little care.

* Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, 1832.

† A Correspondent, in our 23rd vol., p. 394, doubts whether the tree be now in existence as above stated, adding that forty years since, it could not be identified; so that the celebrity has, probably, been transferred to some other "monarch of the woods." See the interesting paper, in the above volume.

Manners and Customs.

PROCESSION OF THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

By a late Visiter, at Florence.

THE celebrated *procession of the burial of Jesus*, consists of 5,000 persons in costume, and takes place in the night, by torch-light, at the adjacent village of Prato. It is one of the ceremonies of the holy week, whose famed pomp, in Rome, generally assembles travellers in that city. The town of Prato is about eleven miles from Florence, and contains a population of 12,000; but, on the representation of this spectacle, it rarely numbers less than 50,000.

A little after sunset they began to light the beautiful globe lamps and fancifully arranged forms, which almost covered the fronts of the houses up to the third story. As soon as darkness had fairly spread its mantle over the heavens, the sound of the muffled drum was heard from the great square in front of the church of St. Francis, whence the procession was to start. This was the signal to clear the streets wide enough to allow it to pass properly. At first, appeared a band of about twenty soldiers on foot, dressed in deep black with muskets, but the crowd did not yield to them. Then four on horseback, and they succeeded by pressing the people (who still stood six deep on either side of the street) as closely as possible against the walls. Now came the most wonderful thing I have ever witnessed in my life, the effect of which I can never forget. Two men in deep black, with swords, and white kerchiefs which they pressed to their lips; and, in much less time than I take to write it, from the loud roar of at least 50,000 voices, a silence so profound succeeded, that it seemed a city of tombs! I found myself gasping for breath, and I felt as if all nature also had ceased to breathe. Oh! the

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astonishing power of that religion which could produce such a miracle over the minds of the people! To give you an idea of its power I will mention, that at this moment one of the horsemen, not managing his beast well, it began to rear and plunge into the throng of people, among women and children, and although we all thought many would be killed on the spot, not a sound was heard until the peril becoming awfully terrific, one man called out, "*sotto voce alla mano*," and another stepped forward, caught the horse by the bridle, and led him off. Now commenced in order as follows. First, the troops of horse —the riders dressed precisely in the costume of Roman soldiers in the time of Jesus, helmets and large shields on the left breast—a drapery of velvet, some of black, some blue, and some crimson, magnificently embroidered in gold, fastened to the shoulders and so large as to cover half the horse, reaching to his fetlocks: they held raised swords in the right hand, and moved with solemn and slow step, the hoofs of the horses covered thickly with cloth that not even *their* tread should be heard on the pavement; then a rider with two muffled drums, the horse led and followed by two Roman knights, with the Roman standards S. P. Q. R. A company of foot soldiers in Roman costume, with shield, &c. A band of forty musicians playing a funeral march, attended by a company of the fraternity of St. Ursula carrying torches; then twenty-four of the best bass, twenty-four of the best tenor, and twenty-four young boys singing the *miserere*. This last was the sublimest strain of music I ever heard or conceived. Then came the "mysteries," or objects relating to the passion of Jesus Christ, each one borne by a man dressed in black robes, two torch-bearers on either side, and four behind. The mysteries were as follows —the cross, the cup of bitterness, purse of Judas, Peter's sword, lantern, cords, the cock, the column, scourges, fetters, staves, the iron glove of the soldier who struck him, the reed, sponge, nails, bandage with which Christ was blindfolded, crown of thorns, purple robe, wash-hand basin and towel of Pilate, &c. &c. Torch-bearers. Then the seven last sentences of Christ, each written upon a white satin flag borne by priests, dressed as for high mass, accompanied by priests bearing torches. Under a rich *baldichino* (or canopy) lay the body of Jesus; this was borne by priests in their robes. The bishop came close behind, preaching in Italian, what to us appeared an appropriate discourse. The canopy was about twenty feet high, covered with black velvet edged with gold. Then forty large wax torch-bearers, and fifty men dressed in the order of the capuchins, who carried flambeaux. A band of musicians about forty in number, and a chorus of boys and singers. Then followed the statue of the Madonna dressed in deep mourning, followed by one hundred torch-bearers. Several cohorts, knights, and soldiers, on horseback. Two Roman standards and several companies of the national guards closed the procession. The transition from deathlike stillness, to the clash of Babel, was as instantaneous as the first change from tumult to silence, for, in the twinkling of an eye, as the last troops passed, the multitudes from all sides began to disperse. I forgot to mention that not a head was covered during the whole ceremony, which lasted full two hours, except of course the soldiers and the capuchins who always wear the cap of their order.—*New-York Mirror.*

The Public Journals.

TO CHILDHOOD.

"*Und ist sie hin, die gold'ne Zeit.*—SALIS.

AND where is now the golden hour,
When Earth was as a fairy realm,
When Fancy revelled
Within her own enchanted bower,
Which Sorrow came to overwhelm,
Which Reason levelled;
When Life was new, and Hope was young,
And sought and saw no other chart,
Than rose where'er
We turned—the crystal joy that sprung
Up from the ever-bubbling heart?
O! tell us where!

Man, like the leaf that swims the wave,
A wanderer down that rushing river,
Whose torchless shore
Is spectre-peopled from the grave,
Can scarce amid his whirl and fever
Of soul, explore
The treasures infant-bosoms cherish:
Yet feelings of celestial birth
To these are given,
Whose Iris hues, too deep to perish,
Surviving Life, outlasting Earth,
Shall glow in Heaven.

I see thy willow-darkened stream,
Thy sunny lake, thy sunless grove,
Before me glassed
In many a dimly-gorgeous dream,
And wake to love, to doubly love
The magic Past!
Or Fiction lifts her dazzling wand,
And, lo! her buried wonders rise
On Slumber's view,
Till all Arabia's genii-land
Shines out, the mimic Paradise
Thy pencil drew!

Youth burns: we run the blind career
Which they who run but run to rue;
Too fleetly flies
The witchery of that maddening year;
Yet will we not the track pursue
Where Wisdom lies;
For Manhood lours, and all the cares
And toils, and ills of Manhood born,
Consume the soul,
Till wither'd Age's whiten'd ha
The symbols of his Winter warn
Us to the goal.

But thou, lost vision! Memory clings
To all of bright, and pure, and fond,
By thee enrolled!
Mementos as of times and things
Antique, remote, far, far beyond
The Flood of old!

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Yet, oh! the spell itself how brief!
How sadly brief! how swiftly broken!
We witness how
The freshness of the lily's leaf,
Ere autumn dies, and leaves no token,
And where art thou?
Dublin University Magazine.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(From a very entertaining and seasonable paper in Tait's Magazine.)

THE notions which the French have regarding this true English sport, are so very antiquated, that they are, in all probability, derived from some fox-hunting cavaliers who accompanied Charles II. in his exile; for I imagine that it was before, or about that period, that their practices existed in England, if they were ever known here at any time.

Long ago, in England—

"Our squires of old would rouse the day
To the sound of the bugle-horn;"

and, upon the same principle which led them to do so, I suppose the French act in the present day; and no arguments, no expostulations drawn from the practice in the land of fox-hunting, will induce them to alter or improve their mode of going to work. "It is not so in France," is the universal and conclusive answer. Thus, who ever wishes to go French fox-hunting, must make up his mind to tumble out of bed by half-past four, or five, at the latest. Should it rain while he is dressing, he may go to bed again, for, in their opinion, the scent will not lie at all; and, should a shower or two fall in the course of the day, the faults and mistakes committed, whether on the part of the huntsman or the dogs, are most knowingly laid to account of the weather.

I have seen one or two dogs good enough to have held a respectable place, even in an English pack; but the generality are good for nothing. They never hunt with what we should call *courage;* but potter about like a parcel of pigs in an Indian corn-field. Often have I been amused by observing some of them, when unable to pick up the scent, sit down on their hind-quarters, and, with their noses in the air, composedly "bow-wow" away at the skies, instead of endeavouring to recover it, forgetting the new maxim of the politicians—*Aide toi.* But one cannot, considering their training, blame them for this. In one particular, I think, they are superior to our dogs, and that is, that their notes are even more musical than those of our dogs; but this, I believe, is owing to the climate—for I have been informed that English dogs, after having been some time in France, acquire the same melody of sound. They are totally dissimilar in appearance: there is the heavy, strong, muscular animal, more adapted for a bear-hunt; the long-backed, greyhound-looking brute; and a cur, something like the beagle—in sweet confusion blended. The owner hunts them himself, and has a whipper-in, or "piqueur," as they call him, mounted; and sometimes another on foot. The hunting party must now be described; but they are sometimes so ludicrous in appearance, so oddly (at least to the eye of an Englishman) attired, mounted, and accoutred, that I fear I may fail in conveying a vivid impression of their appearance, which, indeed, beggars all description. To be justly appreciated and sufficiently admired, it must be seen. Oh! what a despicable figure the gentlemen of any of our crack hunts would cut alongside of these worthies! Their heads are crowned with a three-cornered, 'fore-and-aft-looking cap of fur, of cloth, or of oil-cloth, with huge "fall-downs" to cover the ears, and studded and "illuminated" all over with glittering steel buttons. A black stock, with a piece of whitish linen peeping over it, encloses the throat; and a green, dark-brown, or velvet cut-away coat, and underneath it a bright crimson waistcoat, adorned with chains and clasps, and numberless odds and ends, and a broad, leathern belt, drawn around their waists, dignify the upper man. Light-coloured inexpressibles, of cloth or worsted cord, buttoned at the knee, or tied at the ankle; the enormous jack-boots of the Russian courier, or French gend'armes; or an imitation of our own hunting boot, but substituting a polished leather top for the one which we prefer; with a pair of spurs, which, in length and size, would mock even those of our old mosstroopers—complete a costume which is neither to be met with nor equalled anywhere, save in France. I have also seen French officers turn out in full uniform, sword and altogether; and ladies with their horses' tails elegantly twisted in their cruppers, to preserve them from the mud.

The quality of their horses being of little consequence in their style of hunting, some are mounted upon nags of sixteen hands high, others upon what, in the Highlands of Scotland, are called "shelties." As to their saddles, some are demi-piques; some have, and some have not, cloaks or greatcoats fastened in front or behind, either to preserve them from the weather, or in their seats; a pair of holsters, (the most sensible part of the whole,) one containing a loaf of bread, and the other a flask of wine; and cruppers—that deformity to a horse, without which you seldom or never see a Frenchman ride. A few of the party frequently augment these incumbrances to their horses, by the addition of a "cutty gun."

There are generally two horns to a pack, the one carried by the owner, or a friend, the other by the piqueur. These instruments have a mouth of at least a foot and a half in diameter; and when not in use, are suspended in the same manner as our shot-belts, by thrusting the head and one arm through the centre of their coils.

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In the neighbourhood of Pau, there is an immensity of the very finest cover. Both gorse and copse, in abundance, perhaps too much; there is, therefore, no lack of foxes. One of the most frequent places of rendezvous for the pack which hunt the part of the country to which I particularly allude, is a place called the Bois de Pau. It is a wood, consisting of perhaps a couple of hundred acres, cut up and intersected in all directions by wide alleys and avenues. The French have no idea of a "run," their chief object being to accomplish what we call "mobbing in cover;" and this, to give them justice, they do set about in a most business-like manner. The dogs are thrown into a corner of this large wood, and instantly the hunters, like "knowing" old sportsmen in pheasant or woodcock shooting, gallop off to the different openings to guard them, and prevent Reynard, should he be inclined to break cover, and, if possible, to head him back into the woods; at the same time, never failing, if they have a gun, to salute him with a shot. A fox is generally found here, and after having been perhaps twenty or thirty times fired at and wounded, he is, in a short period, either most barbarously killed or run to ground. Scampering up and down the alleys, or upon the road, and bawling and shouting, afford great amusement to the hunters: but of leaping or going across the country, they are guiltless. The shots are frequently as likely to take effect upon some of the party as upon the ill-used fox; and one day, a cantonnier, at work upon the road, was all but struck by a ball fired in the wood.

Sometimes, when they run a fox to ground, they unearth him, and turn him out on some other day. Upon one occasion, they thus acquired as fine a fox as I ever saw; and we, the English, had some hopes of having a good day's sport with him. There is some very pretty country for riding across, in the valley to the south-west of Pau, abounding in fences, but none of a very difficult nature; and we urged the master of the hounds to unbag him there; but our intreaties could not overcome their insurmountable objection to leaping, and the master resolved to turn him loose in the same place where he was found—their favourite haunt, the Bois de Pau. This fox was a fine catch for them; for, not satisfied with admiring each other's feats of noisy brawl and hardy daring in the field, they were determined that the fair sex should have an opportunity of admiring their achievements. But, as all this took place during the carnival—the dancing and quadrilling period of the year among the French—it was some time before a day occurred upon which the ladies, sufficiently refreshed by a night's rest, could accompany their cavaliers to the chase. Thus the period of the imprisonment of this unfortunate victim, was lengthened out beyond the fortnight: during which time he was fed high, and put out of wind.

Secure of finding a fox, and their gallantry forbidding them to disturb the ladies at so early an hour as their usual time of starting, eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon, and the everlasting wood the place of rendezvous. Another friend and myself were among the last of leaving Pau, to join in the feats of this eventful day; and, in crossing the extensive landes which separate the town from the wood, we overtook the individual who, in a basket upon his head, was conveying the fox. Of course, we were much disgusted at the mode of proceeding, and I voted for upsetting the basket, and giving Reynard his liberty, at least a couple of miles from the wood, when he would, perhaps, have taken an opposite direction to it, and the hounds being brought and laid upon the scent, we, in all probability, would, for once, have seen something to bring home to our recollection. But my sagacious plan was overruled, and the man and his burden were allowed to proceed in the even tenor of their way.

Upon arriving at the wood, we found the assembled host, "on dreadful thoughts intent," waiting anxiously for the coming of the object of all their hopes and wishes. We pleaded hard that twenty or thirty minutes' *law* should be given him. But, no; the hounds were to be slipped upon him the moment that he started. The basket was set down, and the lid lifted; when I observed that the fox was attached, by a chain, to the inside, (which would somewhat have deranged my plan of upsetting the basket upon the landes), and he was so fierce that they could hardly untie it. To accomplish this, they let him get half-way out of the basket, and then squeezing the lid down upon him, they, with less danger from his teeth, managed, after having, I have no doubt, broken at least two or three of his ribs, to give him his freedom.

But, to my astonishment, they had resolved to make a dandy of him; and, for that purpose, had adorned his neck with a huge collar, with loads of small bells attached to it. This was horrid! In fact, he only wanted the tea-canister to his tail, to complete his costume. The chain being unloosed, he went off in great style, his bells jingling like those of a post-horse; and before he had made a hundred yards, away went the dogs after him. No sooner had the dogs started than all the French party galloped off, not after them, but before them, leaving them to hunt in the best manner they could; forgetting or unconscious, that the most beautiful and most intellectual part of a fox-hunt, is that, when the dogs, either having met with a check, display their sagacity and tact in recovering what the French call the "*quête*,"

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and having succeeded, send forth the heart-stirring and joyous notes which tell us of the fact; or when, with their heads no longer at the earth, they shy along, breast high, causing the woods to ring again, and seeming to repeat the words of the old song—

Follow who can—oh, then! oh, then!

Breaking from the patch of wood, to which he had made at first, he was headed, in the next alley, into another division; and thus it continued, for about twenty minutes, out of one square into another; until, at last, being driven into a corner and mobbed, he was either killed by the dogs, or frightened to death by the hubbub. I think the latter must have been the cause of his death; for when I came up to the spot, I found him seemingly uninjured by the dogs; but, at all events, he was, as the criers in the streets say, "most barbarously murdered." The body was then tied upon the pummel of the master's saddle; his head dangling upon one side, and his brush upon the other; so that passengers, on either side of the road, or damsels gazing from the windows of the street, might not be deprived of a sight of the glorious trophy, nor ignorant of the prowess by which it had been acquired.

This was what the French call "*une grande chasse.*" As only one half of the wood had been disturbed, the remainder was "drawn" for another fox: but without success. The owner upon this observed to me, "that it was no use drawing any more covers, as there had been rain in the morning." I thought of the "Fox and the Grapes;" and said that, in England, frequently the very best runs took place on rainy days; and not only was such the case, but I had more than once had my red coat made white with snow upon days on which I had seen very fair sport. "*Mon Dieu! mais c'st tout a fait different en France.*"

The Naturalist.

THE PROTEUS.

"Of all the animals which God hath created to work his will, as far as they are known to us, none is more remarkable, both for its situation and many of its characters" than the Proteus, "as affording some proof, that *the waters under the earth*, and other subterranean cavities, may have their peculiar population." Such are the words of the Rev. Mr. Kirby, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, in illustration of his theory of "a subterranean habitation" for certain animals — an idea which it may be interesting to notice further, after we have made the reader acquainted with the habits and structure of the present extraordinary creature.

The Proteus belongs to the Saurian order of Reptiles. It was first found thrown up by subterranean waters in Carniola, by Baron Zois. The late Sir Humphry Davy appears to have found Protei in the Grotto of the Maddalena, at Adelsburg, several hundred feet below the surface of the earth. Indeed, the search after the Proteus was so peculiar an object of interest to Sir Humphry, that he made three annual visits to the grotto for the above purpose; one of which forms the subject of a Dialogue in the philosopher's posthumous volume, *Consolations in Travel*, a work to which we never refer without a sorrowful reflection, that its enlightened author should not have been spared to contribute still more to our knowledge of nature. We shall quote a portion of this Dialogue, as the most attractive description of the Proteus; the speakers being the Unknown Stranger, whom Sir Humphry Davy had met at Pæstum; Eubathes, his early friend and medical adviser, (the late Dr. Babington?); and Philalethes, (Sir Humphry himself.) Scene—the Grotto.

Eub.—I see three or four creatures, like slender fish, moving on the mud below the water.

The Unknown.—I see them; they are the Protei; now I have them in my fishing-net, and now they are safe in the pitcher of water. At first view, you might suppose this animal to be a lizard; but it has the motions of a fish. Its head, and the lower part of its body, and its tail, bear a strong resemblance to those of the eel; but it has no fins, and its curious bronchial organs are not like the gills of fishes; they form a singular vascular structure, as you see, almost like a crest, round the throat, (See the cut, *a*,) which may be removed without occasioning the death of the animal, which is likewise furnished with lungs. With this double apparatus for supplying air to the blood, it can live either below or above the surface of the water. Its fore feet resemble hands, but they have only three claws or fingers, and are too feeble to be of use in grasping or supporting the weight of the animal; the hinder feet have only two claws or toes, and in the larger specimens are found so imperfect as to be almost obliterated. It has small points in place of eyes, as if to preserve the analogy of nature. It is of a fleshy whiteness and transparency in its natural state, but when exposed to light, its skin gradually becomes darker, and at last gains an olive tint. Its nasal organs appear large; and it is abundantly furnished with teeth, from which it may be concluded, that it is an animal of prey; yet in its confined state, it has never been known to eat; and it has been kept alive for many years by occasionally changing the water in which it was placed.*

* This description does not altogether correspond with that by Mr. Kirby, who states the body to be of a pale, red colour; the muzzle to resemble the

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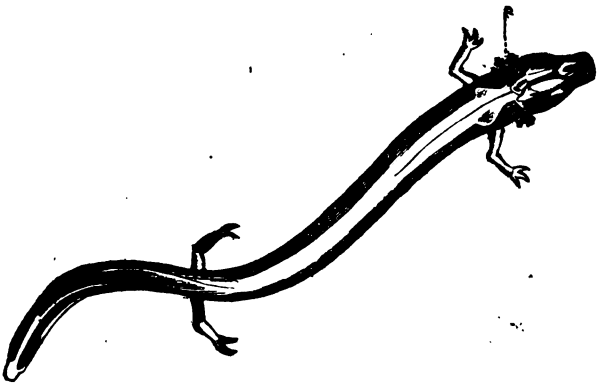

(The Proteus; from a specimen in the Museum of the Zoological Society.)

Eub.—Is this the only place in Carniola where these animals are found?

The Unknown.—They were first discovered here by the late Baron Zöis; but they have since been found, though rarely, at Sittich, about thirty miles distant, thrown up by water from a subterraneous cavity; and I have lately heard it reported that some individuals of the same species have been recognised in the calcareous strata in Sicily.

Eub.—This lake in which we have seen these animals is a very small one; do you suppose they are bred here?

The Unknown.—Certainly not; in dry seasons they are seldom found here, but after great rains they are often abundant. I think it cannot be doubted, that their natural residence is in an extensive, deep, subterranean lake, from which, in great floods, they sometimes are forced through the crevices of the rocks into this place where they are found; and it does not appear to me impossible, when the peculiar nature of the country in which we are is considered, that the same great cavity may furnish the individuals which have been found at Adelsburg and at Sittich.

Eub.—This is a very extraordinary view of the subject. Is it not possible that it may be the larva of some large, unknown animal inhabiting these limestone cavities? Its feet are not in harmony with the rest of its organization, and were they removed, it would have all the characters of a fish.

The Unknown.—I cannot suppose that they are larvæ. There is, I believe, in nature, no instance of a transition by this species of metamorphosis, from a more perfect to a less perfect animal. The tadpole has a resemblance to a fish before it becomes a frog; the caterpillar and the maggot gain not only more perfect powers of motion on the earth in their new state, but acquire organs by which they inhabit a new element. This animal, I dare say, is much larger than we now see it, when mature in its native place; but its comparative anatomy is exceedingly hostile to the idea that it is an animal in a state of transition. It has been found of various sizes, from that of the thickness of a quill to that of the thumb, but its form of organs has been always the same. It is surely a perfect animal of a peculiar species. And it adds one instance more to the number already known of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of our globe, even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences.—And the same infinite power and wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa, the swallow that secretes its own nest for the caves of Java, the whale for the Polar seas, and the morse and white bear for the Arctic ice, has given the Proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria,—an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water, on the surface of the rock, or in the depths of the mud.

Phil.—It is now ten years since I first visited this spot. I was exceedingly anxious to see the Proteus, and came here with the guide in the evening of the day I arrived at

beak of a duck; "the eyes are extremely minute, and scarcely discernible; they are concealed, and, apparently, rendered useless, by an opaque skin; but, as this animal is said to avoid light, it is evident that it produces some effect upon them: the tail has above and below a caudal fin, extending to the posterior legs: it is about a foot in length." These are the points of difference in Mr. Kirby's description of a specimen of the Proteus in confinement.

"From a small shell-fish found in the stomach of a Proteus, it seems to follow that its food, at least in part, consists of Molluscans inhabiting the same subterranean caves and waters with itself, and, probably, distinct from any of those to which the atmosphere has access. Sometimes, elevating its head above the water, it makes a hissing noise louder than could be expected from so small an animal."

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Adelsberg, but though we examined the bottom of the cave with the greatest care, we could find no specimens. We returned the next morning, and were more fortunate; for we discovered five close to the bank, on the mud covering the bottom of the lake; the mud was smooth and perfectly undisturbed, and the water quite clear. This fact of their appearance during the night, seemed to me so extraordinary, that I could hardly avoid the fancy that they were new creations. I saw no cavities through which they could have entered, and the undisturbed state of the lake seemed to give weight to my notion. My reveries became discursive, I was carried in imagination back to the primitive state of the globe, when the great animals of the sauri kind were created under the pressure of a heavy atmosphere; and my notion on this subject was not destroyed, when I heard from a celebrated anatomist, to whom I sent the specimens I had collected, that the organization of the spine of the Proteus was analogous to that of one of the sauri, the remains of which are found in the older secondary strata.

Sir Humphry, probably, here alludes to a celebrated fossil found in the slate quarries of Oningen, which Scheuchzer called an antediluvian man, but which Cuvier regards as a giant species of Proteus.

This connexion of the Proteus, by its structure, with one of the larger Saurians, is adduced by Mr. Kirby in support of his hypothesis of a "subterranean metropolis for the Saurian, and, perhaps, other reptiles." Again, "when we look at the Protei, there is something so different in their general aspect from the tribes to which they are most nearly related, that the idea strikes one that we are viewing beings far removed from those that inhabit the surface of our globe and its waters; which, though accidentally visiting these upper regions, may be the outsetters of a population still further removed from our notice, and dipping deeper into its interior."

The original of the annexed Cut, (an illustration of Mr. Kirby's work,) was drawn from one of two living Protei, in the Museum of the Zoological Society, in the year 1833.

New Books.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

By John T. Irving, Jun.

[These Sketches are the first attempts of the inexperienced pencil of a relative of Washington Irving; and, in descriptive vigour they are near akin to the best productions of our accomplished Geoffrey Crayon. The locality of the present Sketches, however, presents more vivid scenes than the latter writer has hitherto described, if we except one of his last, and in some opinions, best written volumes, a Tour on the Prairies, to which the work before us, in subject, at least, bears a general resemblance. It originated in a recent bold and perilous expedition to the Pawnee and other tribes of American Indians; in which the United States' government sought to settle the migratory tribes of the Pawnees northward of the river Platte, and to effect a treaty of peace between them and the Delawares. Mr. Irving accompanied the commissioner of the expedition: to him it was a juvenile excursion, where everything was fraught with novelty and pleasurable excitement; and he was glad of the opportunity to visit strange scenes and strange people, of which he had only heard wild and exaggerated rumours. His records or sketches, accordingly, abound with interesting traits of savage life, afflicting incidents of revengeful hate and deep-rooted despair, excited by injuries long past yet not forgotten—the embers, as it were, of extinguished hope. In such scenes as these, which may be considered as the less glorious consequences of conquest and civilization, there is always an admixture of patient suffering which fastens upon the common sympathies of our nature, as we look out from luxurious security and pampered ease upon the simplicity of savage life and its many unborrowed charms. Indeed, so long as love of country is engrafted on the human heart, there must be painful contemplation in such objects as those which called for the expedition which furnished Mr. Irving with the materials of his Sketches—"the removal of the Indian tribes, resident within the States, to tracts of wild but fertile land, situated beyond the verge of white population. Some of the tribes thus removed, however, when they came to hunt over the lands assigned them, encountered fierce opposition from the aboriginal tribes of the prairies, who claimed the country as their own, and denied the right of the United States to make the transfer. The migratory tribes were thus placed in a disastrous predicament: having sold their native lands to the United States, they had no place to which they might retreat, while they could only maintain a footing in their new homes, by incessant fighting." The government in most cases put an end to the bloody conflicts thus engendered; but, in some instances, the aboriginals were not to be appeased, especially a numerous and fierce tribe of Pawnees, and their more daring allies, the Otoes; who claimed a region of several hundred square miles. It had long been their favourite hunting-ground, in which it was death for a strange hunter to intrude. This forbidden tract, however, had been granted by the United States to the Delawares; and the latter had made it the scene of their hunting excursions. Hence, it became debateable ground, in which war parties were continually

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lurking. The Delawares had been attacked, while hunting, by the Pawnees, and many of their tribe had fallen. The Delawares, in revenge, had surprised and burnt one of the Pawnee towns, while the warriors were absent on a buffalo hunt. Neither had the white men escaped this feud: trappers and traders having been massacred by the Pawnees as intruders. To improve this state of things the American expedition was appointed. The country through which the party journeyed is vividly described in these Sketches; and we have glimpses of the superstitious customs and legendary lore of the tribes inhabiting it. Forest and prairie life are painted with characteristic luxuriance; incidents in the lives of chiefs and warriors make up many a brief tale of woe, relieved by details of their feasts, their ardour in peace and war—in the chase, the camp, and the field—in the council and in the guard—in the nestling huts of the Grand Pawnee village, and the almost unbroken solitude of vast forests and bespangled prairies—where Nature reminds us of her infinite munificence to man. From such attractive reading we propose to select a few pages.]

The Indian Country.

It was late upon a fine glowing afternoon in July, that we first crossed the Indian frontier, and issued from the forest upon a beautiful prairie, spreading out, as far as the eye could reach, an undulating carpet of green, enamelled with a thousand flowers, and lighted up by the golden rays of the setting sun. Occasionally a grouse, frightened at our approach, would bustle from among the high grass, and fly whirring over the tops of the neighbouring hills. We had ridden for more than an hour over the green waste. The heat of the afternoon was yielding to the cool breezes of sunset; the sun itself had just hid its crimson disk below the prairie hills, and the western sky was still glowing with its beams. The deer, which, during the scorching heat of mid-day, had nestled among the thick groves which dot the prairie, now began to steal from their hiding-places, and were seen bounding over the green sward, or standing buried up to their heads among the tall flowers, and gazing wildly and fearfully at our party.

At a distance, too, we could perceive the gaunt form of a vagabond wolf, sneaking through the grass, and stealing snake-like upon his beautiful, though timid, co-tenant of the prairie.

The Prairie.

A passing cloud which had swept over the prairie in the morning, had left nothing but beauty. A cool freshness exhaled from the tall grass glittering with its water beads. The rich, though parched, foliage seemed to have given place to a young and luxuriant growth of the richest green. The clusters of flowers which had worn a dried and feverish look, now rose in renovated beauty, as if from their bed of sickness, and spread their perfumes through the morning air.

In the spring of the year, these prairies are covered with a profusion of pale, pink flowers, rearing their delicate stalks among the rough blades of the wild grass. These were too fragile to withstand the scorching heat of summer; they had disappeared, and their stalks had also withered. Others had succeeded them. There was a gorgeous richness in the summer apparel of the prairie. Flowers of red, yellow, purple, and crimson were scattered in profusion among the grass, sometimes growing singly, and at others spreading out in beds of several acres in extent. Like many beauties in real life, they make up in the glare of their colours, what they want in delicacy; they dazzle but at a distance, and will not bear closer scrutiny.

There is a sensation of wild pleasure, in traversing these vast and boundless wastes. At one moment we were standing upon the crest of some wave-like hill, which commanded a wide view of the green desert before us. Here and there, were small clumps of trees, resting, like islands, upon the bosom of this sea of grass. Far off, a long waving line of timber winding like a serpent over the country, marked the course of some hidden stream. But a hundred steps of our horses carried us from the point of look-out. Passing down the sides of the hill, we splashed through the water at the bottom; tore a path through the grass, which frequently rose, in these hollows, to the height of eight or ten feet, and the next moment stood upon the crest of a hill similar to the first. This was again cut off as we descended a second time into the trough which followed the long surge-like swell of land.

Such is the prairie—hill follows hill, and hollow succeeds hollow, with the same regularity as the sweeping billows of the ocean. Occasionally a high broken bluff rears its solitary head in the midst, like some lonely sentinel overlooking the country. Upon the tops of these we frequently saw an Indian, standing in bold relief against the sky, or seated upon some pleasant spot on its summit, and basking in the sunshine, with that air of lazy enjoyment which characterizes the race.

The Sac Indian.

We caught sight of a single Indian, standing beneath the shade of a tall oak. Whilst we were regarding him, a little red-nosed soldier came up. He informed us that the Indian was a Sac, one of those who had

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fought against the whites under Black Hawk. As he mentioned this, he took the opportunity of uncorking his indignation, and letting off the superfluous foam, in a volley of oaths and anathemas against the whole race in general, and this individual in particular. He threw out dark hints of what he had himself done in the war, and what he would *now* do, if the major would only permit it. At the time, we looked upon him with considerable awe; but we afterwards learned that there was little to be apprehended from him. He was a character notorious for boiling over in the excess of his wrath, especially in time of peace; but beyond this was distinguished for nothing, except a strong attachment to liquors of all descriptions.

We soon left him, and crossed over the green, to the spot where the Indian was standing.

I had formed but a poor opinion of the race from those whom I had already seen; but never was I more agreeably disappointed—never had I beheld such a princely fellow. He stood unmoved as we came up, viewing us with a calm, cold, but unwavering gaze. His eyelid never drooped; nor was the eye averted for an instant as it met our look. A large blanket, here and there streaked with vermilion, and ornamented with hawks' bells, was so disposed around his folded arms, that it left bare his finely-formed shoulder, and half of his high and sinewy chest. A bright, steel-headed tomahawk peeped from beneath its folds, and a quiver of arrows hung at his back. His legs were cased in leggings of dressed deerskin, with the edges cut into a rough fringe. He wore a pair of mocassins of dressed buffalo hide. The top of his head was closely shaven, and covered with vermilion; but his face was free from any colouring whatever, with the exception of a ring of black paint, which was carefully drawn around each eye.

As we approached he drew himself up, and threw his head slightly backward with an air of haughtiness which well became his high stern features. He seemed to feel like a proud but desolate being. Upon his head was bound an eagle's plume, but it was crushed and broken. Could it be emblematic of the broken spirit of his own tribe? Their power was gone; their strength was withered; they were scattered to the four winds of heaven; the bones of their bravest warriors were whitening the prairies, and their chief was in bondage in an unknown land.*

And this savage—he seemed to feel that he was alone; but his stern features told that he asked no pity, and would brook no insult.

A Burning Prairie.

After toiling for an hour, through a wide bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached the grove—erected a small shed of boughs after the manner of the Indians, and lying down was soon asleep, before a huge fire, which I built against the trunk of a fallen tree.

I was awakened by the increasing violence of the gale. At times it sank into low wailings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees. After sitting by the fire for a short time, I again threw myself upon my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times, wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes; a kind of superstitious feeling came over me, and though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound. I gazed around in every direction, and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger, for my feelings were so wrought up that I momentarily expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up, and sat by the fire. Suddenly, a swift gust swept through the grove, and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction. In an instant fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth before they were creeping up in a tall, tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattering clumps of dry glass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was announced by a distant moan; as it came nearer a cloud of dry leaves filled the air; the slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds—dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned. The next instant the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly up in the air: flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky. The flame spread into a vast sheet that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest; though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy blackness. The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeding blast they threw long pyramidal streams upwards in the black sky, then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting at each bound a new conflagration. Leap succeeded leap; the flames rushed on with a race-horse speed. The noise sounded like the roar of a stormy ocean, and the wild, tumultuous billows of flame were tossed about like a sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance

* At this time, Black Hawk was in the Eastern States.

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out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks —the dry leaves still clinging to the branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood. A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree—the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for a hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph. The effect was transient. In a moment had the fire swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches. In this way the light conflagration swept over the landscape: every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked up every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of grey smoke, filled with burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread drawn around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten miles distant. At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light, that for hours illumined the night sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies.

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting place and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed—not a blade of grass, was left. The tall grove, which at sunset was covered with withered foliage, now spread a labyrinth of scorched and naked branches—the very type of ruin. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large, dead trees, whose dried branches had caught and nourished the flame, were still blazing or sending up long spires of smoke. In every direction, barrenness marked the track of the flames. It had even worked its course against the blast, hugging to the roots of the tall grass.

The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes were drifting, and whirling about, in almost suffocating clouds, sometimes rendering it impossible to see for more than one or two hundred yards.

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE.

The Ruins of Balbec.

(*Continued from page* 271.)

We rose next morning with the sun, the first rays of which lighted the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that appearance of eternal freshness which Nature can, when she pleases, confer even on what Time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we set off to touch with our hands what we had as yet only touched with our eyes. We advanced to the artificial hill to examine the different masses of architecture of which it is composed. We soon reached it on the northern side, under the shade of the gigantic walls which in that direction envelope the ruins. A beautiful stream, overflowing its bed of granite, ran beneath our feet, and formed here and there little lakes of limpid water, gurgling and foaming round the huge stones which had fallen from the walls, and the sculptures buried in the bed of the stream.

We crossed the torrent of Balbec by the aid of the bridges which time had thrown over it, and by a steep and narrow breach we mounted to the terrace which runs round the walls. At every step we took, at every stone our hands touched and our eyes measured, we involuntarily uttered exclamations of admiration and surprise. Every block of stone composing this boundary wall is at least eight or ten feet in length, five or six in width, and the same in height. These blocks, of enormous weight to be lifted by men's hands, lie uncemented one upon another, and almost all bear traces of Indian or Egyptian sculpture.

Several of the stones of the wall were twenty and thirty feet in length, and seven or eight in height.

On reaching the summit of the breach, we knew not where to fix our eyes. On every side, we beheld marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches—fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals. The master works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by some internal structures which intercepted our view of the temples. The spot which we had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels. We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament, than the first scene which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform of an oblong form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the Sun, which is worshipped at Balbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged

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a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans.

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air.

But all this was nothing compared with what we beheld shortly afterwards. By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

We slowly turned from this spectacle and journeyed towards the south, where the heads of the six gigantic columns I have already mentioned, rose like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins. To reach these columns, we had once more to pass external boundary walls, high terraces, pedestals, and foundations of altars. At length we arrived at the feet of the columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in mute contemplation of these six columns, and scanning with our eyes their diameter, their elevation, and the admirable sculpture of their architraves and cornices. Their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. They are composed of a sort of light yellow stone, presenting a sort of medium between the polish of marble and the deadness of tuff. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they have built their nests; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders. These columns, which some travellers have supposed to be the remains of an avenue, 104 feet long, and 56 wide, formerly leading to a temple, have, I think, evidently been the external ornaments of the same temple.

On an attentive examination of the smaller temple, which still stands in a complete state at a little distance, it appears to have been built after the same design.

Before us, to the south, was another temple, standing on the edge of the platform, at the distance of about forty paces from us. This is the most perfect and most magnificent monument in Balbec, and, I may venture to add, in the whole world. If we could repair one or two columns of the peristyle, which have rolled down on the side of the platform, with their heads still resting against the walls of the temple; restore to their places some of the enormous vaulted arches which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule; raise up one or two sculptured blocks of the inner door; and if the altar, recomposed out of the fragments scattered over the ground, could resume its form and place,—we might recall the gods and the priests, and the people would behold their temple as complete and as brilliant as when it received its finishing touch from the hand of the architect. The proportions of this temple are smaller than those which are indicated by the six colossal columns. It is surrounded by a portico, supported by Corinthian columns, each of which is about five feet in diameter, and about forty-five feet in height. The columns are each composed of three blocks of stone: they are nine feet apart from one another, and an equal distance from the interior wall of the temple. Above the capitals of these columns are a rich architrave and an admirably sculptured cornice. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large, concave blocks of stone, cut with the chisel in vaulted arches, each of which is adorned with the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero: among them we recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground, and are lying at the feet of the columns. We measured them, and they were sixteen feet wide and nearly five feet thick. These may be called the tiles of the temple. The inner door of the temple, formed of equally large blocks of stone, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks of stone had fallen near it and half covered it. The appearance of the sculptured stones which form the face of this, and its disproportion to the other parts of the edifice, lead me to suspect that it is the door of the ruined grand temple, and that it has been affixed to this. The sculptures which adorn it are, in my opinion, older than the age of Antoninus, and in a style infinitely less pure. An eagle holding a caduceus in his claws, spreads his wings over the opening; from his beak escape festoons of ribbons and chains, which are supported at their extremities by two figures of Fame. The interior of the monument is decorated with pillars and niches of the richest and most florid sculpture, some of the broken fragments of

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which we carried away. Several of the niches were quite perfect, and looked as though they had just received the finishing touch from the hand of the sculptor.

At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterranean staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation —perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from their roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill. The temple I have just described stands at the south-western extremity of the hill of Balbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbec. It is built of stones of such prodigious dimensions, that if the descriptions of them were not given by travellers worthy of credit, they would be rejected as false and improbable. The Arabs, who are daily eye-witnesses to the existence of these wonders, attribute them, not to the power of man, but to that of genii and other supernatural beings. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn granite are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind, that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it, and we cannot be surprised that it is referred to the supernatural.

These wonders are evidently not of the date of the temples—they were mysteries to the ancients, as they are to us. They belong to an unknown age, and are perhaps antediluvian. It is possible, that they may have supported many temples, consecrated to successive and various forms of religious worship. On the site of the ruins of Balbec, the eye at once recognises five or six generations of monuments, belonging to different ages. I am inclined to believe that these gigantic masses of stone were put together either by the early races of men who in all primitive histories are denominated giants, or by some race of men who lived before the Deluge.

The Gatherer.

Gelatine.—A pound of meat contains about an ounce of gelatinous matter; it thence follows that 1,500 pounds of the same meat, which is the whole weight of a bullock, would give only 94 lbs. which might easily be contained in an earthen jar.

Turtle.—The usual allowance at a Turtle Feast is six pounds live weight per head. At the Spanish Dinner, at the City of London Tavern, in 1808, 400 guests attended, and 2,500 pounds of Turtle were consumed.

Travelling.—Near Damascus, M. de Lamartine was overtaken by the Cadi of Constantinople and his caravan: his wife and family travelled in a kind of double basket, poised upon the back of a mule; one woman and several little children occupying each half of the receptacle, the whole being covered up.

All the movable furniture of an Arab family consists in two or three trunks, wherein they stow their clothes and their trinkets.

Pastry.—M. de Lamartine says he has never seen so many varieties of pastry as at Damascus, and it costs scarcely anything!

The Comic Annual.—Mr. Hood to his Publishers.

"Dear Sirs,—I am truly happy to inform you, that the report was premature of my being 'lost in the Hoffnung, Murphy, of and to Cuxhaven.' It was, however, a most narrow escape. After running foul against the wind all the morning, about 4 P. M. a heavy squall struck our top-masts and split the mainsheet to rags before the reefs could be furled, nearly all the crew being underhatched at the time—the rascally steersman even was not at the steerage. The consequence was exactly what Captains Hall or Marryat, or any experienced naval officer, would expect. The rudder would not answer the helm, she luffed away from the wind, shipped a sea that carried away all the left larboards, and gave such a lee-lurch to port, that we expected she would pitch head-foremost on her beam-ends, in which case she must inevitably have missed stays with her keel uppermost. Providentially, at this awful crisis, she broached-to, athwart hawse, which unexpectedly righted her, though not without damage. When we went to hoist sail upon it, we found that the mast had stepped out, but we fished with a spare stern-post for a jury, and by dint of tacking were able to claw off to a lee-shore, where, slipping our cables, we brought up fifteen fathoms of water and a sandy bottom with our best bower anchor. It was a miraculous escape. 'For the moment,' Murphy said, 'he thought all hands were on their last legs.'

"In such extremity it was a comfort to reflect that even 'the babe unborn' was well

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provided for,—I mean THE COMIC for 1836, the materials for which I deposited in your hands on leaving England. By this time, I suppose it is all engraved, printed, and bound: but I must reiterate my injunction not to bring it out before the *First of December*. A more premature publication, after the tone of my last preface, would be too much like 'flying in my own face.'

"As to your query of 'where you can write to me?' the only certain address I could give you would be, *poste restante*, at Timbuctoo. To-day, for instance, I am at Berlin, to-morrow (figuratively) at Copenhagen, the next day at Geneva, and the day after that at Damascus. It is not unlikely, therefore, that in my search after 'fresh fields and pastures new' I may find myself some day under the mud crust of that great dirt-pie, an African hut, surrounded by fresh fields of sand, that would new pasture a herd of all the hour-glasses in the world. Between ourselves, I expect that this travelling will benefit my own health and that of the Annual besides. There are three things that the public will always clamour for sooner or later; namely, novelty, novelty, novelty; and it is well to be beforehand. I remember Grimaldi being hissed once at Sadler's Wells after singing his celebrated comic song of 'Tippity-witchet,' and he appealed to the audience. 'He had nodded,' he said, 'frowned, winked, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped; he had done all that could be done by brows, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose, and mouth, and what more did they want?' 'Why, we want,' yawned a languid voice from the pit, 'we want a new feature.'

"I am, dear Sirs, yours, very truly,
"THOMAS HOOD."

Berlin, Sept. 2, 1835.

Drunkenness.—In one gin-shop in Manchester, no fewer than 2,000 persons, chiefly females, enter each Saturday evening, from five to twelve o'clock. There enter weekly into fourteen of the principal gin-shops of London, 142,453 men, 108,593 women, and 18,391 children, making a total each week of 269,437 for only fourteen shops. The number of places for the sale of spirits in London, exceeds that of bakers, butchers, and fishmongers, added together.—*Parliamentary Evidence.*

Hamlet.—The present popularity of the play of Hamlet is best evinced by its performance at four or five of the London theatres on the same evening. There is nothing new in this preference; for, it is nearly as old as the play itself. Lord Shaftesbury, speaking of "our old dramatic poet," (Shakspeare,) says: "That piece of his (Hamlet), which appears to have most affected English hearts, and has perhaps been oftenest acted of any which have come upon our stage, is almost one continued moral, a series of deep reflections, drawn from one mouth upon the subject of one single accident and calamity, naturally fitted to move horror and compassion. It may be properly said of this play, if I mistake not, that it has only one character or principal part. It contains no adoration or flattery of the sex, no ranting at the gods, no blustering heroism, nor anything of that curious mixture of the fierce and tender, which makes the hinge of modern tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of love and honour." John Kemble, "the pride of the British stage," was wont to say to his friend Mr. Boaden, "take up any Shakspeare you will, from the first collection of his works to the last, which has been *read*, and look what play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume which contains the play of Hamlet." True; and it is not merely a tragedy; for an audience laughs more at "its antiquated phrase and wit," than at the last new farce.

Chess.—Franklin compares the world to a game of chess, and, perhaps, the same number excel in each: still, it would be better for men, if the game of life impressed them with the difficulties of chess. *Hope* is the *Queen*—but,

Lose not the Queen; for, ten to one,
If she be lost, the game is gone.

Origin of Steam Power.—It appears from a letter written to the Marquis de Cinq Mars, in the reign of Louis XIII., by the celebrated Marion de Lorme, that a man confined in the Bicetre by Cardinal Richelieu, as a monomaniac, had discovered, in the application of the steam of boiling water, a substitute for the power of man, and the force of water, in directing various operations. Marion de Lorme saw this pretended madman during a visit she paid to the Bicetre, in company with the Marquis of Worcester, who is considered in England the first discoverer of the power of steam.

Lord Melbourne a Poet.—The following lines, as an inscription for the bust of Charles James Fox, were written by the present Viscount, in his nineteenth year:—

Live, marble, live! for thine's a sacred trust,
A patriot's face that speaks his noble mind;
Live! that our sons may kneel before this bust,
And hail the benefactor of mankind.

This was the man, who 'midst the tempest's rage,
A mark of safety to his country stood;
Warned with prophetic voice a servile age,
And strove to quench the insatiate thirst for blood.

This was the man whose ever-deathless fame
Recalls his life's so truly glorious scenes;
To bless his fellow-creatures was his aim,
And universal liberty his means.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 746.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

MONUMENT TO SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS,
IN GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

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MONUMENT TO SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS,

IN GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THIS beautiful monument has recently been placed by order and at the expense of his Majesty, in the Chapel of the Hospital. It is an interesting tribute of the Sovereign to the memory of a shipmate and friend; and the circumstances of its erection well bespeak the kindly and warm-hearted affection which the Royal founder is universally acknowledged to possess.

The monument is from the chisel of Chantrey, and is hewn out of a block of marble, about nine feet in height, surmounted by a bust of the deceased: on one side is sculptured a sword, and on the other a trident; and immediately in front is the following inscription, the original of which is written in his Majesty's own hand:

This Marble is erected by
KING WILLIAM IV.
To the Memory of
Admiral Sir RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS,
G.C.B.
GOVERNOR OF THIS HOSPITAL,
Who was his Majesty's shipmate and watchmate on
board the Prince George, of 110 guns,
In which the Admiral served as Lieutenant,
And the King as Midshipman,
From June, 1779, to November, 1781.
IN COMMEMORATING
This early period of their respective careers, the
King desires also to record his esteem for the
exemplary character of a friend,
And his grateful sense
Of the valuable services rendered to his country by a
highly-distinguished and gallant Officer.
Died April 5, 1834. Aged 77 years.

The bust has been taken from a good picture of twenty years since, by Jackson, and a more recent cast by Behnes, strongly resembling the Admiral at that period.

The arrangement of the design of the monument was made under the direction of Captain Rivers, R. N. Our Engraving is from a drawing, made by permission of the present Governor of the Hospital, Sir Thomas Hardy.

NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(*Continued from page* 183.)

8. JESSE'S GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY. THIRD SERIES.

THOUGH we have been, for the most part, much amused by this last volume of the "Gleanings," yet we have met with too many errors and imperfections in it, to subscribe to that unqualified praise which it has received from others who, perhaps, have not examined its contents so thoroughly as we have. Did not Mr. Jesse's official situation, and his acquaintance with naturalists of intelligence, afford him so many facilities for acquiring a correct and comprehensive knowledge of natural history, we should be less surprised at, and might be disposed to excuse, his many erroneous and trifling observations.

Humanity to Animals.—We most heartily commend every one, who, feeling for animals subject to cruel treatment, exerts his voice or his pen to rescue them from it; but, how little effectual is he likely to be as an advocate for humanity to animals, who admits that he himself tortures them by way of mere *sport.* Yes; Mr. Jesse, notwithstanding his declaring in his Preface, that his "great aim has been to portray the character of animals in its proper light, and to excite more kindly feelings towards them,"—that "nothing is more detestable than cruelty; and it is a sad reflection that the chief miseries of animals are inflicted upon them by man," (p. 171,) —and that "we are bound to treat not only dogs, but *every* animal with tenderness and kindness," (p. 170,) subsequently displays no little inconsistency by mentioning, (p. 19, 145, &c.) that he indulges in such sports as trolling for fish, and coursing! Truly may we say, in the very words of Mr. Jesse, "*Some* persons can find sport in witnessing pain and distress, and will destroy life out of mere wantonness."

Fox, (p. 27.)—An anecdote is here told of a fox that was observed to enter the water, leaving only his nose above the surface, on to the top of which the fleas that infested him were forced to climb, to avoid drowning; and when they had congregated thereon, the cunning fox shook them off, and thus ridded himself of them. Mr. Jesse does not say he witnessed this himself, but says a gentleman while wandering in Italy did. Now this is, apparently, but another version of the old story, (for the truth of which we cannot vouch,) respecting the fox going into the water holding in its mouth a bit of wool, which it leaves adrift when the fleas have gathered on it to escape drowning.

The plan by which a certain species of bee is related to rid itself of its parasites, is not less ingenious than that adopted by the fox. Dr. Leach was informed by Mr. Daniel Bydder, that this species of bee, (*Apis terrestris,*) "when labouring under Acariasis, from the numbers of a small mite, (*Gamma-sus Gymnopterorum*, F.) that infest it, will take its station in an ant-hill; where beginning to scratch, and kick, and make a disturbance, the ants immediately come out to attack it, and falling foul of the mites, they destroy or carry them all off; when the bee, thus delivered from its enemies, takes its flight."—(*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. ii, p. 268.)

Wrens and Magpies clustering for Warmth, (p. 45.)—Here it is recorded that Mr. Allan Cunningham found, one cold December night, under the eaves of some thatch, a ball-like mass consisting of "four living wrens rolled together, their heads

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under their wings, and their feet pulled in, so that nothing was visible outside save a coating of mottled feathers." The same gentleman states, that when he was about eighteen years old, he shook off a tree, one fine, moonlight night, not less than twenty magpies, all huddled close together. "I looked at them," he says, "before I shook them down, for a minute's space or more, and could see neither heads nor feet: it seemed a bundle of old clouts or feathers."

These are not the only instances of the clustering of these birds for warmth. Selby says, that in severe, snowy winters, wrens "retire for shelter into holes of walls, and to the eaves of corn and hay-stacks; and I have frequently found the bodies of several together in old nests, which they had entered for additional warmth and protection during severe storms."—(*Illustrations of British Ornithology*, vol. i., p. 197.) Buffon mentions a sportsman finding twenty wrens congregated in the same hole. "We are informed," says Mr. Rennie, "by an intelligent friend, that he once found several wrens in the hole of a wall, rolled up into a sort of ball, for the purpose, no doubt, of keeping one another warm during the night; and though such a circumstance is only to be observed by rare accident, we think it very likely to be nothing uncommon among such small birds as have little power of generating or retaining heat in cold weather. This very circumstance, indeed, was observed by the old naturalists. Speaking of wrens, the learned author of the *Physicæ Curiosæ* says,—'They crowd into a cave during winter, to increase their heat by companionship.'"—(*Habits of Birds*, p. 63.) "The magpie, though rather a hardy bird, has been found having recourse to what is often practised by smaller birds—several of them huddling together during the night, to keep each other warm. A gentleman of intelligence and veracity informed us, that he once saw a number of these birds, (probably a young family with their parents,) on a tree in a fir plantation, sitting so closely together that they all seemed to be rolled up into a single ball."—(*Ibid.* p. 59.)

Spider, (p. 54.)—A lady informed Mr. Jesse that "two spiders have been in the occupation of two webs on opposite sides of a large drawer for thirteen years."

This is certainly a greater age for a spider to attain than we have hitherto read of; but we imagined it to be long-lived, as we knew an instance of one living in a bottle for about a year without eating.

As Mr. Jesse calls the spider an *insect*, we beg to inform him that it is about as correct to call it an insect as it would be to call ourselves fishes, spiders belonging to the class Arachnida, which precedes the class *Insecta*.

Pigeon, (p. 58.)—"It is well known," says Mr. Jesse, "that a pigeon usually lays but two eggs. If, however, a third be laid, which is sometimes the case, it has never, I believe, been known to come to maturity."

We have kept pigeons, and have known repeated instances of their hatching not only three, but even four eggs at a time, and all coming to maturity.

Cow, (p. 59.)—Mr. Jesse here makes the vulgar assertion, (which, however, was originally made by John Hunter,) that if a cow "have twins, one of them a male, and the other a female, the latter is always barren."

John Hunter acknowledges, that though this assertion be, in general, true, yet Benjamin Wray, Esq. of Denham, near Uxbridge, furnished him with "an instance which proves that *it does not always hold good*;" and then admits that he has been furnished with other instances of twin cows breeding.—(Vide *Observations on the Animal Economy*, 2nd edition, pp. 55—60.) Dr. Richard Moulson, also, contradicts this prevalent notion, by stating that Mr. Joseph Holroyd, of Withers, near Leeds, informed him that he had a cow which calved twins, the one a cow calf, the other a bull calf, which, for the sake of experiment, were reared together; the result being that, in due time, the heifer brought forth a bull-calf, and continued regularly to calve for six or seven years afterwards.—(*Magazine of Natural History*, vol. v., p. 765.)

Animals their own Phlebotomists, (p. 60.)—"It is well known," says Mr. Jesse, "that in hot countries, where the blood of horses is heated by the climate, they are in the habit of bleeding each other, and, sometimes, of bleeding themselves. This is done by biting the neck or the shoulder."

In Shaw's *General Zoology*, (vol. ii., p. 266,) it is stated that, "an ancient superstition has prevailed in many parts of the European world, that the elk is naturally subject to epilepsy; and that it finds its cure by scratching its ear with the hoof till it draws blood."

Cod-fish, (p. 72.)—"Cod remain so perfectly healthy in brackish water, that I have little doubt if they were habituated to fresh water by degrees, they might be preserved in ponds for a considerable space of time. Persons having ponds near the coast of Kent or Essex, might easily try the experiment."

We much doubt that cod-fish will ever become habituated to fresh-water ponds; but they thrive well in ponds of salt-water. Colonel MacDowal has a pond of the latter kind at Logan, in Scotland, which, besides several other species of sea-fish, contains abundance of cod. Mr. MacDiarmid, who visited this pond, mentions that one cod had lived in it seventeen years; and says, that not a few persons with whom he has conversed, think that a fish-pond like that of Colonel MacDowal would be a good speculation in the

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neighbourhood of London.—(*Sketches from Nature.*) We have heard that the conveyance, through pipes, of sea-water to London, to supply baths, is in contemplation. If this should be done, there could be no difficulty in forming ponds for rearing cod, and other marine fish.

Hearing of Fish, (p. 71.)—"From various experiments which I have made, there can, I think, be no doubt but that fish have the organs of hearing. Mr. John Hunter was of that opinion; but many people, I believe, still doubt the fact."

We anticipate that the particulars we are about going to commit to paper, will leave not the least doubt that fish, or at least the species mentioned, *hear*. But first, we will remark, that when standing by the side of persons who were angling, we have been requested by them not to make a noise, as that would *alarm* the fish. The Chinese are reported by Captain Basil Hall, to drive the fish up to that part of the river where their nets are ready to capture them, by frightening them with yells and shouts, and the sound of the musical instruments called gongs; and old Æsop writes of a fisherman who caught no fish, because he alarmed them by playing on his flute while fishing. "In Germany," says Mr. Rennie, "they take the shad, (*Alosa chupea*,) by means of nets to which bows of wood, hung with a number of little bells, are attached in such a manner as to chime in harmony when the nets are moved. The shad, when once attracted by the sound, will not attempt to escape while the bells continue to ring. Ælian says, the shad is allured by castanets."—(*Faculties of Birds*, p. 53.) Mr. MacDiarmid, who declares that "fishes hear as well as see," states that he was informed that the old cod-fish, the patriarch of the celebrated fish-pond at Logan, above mentioned, "answered to his name, and not only drew near, but turned up his snout most beseechingly when he heard the monosyllable 'Tom,'" and that he evidently could distinguish the voice of the fisherman, who superintended the pond and fed the fish, from that of any other person. In the *Kaleidoscope*, (p. 159,) mention is made of three trout in a pond near the powder-mills at Faversham, so tame as to come at the call of the person accustomed to feed them. Isaac Walton was informed of carp coming to a certain part of a pond to be fed, "at the ringing of a bell, or the beating of a drum;" and Sir John Hawkins was assured by a clergyman, a friend of his, that at the abbey of St. Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw a carp come to the edge of the water to be fed at the whistling of the person who fed it.—(Brown's edition of White's *Selborne*, p. 166.) In an article on gold-fish, published in the *Edinburgh Journal*, those fish are stated to "have been made to distinguish a particular sound made by those from whom they receive their food; recognise their footsteps at a distance, and come at their call." Captain Brown says, goldfish when kept in ponds are "frequently taught to rise to the surface of the water at the sound of a bell, to be fed," (Brown's edition of White's *Selborne*, p. 252,) and Mr. Jesse himself, in his second volume of *Gleanings*, p. 288, says he has been assured that gold-fish evince much pleasure on being whistled to. Hakewill, in his *Apology for God's Power and Providence*, (1635,) cites Pliny to show that a certain emperor had ponds containing fish, which, when called by the respective *names* that were bestowed on them, came to the spot whence the voice proceeded. Bernier, in his *History of Indostan*, states a like circumstance of the fish belonging to the Great Mogul. The old poet Martial also mentions fish coming at the call, as will be seen from the following translation of one of his epigrams:—

Angler! wouldst thou be guiltless? then forbear:
For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
Who know their sov'reign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command;
Nay more, they've names, and when they called are,
Do to their several owner's call repair.
Book iv. *Epigr.* 30.

Who, after reading so many instances, can now doubt that fish hear? We have said nothing of dolphins, whales, and seals, because they are not by modern zoologists, classed among fish; but of their hearing we could have given instances.

(*To be continued.*)

Manners and Customs.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW-YORK.

(*From Paulding's "New Pilgrim's Progress."*

After the month of April, oysters become unlawful, and canvass backs are out of season. There is then nothing to detain the inquisitive traveller, and there are many things that render his speedy departure highly expedient. As Cæsar was cautioned by the seer to beware the ides of March, so do we in like manner seriously and vehemently caution the stranger to beware of the first of May; in other countries and places the season of May poles, rural dances, and rustic loves; but in New-York, the period in which a great portion of the inhabitants seem to be enjoying a game at puss-in-a-corner, or move all. Woe be to the bachelor who happens to sojourn in a house where this game is going on, for he will find no rest to the soles of his feet. His chair, and his bed, his carpet, and his joint stool, will be taken from under him, and he will be left alone as it were like one howling in the wilderness. People seem to be actually deranged, as well as their establishments, insomuch that the prize poet not long since produced the following extempore on the first of May:

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"Sing, heavenly muse! which is the greatest day,
The first of April or the first of May;
Or ye who moot nice points in learned schools
Tell us which breeds the greatest crop of fools!"

For a more particular account of this festival, which particularly distinguishes the city of New-York from all others in the known world, we refer our readers to the following letter. There is, however, some reason to surmise that it prevailed in Herculaneum and Pompeii, and was one of the causes which brought the vengeance of the gods on these unfortunate cities.

Colonel Culpeper to Major Brande.

New-York, May 2, 18—.

My dear Major,—I am sorry to inform you that yesterday morning at daylight, or a little before, a large portion of the inhabitants of this city ran mad, in a most singular, I might say, original manner; for I don't remember to have seen this particular species described in any work on the subject. This infirmity is peculiar to this precise season of the year, and generally manifests itself a day or two previous to the crisis, in a perpetual fidgeting about the house; rummaging up everything; putting everything out of place, and making a most ostentatious display of crockery and tin ware. In proof of its not having any affinity to hydrophobia, it is sufficient to observe that the disease invariably manifests itself in a vehement disposition to scrubbing floors, washing windows, and dabbling in water in all possible ways. The great and decisive symptom, and one which is always followed by an almost instantaneous remission of the disorder, is scrambling out of one house as fast as you can, and getting into another as soon as possible. But as I consider this as one of the most curious cases that ever came under my observation, I will give you a particular account of every prominent symptom accompanying it, with a request that you will communicate the whole to Dr. Brady, for his decision on the matter.

It being a fine, bright, mild morning, I got up early, to take a walk on the Battery, the most glorious place for a morning or evening stroll to be found in the known world. It is almost worth coming here, to inhale the exquisite coolness of the saline air, and watch the ever-moving scenery of little white sails, majestic displays of snowy canvass that look like fleecy clouds against the hills of Jersey and Staten Island, and all the life of nature, connected with her beautiful repose on the bosom of the still mirror of the expansive bay. Coming down into the entry, I found it cluttered up with a specimen of almost everything that goes to the composition of housekeeping, and three or four sturdy fellows with hand-barrows, on which they were piling Ossa upon Pelion. I asked what the matter was, but all I could get out of them was, "First of May, sir—please to stand out of the way—first of May, sir." So I passed on into the street, where I ran the gauntlet, among looking-glasses, old pictures, baskets of crockery, and all other matters and things in general. The side-walks were infested with processions of this sort, and in the middle of the streets were innumerable carts loaded with a general jail delivery of all the trumpery, good, bad, and indifferent, that the carelessness of servants had broken, or the economy of the housewives preserved. If I stopped to contemplate this inexplicable scene, some male monster was sure to bounce against me out of a street door, with a feather-bed, or assault me with the corner of a looking-glass, or some projection still more belligerent, while all the apology I got was "First of May—take care, sir—first of May." Sometimes I was beleaguered between two hand-barrows, coming different ways, and giving each other just enough room to squeeze me half to death. At others, I was run foul of by a basket of crockery or cut glass, with a woman under it, to the imminent risk of demolishing these precious articles so dear to the heart of the sex, and got not only sour looks but words, while my bones were aching with bumps and bruises.

Finding there was no peace in Israel, I determined to get home without farther delay, and ensconce myself snugly, until this fearful irruption of the household gods, and their paraphernalia, had passed away. But I forgot that "returning were as tedious as go on." There was not an old chair, or a looking-glass, or a picture, or any article cursed with sharp angles, that did not appear to have an irresistible attraction toward some part of my body, especially that portion which oftenest comes in contact with other bodies. In attempting to steer clear of a hand-barrow, I encountered a looking-glass, which the lady-owner was following with pious care, and shattered it into a thousand pieces. The lady fainted; in my zeal to apologize and assist her, I unfortunately grazed a glass lustre, which caught in my button-hole, and drew after it a little Frenchwoman, who luckily lighted on a feather-bed which an Irishman had set down to rest himself. "Mon Dieu!" cried the little woman; "J—s!" exclaimed the Irishman; the lady of the looking-glass wept; the little demoiselle laughed; the Irishman stole a kiss of her; and the valiant Colonel Culpeper, sagely surmising that the better part of valour was discretion, made a masterly retreat into the entry of his domicile: where, by the same token, he ran full against my landlady, who, in a paroxysm of the disorder, was sallying forth with both hands full, and demolished her spectacles irrevocably. Finding myself thus environed with perils on all sides, I retreated to my bedchamber, but here I

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found the madness raging with equal violence. A servant maid was pulling up the carpet, and pulling down the curtains, and making the dust fly in all directions, with a feverish activity that could only have been produced by a degree of excitement altogether unnatural. There was no living here, so I retreated to the dining-room, where everything was out of its place, and the dust thicker than in the bed-room; mops going in one corner, brooms flourishing in another, sideboards standing in the middle of the room, and dining-tables flapping their wings, as if partaking in that irresistible propensity to motion which seemed to pervade everything animate and inanimate.

"Pray, sir," said I to a grave, old gentleman, who sat reading a newspaper, apparently unmoved amid the general confusion, "pray, sir, can you tell me what all this confusion means?"

"O it's only the first of May," he replied, without taking his eyes off the newspaper.

"Alas! he too is mad," thought I. "But I'll try it again."

"The first of May, what of the first of May?"

"'Tis moving time."

"Moving time! what is that?"

"The time when everybody moves."

"But why does everybody move just at this time?"

"I can't tell, except it be because it is first of May. But," added he, looking up at last with a droll smile, "you seem to be a stranger, and perhaps don't know that the first of May is the day, of all others in the year, when the good people of this town have one and all agreed to play at the game of move all. They are now at it with all their might. But to-morrow all will be quiet, and we shall be settled in a different part of the street."

"O, then, the people are not mad," said I.

"By no means, they are only complying with an old custom."

"'Tis an odd one."

"It is so, but not more odd than many others in all parts of the world."

"Will you be so obliging as to tell me its origin. and the reason for it?"

"Why, as to the reason, half the old customs we blindly follow are just as difficult to account for, and apparently as little founded in reason as this. It would be too much to make people give reasons for everything they do. This custom of moving in a body on May-day, is said, however, to have originated at a very early period in the history of New-York, when there were but two houses in it. The tenants of these taking it into their heads to change their domicile, and having no others to remove to, agreed to start fair at one and the same time with bag and baggage, and thus step into each other's shoes. They did so, and the arrangement was found so convenient that it has passed into general practice ever since."

"And so the good people take it for granted that a custom which necessity forced upon them when there were but two houses in the city, is calculated for a city with 250,000. A capital pedigree for an old custom."

"'Tis as good as one-half the old customs the world can boast of," replied the philosopher, and resumed his studies.

"But," said I, "how can you possibly read in all this hubbub?"

"O," replied he, "I've moved every May for the last forty years."

Inquiring where the house was situated into which the family was moving, I made for it with all convenient speed, hoping to find there a resting-place. But I fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. The spirit of moving was here more rampant than at my other home, and between moving in and moving out, there was no chance of escaping a justle or a jog, from some moving movable, in its arrival or departure. Despairing of a resting-place here, I determined to drop in upon an old friend, and proceeded to his house. But he, too, was moving. From thence I went to a hotel, in hopes of a quiet hour in the reading-room: but the hotel was moving too. I jumped into a hack, bidding the man drive out of town as fast as possible. "I'm moving a family, sir, and can't serve you," cried he; and, just then, somebody thrust the corner of a looking-glass into my side, and almost broke one of my ribs. At this critical moment, seeing the door of a church invitingly open, I sought refuge in its peaceful aisles. But, alas, major, everything was in confusion here! the floors in a puddle, the pews wet, the prayer-books piled in heaps, and women splashing the windows furiously with basins of water. "Zounds!" said I, to one of them, "are *you* moving too?" and without waiting for answer, walked into the churchyard, in hopes I should find them quiet there. Here I sauntered about reading the records of mortality, and moralizing on the contrast between the ever-moving scene without and the undisturbed repose within. There was but an iron railing to mark the separation between the region of life and that of death. In a few minutes my perturbation subsided, the little rubs and vexations I had undergone during the day faded into insignificance before the solemn meditations on that everlasting remove to which we all are destined. I went home, dined at my old house, slept in my new lodgings, on a wet floor, and caught a rheumatism in my left shoulder.

Adieu, major. If you ever visit New-York, beware of the first of May. Yours, sincerely,

RICHARD CULPEPER.

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DEODAND.

This term implies a gift to God. It is that personal chattel which is the immediate cause of death, and becomes forfeited to the king, to be applied to pious uses, and distributed by his almoner. In the days of popery, it was an expiation for the souls of such as were snatched away by sudden death, and for that purpose ought to be given to the Holy Church: in the same manner the apparel of a stranger who might be found dead was applied to purchase masses for the good of his soul. This custom, adhered to by the Catholics, existed among the Athenians, with whom it was law that whatever was the cause of a man's death by falling upon him, was exterminated, or cast out of the dominions of the republic. The Mosaical law also has it that "if an ox gore a man so that he die, the ox shall be stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten."—Exod. xxi., v. 28.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTIANA.

Napoleon was very fond of Josephine, and his letters to her were written in a spirit of perfect romance. In one of them, he says, "I am very uneasy to know how you are. I have been in the village of Virgil, on the shores of his lake, by a silvery moonshine, and not a moment without thinking of Josephine." In another of those curious effusions to his wife, he writes as follows: "A thousand kisses, as burning as my heart—as pure as you!—I sent for the courier; he told me that he had seen you, and that you had told him that you had no commands for him. —O fie—naughty, ugly, cruel, tyrannical, pretty little monster! You laugh at my threats, at my folly. Ah! you know that if I could put you into my heart, you should remain there for ever."

Napoleon, at the time of his marriage, employed Isabey to paint, in the most exquisite style, a miniature of Josephine. This he always wore about his person. In the rough and stirring course in which he had launched, it would not, to ordinary feelings, have been matter of marvel if accident should occur to the portrait. But the feelings of the youthful conqueror of Italy were not, either for good or evil, of a common character. One day, the glass covering of the miniature was found to be broken—how, he knew not. From this occurrence, he immediately conceived a presentiment of the death of the original, and enjoyed no peace of mind till the return of the courier, dispatched express to bring him tidings of Josephine.

When Josephine was at Lausanne, after her divorce from Napoleon, Madame de Stael came to the inn where she resided, and requested an interview, but without success. Josephine refused to see her, fearing that such a visit might displease the Emperor, Madame de Stael being, at that time, one of his declared enemies. It cost Josephine, (says Mademoiselle Avrillion,) some effort to overcome the curiosity she had to converse with this celebrated woman, but she thought she could not rely upon her discretion. "I know Madame de Stael too well," said Josephine, "to venture upon such a step. In the next work she publishes, she would not fail to give an account of our interview; and who knows how many things she would make me say, which I never thought of."

When Pius VII. was in Paris, at the time of the coronation of Buonaparte, the presidents of the various cantons were, among others, presented to his Holiness. As many of them were very poor, they found it necessary to combine economy with etiquette. To save the expense of hiring carriages, they proceeded to the Pavilion of Flora on foot, taking the precaution of putting on gaiters, to preserve their white silk stockings from the mud which covered the streets. On arriving at the Tuileries, one of the party put his gaiters into his pocket. It happened that the Pope delivered such an affecting address that all present were moved to tears, and the unfortunate president, who had disposed of his gaiters in the way just mentioned, drew them out instead of his handkerchief, and smeared his face over with mud! The Pope is said to have been amused at the mistake, and Buonaparte made Michot, the actor, tell the whole story to the Empress one evening after a Court performance.

When Buonaparte was forming the Code Napoleon, he astonished the council of state by the readiness with which he illustrated any point in discussion, by quoting whole passages extempore from the Roman civil law,—a subject that might seem entirely foreign to him, as his whole life had been passed in the camp. On being asked by Treilhard, how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law affairs, he replied, "When merely a lieutenant, I was unjustly put under arrest. The little room assigned for my prison, contained no furniture but an old chair and a cupbord: in the latter was a ponderous volume, that proved to be a Digest of the Roman Law. As I had neither paper, pens, ink, nor pencil, you may easily imagine that book was a valuable prize to me. It was so bulky, and the leaves so covered by marginal notes, in manuscript, that had I been confined a hundred years, I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but, on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislators. It was thus I acquired my knowledge of the Civil Law."

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Madame de Bourrienne, speaking of the character of Buonaparte, as it displayed itself in the early part of his career, says: "His smile was hypocritical and often misplaced. A few days after his return from Toulon, he was telling us, that being before that place, where he commanded the artillery during the siege, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Buonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services during that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Buonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval, when the firing from the town was very strong, Buonaparte called out to him, 'Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Buonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness."

In Madame Junot's memoirs is the following private letter from Buonaparte to Marshal Junot, then governor of Paris. The date is two days subsequent to that of the famous Berlin decree; the principles assumed in which, were not mere affectation, as is sometimes suggested, on the part of Napoleon, but seem to have been adopted from a conviction that he had found out the vulnerable spot where England might be most fatally struck. This honest impression appears at once breathing with all the energy of life in every part of the letter, which contains earnest exhortations to the governor to assist with all his might in establishing the continental system, particularly in Paris. "Let your wives," enjoined Napoleon, "drink Swiss tea; it is as good as that from the East; and *chicorée* coffee is as good as the coffee of Arabia. Let them set this example in their drawing-rooms, instead of amusing themselves, like Madame de Stael, with political disquisitions. Let them beware that I do not find them wearing dresses of English manufacture; tell this to Madame Junot. If the wives of my principal officers fail in setting an example, where am I to look for it? This is a question of life or death to France and England; and I expect assistance in carrying it through from those who are nearest to me. I rely, Junot, on your zeal and attachment. The arch-chancellor will communicate my orders to you."

After the Russian campaign, Napoleon made a law that the National Guard should march to the frontiers, in order to defend them from invasion, which measure being deemed necessary, was willingly submitted to. Under that impression, 100,000 National Guards set forward from different points to the Rhine, where they found the regular army. In two days, however, an order arrived for the whole mass to march, so that the National Guard had no other alternative but to proceed to battle, or be cut to pieces by the regulars, in case of refusal: of that corps upwards of 70,000 perished during the campaign.

The following description of the person of Napoleon is given by Captain Maitland, in his Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, in 1815:—"He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and a very small foot, of which he seemed very vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light grey, his teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing: when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark and gloomy cast. His hair was a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black; and though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, different from any other I ever met with. From his being corpulent he had lost much of his activity."

W. G. C.

Antiquariana.

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY'S CHAPEL, CHRISTCHURCH.

In past ages, the piety and taste of titled and opulent individuals often prompted them to dispose of their worldly wealth in the erection of chapels in monasteries. Of such a spirit, the above print represents a splendid ensample. It is a portion of the magnificent monastery of Christchurch, or Christchurch Twyneham, (its more ancient name,) in Hampshire. Portions of this structure are of the age of William Rufus; and its architectural character is of high rank among the noble edifices which time and fanaticism have spared to the present age, as monuments of the devotion and skill of our ancestors.

This beautiful chapel is a portion of the church formerly belonging to the monastery. It is one of the most important features of the choir, and occupies the north side of the enriched altar. It was built by Margaret de la Pole, Countess of Salisbury, for her burying-

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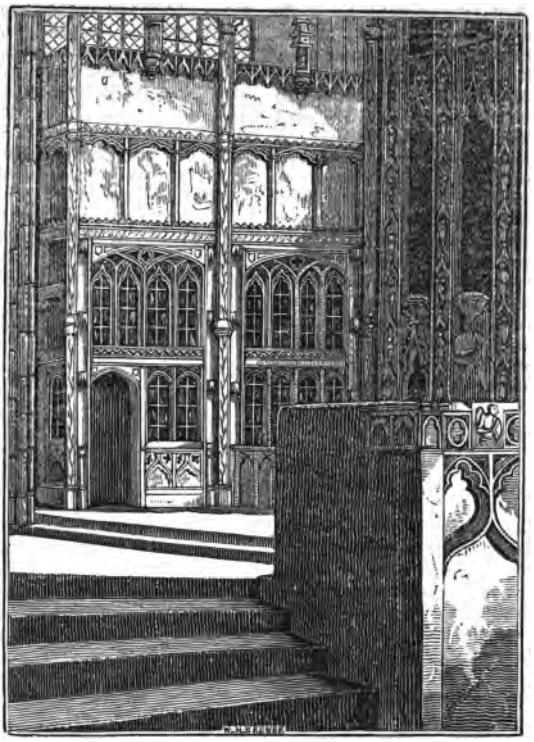

(The Countess of Salisbury's Chapel, Christchurch.)

place. It has two fronts: one towards the north-east aisle, (shown in the print,) which you ascend by a flight of steps; the other towards the altar, where there is also a doorway.

The chapel throughout exhibits the fine architecture of the Tudor age; the interior is embellished with an infinity of the most exquisite and elaborate workmanship. In the centre of the ceiling is a sculptural representation of the Trinity, with the Countess kneeling at the feet of God the Father. At the east end, are the Montacute arms, with supporters, and the motto, "*Spes mea in Deo est*;" and under them a shield, containing representations of the five wounds of Christ. Many of the ornaments of the chapel were defaced at the Reformation; but it may still be regarded as an architectural gem.

The noble founder of this chapel will be recollected as the mother of the eminent statesman and ecclesiastic, Cardinal Pole; and as one of the victims to the vindictive spirit of Henry VIII. Her tragical fate, beheading on the public scaffold, was occasioned by the imprudence of her son, the Cardinal, who, while resident at Rome, published numerous satires upon Henry VIII., on account of his alterations in religion. This so incensed the King, that he made all the family and friends of the Cardinal feel his displeasure: accordingly, he procured the attainder of the Countess for holding a correspondence with her son.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1836.

Here are Rigdum Funnidos and George Cruikshank, with their "Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest," for the coming year. Their mirthful ingenuity of last year, has met its own reward—success—and one good turn deserves another—to insure their publisher's returns. The wrapper has the same embellishments as last year—the Zodiacal Signs—for they do not change in this age of New Lights; but the interior illustrations are fresh from the witty artist's pencil. First—*January*, Hard Frost,—the Serpentine, with some dozen wights in the "Dangerous,"—one, half in the *water*, is a dealer in "*All hot, sugar and brandy.*" *February* is Transfer-

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day at the Bank, the transfers being mostly by fellows of the swell mob: the old gentleman at the counter, with spectacles on nose, examining his cash, unconscious of his pockets being rifled, is excellent; as are also the two illuminati in *confab* in the centre. *March* is Day and Night nearly equal: a gay party are returning from a masquerade, and have reached the Rising Sun Gin-palace, just opened; the clock above the door is at 6 A.M.; the masqueraders in their drunken revelry are laughed at by a fishwoman, coal-heaver, bricklayer, and milkwoman, just beginning their day's work, as the others have ended their night's folly: nor must we forget the policeman at his post, and the sweep knocking at Mr. Callagen's door; the barman, and the hand and drained glass, in the gin-shop; for all contribute to a lesson of morality, and a lecture on temperance:

"The child of labour, when he sees
Such silly spectacles as these—
How dissipation is repented—
May with his station be contented;
For, mete them both with equal measure,
He'll find the hardest toil is pleasure."

April is Greenwich Park, the Hill on Easter Fair-Day; its racing and tumbling groups, its old pensioner and group of children about an old woman's stall, illustrate so many ages of man. *May* is old May-Day, with its garlanded pole and dancing ring, its tabor and fiddle orchestra, and wonder-struck children; the group of jolly topers under the sign, with its festal bush; the old, gabled public-house, and the flag on the village church tower; the distant mansion, and the squire and his ladies on horseback, presenting a gratuity to a villager, whose lifted hat is Chesterfieldian, as are the three children beside him. *June* is Holiday at the Public Offices—time 11 o'clock: three clerks are reading the morning newspapers, one is asleep from the previous night's gaiety, and the dog on the floor is somnolescent; opposite is a fat, jovial clerk relating some piece of fun to his fellows, to judge by the laughter of the group: meanwhile, the "public" business stands, and those waiting to transact it, remind us of the old poet: "so pitiful a thing is suitor's state." *July* is Dog-days—a busy *melée* of dancing dogs, dogs fighting, drawing carts, playing Punch, the dog and dogs-meat carts, selling a poodle to an exquisite, the Greyhound, kept by T. Pointer, in Dog Row; Houndsditch, with the bills on the shut shop, as—Mad Dogs, the Driver and his Dog, and the Dog of Montargis, in the play-bill; Lost, a Newfoundland Dog; to be sold, a quantity of Bark; coach to Barking from the Spotted Dog, and Tobit's Dog: all are humorous. *August* is Bathing at Brighton, in such a sea as many a reader has winced at. *September* is Michaelmas-Day; a family removing "by moonlight alone"—from the father with a bed and chairs to the last child with a gridiron,—to get out of a broil:

"And, lack-a-day! here's Quarter-Day;
It always comes too soon;
So we by night must take our flight.
For we must *shoot the moon*."

October is St. Crispin's day: the Blue Last, House of Call for Shoemakers; a fat landlady, and a group of toping cobblers: T. Tanner's shop, at the corner of Shoe Lane; the bill of the Devil to Pay, at the door, and Mr. and Mrs. T. in the parts of Jobson and Nell, within doors. *November* is Lord Mayor's Day, and the Show at the corner of Ludgate Hill, with the massive state-coach, the stolid mace-bearer, and his new lordship, "perked in a golden glister;" the "man in armour," and the City Standard: the struggling crowd, with the urchin picking the pocket of a shouter, and another robbing a pieman. *December* is Boxing Day; scene, the Box-tree Inn, the Box-office, boxing at Boxall's, the trunk-maker's; Boxer, the dog; hat and bonnet-boxes, a boxing-match, a box-coat, taking snuff; and boxes, for Mr. Chester, of Manchester, and Mr. Box, of Deal. So end the characteristics of next year's monthly fun. The subject of the Hieroglyphic is the working of the Corporation Reform Bill: time, Lord Mayor's Day; the Mansion-House to be let, Gog and Magog for sale, and the State-Coach in Lumber Court to be sold; and the Lord Mayor carried in an old chair, as a Guy, to the City of London Eating House, corner of Cheapside,—the Lord Mayor's Ordinary, at two o'clock.

The letter-press patter of the almanack is as amusing as its graphic oddities. Each month has its rhymes, and there is abundance of supplementary prose. Here is a specimen from a Letter from

The Servant of all Work.

"This cums Hopping that sum boddy in the Street Walking mey pick me up and put me into the Square box at the Circling librey, the Place where the Post is. It is the haughty bioggrify of a unfortnit young cretur who's in servis. Let the supperscripshun be to the Mournin Herald or the Currier or the Trew Son or the Stand Hard, or the Speckt Tatur, or any of 'em, for one's just as good as tother. I think the noospapers would take it inn, for they takes in a good many servants as wants places.

"My pappa was a Baker, and he meant I shuld be Bread up like a lady, for tho I was the least of the Batch, i was the Flour of the flock. But pappa Dying, i had to git my Living, for he didnt Roll in ritches, and his guds and chappels were Saddled with detts, witch Spurred me on to Bridel my greef, tho I seldom had a bit in my mouth, wich was hard; and when our Blow got Wind, i lost my sweethart, wich Blow was Harder. He was sitch a nice yung man; and when I

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walkt past his Door, he used to prays my Gate, and tell me when we were marryd we should live in Stile.

* * * * * *

"I wont trubbel you with all my trubbels, but will skipp over the hole to give you my Last, wich dont Fit me at all; and its Jest no Joke, I can ashure you, for its like as if my 20 mississes was turnd into one. I've bin in the plaice almost a mouth, soe I have had a pritty gud experense.

"First, I Seconds all the close, and theres 13 of us in fammaly. Theres missis and master, thats 2, but misses says as how theyre 1; theres the 3 young ludys is 5; and the 3 boys from skool, where I am sure they never larnt no manners, & I dont love em at all, that's Hate; and the 2 yung babbys in harms is 10; and mr. Phipps the frunt parler loger is 11, and mr Snooks the back parler loger is 12 & i am just thirteen. So i leaves you to juge when i Hang em all out if there isnt enuff to Do for.

"Missis is what they calls a not Abel womman, & keeps 1 scrubbin and doin all day long, and is so pertickler, that when master cums home on a wet day, i has to lift him into the house for fear he shuld dirty the steps. Missis is verry fond of Bruin too, witch i cant Bear, and i hates Hops, xcept when i goes to a dance; besides, the Hopperation quite puts one into a fomentation, and sets one all of a Work. Then the fammaly is so very unreglar, & we keeps a deal of cumpany, tho they dont alow any follerers, and missis is always snubbin me if the Butcher or the Baker stopps a minuet att the gait. But if i were even to liv in a garratt, i shuld be abuv sitch peepel & shuld look down uppon em. I no one of the yung ladys casts a sheeps eye on the Butcher herself, but I hop he wont giv her his Hart, for i am shure she wuld be a gay Liver, and I no she has plenty of Tung.

"Hemsoondever, tho theas yung ladys are Twins all Three of em, theres no Unity in One of em, and when a gentilman is interdesced to the fammaly, they all fall in luv with him, wich must be very embrasing to the party, and they try all their harts of captywashun. Miss Carryline rites a billy dux anomilously and folds it like a trew lovyer's not, to puzzel him. Miss Matilda makes annoys on the harp with her big Fistis, and says she had her lessons from a Boxer; and miss Jimmima thumps away on the piney Forty, Fifty times a day, to get pirfict for the heavening. I often wishes thare was locks to them keys.

"But i dont mind the Hitts of sich Misses: for its all Shear envy, becaus they wants to Cut me out with the 2 logers, & had rayther see me Hangd than Halter my condishun. But the gentilmen dont lik none of em, for theyre as tall and as pail as 2 hapenny Rushlites and a grate deal more Wicked. Mr. Snooks, the loger as walks the Horsepittels in the back parler, says theyre more like ottomies than wimmen, for they've none of em got no hannimashun; and mr. Phipps the clark as hokkipies the front parler says theyre quite Ciphers to me, for I am a better Figger, & more uprighter than any 1 of em.

"Mr. Phipps is a littery man, and nose a Grate many Tongs, and has maid a bigg book of Pottery, full of Plates. He tells me not to be jellus becouse he Courts the Mews, & has sent me the histry of his life & a coppy of verses on my mississes yousidge of me; and i hop you'll tell the noospaper man he mustnt take my life without taking his'n & he may have the pottery into the bargin.

"Notty Benny.—My life shall be conclooded att the first hopportunitty.

"So no more at presnt from yours humbely to command MOLYDUSTA MOGGS.

"Post Scripp. I forgot to tell you that i cant git enuff to eat, missis is sitch a skin Flint, unless I Steel it, & that's unpossebel, for she always takes care to lock up the Cold Heatabels."

[The following, upon the last Meeting of the British Association at Dublin, is smart:]

Dr. Hoaxum read an interesting paper on the conversion of moonbeams into substance, and rendering shadows permanent, both of which he had recently exemplified in the establishment of some public companies, whose prospectuses he laid upon the table.

Professor Von Hammer described his newly-discovered process for breaking stones by an algebraic fraction.

Mr. Crowsfoot read a paper on the natural history of the Rook. He defended their *caws* with great *effect*, and proved that there is not a *grain* of truth in the charges against them, which only arise from *Grub* Street malice.

The Rev. Mr. Groper exhibited the skin of a toad, which he discovered alive in a mass of sandstone. The animal was found engaged on its autobiography, and died of fright on having its house so suddenly broken into, being probably of a nervous habit from passing so much time alone. Some extracts from its memoir were read, and found exceedingly interesting. Its thoughts on the "silent system" of prison discipline, though written *in the dark*, strictly agreed with those of our most *enlightened* political economists.

Dr. Deady read a scientific paper on the manufacture of Hydro-*gin*, which greatly interested those of the association who were members of Temperance Societies.

Mr. Multiply produced, and explained the principle of his exaggerating machine. He displayed its amazing powers on the mathematical point, which, with little trouble, was made to appear as large as a coach-wheel. He demonstrated its utility in all the relations of society, as applied to the failings of the

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absent—the growth of a tale of scandal—the exploits of travellers, &c. &c.

[From the Annual Register of Fun:]

July 5th.—The old and young elephants, from the Zoological Gardens, were brought up at Marylebone office. It appears that, during the night, they had made their way to the Paddington Canal *Bank*, had broken open the *Locks*, and abstracted all the water, with which they got beastly "drunk on the premises." Their return home in that state caused suspicion to fall on them, and their apartments being searched, the stolen property was found concealed in their *trunks*, together with pawnbrokers' duplicates for the contents of the Grand Junction reservoir, and the City basin, both of which had suddenly disappeared in a mysterious manner, and having been at low water of late, and much run upon, owing to the dry weather, were supposed to have run away. The culprits showed their teeth at the charge, as hard as ivory, and speechified at length, but a clear case being established, they offered their *pledges* for better behaviour; however, the worthy magistrate stopped their *spouting*, and sent them to the tread-mill. The office was crowded by members of the Temperance Society, several of whom offered to become bail for them.

Aug. 26th.—A steam-boat party going down the river for a Marine *Gala*, were caught in a *gale*. The *Cat*astrophe happened off the Isle of *Dogs*, and the hurricane *setting in* during a Quadrille, they tried in vain to stand *firm*, for *partners* were driven "right and left;" the "Ladies' chain" was broken off in the middle, and "The Lancers" totally put to the rout. The chimney *fell* in the midst of a *cadence*, and the mast was *shivered* during a *shake*, but the musicians were all ruined, for their instruments were blown *beyond Fidlers' reach*.

20th.—A sailing party from Margate, finding themselves near *Urn* bay, resolved to drink *tea*. Mrs. Bullion, of Cheapside, one of the company, proposed music in the air, and, being inspired by the water, volunteered "The Land;" but in getting up to C above, she overreached herself, and fell into the sea below. At first, Mr. Bullion feared she would prove *dead stock* on his hands, but he soon saw she was *floating*, *capital*; so he bargained with some *dredgers* to give her an *hoister* on board again. The *natives* were greatly alarmed at the occurrence.

Oct. 7th.—The Penitentiary, at Millbank, was partly destroyed by fire; luckily the flames were extinguished without making an Auto-da-fe of the fair penitents, many of whom were insured by destiny from that sort of untimely end. The tread-mill was unfortunately burnt, to the great inconvenience of several industrious persons who were practising on it, to qualify themselves for places of service where there was a good deal of running up stairs.

Dec. 18th.—During the exhibition of the gas microscope, the water-tigers, irritated by the intense blaze of light, to which they were exposed, after several tremendous efforts to escape, broke from their confinement, and sprang among the spectators. Three young ladies from a boarding school were instantly devoured. The ferocious animals next turned their attention to the governess and an old teacher, who proving rather tough, afforded time for their keeper to secure them, which he did by re-absorbing them in a drop of water on the point of a needle.

[Having said thus much of the *dulce*, we must not forget the *utile*, which embraces the almanack matter in due form, and the customary lists and tables,—for such books made and provided.]

New Books.

IRVING'S INDIAN SKETCHES.

(*Concluded from page* 285.)

[We quote two legendary sketches replete with sorrowful touches of nature and truth.]

The Legend of the Saline River.

Many years since, long before the whites had extended their march beyond the banks of the Mississippi river, a tribe of Indians resided upon the Platte, near its junction with the Saline. Among these was one, the chief warrior of the nation, celebrated throughout all the neighbouring country, for his fierce and unsparing disposition. Not a hostile village within several hundred miles, but wailed for those who had fallen beneath his arm; not a brook, but had run red with the blood of his victims. He was for ever engaged in plotting destruction to his enemies. He led his warriors from one village to another, carrying death to the inhabitants, and desolation to their homes. He was a terror to old and young.

Often, alone and unattended, would he steal off, to bathe his hands in blood, and add new victims to the countless number of those whom he had already slain. But fearful as he was to the hostile tribes, he was equally dreaded by his own people. They gloried in him as their leader, but shrank from all fellowship with him. His lodge was deserted, and even in the midst of his own nation he was alone. Yet there was one being who clung to him, and loved him, in defiance of the sternness of his rugged nature. It was the daughter of the chief of the village; a beautiful girl, and graceful as one of the fawns of her own prairie.

Though she had many admirers, yet when the warrior declared his intention of asking her of her father, none dared come in competition with so formidable a rival. She be-

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came his wife, and he loved her with all the fierce energy of his nature. It was a new feeling to him. It stole like a sunbeam over the dark passions of his heart. His feelings gushed forth, to meet the warm affection of the only being that had ever loved him. Her sway over him was unbounded. He was as a tiger tamed. But this did not last long. She died; he buried her; he uttered no wail, he shed no tear. He returned to his lonely lodge, and forbade all entrance. No sound of grief was heard from it—all was silent as the tomb. The morning came, and with its earliest dawn he left the lodge. His body was covered with war paint, and he was fully armed as if for some expedition. His eye was the same; there was the same sullen fire that had ever shot from its deep, sunk socket. There was no wavering of a single feature; there was not the shrinking of a single muscle. He took no notice of those around him; but walked gloomily to the spot where his wife was buried. He paused for a moment over the grave—plucked a wild flower from among grass, and cast it upon the upturned sod. Then turning on his heel strode across the prairie.

After the lapse of a month, he returned to his village, laden with the scalps of men, women, and children, which he hung in the smoke of his lodge. He tarried but a day among the tribe, and again set off, lonely as ever. A week elapsed, and he returned, bringing with him a large lump of white salt. In a few words he told his tale. He had travelled many miles over the prairie. The sun had set in the west, and the moon was just rising above the verge of the horizon. The Indian was weary, and threw himself on the grass. He had not stept long, when he was awakened by the low wailing of a female. He started up, and at a little distance, by the light of the moon, beheld an old, decrepit hag, brandishing a tomahawk over the head of a young female, who was kneeling, imploring mercy.

The warrior wondered how two females could be at this spot, alone, and at that hour of the night; for there was no village within forty miles of the place. There could be no hunting party near, or he would have discovered it. He approached them; but they seemed unconscious of his presence. The young female finding her prayers unheeded, sprang up, and made a desperate attempt to get possession of the tomahawk. A furious struggle ensued, but the old woman was victorious. Twisting one hand in the long black hair of her victim, she raised the weapon in her other, and prepared to strike. The face of the young female was turned to the light, and the warrior beheld with horror, the features of his deceased wife. In an instant he sprang forward, and his tomahawk was buried in the skull of the old squaw. But ere he had time to clasp the form of his wife, the ground opened, both sank from his sight, and on the spot appeared a rock of white salt. He had broken a piece from it, and brought it to his tribe.

This tradition is still current among the different tribes of Indians frequenting that portion of the country. They also imagine, that the rock is still under custody of the old squaw, and that the only way to obtain a portion of it, is to attack her. For this reason, before attempting to collect salt, they beat the ground with clubs and tomahawks, and each blow is considered as inflicted upon the person of the hag. The ceremony is continued, until they imagine she has been sufficiently belaboured, to resign her treasure without opposition. This superstition, though privately ridiculed by the chiefs of the different tribes, is still practised by them, and most devoutly credited by the rabble.

The Metamorphosis.

We had been attending a feast given at the lodge of the Iotan chief, and were returning through the town, towards the little eminence on which the white canvass of our tents was fluttering in the wind. As we passed one of the lodges, we observed a group of females in front of it, busily engaged in exposing to the heat of the sun a large quantity of shelled corn. This was done by scattering it upon a buffalo-skin tent, spread upon the ground for the purpose. One squaw attracted our attention, from her gigantic height; most of the Indian females being under, rather than above the middle size. As we approached her, there was a masculine coarseness in the features of her face which rendered her hideously ugly, and formed a contrast highly in favour of the group around her. We afterwards learned that this strange being, though now clad in the garb of a female, and performing the most menial of their offices, was in reality a man, and had once ranked among the proudest and highest braves of the Otoe nation. His name had once stood foremost in war and in council. He had led on many an expedition against their noble, but bitter foes, the Osages. In the midst of his bright career he stopped short; a change came over him, and he commenced his present life of degradation and drudgery.

The cause of the change was this. He had been for several weeks absent upon a war expedition against his usual enemies, the Osages. At a little before sunset, on a fine afternoon, a band of Indians were seen coming over the hills, towards the Otoe village. It was a troop of wayworn warriors. They counted less than when they started; but their tale of scalps, and their fierce brows when they spoke of the death of their comrades, told that those comrades had not been

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unavenged. In front of them strode the stately form of the brave. He was wearied with fatigue and fasting; and without staying to receive the greetings of his fellow-townsmen, he hastened to his lodge, and threw himself upon one of the bearskins which form an Indian bed; and there he remained for the night. In the morning he arose from his couch; but he was an altered man. A change, fearful and thrilling, had come over him. His eye was quenched; his proud step wavered; and his haughty frame seemed almost sinking beneath the pressure of some heavy calamity.

He collected his family around him. He told them that the Great Spirit had visited him in a dream, and had told him that he had now reached the zenith of his reputation; that no voice had more weight at the council fire; that no arm was heavier in battle. The divine visitant concluded by commanding that he should thenceforth relinquish all claim to the rank of a warrior, and assume the dress and avocations of a female. The group around him heard him in sorrow; for they prided themselves upon his high and warlike name, and looked up to him as the defender of their hearths. But none attempted to dissuade him from his determination, for they listened to the communications of the deity with a veneration equal to his own.

After speaking with his own family, he made known his intention to the nation. They heard him gravely, and sadly; but they, too, assented to the correctness of his resolution. He then returned to his lodge, and took down his bow from the place which it had occupied, and, snapping it in two, threw the fragments into the fire, and buried the tomahawk and rifle which had often served him in battle. Having finished this, he washed the war paint from his face, and drew the proud eagle's plume from the scalp-lock. From that hour he ceased to be numbered among the warriors of the nation. He spoke not of battle; he took no part in the councils of the tribe; and no longer raised his voice in the wild war-whoop. He had relinquished everything which he had formerly gloried in, for the lowly and servile duties of a female. He knew that his allotted course was marked out for him; that his future life was destined to be one of toil and degradation; but he had fixed his resolution, and he pursued his course with unwavering firmness. Years had elapsed since he first commenced this life of penance. His face was seamed with wrinkles; his frame was yielding to decrepitude; and his ever scowling eye now plainly showed that the finer feelings of his nature had been choked by the bitter passions of his heart. His name was scarcely mentioned; and the remembrance of his chivalrous character was as a dream in the minds of his fellows. He was neglected and scorned by those who had once looked up to him with love and veneration. He had the misery of seeing others fill the places which he once filled, and of knowing that however exalted he once might have been, and however they might have respected his motives, that he was now looked upon as one of the lowest of the nation.

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE.

(*Concluded from page 287.*)

[We are now enabled to close our extracts from this very entertaining work; though we reluctantly leave so rich a mine of romantic realities.]

The Ruins of Balbec.

It is alleged, that not far from Balbec, in a valley of the Anti-Libanus, human bones of immense magnitude have been discovered. This fact is so confidently believed among the neighbouring Arabs, that Mr. Farren, the English consul in Syria, a man of extensive information, proposes immediately to visit these mysterious sepulchres. Oriental traditions, and the monument erected on what is called the tomb of Noah, mark this spot as the dwelling-place of the patriarch. The first generations of his descendants probably long retained the gigantic stature and the strength assigned to man before the total or partial submersion of the globe. These monuments may be their work. Even supposing that the human race had never exceeded its present proportions, it is possible that the proportions of human intelligence may have undergone a change. Who can say but that primitive intelligence might have invented mechanical powers capable of moving, like grains of dust, masses which an army of a hundred thousand men could now scarcely shake! Be this as it may, it is certain that some of the stones at Balbec, which are sixty-two feet long, twenty broad, and fifteen thick, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The largest stones in the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed eighteen feet; and these are only exceptional blocks, placed for the sake of peculiar solidity in some parts of the edifice.

Balbec, March 29th, Midnight.

Yesterday evening I went alone and visited the hill of the temples, to reflect, to weep, and to pray. Heaven knows how much I weep and shall weep as long as a recollection and a tear remain to me. After praying for myself and for those who are part of myself, I prayed for all mankind. The vast expanse of ruins on which I looked down inspired me with feelings so strong, that I almost involuntarily gave vent to them in verse, which is the language in which I naturally express myself whenever I am under the influence of any powerful impression.

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I noted down my ideas this morning on the same spot and on the same stone on which they were conceived last night.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BALBEC.

Mysterious Deserts! Deserts whose large hills
Are boues of cities with a perished name;
Vast blocks by ruin in its torrent swept,
Huge bed of life whose waves have ceased to flow.
Ye temples, which for your foundations rent
The marble strength of mountains like a tree;
Gulfs where whole rivers roll;—ye columns high,
Where my eye vainly seeks to find a way,
And where the moon is lost as among clouds;
Whose capitals I mingle as I gaze;
On the globe's shell, enormous characters—
To trace you with his hand, to sound your depths
A man has wandered from the distant West.

The path which o'er the deep his ship has found,
An hundred times its rolling sky has spread;
Mid gulfs of the abyss his life he flung;
His feet are worn upon the mountain's height;
The sun has burnt the canvass of his tent;
His friends, his brothers, wasted 'neath the toil;
His dog uncertain, if he e'er returns,
Will recognise no more his hand nor voice.
He has let fall, and lost upon the way
His soul's day star—the child which 'neath yon vault
Shed round him light and immortality.
He'll leave nor memory nor posterity.—
Now seated lonely on some ruin vast
He only hears the mocking wind pass by.
A weight bows down his brow, and chains his breath
He has nor thought—nor heart!

* * * *

[In concluding our notice of this extraordinary work, it should be mentioned that it contains a mass of valuable facts, observations, and reflections, of the character and tendency of which it would be difficult to furnish the reader with any view sufficiently concise for our limits. We may, however, briefly state that besides the scenic descriptions and travelling incidents, M. de Lamartine's work contains some very curious accounts of the various races, which people Syria, particularly the Maronite and other Christian tribes. There are likewise some striking observations on the colonization of Lebanon, and the future regeneration and re-christianization of the East. Next are sketches of Arabian life, some passages of Arabian poetry, and extracts from Antar, the romantic Bedouin poem; with several pages of poetry, by M. de Lamartine; the most important of which are some verses, entitled "Gethsemane; or the Death of Julia:" the scenery and images of which refer to the places our traveller visited at Jerusalem and its vicinity. There are, besides, more descriptions of Turkish scenery, life, and manners, than will be looked for in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Lastly, the work closes with "Political Reflections," relating chiefly to the policy of Europe with regard to the Ottoman Empire, or rather all that remains of it; but, we confess, these are matters in which it is not policy to meddle, for the gratification of our readers.]

The Gatherer.

Snuff-taking.—Louis XIV. was a bitter discourager of this habit. His valets were obliged to renounce it when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt was supposed to have died of apoplexy, in consequence of having, to please his Majesty, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

Calculating Machine.—Mr. T. E. Jones, a clever and intelligent man resident in Shrewsbury, has written a letter to the *Salopian Journal*, stating that he has invented a machine with which numeration, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, simple and compound, including weights and measures, &c. may be worked by nine or ten pupils in a class, (without the aid of books or slates,) with the same figures, altering the sums at pleasure.—*Spectator.*

The Tower Menagerie.—This ancient exhibition no longer exists. The noble lion, it is said, died of consumption, brought on by the unwholesome state of the atmosphere. Latterly, an old bear, with a few monkeys and birds, were all that were to be seen here, and these were the property of the keeper. They have been sold and exported to America; and the dens have been broken up and disposed of.—*Morning Herald.*

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sydney.*

At the storming of Badajos, in April, 1812, one of our officers got a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck; and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it, looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry,) he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again!—*Kincaird's Random Shots.*—The narrator adds: "This is an anecdote which I should scarcely have dared to relate were it not that, independent of my personal knowledge of the facts, the hero of it still lives to speak for himself, residing on his property, in Nottinghamshire."

Libel.—Count Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him: it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes.

M. de Bourrienne gives the following splendid instance of a bribe, offered by the Prince de Conde to Pichegru, for him to betray France to the Bourbons:—To be made a Marshal of France; a Governor of Alsace; a Cordon Rouge; the Chateau de Chamford, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon; a

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million of ready money; a hotel in Paris, a pension of 200,000 livres, with a reversion of half to his wife, and a quarter to his heirs for ever; and that his native town of Arbors should bear his name and be exempt from taxes for twenty years.

Illustrious Tradesmen. — At Rome, the Cardinal Doria used to be the milkman to those who chose to send to his palace for this necessary article to the tea-drinking English: at Naples, the only good butterman is his Majesty; and those who wish to have this article genuine send to court for it; whence it is issued, impressed with the royal arms!

The Man of Feeling. — He who pays promptly and cheerfully for his *Mirror*.

The Ladies.—As long as there are women on the earth, there will be always something new to say about them. The Rabbins ought to be ashamed of themselves for their scandalous libel, in saying that ten baskets of chatter were let down from heaven, and that the women appropriated nine of them.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—This establishment consists of a dean, with a salary of 4,000*l.* per annum; three canons residentiary, 2,000*l.* per annum each; twelve minor canons, and twenty-six prebendaries; and six vicars choral.

Oysters.—It is asserted by Smellie, that oysters, stupid and unintellectual as they may appear to be, learn wisdom from experience; for, if an oyster is accidentally left by the tide, it opens its shell, loses its water, and dies; but if it be carried to the sea before it thus perishes, it learns, when again left dry, not to open its shell.

The nose of Michael Angelo was flat from a blow which he received in his youth from Torrigiano, a brother artist and countryman, upon some slight provocation. The following is Torrigiano's account of the transaction on the authority of Benvenuto Cellini:—"I was extremely irritated, and, doubling my fist, gave him such a violent blow upon his nose that I felt the bone and cartilage yield as if they had been made of paste, and the mark I then gave him he will carry to his grave." Benvenuto Cellini says, "Torrigiano was a handsome man, but of consummate assurance, having rather the air of a bravo than a sculptor: above all, his strange gestures and his sonorous voice, with a manner of knitting his brows, enough to frighten every man who saw him, gave him a most tremendous appearance, and he was continually talking of his great feats among those bears of Englishmen, whose country he had but recently left."

If a person be hoodwinked effectually, he will, with great difficulty, if at all, recognise the difference between rum, gin, and brandy; but if, besides having his eyes bound up, the nostrils are closed by pressure of the fingers, all distinction in flavour between these very dissimilar spirits will be confounded. To exhibit this phenomenon in a more effectual manner, the three glasses of spirits ought to be presented successively to the person upon whom the experiment is to be made, who ought to sip of each before he is called upon to decide upon them singly; then put him to the proof by giving him the glasses over again, and he will be found so entirely at fault, that if he make the experiment a dozen times, he will, in all probability, not pronounce correctly above three or four times, and that will be purely accidental. W. G. C.

Quin.—When Quin determined on paying a visit to Plymouth, for the chief purpose of eating the fish called John Dory, a friend wrote to the landlord of the principal inn, desiring him to show Quin all possible attention, to procure him the best claret, and to promote his comfort by all the means in his power. The landlord, proud of his guest, soon after Quin's arrival, offered him the use of his horse, to procure a good appetite. Quin accepted the offer; but the horse being a very hard trotter, when the landlord asked him if he would have him the next day, he replied that he was perfectly satisfied with the bumping he had already received.—W. G. C.

Fishing.—The lake Tchad, in Bornou (says Major Denham,) abounds in fish, which the natives have a curious way of catching. Some thirty or forty women go into the lake by single files, and forming a line at a distance in the water, fronting the land, where it is very shallow near the edges, absolutely charge the fish before them so close, that they are caught by the hand, or leap ashore.

Xenophon.—It is stated by Colonel Rottiers, that during his residence at Trebisonde, in 1816, he visited the place from which the 10,000 Greeks, under Xenophon beheld the sea. He remarked the ruins of an ancient temple of the Emperor Adrian. The *rhododendron ponticum* grows there on all the mountains, and the inhabitants assert, that the honey which the bees extract from it, when mixed with that of other flowers, is a kind of poison, causing stupor, in a greater or less degree, according to the season of the year. M. Dupré, the Consul of France, who accompanied Colonel Rottiers, assured him that he had experienced this effect himself.

W. G. C.

With our next Number,
A SUPPLEMENT
OF THE
Spirit of the Annuals, 1836;
With a fine large Engraving.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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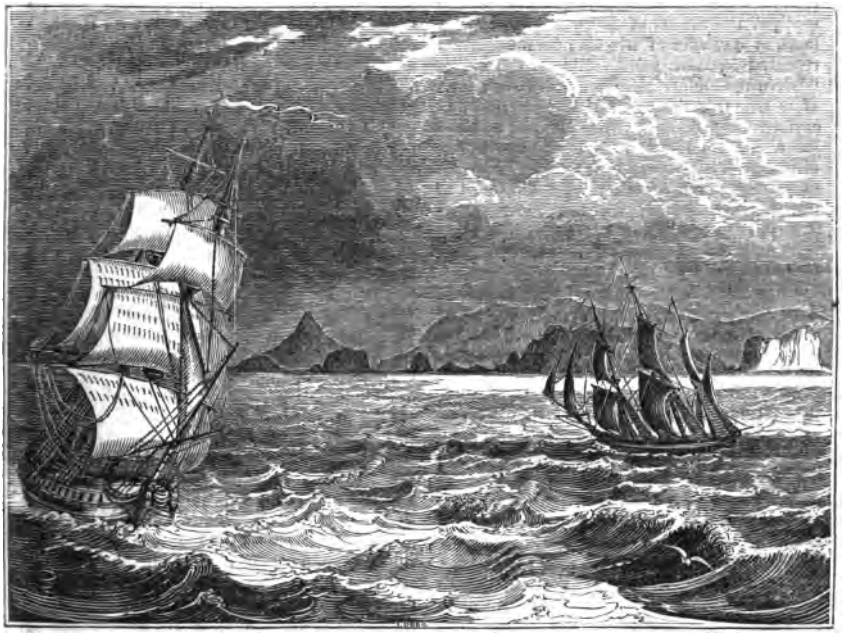

CAPE HORN.

Considering the vast extent of sea-coast that comprises the southern part of the continent of South America, it is not a little surprising that it should have been so frequently passed by during the last century, without having been more visited and explored. Within the last eight or ten years, however, it has been very much resorted to by English and American vessels in the seal trade; and, to the observant portion of their enterprising crews, many of its intricacies are well known; but, as the knowledge they have derived from their experience, has only in one instance, (that of Mr. Weddell's voyage,*) been published, our charts cannot be said to have been much improved for the last fifty years.

Such was the introductory paragraph of a paper, read before the Royal Geographical Society, in 1831, detailing a Survey of the above coast, made in his Majesty's ships Adventure and Beagle, between the years 1826 and 1830; by Captain Philip Parker King, F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. The coast was simultaneously surveyed by the late Captain Henry Foster, F.R.S., in his Majesty's sloop Chanticleer, who there met Captain King, according to an appointment made with him at Monte Video. From the journals of these enterprising navigators, we are made acquainted with many interesting particulars of the scenery and climate of the country, and the customs of its natives, independently of the hydrographical information which was the more immediate object of the above Expeditions.

We shall, however, mainly limit ourselves to a notice of the subject of the above Engraving—the island of Cape Horn, memorable as the southern extremity of South America. This celebrated headland is said to have been discovered by a Dutchman, in 1616; but the honour of the discovery is awarded with fuller justice to Sir Francis Drake, "the first Englishman who passed the Straits of Magellan, or who sailed under English colours in the Pacific Ocean."—"He advanced much farther to the south than any of the Spanish discoverers. There is little room to doubt that he actually descried the

* A Voyage towards the South Pole. By James Weddell, Esq., Master in the Royal Navy. 1825.

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headland afterwards named Cape Horn. Had he himself written the narrative of his expedition, many proofs would unquestionably remain to us of a sagacious and penetrating spirit, which cannot be supplied from the vague and discordant narratives of his historians. He conjectured that the land to the south of the Straits of Magellan was broken land, or a cluster of islands; an observation repeated by subsequent voyagers, and which modern researches have gone near to verify. It is true that the merit of having first discovered Cape Horn has been claimed by some for a captain of Loyasa's fleet, who, being driven from his course by a tempest, descried to the southward what he called the 'End of the Land.'* But it seems more probable that the land seen by the Spanish captain was only the south-eastern promontory of Staten Island."†

Cape Horn is remarkable for its imposing figure and situation, terminating the greatest north and south extension of land on the globe. Captain Basil Hall describes it as presenting a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent. It is a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above all the neighbouring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea in solitary grandeur.

The many disasters which have befallen ships off this cape, the difficulty of getting round it to the westward, and above all, the sufferings of the fleet under Lord Anson,‡ and in the expeditions of Pizarro, induce persons to regard this promontory with more than common interest.

Mr. Weddell observes with respect to the navigation of the Cape, "that many commanders of ships, who have been successful in making a passage round Cape Horn to the westward, have treated with unmerited derision the accounts given by Commodore Anson of this navigation," but our able navigator adds, he is quite satisfied, from his own experience, that the month of March might be productive of all the distresses described by the journalist. Captain Porter, who passed the Cape in the American frigate Essex, in 1814, says: "indeed our sufferings, short as has been our passage, have been so great, that I would advise those bound to the Pacific, never to attempt the passage of Cape Horn, if they can get there by any other route." This difficulty is, however, removed by choosing the proper season for the passage, which, when attended to, must, at least, save much time, and wear and tear of the ship. From the middle of February to May, the winds generally between SW. and NW. blow with such violence, that no ship need expect to make a passage round the Cape, that is not well equipped: August and September, again, are particularly tempestuous; but, from the beginning of November to the middle of February, and from the middle of May to the end of June, the passage may be easily effected; much depending on the season, as relates to the force of the prevailing westerly winds.

This dependence on the seasons may explain some discrepancy in the reported dangers of the navigation—some voyagers reporting in the safe seasons; for, in an account of the route of the Arethusa, from Van Dieman's Land homeward, by way of Cape Horn, 1832–33, the writer states: "the prevailing opinion that the weather off the southern promontory of America is always rough and tempestuous, is certainly ill-founded. This is the third time, (January,) that I have rounded it with the finest weather imaginable; and once, in the depth of winter, I was becalmed three days in sight of this Cape, the darkness alone rendering it unpleasant."§

Captain Foster, in his Hydrographical Appendix to the Voyage of the Chanticleer, has investigated the causes of this dangerous navigation; referring it to a strong, easterly set of the sea in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and the set of the flood-tide round the Cape, which appears to come from the south-west; and Captain Foster had reason to believe that the strength of the tide caused some of the irregularities in the north-easterly set of the sea.

Dark and desolate as is the appearance of Horn Island, or the southern extremity of the Cape, the coast is full of creeks, bays, and harbours, which appear to afford excellent shelter for shipping in bad weather. All the land southward is rugged and barren, with the exception of a few valleys, where there are some rivulets of good water; when on shore, you also find luxuriant grass, and some large and beautiful patches of land fit for sowing or planting grain or vegetables.

The Chanticleer anchored in one of the largest and most commodious of these harbours, the Bay of St. Francis. It was three months since Captain Foster had left Cape Horn, and accustomed as he had been to the snow-clad precipices of Deception Island, the lofty, naked mountains of the former were objects of novelty and welcome because they were free from snow. Continuing his course into the bay, the Captain entered the second opening on its western side, named St. Martin's Cove. Here all the beauties of the wildest Alpine scenery burst upon the view. As the Chanticleer passed into the Cove, a

* Navarrete, vol. i. p. 360.

† History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. ii. p. 259.

‡ The details of Anson's voyage will be found quoted from Captain Foster's Narrative, in the Mirror, vol. xxv. p. 76.

§ Of all parts of the world subject to storms, that between the Azores and the coast of Britain is the worst. (See Major Rennell's Current Charts.)—Nautical Magazine, vol. ii. p. 454.

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wigwam was discovered, the smoke from which was curling among the trees. Shortly after, a canoe, with several of the Indians, paddled out towards the vessel: they were inclined to go on board, but were not encouraged, until the Chanticleer had anchored in 18½ fathoms of water, again secure from the incessant buffeting of the sea.

The name of Chanticleer was affixed to an island off the entrance into the Cove. Wood and water are abundant in every part, though they cannot always be procured from the steepness of the shores, and the occasional heavy swells. The shores are skirted with kelp, amongst which fish are to be caught with a hook and line abreast of the rills of fresh water that discharge themselves into the sea: abundance of wild fowl may also be taken among the kelp at daybreak, after which they depart for other resorts. In many parts of the Cove, excellent celery is to be found. During the whole stay of the Chanticleer, (two months), at the latter end of autumn, sufficient was daily procured for the ship's company; and although of not so luxuriant a growth as it was found in December, it was considered wholesome.

Of Captain Foster's friendly intercourse with the Fuegians, some interesting details have been quoted in our vol. xxv. p. 74. The Captain also visited Hermite Island, the principal one in the entrance to the noble bay of St. Francis. It is twelve miles long, and seven broad, and so completely broken into hills, that there are scarcely a dozen yards of level ground throughout the island. The space between the hills is mostly wet and swampy, covered with peat moss, and decayed vegetable matter; the hills are clothed to the summit with a dense forest of trees and shrubs, and streams of fresh water tumble down their sides, rendering it unpleasant to walk any distance from the shore. "In fact, from the natural springs of the island and the frequency of rain, a resident here would be compelled to lead a hermit's life. The loftiest mountain is 2,156 feet above the level of the sea. On the hills are several lakes of water, the rocky basins which form them being generally filled to their brim." Among the vegetation are antarctic or evergreen, and deciduous, beech-trees: the former are small, and stunted by the violence of the winds; the wood is crooked and knotty, and fit only for fuel; but the deciduous species, by the change of colour in its fading leaves, which is plentifully sprinkled in groups of dense foliage, adds variety, and an autumnal charm to the whole. Birds are scarce here; no mammalia were seen, and only two or three species of shells were found. Everything was dripping with rain, and under the violence of the wind, the effects of which a few short intervals of calm are not sufficient to compensate.

Hermite Island is not shown in our Engraving;* in which the loftiest peak is Cape Horn. The rocky projections eastward are the Barnaveldt Islands, which in many places have abundance of fine verdure on them: around are many small rocks, which, however, are not considered dangerous.

The chapter on the Climate of Cape Horn is, probably, one of the most interesting in the Voyage of the Chanticleer, and may furnish the substance of a future paper.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

(To the Editor.)

To those who are fond of lionizing at this season of the year, a remark may not be amiss of the singular fact—that a rook's nest is formed in each of the crowns or coronets on the pinnacles of the White Tower of London—as an addition to the pleasing anecdotes lately narrated in your agreeable miscellany, relative to birds, &c.

The fearless security and perfect ease with which they "possess their homes," render them not the least of the striking curiosities of that remarkable place, affording a strong contrast to the bustle, activity, and martial appearance of the scenes beneath. A report of their habits, instinct, &c., from any admirer of natural history resident near the spot, would be amusingly instructive.

A short abstract from the journal of Mr. Galt during his residence in Athens, dated 26th March, 1810, might be, perhaps, appropriately introduced as companion to the extracts occasionally given from *Jesse's Gleanings*; it requires little comment, save regret—that among the "travelled" with whom the empire abounds, there are so few who think of noting down such interesting observations as the following:—

"In several parts of the city, on the house-tops, are the sacred nests of the storks; a bird which the Turks hold in great veneration. This morning the first of the season arrived; the main body, according to custom, will also be here in the course of a few days. Their coming is not remarkable; but their departure, I am told, is attended with evident signs and preparations for the voyage. Whether they send forward a party to reconnoitre before the general departure, I have not been able to learn; but I think it is probable, considering the advanced guard that so regularly precedes the arrival of the main body. Nor have I been able to find any person, that has been at the trouble to ascertain whether the same flock annually returns, although this might easily be done to a certain degree by putting rings of wire on the legs of some of them. Previous to their departure, I am informed that they are seen in bands, for several days,

* From an original view, in the valuable collection of Captain Fitz Roy, surveying the above coast in his Majesty's ship Beagle; engraved in No. 43 of that very intelligent work, the Nautical Magazine

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deliberating, no doubt, as to the day in which they should set out. When the day arrives, they mount aloft, and flying round the city, collect all that are ready; they then adjourn to a particular garden, and ten or twelve go about, as if inquiring or giving orders for the journey, and in the evening all depart,

"Those that have not been able to get their affairs settled in time, or that were left charged with public matters, follow in a few days; and the old or frail, who deem themselves unable to undergo the fatigue of the voyage, take up their residence for the winter in the palace. This last circumstance looks a little fabulous, but the fact certainly is, that several do remain in a domesticated state at the palace; though whether they are the old or the frail, as I am informed, I cannot pretend either to affirm or deny.

"It might, I think, be amusing to observe if the hour of their departure was regulated by the moon, or by any particular position of the constellations. But the Turks are not weather-wise, and the Greeks, because the birds are protected by the Turks, are not disposed to pay them any attention. This morning, the swallows have made their appearance as well as the storks. Last year, a pair built within the door of the Convent hall, and to-day already they have paid their salutations to the friar, and are looking out for a corner. It is certainly the same, otherwise by what strange instinct should they have thought of coming here.

"Besides the swallows and the storks, the Athenians have another set of annual visiters; and they have also began to arrive. The Greeks call them *Kirkeneei;* their Italian name I do not know, and I have never seen any of them in England. They are less in size than the partridge, their plumage is also much brighter; but they bear some resemblance in appearance to that bird. They build under the tiles and eaves of the houses, and fly with open bills, like the swallows, after insects. Not being pleasant to eat, they are little molested by man, and are as tame as a pigeon. The arrival of this sort of birds in a climate where the flies are already becoming troublesome, is, (especially that of the stork,) felicitously fixed, as the young snakes and vipers are beginning to be numerous. The sagacity of storks in seizing the snake is remarkable. They strike the serpent on the head with their bill; and, retreating backwards until they have effectually bruised it, then take hold of it by the neck, and, while writhing and twisting round their head, bear it triumphantly away."

Query—Might not Mr. Galt's hint be followed practically by some zealous admirer of the species, by snaring some of the birds previous to their departure, and letting them loose after affixing some token to them, by which they might be known individually in other countries? If it could be done, it would be a desirable acquisition to that branch of history, as far as relates to British ornithology, by ascertaining the correctness of suppositions founded sometimes on uncertain assertions.

Mr. Galt also gives the following anecdote, which may not be unacceptable to your readers, concerning that long-disused article of the Materia Medica, viz. *the Viper:*—

"In Piedmont, as in Albania, the boys use a cloven stick, and catch the snake by the neck in the cleft; then presenting either a bit of leather or felt to the reptile, it bites it furiously, and, in this way gagging it, they extract its teeth with a knife. The friar told me that the serpents' mouths secrete a saliva which to the touch is excessively cold — that he had experienced the sensation himself, and that, in Piedmont, this was considered the venom, which, entering the wounds made by their teeth, produced the effects that usually follow their bite, adding, as a proof of their medicinal qualities, the following anecdote:—When he was at college, the disease known by the name of the itch, broke out among the students to such a violent degree, that they were obliged to disperse. On returning home, the friar infected his two brothers, and ointments of all sorts were tried in vain. A mountaineer happened, one day, to come into the house; and the mountaineers of Piedmont, like those elsewhere, having experience of the disease, was consulted, and promised to effect a cure in the short space of a single night. Next day, he returned with a large, living serpent in a bag, and ordered a capacious, earthen vessel to be placed on the fire, filled with water and charcoal; the moment the water began to boil, he plunged in the snake alive, and boiled it till only the bones were left. The cookery finished, the broth was placed aside to cool, and, when cold, three shirts of the boys were dipped in it, and dried in the shade. At night, when the boys went to bed, the shirts were put on; and, next morning, the irritability of the distemper had entirely subsided.

"The hills round the valley of Soana, in the department of della Dora, is the great nursery from which the Piedmontese apothecaries obtain their vipers; and, at a certain period of the year, charmers come round with cages to collect the serpents, the holes of which the shepherds and boys of the valley are at pains before to discover, as they are generally rewarded by a small present.

"The charmers place a stick covered with a serpent's skin, upright near the places where the shepherds and boys direct them. Attracted by the smell of the skin, the vipers soon after make their appearance, and the charmers catch them up quickly with a pair of wooden tongs, and put them into the cages. The species of a reddish colour is

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most esteemed. The traditional efficacy of viper-broth in restoring debilitated patients is well known." A.C.R.

The Novelist.

THE SUN-STROKE—AN IRISH TALE.

O matter and impertinency mixed,
Reason in madness.—*Shakspeare.*

During the height of the disturbances in Ireland, in 1798, our neighbourhood remained almost free from those scenes of violence by which the face of the island was disfigured in other places. On one occasion, however, and, as it happened, a joyous one, the glimmer of the bayonet was seen among its peaceful groves.

A handsome, whitewashed cottage, retiring a little from the common road, was tenanted by a family of the name of Renisson. A workshop close adjoining, together with a number of new and old ploughs, spade-trees, spars of unhewn timber, and heaps of shavings strewed about the yard, indicated the calling of the possessor, who is still the greatest carpenter in the neighbourhood of the village. His son Edmond, a handsome lad, had been for several months contracted to the daughter of a comfortable "dealing man," in the street; and the family were so much liked, that the whole village took an interest in the union. If happiness be the end of wisdom, philosophers had no advantage over these village tradespeople. With enough to screen them from the asperities of life, without attaching them to a world which they were not created to love, their days flowed cheerily along, undisturbed by ambition, and unchilled by fear.

One circumstance alone had occurred, for many years, to cast a gloom over the domestic pleasures of the tranquil circle. Edmond Renisson had a twin brother named Lewis, so exactly resembling him in countenance and figure, that they might be called the Dromios of the place. Both were handsome, both graceful, and equally versed in all the accomplishments of their rank; both well instructed in the customary walks of rustic education, and both attached to each other with a fondness even exceeding the natural love of brothers. If one were corrected, the other wept with him; if one were sick, the other watched unceasingly by his bed; if one were absent, the other looked but half alive: in every thing their joys and troubles were divided by the truest sympathy, nor did friendship look less lovely in these humble, young artisans, than in spirits the most divinely wrought, and filled with all the wealth of intellectual knowledge.

Their characters, however, even from their early years, began to take a different course. Edmond, the first-born of the two, was distinguished by the common boyish giddiness and frowardness of spirit, although manifesting rather

The taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

than positive vice, and was the greater favourite among the young and gay. Lewis, on the contrary, was thoughtful and gentle, and given to piety, for which he incurred no little share of the jests and mirth of his more volatile companions. While Edmond sported the hours away at the dance or the ball-alley, his brother would remain in the chamber of some valetudinarian relative, reading a solid book, or talking on some practical subjects. It thus happened that both had their admirers, and equally numerous; the elder winning the suffrages of those who were only intent on the enjoyment of life, the younger gaining the love and the esteem of those whom time had made familiar with its infirmities.

How often do we see the scourge of affliction pass harmless over the heads of those who are only busy on their own selfish affections and enjoyments, while it will fall heavily on others whose days are devoted to the interests of their fellow-men! Religion has explained to us the mystery, and yet we sigh when the instance is presented to our view. It happened one day that Lewis slept in a field behind their house during several hours, with the noontide fervour of a July sun beating full on his unshaded figure. His brother, returning from a neighbouring fair, found him lying on the grass, and woke him up, when he complained of head-ache, and returned to the house unwell. The medical man, whose assistance was procured by a half-guinea fee, pronounced it a *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke, and the disorder ran its usual course. Lewis recovered, and seemed for about a month the same as ever.

One day, old Renisson, raising his eyes as he was at work, encountered those of his younger son, which were fixed upon him with a singular expression. In some time afterward, happening to look up again, he was surprised at the same appearance, and said, returning the stare with interest:

"Is it anything that would be ailing you, Lewy?

No answer.

"What ails you, I tell you? What makes you be looking at me that way?"

Still Lewy made no reply, but continued the same singular gaze.

"You're a dhroll boy, so you are," said the carpenter, resuming his work, and taking no further notice of the circumstance. At dinner, however, and at supper, the same thing occurred, until at length, it was so often repeated during several days, that the old man began to lose patience.

"Don't be lookin' at me that way, I tell

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you," he said; "do you hear me again? For what do you be lookin' at me?"

Lewy, however, still appeared to take no notice of these admonitions, until at length, after the rough manner of cottagers, his father had recourse to the cane, in order to compel him to desist. Soon after, other peculiarities began to appear in the conduct of the youth, which indicated some fast-approaching, mental ruin. At meals, the presence of a stranger would prevent his eating. His mother about this time fell ill, and in a short time died. Lewis, during the course of her death-sickness, showed a surprising absence of mind, and the only sign by which the family could perceive that he was anywise conscious of their affliction, occurred on the morning of the poor woman's demise; when, on hearing it announced, he broke out into fits of furious madness, which ended in tranquil but confirmed idiotcy.

Enough remained, however, to show that the disease, to whose assaults the reason yielded, had not trespassed on the province of affection. Unable to work or read, his chief occupation was that of nursing an infant sister, whom he guarded with more than maternal assiduity. It was a cruel amusement to some of his old companions to observe the rage with which "Cracked Lewy" would shake his fist and stamp when the slightest insult or annoyance was offered to the baby. "Lewy can't go. Lewy must mind the child," was his constant excuse when any of his family sought to draw him from the house, in order to engage his attention with such cheerful scenes and sports as seemed to them best calculated to restore a healthier tone of thought.

This affection, aided by the instinct of natural love, and heightened by pity, endeared the poor idiot more than ever to his relatives; and, as is generally the case in Ireland, a slight offered by a stranger in this quarter, was much more keenly felt by any of his family than when directed against themselves.

But there is one event related in the village, which still more strikingly manifests the power of the heart, even when the reason is no longer capable of aiding it in the choice of good and evil. One morning, on arising from his bed, Edmond Renisson went as usual to inspect their little field, from which, with consternation, he missed their only cow. Acquainting his family with their mischance, he started immediately in pursuit, carrying with him a favourite dog, which unfortunately had been tied up at the time when the robbery was committed. He did not return till late on the following evening, and, when he did, he brought the cow. He entertained the family a good deal by his account of the many adventures which had distinguished his brief expedition. The night, he said, he had passed in the mountains, where he saw and narrowly escaped some parties of the rebels, and his cow he had found quietly grazing that morning in a gentleman's park. On his applying for his property, the gentleman, who happened to be with his men, and was a good-natured, cheerful man, informed Edmond that he had purchased her that very morning at a fair, and showed a natural degree of reluctance to lose his bargain. At Renisson's desire, however, he sent the cow to the village by a herdsman, in order to ascertain the truth of the young man's story. This was easily made to appear on their arrival in the village, and after partaking of some refreshment with the family, the herdsman left the cow, and took his leave.

Soon after this transaction, the wedding of Edmond, the joyous event already spoken of, was fixed for a certain day. The landlord of their little holding, who had always taken the kindest interest in their affairs, insisted on having the marriage take place at his own house, where he was to give a feast to almost all the inhabitants of the village in honour of the occasion. At an early hour, a group of young men and women assembled before the residence of the bride, the former decorated with ribbons and kerchiefs of the gayest colours, the latter dressed in white, and bearing baskets of flowers, which they scattered on the nuptial path. Moving to the sound of mirthful music, the gay procession took the way leading to the demesne of their generous patron, leaving few behind them in the village.

Life seldom offers us a scene of joy which contains not an ingredient of its opposite, or a spectacle of virtue without some qualifying stroke of evil to remind us of our frailty. Among the youths who mingled most frequently in those sports, where Edmond Renisson was commonly triumphant, there was one named Guare, a spiteful and malicious lad, who had been from his very childhood remarkable for his envious and quarrelsome disposition, for his idle, drunken habits, and for many other evil qualities. To Edmond Renisson he had long conceived a peculiar hatred, as well occasioned by the superior dexterity of the latter at their rustic exercises, as by a natural malignity of heart. This detestable feeling was carried to its height on Edmond's suit to Mary Fitzgerald, who had rejected Guare more than once without hesitation. For many weeks after the marriage had been arranged, he absented himself from the customary meetings of the villagers, and brooded in secret over the boiling venom of his heart, inflamed by hate and disappointment. The mortification to his own pride, and the sight of happiness in a quarter where his hate was fixed, were the stings that pierced the bosom of this wretch-

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less being. The merry sounds of preparation for the coming fête were discord to his jealous ear, and he sauntered at evening through the pleasant village, like a fiend astray among the innocent.

On the evening previous to that appointed for the marriage, as he loitered along the road in the neighbourhood of the highway, the following notice posted against an elm-tree near the cross-road attracted his attention:—

"Whereas, on the night of the fifth instant, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, a number of men having their faces blackened, and provided with fire-arms and other weapons, did burglariously enter the dwelling house of Thomas Hanlon, of the Commons, near ——, and there and then did wilfully kill and murder the said Hanlon, he being at that time in the employ of his Majesty's government as a constable of ———.

"A reward of one hundred pounds is hereby offered and will be given to any person or persons who shall give such information, private or otherwise, as may lead to the detection of the persons or any of the persons concerned in the said murder."

A horrible design suggested itself to the mind of Guare the instant he perused these words. He remembered that the night specified was the very one which Edmond Renisson had spent in the mountains in pursuit of his cow. No sooner had it fully presented itself to his mind than it was embraced and put in execution. A wretch more ready and not less destitute of principle than himself was made the confidant of his detestable scheme, and readily consented to take a share in its guilt and its advantages.

On the morning of the bridal, as Lewis, who had been left at home to take care of the house, was playing with the infant in the sunshine, he was startled by observing the glitter of gun-barrels and the blaze of the dreaded scarlet among the boughs of the elm-row which lines a portion of the street. They halted before the door of Renisson's house, and a corporal, who commanded the party, advanced to Lewis, and contemplated his figure with much attention. We have already spoken of the singular resemblance that existed between the brother twins. The corporal, after referring to a paper in his hand, and seeming to compare the idiot's appearance with its contents, addressed him bluntly:—"Your name is Renisson, friend?"

"Aih, a yeh?"

"Come, come, your name is Renisson, Edmond Renisson, is it not? What do you stare at? Have I got three heads upon me?"

"Aih?"

"Aih! Aih! Is that all you have got to say. Come along, I'll bring you where you shall be taught to cry aih, and ah, and oh too, before we have done with you."

"Lewy can't go. Lewy must mind the child."

"Come, come, you know that will never do with me. Toss that brat some of ye into the cradle, and shut the door. Ay, shake your fist, and grin. We're up to all that sort of thing, you know. Come along, my tulip. Handcuff that fellow, and bring him away."

Overpowered by numbers, the afflicted idiot was conducted from the village, and conveyed in the direction of the high-road. After travelling several miles through a flat and boggy country, they arrived in a half-burnt and miserable-looking hamlet, which was crowded with soldiers and country-people, and clamorous as a rookery. It had the misfortune to constitute, at the time, one of those dreadful military courts, at which a semblance of justice was used, as if to heighten the horrors of the certain cruelty which followed its judgments. In one direction the sight of the loaded gibbet, in another the shrieks or groans arising from the horrible triangle, or, still more pitiful, the sound of the rending lash upon the naked back of the silent sufferer; these, and the view of the unburied corpse on the road-side, gave fearful evidence of the presence of civil discord in the land. Whether it was that the strangeness of the situation had produced a strong effect upon the glimmering of reason left him, and lighted it up for a time into a more than ordinary brightness, it is certain that Lewis, when brought before the court, had more the appearance of a rational man than when the soldiers found him with the infant before the door of his paternal dwelling. By the order of examination which was instituted, and the questions which were put, he was able to understand that they mistook him for his brother Edmond; nor did he undeceive them. They had received secret information of his being one of a party who had been guilty of a nocturnal outrage at some distance from his place of residence. The witness who had been suborned by Guare, and whose slight acquaintance with the brothers readily led him into real error, deposed as well to the identity as to the guilt of Lewis. The idiot, though he understood the mistake, did not seek to undeceive them. He was sentenced to be flogged to death at the triangle. Still silent, he suffered himself to be led away toward the spot where this dreadful sentence was to be put in execution.

In the meantime, all was mirth and life at Edmond's wedding. Tables for the feast were laid upon the green before their patron's door, and the violin and bagpipe gave animation to the banquet. The priest had now arrived, and all was ready for the nuptial ceremony. Standing on the green, amid a circle of young friends, the bridegroom in his gay attire, awaited the arrival of the messenger, who was to summon him to the house.

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At this instant, a peasant was seen running with all his speed from the entrance of the demesne. On seeing Edmond, he hurried toward him exclaiming—"Oh, Misther Renisson! Lewy!"

"What of him?" said Edmond, startled by the apprehension of some sudden accident.

"Carried off by the sogers! heighst away for a rebel before my face! Sure I seen the corporal makin' up to him and axin' him was it Edmond Renisson he had there? an' when he made 'em no answer, they heighst him away with them to the court."

Without waiting to hear more, Edmond rushed from the scene of mirth, and followed by the peasant, pursued a short cut across the fields which led to his own house. Lewis was not there, and the appearance of the child forsaken by its tender guardian sufficiently manifested the truth of the peasant's tale. Judging from the direction which the military had taken, in what place he should be likely to find him, Edmond instantly left the village, and hastened with his utmost speed in the direction of the hamlet in which the court-martial held its sittings.

The poor idiot, in the meantime, was conducted to the dreadful triangle, where he suffered the men in silence to lay bare his shoulders, while the drummer, with many jests, prepared his instrument of torture.

"A fine, clear skin it is, and fit for a gentleman's handwriting. Come, lad, let's see a little more o' the parchment. I'll set you a copy of strokes, though I dare say you'd prefer running hand at the present moment. Tie up his hands. Never fear, lad, 'twill be all one at supper."

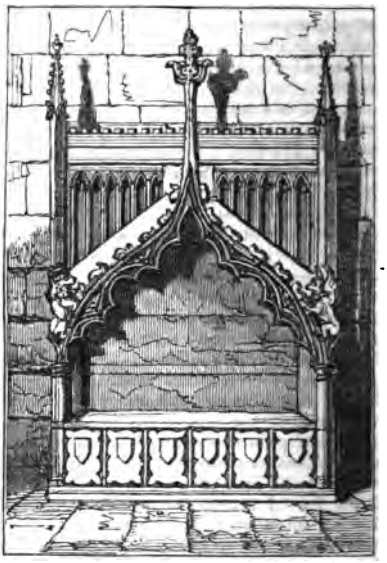
At this instant, a cry of "Stop! stop!" was heard at a distance. Lewy, who knew his brother's voice, turned pale as a corpse. In a moment, Edmond was amid the group.

"Let him go!" he exclaimed as soon as he could muster breath—"you have taken the wrong man; I am Edmond Renisson."

The exact resemblance between the brothers, observable even in circumstances so different, struck all the beholders with astonishment. The execution of the sentencew as suspended, while the brothers were re-conducted to the court, and the mistake explained. The witness, on whose testimony sentence had been passed on Lewis, was reproduced, and seemed confounded at the sight of Edmond; he persisted, however, in his former evidence, and the judges readily admitted that the mistake as to identity was not material, provided the facts sworn against the idiot could still be proved against his brother. Edmond, being called upon for his defence, accounted clearly for his absence from home on the night in question, and referred for a corroboration of his statement to the gentleman in whose possession he had found the cow. It is not necessary to enter into detail of the manner in which the innocence of the accused was made to appear, and the treacherous conspiracy brought home to the accusers. Even in these disastrous times, the love of justice, not wholly extinguished, exerted its influence, and the Renissons were immediately liberated, while the perjured Guare and his associate were transmitted to the county prison, to await the consequences of their perfidy. On arriving in the village, Edmond, who could obtain from Lewis no explanation of his extraordinary silence, wished that he should accompany him to the bridal feast, in order to satisfy his family that no harm had happened to him. But this the affectionate idiot resolutely declined, giving the same answer, and in the same tone as he had to the corporal:—

"Lewy can't go—Lewy must mind the child.

Antiquariana.



TOMB OF SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.*

(*From a Correspondent.*)

ANXIOUS to contribute in illustrating the events of by-gone days, I inclose a sketch of the tomb of Sir John Hawkwood, in the south aisle of the church at Sible Hedingham, Essex.

It is a long, low altar tomb, having, in front, six quatre-foil divisions, each charged with a shield; over this is a beautiful ogee arch, ornamented with tracery, and supported by corbels; that on the dexter side representing a cockatrice, and that on the sinister

* The First English General: his Portrait is engraved at p. 17 of the present volume.

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side a lion rampant; above this are twelve long, narrow arches with trefoil heads; the whole being mounted with an embattled cornice. The tomb is supported on each side with a slender buttress, finished with a crocketed pinnacle. The whole is a very good specimen of the sepulchral architecture of the fourteenth century. C. A.

The Public Journals.

A SONG TO THE BELOVED ONE.

"Durch Fichten am Hügel, durch Erlen am Bach."
MATTHISSON.

THROUGH pine-grove and greenwood, o'er hills and by hollows,
Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows,
And sweetly thou smilest, or veilest thine eye,
While floats the white moon up the wastes of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of dawn,
I see thy light figure in bower and on lawn;
By mountain and woodland it dazes my vision,
Like some brilliant shadow from regious Elysian.

Oft has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold
Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold;
Oft have I upborne through Olympus's portals,
Beheld thee, as Hebe, among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the height,
Re-echoes thy name like the Spirit of Night:
The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on the heath,
Are warm with the odorous life of thy breath.

And oft when, in stilliest midnight, my soul
Is borne through the stars to its infinite gaol,
I long to meet thee, my beloved, on that shore,
Where hearts reunite to be sundered no more.

Joy swiftly departeth; soon vanisheth Sorrow;
Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow;
The sun shall be as ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall be king in his glory for aye.

Dublin University Magazine.

WELSH DRINKING.

(*Selected from Memorabilia Bacchanalia, by Nimrod,* in Fraser's Magazine.*)

IN my early days, and in the neighbourhood in which I was born—a very aristocratic one, on the borders of Wales—it was the custom in several houses of gentlemen of great possessions to have a cup, in which what was termed the "freedom of the house" was to be drunk by a person on his first visit to it. Some of these cups, though, perhaps, not equal to that of Hercules, which we are told floored Alexander the Great, were of considerable dimensions, none holding less than a quart, wine-measure; and the drinker had the option of the liquor he would drink in it, provided it contained not *aqua pura*. Were it not for some prominent examples by the great men of antiquity, such as that of Cyrus, for instance, who, in the celebrated letter he wrote to Lacedemon for help, boasted not only of his blood-royal, and his philosophy, but of his being able to drink more wine than his brother, I should be ashamed to say I have drunk at least half-a-score of these cups, but was never much the better for them.† At a bowling-green monthly-meeting, in the beautiful village of Overton, on the road between Ellesmere and Wrexham, and on the banks of the Dee, which was frequented by all the aristocracy of the neighbourhood—for such meetings were once not considered *infra dig*—it was usual to accompany the entry of the name of a new member, with the number of tips, or draughts, in which this cup was drunk off by him. I was on one occasion present when the entry made in the handwriting of the member-elect was (here is Alexander again, in his contest at Babylon with Proteas the Macedonian) "half a tip." On being asked what he meant by "half a tip?" he replied, that TO HIM it was (it held a quart, ale-measure!) but half a tip; so he was ordered to drink the cup again, which order he immediately obeyed, and as such was the act recorded in the book. May we hope, however, that, like Uncle Toby's oath, something may have fallen upon it, and "blotted it out for ever."

In the principality of Wales, and upon the borders, it was the custom to put a handsome brown jug, often accompanied by a (silver) fox's head, on the table with the wine. This was on the principle of the rules of Wednesbury Cocking, where, the song says, every man dined for a groat, provided he first ate a gallon of broth; for, with port at a hundred and forty pounds a pipe, and claret more than double, it would have been a very expensive undertaking to have satisfied the cravings of a good Mayler-hundred‡ party, without a choker of this nature at starting.

At meetings of a certain description—some hunt-dinners, for instance—nothing but ale was put upon the table; and, strange to say, there was a chosen few of the old sort of Britons, commonly called Ancient Britons, who could drink thirty-two half-pints, or two gallons, at a sitting, and ride home afterwards. Never shall I forget a dose I had at one of these meetings (Iscoed Hunt), at which the King of Wales, as Sir Watkin Williams Wynn is called by the Welshmen, was present; and the consequence was, I could not bear even the sight, much less the taste, of ale for the next six weeks.

Although cwrrw-dda, or Welsh ale, is very mild, it is very strong, and a Welshman is generally as proud of it as he is fond of it. I one day witnessed an amusing scene, in the county of Gloucester, where a glass of good mild ale is sought for in vain, owing to the

* Author of "The Turf and the Road;" in the Quarterly Review.

† By the way, will you allow one little note? Did you ever hear the answer one of our own noble lords made to a person who asked him, which could drink most wine, himself, or his noble brother, a good three-bottle man, but also famous for taking especial care of his money. "O," said his lordship, "I have no chance with my brother; he will drink any *given* quantity.

‡ The hundred of Mayler, in Flintshire, was celebrated for hard drinkers.

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nature of the water. An antiquated native squire, however, at whose house I was a guest, was not of my opinion; and, having by accident a Welsh parson at his table, ordered his butler to tap a fresh cask of ale for his reverence. The parson tasted it after his cheese, but praised it not; which called forth the question, "How do you like my ale, sir?"—"Ale!" replied the ancient Briton, smiling; "we should call it very good small beer in Wales." There was not much of courteousness in this reply, but a great deal of truth.

The renowned Mr. Warde, of fox-hunting celebrity, was once heard to say, in one of his merry moods, that "nothing could lie like a ——shire squire." As a parody on his words, I may be allowed to say that, thirty years back, nothing could drink like Welsh squires, which the general hardness of their constitutions enabled them to do with something like comparative impunity. Having lived much amongst them, I could give you very many proofs of their prowess. In fact, they prided themselves on being superior to their neighbours on the borders; and I remember hearing of a relation of my own having boasted that a Cheshire squire was rather a formidable competitor over the bottle, but that no Shropshire gentleman could ever bring out a pimple on his face. Of a real mountain squire, with whose family I am also connected, the following amusing anecdote is related:—A well-known epicure, from the city of Chester, came unexpectedly to visit him, when his housekeeper addressed him in some alarm for the contents of the larder, and no market to be reached under fourteen miles. "Can you give him a good dinner to-day?" asked the squire. On being answered in the affirmative: "Very well, then," he resumed; "*I'll spoil his appetite against to-morrow, or the devil is in him;*" and so he did. I knew a Shropshire lawyer who had one of this genus for a client; and his wife always aired his gouty shoes previous to his annual visit to him, which generally lasted the best part of a week.

A little before my day, but in the same county in which I was born, there was one of the same race—the true race of Ap Shenkin—whose fame for drinking was not, I believe, eclipsed by that of any man. So truly did he associate his darling passion with every act and thought, that when he reached his eightieth year, he was heard to say he had "*tapped* his fourth score." But he was a great eater, as well as a deep drinker; and being a single man, and very rich, his table was supplied with every dainty in season by the following not very unfair bait to those who swallowed it: "I have a little book at home," he would say slyly, in a corner, to such of his friends as had venison, or game, or any other good things to be eaten, "and in that little book is your name." He departed, however, without making a will, at the age of eighty-six. In spite of their drinking, it was no joke waiting for the "dead men's shoes" of these Welsh squires: if they did not die in the seasoning, as we say of coach-horses on the road, it was a tough job for them to kill themselves afterwards. I knew one, who, at the age of thirty, had so much the appearance of having "drunk up his beer," that the corporation of Liverpool granted him an extravagant annuity for a sum of money he advanced them, and he lived to the age of ninety-three! He was a fine specimen of the old breed of country squires, of about 2,000*l.* per annum; on which I was for many years witness to his doing what cannot now be done on an income a third more than that. He had his coach, his hounds, and setting dogs, which he turned out in very excellent form, and netted a vast quantity of game to them; and he kept an excellent and hospitable house. But from the want of having come much in contact with the world, he had a few most rare vagaries. For example, if dinner was not announced exactly as the stable-clock struck two, he would take the bell-rope in his hand, and never cease pulling it till it was announced. Ditto again at the supper-hour.

Just within my recollection, and only a few miles apart, lived another of these originals, who was both an eater and drinker upon system, known by the name of "Tom Eyton of the Mount;" the Mount being the name of his house. It may scarcely be credited at the present day, but this sporting old gentleman—for he followed field-sports, and lived to a great age—would dine with no one unless on the following conditions:—First, that he had a pewter plate; secondly, a hard batter pudding; and, lastly, a very small wine glass, of a certain pattern, which enabled him to drink a bumper to every toast given. My memory just reaches him; but I have him this moment before me in his brown bob-wig and hunting-cap, leather breeches as thick as a bullock's hide, and mounted on a cropped gelding of very noble appearance, but which now would be reckoned scarcely fast enough for the old Salisbury night coach, if such drag be still on the road. But I could go on producing you a string of such characters as these, such as we shall never see again; yet surely they must have been formed physically superior to the present race of gentlemen, for, in addition to the large quantity of wine they drank after dinner, they would be continually drinking large draughts of ale and beer during dinner. They were, to be sure, for the most part, men of great bulk—consequently, of great stowage; but if their stomachs had been gauged two hours after their dinner, it would have surprised the

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half-pint wine-sippers of the present day to have found what a quantity of liquid they contained—and this in addition to the solids. The author of the *Turkish Spy* makes his hero boast of a countryman of his who found, by the feeling of the pulse, that his patient had devoured just four pomegranates and a half; but he does not pretend that the "schygmical art"—everything now must be Greek—could reach the amount of liquids.

Paley says, and says truly, that it is one thing to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard. I am able to produce an excellent illustration of this just distinction in the person and habits of a truly old-fashioned Cheshire squire, who flourished in the days of my youth, and whose equal for native humour, and, indeed, for good humours of all sorts, I have never yet seen. This gentleman was so far removed from a drunkard, that, when at home by himself, a little small beer at dinner, and two glasses of wine (sometimes none of the latter), was his usual quantum; finishing the evening with a walk amongst his workmen in his beautiful park, or perhaps a look at his fox-hounds, of which he was a master for a great many years. Notwithstanding this, I never knew nor heard of his having a party at his own house, or making one at a neighbour's, that he did not get very drunk. Nor was this all. Such was the charm of his conversation—so much of the *urbanus* about him, as Horace calls a pleasant fellow—that it required the aid of philosophy to quit it; and he was, therefore, the cause of many others being also drunk. Then it was amusing to see him, the day following one of these jovial evenings, on the stool of repentance, and protesting against more than a pint of wine that evening. But the pint just did the business—just set his soul afloat; and his usual expression, "I am coming about," delivered with a *simplicity* so peculiar to himself—"the majesty of which," Pope says, "is far above the quaintness of wit"—was the certain prelude to another night's debauch. To show, however, how little such occasional outbreaks injure the constitution of a naturally temperate man, who resides in the country, and takes strong exercise, as he did, this worthy man, this true representative of the old Cheshire squire—a character now lost, having taken its departure as Fielding says, with the ptarmagan and the black-cock—reached nearly, if not quite, the age of fourscore and ten; and only a very few years before his death stuck to his bottle for nearly twelve successive hours. The *occasional* worshippers of Bacchus come off cheaply: 'tis those who imitate the fuddling Silenus that generally drop into an early grave. As a witty old gentleman once said in my hearing of some of his hard-going neighbours, "They never dry their nets."

By way of showing what a revolution has taken place in the temperament and habits of country squires within the last forty years, I may state the fact, that it was only from an accidental occurrence that the gentleman of whom I have been speaking, although possessed of 10,000*l.* a-year in land, kept anything in the shape of a carriage. On being remonstrated with by my father, who found him on his back in the road, returning from a jovial dinner-party, and within an ace of being driven over by a carriage-and-four—and this after he had reached his grand climacteric—that he said, in his usual jocose manner, he thought it was "now time to set up a drinking cart," and he soon afterwards purchased a post-chaise. But everything about this extraordinary character led to some merriment. I remember being in his company one bitterly cold night, when his servant thrice announced his carriage being at the door; but all to no purpose. Coming into the room a fourth time, with a countenance that would well have become Job, he whispered his master that the horses would be starved, and the postilion frozen to his saddle. "Tell John to jumble them about a bit," was all the consolation he could get; and John very properly "jumbled them" into the stable again.

Public dinners, forty years ago, were serious undertakings in a man who had a soul, for he considered slinking away sober from them tantamount to the desertion of a good cause—

> "'Tis your country bids.
> Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call;"
> Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats—
> Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."

With us, hunt-dinners and race-ordinaries were equally trials, and severe ones, to the constitution, owing to the pernicious stuff in the shape of wine we formerly drank. I was once witness to a ludicrous scene, the consequence of the wine being worse than usual on such occasions—I mean race-ordinaries. It occurred at an inn in Hereford, and the late Duke of Norfolk was present. "Suppose," said his grace, "we send for the landlord, and, by way of punishment, make him drink a tumbler of his own wine to all our good healths." The proposal was agreed to *nem. con.* Soon afterwards the duke himself was the toast; when, quaffing a bumper of the vile mixture, which, he said, "was bad to be sure, but much better than none at all," he made the following humorous speech: "Many thanks, gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in drinking my health. It is a long time since I have given a physician a guinea; and I attribute the very good health I enjoy to drinking such excellent wine, two days in the year, *in your company*, at Hereford races." Bad as the wine was, however, it was black and strong, and the duke stuck to it until it was past the

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time for the horses to start. On being reminded of the hour by his chaplain, and that it was time to be off to the course, his grace facetiously observed, as he arose from his chair, "What a pleasant meeting this would be, *were it not for the races*." That it was less annoying to this noble duke than to any other noble duke that I can name, to make such a sacrifice as the one I have been describing, I believe I may assert without fear of contradiction: it must, however, have been no great treat to the "King of Wales" to have left his Laffitte at Wynnstay for the Welsh ale at Iscoed Hunt. But if such oblations were more frequently offered by the aristocracy of England to the middle orders than they now are, they would be as gold to silver in their eyes. I don't allude to political meetings; I mean those which relate to our national sports and pastimes.

But from what I heard of them, fifty years back, Welsh hunt-dinners among the mountains generally partook of the rudeness of the country, and uproarious quarrelling was too often the result. The last of these meetings of any note was at a village called Caros, in the county of Denbigh, which was attended by gentlemen of the highest respectability in the northern principality, and lasted, I believe, for some days. Notwithstanding this, appeals to the fist were so common among the members, that it was the remark of a facetious old gentleman in the adjoining county, that when he saw a neighbour on his return from Caros Hunt, the question he put to him was not "What sport?" but "*Who fought?*" Blessed be our stars! such barbarous days have passed away; and Holywell Hunt, in North Wales, now stands high among provincial sporting meetings, although racing is the principal amusement of the week.

I have had a taste, and not a bad one, of Scotch drinking, which was formerly carried to a great pitch, and particularly, I believe, in the good town of Edinburgh. But in some parts of the country, and at certain houses, it was considered an insult to the laird if a guest was able to walk without help to his bed. Thus Burt, in his letters, when describing the hospitality of the house of Culloden, says, that Mr. Hector Scott, father of the late baillie Scott, when a guest there, was, on one occasion, so overtaken by the jolly god as to be unable to rise from the ground, even with help. One of the party approached him with the following line in his mouth:—

"Hector, arise, thou mighty son of *Priam*:"

when Scott, who was clever at impromptu rhyme, proved by his answer that Bacchus, after all, was no match for Apollo, by immediately exclaiming,—

"Was ever mortal man so drunk as *I am*?"

I have witnessed some desperate drinking in the Emerald Isle. Indeed, it has been written of the Irish—famed, also, for their hospitality—that they make you welcome by making you drunk. But it is to this generous virtue—excess of hospitality—that excess in wine is in great part to be attributed. Then, again, Irish gentlemen have long been renowned for one incentive to drinking beyond the excellence of their punch and claret,—namely, the novelty and point of their convivial toasts. This once called forth the cutting remark, that an Irish squire spent one half of his day in inventing toasts, and the other half in drinking them. That they have prided themselves on their prowess in "disc compotations" is very well known; and the following anecdote tends to establish this fact. A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. "Blood an ounds! my dear fellow," said he, "what are you about? For the honour of Tipperary, don't be after sitting over a pint of wine in a house like this?" "Make yourself asy, countryman," was the reply; "it's the *seventh* I have had, and every one in the room knows it."

Notes of a Reader.

"LIVE-OAKERS" OF AMERICA.

THE following extract from Audubon's *Ornithological Biography* affords an idea of the manner in which the oaks used for naval architecture are obtained in Florida:—

"Our repast was an excellent one, and vied with a Kentucky breakfast; beef, fish, potatoes, and other vegetables, were served up, with coffee in tin cups, and plenty of biscuit. Every man seemed hungry and happy, and the conversation assumed the most humorous character. The sun now rose above the trees, and all, excepting the cook, proceeded to the hummock, on which I had been gazing with great delight, as it promised rare sport. My host, I found, was the chief of the party; and although he also had an axe, he made no other use of it than for stripping here and there pieces of bark from certain trees which he considered of doubtful soundness. He was not only well versed in his profession, but generally intelligent, and from him I received the following account, which I noted at the time.

"The men who are employed in cutting the live oak, after having discovered a good hummock, build shantees of small logs, to retire to at night, and feed in by day. Their provisions consist of beef, pork, potatoes, biscuit, flour, rice, and fish, together with excellent whisky. They are mostly hale, strong, and active men, from the eastern parts of the Union, and receive excellent wages, according to their different abilities. Their labours

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are only of a few months' duration. Such hummocks as are found near navigable streams are first chosen, and when it is absolutely necessary, the timber is sometimes hauled five or six miles to the nearest watercourse, where, although it sinks, it can, with comparative ease, be shipped to its destination. The best time for cutting the live oak is considered to be from the first of December to the beginning of March; or while the sap is completely down. When the sap is flowing, the tree is "bloom," and more apt to be "shaken." The white-rot, which occurs so frequently in the live-oak, and is perceptible only by the best judges, consists of round spots, about an inch and a half in diameter, on the outside of the bark, through which, at that spot, a hard stick may be driven several inches, and generally follows the heart up or down the trunk of the tree. So deceiving are these spots and trees to persons unacquainted with this defect, that thousands of trees are cut and afterwards abandoned. The great number of trees of this sort strewn in the woods would tend to make a stranger believe that there is much more good oak in the country than there really is; and perhaps, in reality, not more than one-fourth of the quantity usually reported, is to be procured.

"The Live-oakers generally revisit their distant homes in the Middle and Eastern districts, where they spend the summer, returning to the Floridas at the approach of winter. Some, however, who have gone there with their families, remain for years in succession; although they suffer much from the climate, by which their once good constitutions are often greatly impaired. This was the case with the individual above mentioned, from whom I subsequently received much friendly assistance in my pursuits."

WOMAN.

By David Lester Richardson.

THE day-god sitting on his western throne,
With all his "gorgeous canopy of clouds"—
The gentle moon, that meekly disenshrouds
Her beauty when the solar glare is gone—
The myriad eyes of night—the pleasant tone
Of truant rills, when o'er the pebbled ground
Their silver voices tremble—the calm sound
Of rustling leaves in noon-tide forests lone—
The cheerful song of birds—the hum of bees—
The zephyr's dance, that like the footing fine
Of moonlight fays, scarce prints the glassy seas—
Are *all* enchantments! But, oh! what are these,
When music, poetry, and love combine
In WOMAN'S voice and lineaments divine!

—From *Friendship's Offering* for 1836; other extracts from which will be found in the SUPPLEMENT, published with the present Number.

"SO VERY PRECOSE."

WERE it possible to do without beef and mutton, and divers other refreshments for the animal body, I would make larger disbursements upon the intellectual soul, and take most of the periodicals of the present day. Believe me, sir, yours should not be omitted,—for a greater treat to the general reader cannot, in reason, be demanded, even in these low-priced days, for the small charge of half-a crown. Also, believe me, the general reader looks for *amusement*. Many, like myself, are too old for *instruction;* and, really, half the world, if not more, are almost inclined to kick at the term, since knowledge has become so vulgar and so cheap. Autopsy omnibusses, jenny-spinning operatives,—all such disgusting jargon has long been in fashion in the cockney world,—and we hear of its spreading into the rural districts. We shall, I conclude, soon hear the farmer telling his *arator* to go to his agrarian operations, and the cleanser of a ditch to his geology. Nor is this any conceit of mine; for I read, in one of those paste-and-scissors compositions which are floating about England, the following absurdity, a few months since. "If a man (a London operative, mind ye!) takes a walk into the country, and picks up a lump of dirt, *that is geology.*" Bah! I knew the world in its (comparative) ignorance, and can only say it was then much better behaved than it now is; and so would thousands of the advocates for this twopenny-halfpenny knowledge be obliged to admit, if they looked to facts and not to theory; and that, instead of its being, as Shakspeare says of real knowledge, "the wing wherewith we fly to heaven," it is evidently wafting us t'other road. We had no rick-burners then; very few forgers; no footmen talking about the immortality of their souls when waiting at dinner, at the same time knocking out young ladies' teeth with bread-baskets, as they flounce round the room, which was the case some six or eight months back, in London; and then standing with arms a-kimbo before a London magistrate, when pulled up for the assault. No; the question then was not, "To be, or *not* to be?" but "*to be*," if the master ordered it, and the demand were not unreasonable. But they may kick as they will,—there must and will be a top-sawyer in all civilized countries, so long as the world stands; and we might as well throw the reins upon the foot-board, as Jack Moody did on the Exeter mail, and tell the four horses to "divide the work between them," as to expect the lying axiom as the *Quarterly Review* calls it, of all men being born equal, ever to go down with English gentlemen. But, really, a person who breathed in the last century, appears at present to move in another sphere—so very *precose*, as my French gardener calls early potatoes, has human intellect now become. As for the promising four-year old (see a late *Bristol Journal*), who can read four dead languages, Hebrew one of them, with the types up, or the types down, why, that is not more a proof of the world itself being upside-down than of

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the excellent swallow of the Bristol editor, or of his kind friend who furnished him with the anecdote, neither of whom, as we say in the stable, by any means required the assistance of the balling-iron.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

BENEFITS ARISING OUT OF PAIN.

It is a curious circumstance, (says Dr. Garnett,) in his lectures on Zoonomia,) that a moderate degree of pain, when unaccompanied by fever, often tends to render the understanding more clear, lively, and active. This is confirmed by the experience of people labouring under gout. We have an account of a man who possessed very ordinary powers of understanding, but who exhibited the strongest marks of intelligence and genius in consequence of a severe blow on the head; but that he lost these powers when he recovered from the effects of the blow. Pechlin mentions a young man, who, during a complaint originating from worms, possessed an astonishing memory and lively imagination, both of which he nearly lost by being cured. Haller mentions a man who was enabled to see in the night, while his eyes were inflamed, but lost this power as he got well. All these facts show, that a certain action or energy is necessary for the performance of any of the functions of the body or mind; and whatever increases this action will, within certain limits, increase those functions.—(p. 91.)

J. F.

COMPARISON OF MEN WITH ANIMALS.

Of all the species of animals which exist on the surface of the earth, man alone exhibits an excessive disparity in his attainments at remote periods of his history. In animals, each individual attains the complete use of all its faculties; and this, even though successive generations of the tribe be separated from each other by a long lapse of time. With many animals, nothing in the shape of instruction is needed. The insect tribes at once proceed in the course that nature has designed for them. No sooner does the egg burst, than the larva sets itself about the business of its existence; it swims expertly through the water, and seeks out its appropriate food. Led by an unerring instinct, it approaches the surface of the pool, or climbs the stalk of some aquatic plant; and ere the spectator has time to mark the change, it launches off into an untried element, and is undistinguished amid the thousands that have had the long experience of an hour. Some, again, wake to life in the tough bark, and eat their vermicular way through the sap-wood; till, when the metamorphosis draws near, they suck the outer rind, cut it with their mandibles, elevate their elytra, unfold from beneath their delicate wings, and use with the utmost ease their newly-acquired powers and senses. Ascending (as it is termed) the scale of existence, we find the elements of tuition begin to appear. The birds, for the most part, educate their young; they lead them by short flights to seek their food, and only abandon them after their powers are fully developed. The same remark holds good of many of the quadrupeds. In all cases, however, the powers arrived at are nearly the same, with each individual of a species. But when we reach the top of the scale, how different! The young of the human species receive not merely that tuition which is common to all mammalia, but also a distinct kind of education, which conveys the fruits of the experience of all the preceding generations. Man lives to add to that experience; and though his physical powers reach to their full developement, the entire man knows nothing of maturity. Powers of which our ancestors were ignorant, are now wielded by us; while we, in our turn, are opening the way for other and more transcendent powers to be employed by our descendants. The burrowing bee still uses the same instrument to pierce the downright shaft, and to cluster round it the beautifully smoothed cells. Still she selects the hard-beaten soil, whence the wind may sweep the dust that otherwise would betray her labours. The sand-spider still uses the same cement to form the walls of her retreat, and to weave her branchy net. But man is found at one time burying himself in the ground, at another tearing the rocks asunder to rear magnificent palaces. Here he draws his sustenance from the ocean, there he cultivates the ground; here he clothes himself in the skin of the wild beast, there he wears the delicate web, and prides himself in the splendour of his apparel. With man there is no permanence; every thing is changing, and each season adds to his powers and comfort. He seems to possess an endless variety of appetites, that are only called into action as opportunity offers for their gratification; there lurks within him an immense variety of powers, of which only a few are called into active use by any individual. Among animals, the history of an individual is almost the history of the race; but the story of the life of man is ever changing; and the mode of living of one nation appears incredible to another. Man is possessed of a highly muscular and pliable form, capable of enduring long and vigorous exertion; the tenderness of his limbs prohibits the direct employment of his powers. The animals are invariably supplied with instruments fit for the various operations they have to perform. The bee has the proboscis to reach the nectary; the burrowing animals have claws for digging the earth, and the beasts of prey for tearing their food. But man works by *tools*. The capability of employing inanimate matter, of making it, as it

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more, a part of himself, is peculiar to man; only faint traces of that power are to be perceived among the animal tribes. In man it is completely developed; for, on reflection, we at once perceive that almost every operation which we perform, is done by the assistance of tools of one kind or another.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

CONSUMPTION OF STAPLE ARTICLES IN ENGLAND.

The following is an accurate estimate of the home consumption of England in the great staple articles of commerce and manufactures.—Of wheat, fifteen million quarters are annually consumed in Great Britain; this is about a quarter of wheat to each individual. Of malt, twenty-five million bushels are annually used in breweries and distilleries in the United Kingdom, and there are forty-six thousand acres under cultivation with hops. Of the quantity of potatoes, and other vegetables consumed we have no accounts. Of meat, about one million two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, sheep, and pigs, are sold during the year in Smithfield market alone, which is, probably about a tenth of the consumption of the whole kingdom. The quantity of tea consumed in the United Kingdom is about thirty million pounds annually. Of sugar, nearly four million hundred-weights, which is a consumption of twenty pounds for every individual, reckoning the population at twenty-five millions: and of coffee about twenty million pounds are annually consumed. Of soap, one hundred and fourteen million pounds are consumed: and of candles, about a hundred and seventeen million pounds. Of clothing, we annually manufacture about two hundred million pounds of cotton wool, which produces twelve hundred million yards of calico, and various other cotton fabrics; and of these we export about a third, so that eight hundred million yards remain for home consumption, being about thirty-two yards annually for each person: the woollen manufacture consumes about thirty million pounds of wool.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

The Gatherer.

Quin, in his old age, became a great gourmand; and, among other things, invented a composition which he called his *Siamese Soup*, pretending that its ingredients were principally from the East. The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The *rage* at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the receipt, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the *Siamese soup*. His female friends Quin was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was, accordingly, projected by a dozen *bon vivants* of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters: abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length, he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the receipt before they departed—an invitation which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and, when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as *Siamese soup*. The company were in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the receipt. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off, and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither he nor they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well, then, gentlemen," said he, "in the first place, take an old pair of boots—"—"What! an old pair of boots!"—"The older the better."—(They stared at each other.)—"Cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water—(they hesitated)—chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water."—"Why, Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed, "you do not mean to say that the soup we have been drinking was made of old boots!"—"I do, gentlemen," he replied, "my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient; in an instant horror was depicted in each countenance.

W. G. C.

Among the Burmese, everything belonging to the king, has the word shoe, or gold, prefixed to it, gold being among them the type of excellence; and the king is never mentioned but in conjunction with that precious metal.

On the return of Count de Segur from America, he brought a negro boy with him, and as they passed through the highly culti-

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vated environs of Brest, the boy burst into a loud laugh, and seemed scarcely able to contain himself for joy. "Why, Aza," said the count, "what has come to you?" "Only see, master! only see!" rejoined the boy, roaring with laughter, and pointing to the fields, where a number of peasants were busy digging ditches; "the whites are at work, I declare they are working just as we do!"

Newspaper Reporting.—When the tax on newspapers, proposed by Mr. Pitt, in 1789, was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Drake said that he disliked the tax, and would oppose it from a motive of gratitude, for the gentlemen concerned in writing for them had been particularly kind to him: they had made him deliver many well-shaped speeches, though he was convinced he had never spoken so well in his whole life.

A young preacher, who was holding forth in a country congregation, with rather more show, in the opinion of some, than substance; after discussing certain heads in his way, he informed his audience that he would conclude with a few reflections. An old man who seemed not highly gratified, gave a significant shrug of his shoulders, and said in a low tone of voice, "Ye need na fash, there will be plenty of reflexions, I'se warn ye, though ye dinna make ony yersel."

Spanish Epitaph.—The following is a singular epitaph:—"Here lies Don Martin John Barbuda, grand-master of Alcantara, who never knew what fear was."—Charles V. of Germany, on reading the conceited lines, remarked that Don Martin had, probably, never snuffed a candle with his fingers. J. A.

Quills are the *pinions* of one goose, and are sometimes used to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

Duelling.—At a late duel, in Kentucky, the parties discharged their pistols without effect: whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary: "For," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half-hour." J. A.

The Greek women of Asia are *chef d'œuvres* of creation — imagination, grace, and voluptuousness sparkle in their eyes. The female Greeks of the Morea and the Isles have fresh-looking but hard features; and their eyes, dark and fiery, want the sweet, languishing expression which bespeaks mildness and sensibility. The eyes of the one race may be likened to ardent coals; those of the other to a lambent flame veiled by humid vapours.—*De Lamartine.*

Novel ideas must not be judged of by the disdain with which they inspire their contemporaries; all great thoughts have been received as strangers in the world.—*Ibid.*

Introducing Songs.—There was a farce called "Gretna Green," acted some fifty odd years ago at the Haymarket, in which it was judged advisable for Mr. Bannister, (we rejoice to hear that he is yet alive, and in good health,) who enacted the lover, to sing a song called "The Siege of Gibraltar." We forget the precise words, but, speaking of some difficulty in which he found himself, he was made to say, in complaining of it, "I declare one might almost as well have been at the Siege of Gibraltar"—up struck the orchestra, and in two minutes he was singing—

September the 13th, proud Bourbon may mourn,
With shot
Red hot
Don Moreno was torn.

Or perhaps a better precedent for the manner in which the duet is introduced, may be found in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," where one of the Kings of Brentford says—

"Now then, to serious counsel let's advance.

And the other answers—

I do agree—but first let's have a dance.

Athenæum.

A collector waited on a penurious person, and solicited his contribution for a public improvement:—"I would advise you to part with what you can well spare," said the collector. "You can enable me to do that," replied the churl; "your company can be very well spared."

Franking.—In May, 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from the Parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. It contained a clause, that any member, who from illness or any other cause, should be unable to write, might authorise another person to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member should give a certificate, under his own hand, of his inability to write. J. A.

Several of our young men of fashion have, it is said, lately adopted the plan of having their clothes made without pockets; and, as their tailors allege, for the best possible reason. J. A.

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The Oriental Annual.

[This volume completes the first series of the work, describing Scenes in India. It is, in every particular, equal to its predecessors: the engravings have rather advanced than retrograded, and the letter-press abounds with entertaining, descriptive variety. Of the former we are enabled, by permission of the publishers, to present the reader with a specimen on the prefixed page.

The Illustrations are twenty-two in number, as heretofore, from drawings by Daniell. Five of them have been engraved by Brandard, two by John Page, and the remainder by the best engravers employed on the former. We will endeavour to characterize them; though their delicate execution and high finish must be seen to be appreciated—as the Harbour of Mascat, with its horseshoe range of rocks; Fort Jellali, and its beautiful Hindoo masonry; the Adjutant on a Mangrove, an exquisite vignette; the Rich Mahomedan, smoking his hookah in a veranda of his princely, magnificent mansion; the Choultry at Madara, the most remarkable structure of its kind in Hindostan; the Temple at Trilchengur, one of the most elegant specimens of Hindoo architecture in this part of the peninsula; the venerable Brahminee Bulls, with their loads of consecrated flesh, sleek and fat to excess; the young, superbly dressed Hindoo woman of high caste; the Banks of the Baliapatam River, with the palace of a native chieftain on a romantic hill; a delightful seclusion on the Coast of Malabar, with its tall trees and mirroring water; the Coorg Rajah's park, with Ceylonese or Moose Deer, and a gigantic pine-apple; the terrific Fight between a Buffalo and Lion, the former larger than a Durham ox; the Monkey and Crow; the Mountain Shore near Mascat, its curious, conical rock and Mahratta pirate-boats; Bombay Harbour, with its graceful cocoa-nut trees in the foreground, and the town clearly seen; the Tomb of the Patan Chief at Delhi, with its ample dome; other Patan Tombs, with domes and minarets, the caparisoned Elephant, and attendants; the colossal Elephant, "hewn out of a rock" at Elephanta; the celebrated Cave there; and the stupendous Caves at Salsette. These note lines may convey some idea of the varied picturesqueness and striking interest of the Engravings, which altogether form one of the finest collections yet presented to the patrons of the graphic art.

We shall next quote a few extracts, anecdotic and descriptive, as specimens of the information and amusement of the volume, edited, as before, by the Rev. H. Caunter, B.D. At a splendid entertainment at Tanore, were introduced several]

NAUTCH GIRLS.

The two principal were extremely pretty, with figures of the most delicate symmetry. They wore silk trousers of a pale scarlet, gathered round the ankles, below which a thin, gold bangle embraced the small, delicate leg. From these were suspended minute, silver bells, that kept a gentle and by no means disagreeable tinkling, as these oriental figurantes went through the various evolutions of their native dances. Upon the upper part of their persons they wore white jackets closely fitted to the shape, terminating in a short skirt, which descended loosely over the hip, but was left open in front, so as to expose the trousers; under this jacket a transparent petticoat hung as far as the knee. Over the head and shoulders was thrown a veil of beautiful, thin gauze, which crossed the bosom, and, when spread open, was made occasionally to hide the entire figure of the dancer; at each corner was a rich tassel of gold or silver bullion. This veil the nautch girls manage with great grace and skill in their dances, one while peeping from beneath it with an arch expression of unequivocal meaning, at another exposing the whole countenance, beaming with a radiance that only makes the beholder regret that so much beauty should be allied to so much depravity. The eye is usually lit up with earnest animation, every feature being refulgent with expression, that, but for the revolting leaven of sensuality which appears to give it life, would be entrancing to gaze and to dwell upon.

Nothing can exceed the transcendent beauty, both in form and lineament, of these degraded women, whose lives are as abandoned as their persons are frequently enchanting. Although generally accompanied by the most debauched of their sex, they are, nevertheless, continually engaged at large entertainments, even by Europeans, for the purpose of amusing their wives and daughters, as well as the wives and daughters of their guests. It must be confessed, however, that when they are admitted into houses to perform before persons of character, they never, in the slightest degree, offend against propriety; upon these especial occasions, nothing can be more modest than their dress and demeanour, while the gentle grace of their movements and attitudes is often unrivalled. Their dances, generally speaking, are much more decent than those encouraged in the theatres of Europe, which young and innocent girls are permitted to behold and applaud without a blush.

The great charm of the Indian dances consists almost wholly in those elegant attitudes which they allow the dancer to display. You see no prodigious springs, no vehement pirouettes, no painful tension of the muscles, or extravagant contortions of the limbs; none of that exquisite precision of step and pedal

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dexterity which constitute the chief charm of European artists. You see no violent sawing of the arms, no unnatural curving of the limbs, no bringing of the legs at right angles with the trunk; no violent hops, and jerks, and dizzy gyrations. The nautch girl advances gracefully before her audience, her arms moving in unison with her tiny, naked feet, which, although not like snow in hue, still "fall on earth as mute," gliding through the evolutions of a simple figure, without any of that exertion inseparable from European dances as exhibited before public audiences. She occasionally turns quickly round, by which the loose folds of her thin petticoat are expanded, and the heavy, silk border with which it is trimmed opens into a circle round her, showing for an instant the beautiful outline of her form, draped with the most becoming and judicious taste. Although in description the perfections of this style of dancing may appear but negative, their effects are, nevertheless, positive upon the beholder. The ornaments worn by these women are often of considerable value. Their throats are usually encircled with several necklaces, sometimes composed of pearls, sometimes of gold curiously wrought. A large jewel hangs from the right nostril, suspended by a plain, gold ring. On the forehead, just between the eyebrows, they always wear an ornament, which has, no doubt, given rise to the Sevigné now almost universally worn by European ladies. The most unpleasant part of the nautch is the dissonant music with which it is accompanied, and in which the dancers themselves every now and then join with voices as shrill and unmusical as the note of the peacock.

BURYING ALIVE.

It is the custom, when a woman of the weaver caste sacrifices herself to the manes of her husband, to descend with his body alive into the grave, which is dug near some sacred river; but if the parties dwell at a distance from any holy stream, then the grave is prepared near the most sacred spot in the vicinity. It is dug very deep and large; and, after a number of initiatory rites, as unintelligible as they are fantastical, the widow takes a formal leave of her friends, who are always present upon these melancholy occasions, and descends into the chamber of death. It frequently happens that she is so stupified with opium as to be scarcely conscious of what she is about, but goes through the necessary forms with mere mechanical insensibility. As soon as she reaches the bottom of the pit, to which she descends by a rude ladder, the latter is withdrawn, and she is left alone with the body of her deceased husband, generally in a revolting state of decay: this she embraces, clasping it to her bosom without the slightest expression of disturbance at the effluvia it emits. Having finished her disgusting caresses, she places it upon her lap, and gives the signal for the last act of this shocking scene to commence, which is even more dreadful than immolation upon the funeral pile. The earth is now deliberately thrown upon her, while two persons descend into the grave to trample it tightly round the self-devoted sacrificant. During this tardy but terrible process, the doomed woman sits an unconcerned spectator, occasionally caressing the corpse, and looking with an expression of almost sublime triumph, as the earth embraces her body, at the anticipated honours which await her in the paradise of her god. The hands of her own children are perhaps at that very moment heaping around her the cold dust into which she is so soon to be resolved. At length, all but her head is covered, when the pit is hurriedly filled in, and her nearest relatives dance over her inhumed body with those frantic gestures which, whether they betoken ecstacy or madness, it is difficult on witnessing them to decide.

THE TIGER HUNT. (*See the Engraving.*)

During our stay at Madura, we joined a party of sportsmen in pursuit of small game in a jungle about six or seven miles' distance. The officers of the garrison made up the party, in order to give us some idea of the sport which the neighbourhood afforded, and we started soon after daylight for the jungle. Several natives of rank, belonging to the Nawaub of Arcot's court, joined us on their elephants; while ours were hired from a sort of jobbing merchant in the town, who was accustomed to lend them by the day for a tolerably extravagant remuneration. The ride before we came to the place where we had agreed to meet the native sportsmen who were to join us was extremely pleasant. The morning was fresh, and the face of the country beautiful, rising gradually as we advanced, and at every turn of the road opening before us into an extensive view of the distant plains which sloped towards the coast, and then swelled into lofty hills towards Cape Comorin. The elephants moved on at a brisk pace, and we were at the ground before the sun was much above the horizon. At first we found the jungles so inconveniently thick, that I began to fear we should lose all chance of obtaining a haunch of venison or the chine of a wild hog, both of which we expected to secure, as there were several of our party who were reputed excellent shots.

We threaded the forest for some time, but neither hog nor deer was roused. As we advanced, and the elephant on which I rode was making its way through a thick tuft of jungle-grass, out started seven or eight little pigs, squeaking and running in all directions between the elephant's legs, preceded by the

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mother, which escaped into the thicket before any of the party had time to take a deliberate aim at her. Her little family expeditiously followed her, except one, upon which the elephant had trodden in their first unexpected eruption, and crushed every bone in its skin. The underwood was too close and tangled to attempt pursuing the mother of the brood; we therefore took the more practicable part of the jungle, which soon opened into a large space comparatively clear of wood. Upon one side there was an abrupt ascent thinly scattered with trees, and on the top were a few native huts, composing a small picturesque hamlet in the heart of an extensive forest. While the beaters were in the thicket shouting to scare the game into the open vista, an old elephant upon which one of the officers rode, accompanied by a wealthy native, was seen to fix its eye upon a spot where there was a tolerably thick growth of high grass and underwood. In a short time something was seen to move on this spot, when the elephant, cautiously retreating, forced its body among the bushes of a thorny tree which grew with great luxuriance just on the edge of the vista. A moment after, springing violently forward, its riders were dismounted by the shock, and lodged, together with the Mahoot, among the boughs of the prickly canopy. The sagacious creature having reached the place whence it had previously retreated. with a sudden, sharp cry plunged its head into the grass. In a few minutes it raised itself; a tiger crawled from the covert, and lay panting against a bank with two terrific wounds through its body. The elephant, now seeing that no further danger was to be apprehended, went back to the tree, thrust its body among the branches as before, allowed its disconcerted riders to remount, then advanced once more towards its dying enemy, and repeated the infliction; at the same moment a shikarry terminated the tiger's sufferings by shooting it through the head. Having skinned the beautiful beast, we returned with this trophy of our success, and with several fine deer, which we had the good fortune to encounter on our way. Thus, upon the whole, we had reason to be satisfied with our day's sport.

JEWS AT BOMBAY.

The scene upon the esplanade during our stay was usually animated, and frequently reminded us of a far disant, but far dearer land. The cadets, who lived in a small inclosed encampment without the fort, used to play at cricket every afternoon towards sunset, and the game was often contested with great spirit and skill. One morning a Jew ventured within the inclosure occupied by these young men, and offered for sale some bottles of atar of roses. He had already presented himself at the door of my tent, showing me his perfume as an extraordinary bargain; and I had purchased a small bottle from him for which I paid him a rupee, a very trifling sum considering the value of the perfume. He, however, stated, that having obtained it from an Arab ship wrecked near Cochin, he was enabled to sell it for a mere trifle. I had not the slightest suspicion that I was not purchasing genuine atar, though I was dealing with a Jew. Shortly after he left me I opened the bottle and found in it nothing but cocoa-nut oil, the cork having been scented to disguise the imposture.

The Jews at Bombay are just as practised in deceptions of this kind and in the art of chaffering as their brethren of Rosemary-lane or Monmouth-street in the other hemisphere. In the present instance, the imposter did not escape with impunity; for the moment he had sold one bottle within the cadet encampment, it was opened, and the deception detected. A hue and cry was instantly raised, and the Jew seized by a dozen strong, young men just fresh from Europe. He was tried upon the spot by a sort of drum-head court-martial, and unanimously sentenced to be tossed in a blanket. He petitioned loudly to be released, fell upon his knees, shed tears, poked his broad forehead into the palm of his hand, and supplicated with abject entreaties that he might be allowed to depart. When asked to return the money for his counterfeit perfume, he solemnly swore he was the most ill-used man in the world, as the Sahibs had taken his oil but forgotten to pay him for it. He would rather have parted with his heart's blood than with the rupees.

No blanket being at hand, as such a thing is not commonly used in that warm country, a carpet was taken up from one of the tents, the Jew tumbled into it neck over heels, and the next moment he was tossed as if from a bull's horns by the hearty exertions of eighteen youths, who felt they were administering summary justice upon a scoundrel who had been guilty of a daring and audacious fraud. It was ridiculous to see the unhappy Jew darting into the air, sometimes with his head uppermost, at others with his feet,—now describing a broken arch, then so many crooked lines, and roaring all the while like a gored ox. This well-deserved punishment was continued for about five minutes; he was then rolled out of the carpet, without having sustained the slightest injury. No sooner did he feel the ground, than he was on his legs in an instant, and darted from the scene of his disgrace with the agility of a greyhound.

[The binding is of the same characteristic excellence as in previous years: the freighted elephant, the serpents, and the cocoa-nut-tree bearing the label, are ingeniously designed.]

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Friendship's Offering.

[The editorship of this volume has been confided to Mr. W. H. Harrison, author of Tales of a Physician. It has the usual modicum of unaffected pleasantry, checkered with natural pathos, appealing to the feelings and fancies of the reader. Thus, in prose, we find the pungent humour of the author of Tuckleborough Hall and Douglas Jerrold; the neatly-wrought fiction of the author of Chartley; a clever parallel by the author of Sketches of Corfu; and a tale of ancient history, by W. C. Taylor, LL.D.; besides a few jaunty papers by the Editor: but one of the most striking stories is the Countess, by the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton. Our extract is without a name, but of untiring interest:]

A TALE OF THE NORTH ROAD.

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable."

The desolate range of chalk hills, just beyond Dunstable, seems, from a very early period, to have been a kind of "land-debateable," of honest men and rogues. From those days, when the toiling monk, seated at his desk, in the sunny oriel, set about inditing every particular which his wonder-loving contemporaries detailed to him, to those matter-of-fact times, when the "penny-per-liner," in his Grub-street attic, manufactured "horrid murders," and "highway robberies," for the delectation of the readers of the Flying Post and Daily Courant, was this warfare, in which, as generally happens, the rogues had the best of it, there carried on. But as might well be expected, the tales of the monkish chronicler far exceed, in picturesque interest, those of the Grub-street wonder-maker. The picture of the band of bold outlaws, issuing from their leafy coverts among the Buckinghamshire woods, and attacking the rear guard of the kings household, as, with their heavily laden wains, they journeyed along at the rate of three miles an hour, towards the palace of Dunstable, possesses far more of the romantic, than the account of "the fair complexioned young man, with brown Ramilies wig and suit of light chocolate, who, attended by six men, did, on the night of the 17th instant, set upon the York Dispatch, and did take from thence all the trunks, mails, and baggage, shooting the coachman dead upon the spot, and grievously wounding two gentlemen, whose names we forbear at the present to mention."

Rather more than one hundred years ago, a singular occurrence on this "land-debateable" took place, the particulars of which we will now proceed to relate to our readers.

It was autumn, and evening was just closing in, when a horseman stopped at the small inn that stood at the extreme margin of this celebrated part of the Northern Road; and, ere the landlord was aware of the presence of a guest, he had dismounted, and entered the bar.

"A cold and bad night coming on, your honour," said Boniface, with one of his lowest bows; for, partly by the fading light, and partly by the cheerful blaze of the large fire, he had already discovered, that the cloak in which the stranger was wrapt was of the finest scarlet cloth, and that the narrow gold lace that edged the three-cornered hat was no counterfeit, but the genuine manufacture of Little Britain. Satisfied, therefore, that the stranger must have "money in his purse," he proceeded to suggest the propriety of preparing a warm posset for the master, and a feed of corn for the horse.

"No, no, master landlord," said the stranger, "a draught of your best ale will do; I've some miles to ride to-night."

"Surely your honour can never think of crossing the hill," cried Boniface; "'tis perilous, indeed, and night coming on."

"Alack, sir!" interposed the hostess, "'tis indeed a sad night—it will rain, your honour, and perhaps snow. Farmer Gubbins' lad, this time last year, went out to seek some sheep, on just such a night, and he was found next morning, your honour, stiff, quite stiff."

"But, good dame," replied the stranger, laughing; "he had but two legs to help him, and I have four.

"Ay, sir, but the road is desperately bad;" persisted the landlady, determined to make a bold stroke for a guest.

"And truly, your honour," responded the landlord, taking up the cue, "a gentleman's coach and six broke down, near the top of the hill, though three boys were scotching the wheels; there is a great pit-fall, too, out yonder."

"But, good man, you forget the moon that is to rise in half an hour;" said the stranger, and he drew from his pocket a huge, gold repeater, of almost the size and shape of a turnip.

"Your honour had better be cautious;" whispered the landlady, pointing to the adjoining kitchen, where several rustics were sitting.

The stranger laughed at her praiseworthy caution. "Nay, good woman, I have no fear of highwayman."

"Heaven grant your honour may meet none!—but your honour had better stay."

"I cannot, my good woman,—I leave England to-morrow; so be quick."

"Then your honour will go on?" said the landlord, bringing the pewter tankard, and the long stemmed glass. "But I trust," he continued, lowering his voice, and looking oracular—"you carry but little about you."

"Naught but what I can well afford to lose," replied the traveller, with a careless laugh, and a slap on his waistcoat pocket.

A deep, but suppressed sigh seemed to

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form an echo to these words; and the traveller looked toward the kitchen from whence it appeared to proceed; the rustics, however, who were discussing their ale, were in too merry a mood to allow a sigh to escape them; but in the farther corner, he perceived a well dressed young man sitting thoughtfully, with his arms folded on his breast.

"Please your honour, gie us summut to drink your honour's health;" said one of the rustics, coming forward, and making his very lowest bow.

"Well, my lad," replied the good-humoured stranger, "I don't care if I give you a Queen Anne's half-crown, to drink confusion to all Pretenders and Jacobite plots; for they do sore damage to our London trade—so here it is, and much good may it do you."

Not stopping to receive the vociferous thanks of the delighted rustics, the traveller threw down his reckoning, wrapt his scarlet rocquelaure closely round him, and proceeded to remount his good steed. "Farewell, master landlord;" said he, "I have never yet met a highwayman, and 'twill be strange if I do to-night."

Onward rode our cavalier, scarcely heeding the coming darkness—perchance, because he was bent on some expidition of high emprize—perchance wrapt in sweet musings on his lady. Alas! romance-loving reader—the age of chivalry had long passed away: it was the era of Dutch taste, and of Franch poetry—the prosing, matter-of-fact, earlier half of the 18th century—the year 1720. And well fitted for the age was our hero. He was no knight, pricking forth in search of adventures, but Mr. James Clementson, the "substantial" Hamburgh merchant of Mincing Lane: his thoughts most probably engaged upon his bales of merchandise, or, if a female name arose to his tender recollections, amid the softening influences of "the twilight hour," it was that of "De vrow Johanna," the gallant barque which, on the morrow, was to convey him far beyond the pleasant chime of Bow-bells. Well, onward rode Mr. Clementson, looking and steering due southward. But what was that light echo, which followed each almost noiseless tread of Strawberry's hoofs on the soft chalky road? He looked back, and perceived a well-mounted horse-man making directly towards him. Flight was vain, for the middle of that disolate road had scarcely been reached, and his pursurer was gaining fast upon him. "A highwayman, truly!" said he: "it is well I have pistols for him."

The well mounted pursuer soon drew up close beside him. "I have a request, sir, which you must not refuse;" said he, in a low and hurried tone.

Mr. Clementson recognised in his pursurer the young man whom he had just before seen seated in the inn kitchen; and struck with his bewildered air, and the irresolute tone in which he addressed him, his curiosity now almost superseded anger. "What is this the new method of saying 'stand and deliver?'" said he.

"I have a ring, sir," replied the other, endeavouring by a violent effort to suppress his agitation, and, extending a ring with the left hand, while the other grasped a pistol; "and for this ring I must have twenty guineas."

"This is a bad trade," said Mr. Clementson, sternly; at the same time eying the highwayman with a feeling of interest he could not resist; "here's my purse: off with you, and seek a more honest livelihood."

The young man put back the proffered purse: "No, take the ring, I pray you, and give me twenty guineas; lend, lend it me, I pray—only twenty guineas."

"A strange highwayman!" muttered Mr. Clementson, again surveying the supposed robber with a degree of interest for which he could not account. "Well, then," said he, counting out the twenty guineas, "mayhap trouble may have brought you to this; but be warned by me, and seek out an honest calling: so give me the ring, and away."

The stranger eagerly snatched the gold, faintly articulating, "Heaven bless you!" and Mr. Clementson, not sorry to escape so easily from his first encounter with a highwayman, spurred Strawberry onward, first casting a look behind. There sat the young man, motionless on his horse, the hand which had been so eagerly stretched forth to secure the golden treasure still half held out, and his eyes, with a wild and sorrowful expression, fixed vacantly on the lowering sky. "Poor fellow!" ejaculated the kind-hearted merchant, "I should greatly like to know what hath brought him to this." He now examined the ring for which he had paid so high a price: it was of plain gold, with a good sized mocha stone, evidently not worth much above a pound; but with no inscription, or crest, or initials, or anything that might lead to a discovery of its late owner. Although baffled and disappointed in this, he determined to keep the ring as a memorial of his first encounter with a highwayman; and, no other event befalling him on his journey, the next day saw Mr. Clementson set sail from the shores of England.

We must now request the kind reader to exert that plastic faculty which enables him to "put a girdle round the earth in full ten minutes," and to review the changeful events of a long and busy life in an hour; for we must overleap ten years, and take our standing on Ludgate-hill, on a fine October morning, where we shall again meet our worthy friend Mr. Clementson. Just returned from his long sojourn abroad, he is taking a quiet stroll through London streets, marking the various changes that have taken place during his ten years' absence. And many, as may

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be well supposed, were the changes he noted —many an old name removed from beneath the well-remembered sign, and many a young tradesman, sprucely dressed with laced cravat and ruffles, occupying that post of honour, in the shop or in the counting-house, where "the old gentleman," in his flowered morning gown and velvet cap, erewhile stood, placidly summing-up his gains, and keeping a sharp look-out over his sons and apprentices. The ten o'clock bell, at length, warned Mr. Clementson of the time for his accustomed lunch, and he turned into the London Coffee-house. One minute, however, he stopped at the door, regardless of the bowing waiters, for the splendid show of plate that graced the windows of the opposite silversmith's shop absolutely dazzled him. He looked up to the sign:—a Mermaiden freshly gilt, upon whose bright mirror, which, according to old established belief, she held in her left hand, appeared the name of "Ellersby." "Ah! so it is:" ejaculated the merchant, musingly; "poor Master Hayward gone to his long home! But who is this Ellersby?"

"What, my old friend Clementson!" cried a voice at his ear. He turned quickly round, and recognised one of "the old familiar faces" with which he had been long intimate before his sojourn abroad,—Mr. Cooper, the silkmercer of the Blackamoor's Head, in Cheapside. Friendly greetings passed between the pair, and they proceeded to the little private parlour to discuss their pint of Madeira.

"And so poor Hayward is gone!" said the merchant, "and yet he could not have been so very old."

"Master Hayward is alive and well: he has retired from business to his house at Shacklewell, for he leaves it in excellent hands. Ah! 'tis nine or ten years since you left England, else you would have heard of Henry Ellersby. A lucky young fellow is he, for the day after to-morrow he is to marry his master's daughter."

"Lucky indeed!" responded Mr. Clementson, "for Hayward hath doubtless made many a thousand, and there are only, I remember, his two daughters, Chloe and Betty, to share his fortune: then this Ellersby was his apprentice?"

"He was," replied the mercer, "and such an apprentice! 'Tis said he is come of a good family too, though he never took upon him about it. It is Mistress Chloe that he is to marry—I sold her twelve yards of white ducape but last week for the wedding dress."

Two or three other neighbouring tradesmen now came in, each, like the mercer, brim-full of the praises of the fortunate apprentice. Indeed, eulogies upon Henry Ellersby, and anticipations of his happiness, seemed to supersede every other topic. The never-failing subject of Jacobite plots, abuse or commendation of the Walpole administration, the menacing aspect of affairs in the Spanish Main, —even city politics, and city news, were forced to give place to details of the handsome furniture purchased for the young couple, to a bill of fare of the wedding dinner, and a sharp dispute between the mercer and his neighbour, a draper, whether Mistress Chloe would wear with her bridal attire of white ducape her Valenciennes lappets and ruffles, or her suit of Brussels lace.

"Well, I'll even go and take a peep at this lucky young fellow," said Mr. Clementson, resuming his three-cornered hat and gold-headed cane: "there must be somewhat very taking, methinks, about this Master Ellersby, since every body speaks so highly of him."

Mr. Clementson crossed the way, and placed himself before one of the windows, poring admiringly, as it seemed, on the tempting display of salvers, tankards, and chocolate pots, but keeping a close watch on the shop-door. His curiosity was not fated to remain long unsatisfied; for an interesting young man, extremely well dressed, came to the door, and having beckoned a carriage that stood a short distance off, handed two ladies into it, and then, with a gentlemanly bow, retired. "Is *that* Mr. Ellersby?" cried the merchant, scarcely conscious to whom he addressed the question.

"Ay, that it is,—Heaven's blessings on him!" said an old woman who stood just beside, with a basket of ground ivy: "Yes, 'tis good Mr. Ellersby, the charitablest, worthiest, most religiousest gentleman in London."

"The rascal!" muttered Mr. Clementson, with a tremendous thump of his gold-headed stick, "the very rascal who cheated me out of my twenty guineas, and gave me that paltry ring! Here's a world for you! The poor rogue gets hanged, and the rich one laughs at him. Well, my fair sir, you shall have good cause to remember, ere long, the Dunstable road!" Thus saying, he paced onward, scarcely knowing which way he went, turning over in his mind twenty different plans by which he proposed to drag successful villany to light, and uttering splendid tirades against wealthy knaves, which might have thrown a political union into paroxysms of delight. The more violent the grief, it is said, the sooner it will come to an end; and the same may be said of anger. In a short time, wonder, and curiosity, and doubt succeeded. This young man must even at that very time have been an apprentice to Master Hayward; —what therefore more unlikely than that he should have been permitted to absent himself from his master's house for so long? and what, too, more unlikely than that a sober young man of good family should either have stood in need of comparatively so small a sum, or taken that course to obtain it? Many stories, well authenticated ones, had been told of personal resemblance being so strong,

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that even intimate friends had been, for a moment, deceived. Might not this be the case here? Still, while allowing, and even willing to allow, the full weight of these doubts, the conviction that Henry Ellersby, the silversmith of Ludgate-hill, was the highwayman in the encounter on the Dunstable road, returned with overmastering force to Mr. Clementson's mind. But this conviction was now associated with many mitigating circumstances. Although proffered the full purse, the young man resolutely refused to take more than the twenty guineas, while even that he would not receive without the exchange of his ring; and then arose vividly to his recollection, the motionless attitude, the half-extended arm of the young man, when he last saw him on the darkening road, and that look of wild and fixed despair which he cast on the lowering sky.

Hours passed away ere Mr. Clementson could satisfy himself as to what course he should adopt, and the bells had now chimed four. The hitherto crowded streets were beginning to be deserted, both by belles in brocade, and thrifty housewives in calimanco, all homeward bound to refresh themselves with their early cup of bohea, when Mr. Clementson again found himself before the door of the Mermaid. He looked into the shop, now empty, and took a close view of its master, who was standing apparently looking over the ledger. "It must be he," said the merchant, and entering, he asked for Mr. Ellersby.

The genteel, interesting young man came forward, and respectfully inquired the wishes of his new customer.

"I have been many years abroad, Mr. Ellersby," said the merchant, "and I have some foreign money which I would wish to sell for old gold and silver." The young man bowed assent, and requested his customer to walk farther in. Mr. Clementson drew a Dutch ducat from his purse, and threw it on the counter. "I must have *twenty guineas* for this," said he.

"Twenty guineas!" cried the silversmith, in uncontrolable surprise.

"Yes, twenty guineas," said Mr. Clementson, firmly.

"Good sir, what can you mean? it is scarcely worth ten shillings!"

"Very likely, Mr. Ellersby, very likely; but what say you to *this?*" and he removed the glove from his hand; "Ten years since I paid twenty guineas for this very ring."

The young man clasped his hands in agony —"You did sir, you did! and principal and interest both are at your service. But O, sir, spare me—no, not *me*, but the worthy family that know not of this my only crime!"

"This seems a strange affair;" said Mr. Clementson, much moved at the extreme agitation of the young man: "yet do not distress yourself, but tell me how it came to pass that on that *one* evening, you came to lay aside an honest and respectable calling to enact the highwayman on the Dunstable road?"

"I will tell you sir, for you have a right to know all," returned the young man, glancing a hurried look around him; "but,—but—Mr. Hayward is now in the counting-house: might I ask so great a favour, as that you would call on me any time in the evening? The money I have at hand, and I will instantly count it out to you."

"I will call on you an hour or two hence," replied Mr. Clementson. "In the meantime be not cast down; your secret will be safe with me; and loath indeed should I be to disturb Master Hayward's good opinion of you; so farewell!"

The kind-hearted merchant returned to the opposite coffee-house, and sought to beguile the time by turning over a file of old newspapers, when the following advertisement struck his eye. "If the gentleman drest in a scarlet roquelaure, and mounted on a strawberry horse, who, on the night of the 14th of October, 1720, met a young man near Dunstable, and received from him a gold ring with a mocha stone, will call upon Dr. Calamy, in Charterhouse-square, his loan, with the interest thereon, will be repaid with many thanks." Surprised and delighted at this additional proof that the good opinion which he could not help forming of the young silversmith, was well founded, Mr. Clementson turned over the other papers, and found the same advertisement iterated, and re-iterated. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" ejaculated he, "it must have been some strange chance indeed that forced him to this. Well, I know not how it is, but I feel greatly interested in him."

Punctual to his appointment, Mr. Clementson soon after knocked at the now closely barred door of the Mermaid, and was ushered into the counting-house; Mr. Ellersby soon after appeared, and casting a suspicious look around, as though he really believed the old proverb, "walls have ears," counted out the money, which he placed before his guest; while, in a low and agitated tone, he said, "It appears, sir, that you have heard of my good fortune. Alas! had any of my kind neighbours known half the sorrow I have suffered on account of this my great crime, they would soon have retracted their opinion of my happiness."

"Do not distress yourself any longer on this account," said our merchant, kindly; "I have seen your advertisements, and reference to a worthy minister who, I am sure, would never give his countenance to any one undeserving of it; so proceed, I pray you: tell me what led to it, and then let it be dismissed for ever from your mind."

"I will, sir.—Through the great kindness

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of a friend,—indeed, the only friend of my late mother,—when my apprenticeship was half completed, I was transferred from a very incompetent master, to the care of good Mr. Hayward. I had been with him not more than a year, when I received intelligence of the dangerous illness of my mother, and I requested permission to go and see her. Although he was on the eve of a journey, he kindly consented, and, as he was going by the Dispatch, he granted me the use of his horse. Would that that kindness had never been granted, for then I could not have followed you! I soon arrived at Dunstable, but it was only to see my mother reduced so low as to be unable to leave her poor cottage, from whence the landlord daily threatened to eject her, on account of arrears of rent. Almost beside myself, with barely more money than would serve to carry me back again, I went to the landlord, a proud and a wealthy man; but the only answer I received was, that she must remove on the morrow. Scarcely knowing what I did, I entered the inn kitchen, where I first saw you, and sat down to think,—but no, I could not think,—to lament over,—O! to curse this hard fate. Twelve pounds were owing for rent alone; and where was I to raise them? My mother's friend was dead—Mr. Hayward was on a long journey. To whom could I look, and look for aid by *the morrow?* And then, when I revolved in my mind the scanty wardrobe, the wretched income of my poor mother, compared with her former condition, your merry laugh rung on my ear, and your well filled purse glittered to my frenzied imagination like the delusive well-spring that mocks the thirst of the eastern traveller; and then, more maddening than all, when I heard you boast, proud and heartless as it seemed to be, that all that glittering treasure you could well afford to lose, the temptation overcame me—I rushed to the stable, saddled my swift-footed grey, and galloped after you."

"And truly you were greatly tempted," said the kind hearted merchant, "but proceed."

"Truly I was, sir; and yet let no man say that he is *forced* to do evil. Better thoughts arose in my mind, even while I was pursuing you; and once I had almost turned my horse's head and gone back;—but distrust prevailed: 'Twenty guineas,' said I, 'will pay all, and leave my mother sufficient to carry her to London; yet how is it to be raised? I will not *be* the highwayman though I act his part, for I will give my ring as an acknowledgment that the money shall some day be paid.' Miserable subterfuge! it could not disguise from my conscience even then, that I was indeed a robber. But O! how bitterly did I feel that truth when the forbidden gold actually touched my hand, and this remembrance has haunted me through many an anxious day, and many a restless night. At length, after nearly three years of anxiety, I opened my mind to Dr. Calamy, on whose ministry we attended, and told him my fatal secret; but still, although from that time to this, I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the papers, I never received any intelligence. O! sir, I thank Heaven that I have at last seen you, for you know not the load of trouble that is now removed from my mind."

"Think no more of it from henceforth, Mr. Ellersby," cried Mr. Clementson; "I only regret that you did not make me acquainted with your circumstances, for the purse and all its contents should have been at your service. So your mother was of a good family you say? What, did she marry contrary to their wishes? Alas! I have great reason to lament that such things are sometimes scarcely forgiven."

"It was so, sir; my mother so greatly offended my grandfather by her marriage, that even after my father's death, and when she was reduced to very great distress, he absolutely forbade her even to cross the threshold of Mickleham Hall."

"Of Mickleham Hall! her name then was—"

"Mary Clementson," returned the young man with a sigh.

"O, my nephew!—my only nephew!" cried the merchant overjoyed; "Only three days since I returned to Old England, wealthy indeed! but sad at heart, for methought I had no relation in the wide world wherewith to share it. Thank Heaven! to-day I have found a relation, a son of my dear sister, Mary Clementson. This is the happiest day of my life, ay, the happiest, my own nephew; for old James Clementson has found a staff for his age, and an heir to his fortune, in his dear sister's son, Henry Ellersby."

H. L.

[The foregoing tale is no fiction; the circumstances of the ring, and the ducat, for which twenty guineas were asked, actually took place. The silversmith subsequently became one of the leading men in London, and his name was mentioned to the writer.

Among the poetical contributors, it will be sufficient to name L. E. L., T. K. Hervey, Delta, and Agnes Strickland, to guarantee the reader a rich and varied treat. Our extracts are—]

ON MY GREY HAIRS.—BY W. JERDAN.

Ten years agone, ye monitors,
How I abhorred your hue,
And plucked you singly from your hold,
As if I'd conquer you!
And so I did, like knight of old
Who hundreds overthrew;
And fancied immortality
More sure, the more he slew!

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Those years are fled. I greet you now
The dearest guests to me;—
Why should the stem live when the bough
Falls withered from the tree?—
When keen affliction's piercing blast
Hath nipt the foliage free;
And when the storm hath torn the hopes
Of blossomings to be?

I greet you now ye clustering come
And tell me of the past;
Of drear misfortune's saddening time,
With bitterness o'ercast;
Of friends—oh friends!—who shunned that time
As fate were on the blast—
Poor worldlings, linked unto the world
As 'twould for ever last!

Of pleasures, whose fresh-springing wealth
Bode an eternal round;
Of jocund health, wherein no space
For lapse, or wreck, was found;
Those pleasures now all viewless, spent,
Like an unearthly sound;
That health, to pain and sorrow bent
Which craves the silent mound.

Of these ye speak, and I, Grey Hairs,
Rejoice in what is o'er;
Rejoice, because what hath been felt,
Again can touch no more.
But more rejoice, because ye point
To that untroubled shore,
Where, thinly shed on my cold brow,
We'll rest,—tho' oceans roar.

My own Grey Hairs, I grateful hail
The promise ye impart;
Strength is it to the weary soul,
Balm to the aching heart.
The sunny locks of youth will fail
When joys unnumber'd start;
But ye are certain as the wings
That plume Death's certain dart.

I therefore hail you, as above
Thought's sore-vexed throne ye wave;
Throw gentle shade upon the false,
And the tyrannous brave;
Bid Care's dull tide, and Passion's flood,
No longer roll or rave;
But loves, and fears, and griefs, and tears,
All centre in the grave.

HOPE.—BY T. K. HERVEY.

Again—again she comes!—methinks I hear
Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings!
My heart goes forth to meet her—with a tear,
And welcome sends—from all its broken strings.
It was not thus—not *thus*—we met of yore,
When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
Was scarce more tuneful than *its* glad reply:—
The wings are fettered by the weight of years,
And grief has spoilt the music with her tears!

She comes!—I know her by her starry eyes,—
I know her by the rainbow in her hair,—
Her vesture of the light of summer skies;—
But gone the girdle which she used to wear
Of summer roses, and the sandal-flowers
That hung, enamoured, round her fairy feet,
When, in her youth, she haunted *earthly* bowers,
And culled from all their beautiful and sweet:—
No more she mocks me with the voice of *mirth*,
Nor offers, now, the garlands of the *earth!*

Come back! come back!—thou hast been absent long
Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,—
Who comes, and comes again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll;
Though every year she wears a sadder look,
And sings a sadder song,—and, every year,
Some further leaves are torn from out her book,
And fewer what she brings, and far more dear;—
As, *once*, she came, oh! might she come again,
With all the perished volumes offered *then!*

But come!—thy coming is a gladness, yet,—
Light from the present o'er the future cast,
That makes the *present* bright,—but oh! regret
Is *present* sorrow while it mourns the *past*.
And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew-bell,
To tell the daylight of the heart is done,—
Come like the seer of old, and, with thy spell,
Put back the shadow of that setting sun
On my soul's dial; and with new-born light,
Hush the wild tolling of that voice of night!

Bright spirit, come!—the mystic rod is thine
That shows the hidden fountains of the breast,
And turns, with point unerring, to divine
The places where its buried treasures rest,—
Its hoards of thought and feeling:—at that spell,
Methinks, I feel its long-lost wealth revealed,—
And ancient springs within my spirit well,
That grief had choked, and ruins had concealed,—
And sweetly spreading, where their waters play,
The tints and freshness of its early day!

She comes! she comes!—her voice is in mine ear,
Her wild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings for ever
Whose stream of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river,
(Flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs,
Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their hearts.)

She comes!—I know her by her radiant eyes,
Before whose smile, the long dim cloud departs;—
And if a darker shade be on her brow,—
And if her tones be sadder than of yore,—
And if she sings more solemn music now,
And bears another harp than erst she bore,—
And if around her form no longer glow
The earthly flowers that, in her youth she wore,—
That look is holier, and that song more sweet,
And heaven's flowers—the stars—are at her feet!

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

I wish I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent,
There Youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent:

And Fancy whistled for the wind;
And if e'en Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
And gladsome wave her hand;
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength, tugged at the oar,
Mirth mock'd the passing billows' roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack-a-day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright.

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ
Hope she believed, she played with Joy,
And Passion bribed her with a toy,
To steer which way he chose.
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared;
But Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent.

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To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light, from a sun none now could see,
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns oft,—she sees the shore,—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says, the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.
Oh, that I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent!"

[We ought not to forget among the poetical contributors, Thomas Miller, a working basket-maker, whose productions rank with any in the volume.

The Engravings are mostly of portrait interest; they are, certainly, fine embellishments, and, probably, more appropriate than mere specimens of art. All are, however, highly finished; especially the portrait of Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, by C. Rolls.]

The Forget-Me-Not

[Is as entertaining a miscellany as in former years. Among the prose we most admire is Life in the Woods, a tale of the wilds of America; the Mint-master of Winchester, a narrative of by-gone ages, by the authoress of London in the Olden Time; and]

GLENGORROCH: A TRADITION OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

By Alexander A. Carr, Esq.

The clan of Glengorroch had long been stanch adherents of the ill-starred house of Stuart, and in 1715 their chieftain had fallen a victim to his Jacobitism, when an ineffectual struggle was made by a descendant of that family to regain the sovereignty of Britain. After his decease, the chieftainship devolved on his only son, Evan, then about thirty years of age, but who from prudential motives had been left at home by his father on the outbreaking of the insurrection, though he yielded not even to him in his attachment to the survivors of that race, or in the ardour of his Jacobitical principles. With his years his zeal for the cause in which his father had suffered seems to have proportionally increased, since, after the death of his lady, who left him one beautiful daughter, we find him manifesting so intense an interest in its behalf as to be paying frequent visits to the exiled monarch at his mock court at St. Germains. Perhaps the severity of the government, by which the extensive possessions of his ancestors had been reduced within the narrow compass of a few acres of waste and barren land, contributed not a little to keep alive this devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, by exciting within him a corresponding hatred and spirit of revenge against the reigning family of Brunswick. Be this as it may, we are certain that when Prince Charles Edward, thirty years subsequently to the unsuccessful attempt made by his father, landed in the north to commence a new struggle for the dethronement of King George, he found no one more ready to aid him in his enterprise than the poor but proud-spirited chieftain of Glengorroch.

It was on a fine, still evening, in the autumn of 1745, that the clansmen of Glengorroch, with their aged chieftain at their head, marched from the Higland glen of that name, to share the fortune of Prince Charles Edward, who had reared his standard on the heath of Glegfinnan. Their wives and children were collected in groups on the side of the Gorroch Mountain, in order to enjoy as long a view as possible of the "tartaned warriors." The anxious though somewhat proud interest with which they gazed on their departing kinsmen deepened in proportion as the distance between them was magnified; and when, at length, an abrupt winding of the glen carried them one by one from their sight, a simultaneous shriek, or rather yell, burst from the female multitude. Then, having gazed for some time on the particular object of their love or affection, they hastily pressed their weeping children to their bosoms, and slowly began to move down the declivity of the mountain to their hamlet in the vale below, to muse in silence on the strange enterprise that was taking their relatives "awa frae the land o' the mountain and heather;" while Lady Helen, the daughter of their chieftain, returned in sorrow to the old castle or tower of Glengorroch, which reared its high and somewhat dilapidated turrets on the summit of a precipitous cliff, that projected from the northern side of the mountain.

With the proceedings of Prince Charles, after his being joined by the Glengorroch and other disaffected clans, our readers are too well acquainted to require any further information from us. They will recollect that, on the evening prior to the battle of Preston, the royal army under the command of Sir John Cope lay encamped on that wide and then barren plain which extends between the village of Tranent and the sea; whereas the insurgent forces occupied the gentle slope of a hill a little northward of that village—an extensive and intricate morass, which has now disappeared under the improvements of modern agriculture, stretching between them. Thus were the rival armies situated on the wet and foggy night of the 20th of September, 1745, awaiting the approach of the dawn to commence the onset. The hardy mountaineer, accustomed to deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, lay wrapt in his tartan plaid on the bare ground in profound repose;

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while many a less courageous Lowlander, who had either joined in the enterprize, in a fit of enthusiasm, or, from a spirit of retaliation, engendered by wrongs received from those in authority, heard the cry of the sentinels as they changed guard, and viewed the watchfires blazing on the plain, with feelings of a far from pleasing kind.

On that night, as the chieftain of Glengorroch sat in his tent, after his brother officers had retired to their slumbers, meditating on the probable issue of the morrow's engagement, there entered the form of an aged Highlander, accoutred in a full suit of armour; but his body was bowed down with the load of years, and the sword, which hung unsheathed by his side, was reddened with gore, that flowed in a dark purple stream from his many wounds. His face was unearthly pale, the features being contracted into a convulsive grin, rather, however, betokening a feeling of acute pain than displeasure. The spectre, (for such it was), glided towards the spot where the chieftain was sitting, and then, fixing his lustreless eyes upon him, pronounced in a solemn, sepulchral tone — "Glengorroch, prepare; for thy hour is coming! Ere the morrow's sun hath set, the last chieftain of Glengorroch shall be no more!"—and, as the voice died away, the figure became gradually more and more indistinct, till it almost disappeared. At first, the chieftain had tried to speak, and ask the officer, whom he then conceived the apparition to be, the cause of so unexpected a visit; when suddenly the idea of his being in the presence of Dhorach nan Dhu, the mysterious being who was supposed to preside over the destinies of his race, flashed upon his mind, and rendered every effort for some time abortive; though his mind remained little more affected than might be attributed to surprise at so strange a sight. During the vision, he sat boldly gazing on the spectre, and, instead of appearing alarmed or daunted at the appalling annunciation, a smile of sadness played upon his aged features; and, on regaining his speech, just as the apparition was gliding out of sight, he calmly exclaimed—"Spectre! Phantom! or whoever thou art, who hast thus kindly come to warn me of my approaching doom, depart not, I pray thee, till thou hast likewise foretold to me what shall be the destiny of the heiress of our house, that, when the fatal blow shall fall upon his head, Glengorroch may die in peace!"

While he spoke the spectre entirely vanished; but at the farther end of the apartment the figure of a lady in tears, and in deep mourning, was seen approaching a gloomy convent, at the portal of which stood a train of nuns, attired in the unostentatious garb of the sisterhood. As the lady entered the convent, the tent resounded with the solemn tones of the organ, which ceased when the novice and the nuns disappeared, and the gates were closed. Glengorroch sat for some time, with his eyes riveted to the spot where the vision had melted away, engaged in deep thought. At length he gave utterance to the painful emotions which overcame him at the latter apparition:—"And is it even so? Are thus all my high fancies to be blasted for ever? And is it to fare thus hard with the last ramnant of Glengorroch! Alas! my poor child—how are all thy father's proud hopes and wishes for thy happiness in a moment departed, and the heart which could have smiled on its own misfortunes made to weep tears of blood for thine!"

During the remainder of the night he continued to pace backward and forward, his mind engrossed by the most melancholy reflections. The dawn at last began to break; and his musings were interrupted by his old and faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, a Lowlander by birth, but whose long servitude had caused him to be considered by his master rather in the light of a confidant than an ordinary serving man. He entered the tent with a smile on his countenance, which was speedily dispelled, as he observed that of his master overcast with a look of unusual sadness. Without paying much attention to the old man, who had now intruded himself into his presence, Glengorroch continued his perambulations, engaged in the same gloomy reverie as previously to Dugald's appearance. By this time daylight had advanced so far as to render the torch, which continued to blaze upon the heathy floor of the apartment, altogether superfluous. This quickly attracted Dugald's notice, who remarked, as he extinguished the blazing faggot, that it was "neither mair nor less than sinnin' sins mercies to use baith day an' torch light at the same time;" and this he did in a louder tone of voice than usual, chiefly with a view of arousing his master from his reveries, that he might ascertain what had given rise to the painful reflections, which, from long experience of his habits, he readily saw were passing in the chieftain's mind. The latter, at the loud exclamation of Dugald, turned hastily round, and, speedily assuming his wonted smile, said to the venerable valet—"So, Dugald, you are early a-foot—you, for one, seem determined not to be backward in the fight. How goes the time, Dugald? is the prince a-start yet? and how are our English friends looking this morning?"

"Please your honour," replied Dugald, bowing respectfully, "the sun is just beginning to keek out frae the clouds owre Berwick law: an', as for the prince, he's been runnin' frae ae tent to anither this half hour, an' I doubt na will be wi' your grace i' the crack o' a nut-shell; an' when I cam' but

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the Southrons were puttin' out their fires, and seemed to be in an unco flurry. But, i' the name o' the Holy Virgin, what's makin' you look so pale an' fearsome?—I declare your cheeks are as white as a snawba', or a sliced turnip. It canna be that your honour's fear'd for the day's wark; but aiblins you may find yoursel' owre weak to fight at your time o' life, an' nae wonder?"

"Fear hath ever been a stranger to the heart of our race, Dugald," rejoined the chieftain, reassuming the thoughful look which had been dispelled by the appearance of his attendant, "and at no period during my long life did I feel myself more able or willing to wield my sword manfully than today. But, if my face be, as you say, paler than usual, it is owing neither to fear nor weakness:—other and weightier causes are required to drive the colour from my cheeks, and, alas! there have been sent enough to curdle every drop of blood in my veins. But thou knowest them not, Dugald, and it is better thou shouldst not, for thine old eyes will, mayhap, have closed in death ere the last event come to pass."

* * * * *

Any further controversy on this distressing subject was arrested by a slight tap at the door, at which, almost instantly, Prince Charles entered, between two Highlanders, who placed themselves by its side. He wore a blue velvet bonnet, surmounted by the famous "white cockade," and a tartan coat, with the star of St. Andrew on his breast. A blue sash, embroidered with gold, hung gracefully over his shoulder; while at his side dangled a massy silver-hilted broadsword. His countenance was lightened up with a smile; and immediately he began to discourse with the chieftain respecting the approaching contest. During this interview, the latter seemed to have regained his former spirits, smiling, and even laughing, at the humorous remarks with which the Prince's conversation, as usual, abounded. Ere long, they sallied out together, joined the rest of the officers, held a council of war, and resolved to attack the enemy immediately.

The mist, hovering in dense clouds over the intervening morass, prevented either army from distinctly observing the movements of the other; so that, by the aid of a person well acquainted with the ground, the troops of Prince Charles were enabled to cross the marsh without observation, and to draw themselves up in order of battle. A scene of bustle and confusion pervaded the royal army, when the terrific yell, whereby the Highlanders commenced the attack, too truly proved that the hedge which they fancied they saw before them, gradually becoming more and more conspicuous as the day approached, was none other than the armed host of the enemy. Short but decisive was the conflict that followed. The hardy Highlanders, with the fury of a winter's torrent, rushing down their mountain glens, fiercely assaulted the troops of the foe, and, in five or six minutes, routed and put them to flight. Then, amid the groans of the dying warriors, rose the joyful shout of "God save King James! the Stuart for ever!"

After the battle, the field presented, as might have been expected, a most melancholy and disgusting spectacle—strewed with the mangled bodies of the slain, who had fallen under the tremendous broadsword. The few surviving retainers of Glengorroch sought out from the lifeless bodies of their clansmen that of their venerated master, which was pierced with many a wound. During the engagement, he had fought bravely at the head of his own undisciplined group of mountaineers. The last charge was made. Glengorroch rejoiced in the expectation of victory, and the prophecy of Dhorach seemed unlikely to be realized. And victory came—but the chieftain was pierced with a bullet which stretched him on the plain—and on that now cultured spot where he fell, a stately hawthorn tree, that has braved the storms of upwards of ninety winters, points out to the passing traveller the place where in peace he rests from his warfare: a solitary mound near it marks the lowly sepulchre of his faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, and the greater part of the ill-fated clan of Glengorroch.

On the evening of that day whose morn had proved so fatal to her parent, did the fair Helen leave the tower of Glengorroch, with the intention of visiting the hamlet, to ascertain if any intelligence had arrived of the proceedings of the Prince: but so occupied was her mind with forebodings relative to the success of the enterprize wherein her father had embarked his life and fortunes, that she strayed in a different direction, through a wild and trackless ravine, utterly unconscious, or at any rate heedless, whither she wandered.

Over this rugged path did she continue her course, notwithstanding the many obstacles which impeded her progress, till her farther advance was stayed by her arrival on the margin of the deep lake of Gorroch, whose placid bosom was then illumined by the pale rays of the moon. As she gazed on its tranquil waters, slumbering in all the beauty of an autumn eve, the anxious feelings which previously harassed her mind became gradually subdued. Regardless of the hour and the solitude of the spot, she seated herself on a fragment of rock, which lay on the margin of the lake, and continued, if not to admire, at least to be soothed by, the calm scene before her.

At length, however, her attention was irresistibly distracted from the subject that

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had given rise to her moonlight excursion, on observing, at about sixty or seventy yards from her, a sudden burst of flame arise from a small island, whereon mouldered the ruins of a chapel within whose vaults had been deposited, for ages, the ashes of the chieftains of Glengorroch.

Utterly at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, and possessed of a mind impressed from her earliest childhood by the wild legends and superstitions which then had, as they still have, a powerful sway over the feelings of the Highlanders, it will not be wondered at that a sort of dread overcame her at the sight. It increased, as the moon became once more obscured by a dense mass of clouds; the dark interval being rendered yet more dismal by the terrific glare in which the whole of the trees upon the island were speedily enveloped. Motionless, she sat with her eyes fixed, in fearful gaze, upon the towering conflagration, which appeared to be fast consuming the spot that had ever been held sacred by the natives of that wild region, till the lake, and the hills in whose bosom it reclined, became once more irradiated by the more genial light of the moon.

No sooner had the clouds floated from before her round disk than the pale Helen descried a form, apparently of mortal mould, gliding upon the surface of the water, and nearing the spot where she sat. She had just time to observe that neither boat nor oars were required to carry this mysterious intruder on her solitude to the shore, and to infer that none other than Dhorach nan Dhu, of whom she had heard much, but whom she had never before seen, was approaching, before terror overcame her, and she swooned.

On arriving within a few yards of the damsel, he halted; and, looking long and stedfastly on her pale features, his withered countenance assumed a look of pity, as he uttered to himself, in Gaelic, "And has it at length fallen upon Dhorach nan Dhu to pronounce to the fairest maiden of these mountains the fate which has long been hovering over her father's race? Now is my father's son the most wretched of beings. Oh! blame me not, lady; for even now methinks I see an upbraiding look distort thy most beautiful of countenances."

Thus far had his soliloquy proceeded, when the object to whom it related, probably startled by the loud tone of the speaker, or supernaturally influenced, raised her head from the position into which it had fallen on the occurrence of the syncope, and, strange as it may appear, now looked with composure upon the being whose very approach had well nigh bereft her of life. A pause ensued, ascribable, probably, on the part of the one, to a certain incapability of utterance which has uniformly been supposed to overcome mortals when in the presence of beings of "more than human mould," (and of the etherial essence of Dhorach nan Dhu it may readily be supposed Lady Helen did not harbour the slightest doubt)—and, on the part of the other, to an unwillingness to perform the painful duty which devolved upon him as the seer who presided over the destinies of Glengorroch.

Turning, at length, half round, and pointing to the flaming pile in the midst of the lake, he continued, "Lady of Gorroch, seest thou yonder flame, in which is consuming the spot where the ashes of thy ancestors repose? Thy father and the clan whom thou sawest march forth from these glens shall need no such resting-place! They and he from whom thou art sprung have found a sepulchre on the battle-field of the Lowlander; and there in peace shall the last chieftain of Glengorroch rest from his warfare! The work of Dhorach nan Dhu is now at a close; and with yonder expiring flame," continued he, still pointing to the island, where the fire was now nearly extinguished, "shall perish the seer of thy father's clan!"

Having thus spoken, he plunged headforemost into the lake, and the reverberation of one solitary shriek among the surrounding caverns and glens rang the death-knell of Dhorach nan Dhu.

How or when, after the above awful meeting with Dhorach nan Dhu, Lady Helen reached the tower of Glengorroch, the tradition, from which we have derived the incidents of our tale, leaves us uninformed. Certain it is that from that period her health and beauty began to wane, notwithstanding all the efforts of those who lent their skill to effect a cure; and that, prior to her entering a foreign convent, not many months afterwards, such as were familiar with her traced, in the incoherence of her discourse, which always had reference to that fatal meeting, a lamentable failure in the faculties of her mind.

[The Lion and the Lamb, by the Old Sailor, is, however, a better narrative than either of the above, though much too long for quotation.

Foremost among the poetry is the Confession, by L. E. L.; a piece, by the Ettrick Shepherd; and]

THE LADY AND THE SEA-CAPTAIN.—BY MARY HOWITT.

'Twas in a palace-garden
I met my lady fair,
A stately palace-garden,
A-taking of the air—

A-taking of the pleasant air,
One merry morn in June;
And she was singing to herself
A soft, enchanting tune.

Among the shady cypresses
She made a little stand;
Her dainty foot so lightly set,
And a fan within her hand.

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I never saw a crowned queen
With such a noble air;
So angel-like, so womanly,
As is my lady fair!

I could not keep my silence,
So through the trees I broke,
And thus unto my lady fair,
With right good will, I spoke.

"I am a bold Sea-Captain:
The Queen she loveth me;
My palace is a noble ship,
My garden is the sea.

"Two hundred merry mariners
They do my bidding well;
And the gold that in my coffers lies
Is more than I can tell.

"There's many a heart that beats for me
Beyond the heaving main—
The black-eyed girls of Mexico,
The ladies of New Spain!

"But, beautiful although they be,
They win no love of mine;
I'd give a thousand flashing eyes
For but one glance of thine!"

"My lady-love, divinely bright,
She blushed all rosy-red,
And turned on me her heavenly eyes,
But not a word she said.

"I've loved thee well, my lady bright,"
I said, "for many a year;
Thou know'st we set the roses
That grow so lovely here.

"What though we were but children then,
We loved, so do we now!"
My lady cast her eyes adown,
And blushed o'er cheek and brow.

I took her lily hand in mine,
And to my lips I pressed;
But a tear from out her drooping eyes
Fell pearl-like on her breast.

"Now, now, by every saint in heaven,"
I cried, "my lady dear,
May I be banned for every word
That causeth thee a tear!"

"Nay!" said she, like an angel,
And sweetly smiled the while:—
How poor was all my coffered gold
To that dear word and smile!

I locked her lily hand in mine,
And down the walk went we;
And that old palace-garden
Was paradise to me!

[The Engravings are somewhat too like set scenes to please the critic; but they abound with prettiness and fancy. The first in merit, as well as place, is the Frontispiece—the Actress at the Duke's—designed by Edwin Landseer: indeed, it is one of the gems of the Annual prints.]

The Landscape Annual.

[This volume is a continuation of the Tour in Spain, commenced in its predecessor. It describes Lower Andalusia, comprehending Jaen, Cordova, and Seville—the richest and most fertile portion of Spain. The Illustrations consist of twenty-one whole-page Engravings, as heretofore, drawn by Mr. David Roberts, on the spot, and engraved by first-rate artists. The letter-press, by Mr. Roscoe, is a series of rapid sketches, historical and descriptive, from sources abundantly teeming with startling realities, beyond the power of imagination itself to surpass; and from the personal observation of the enthusiastic artist.

The Frontispiece, the Bull Ring at Seville, with the Cathedral in the distance, is an elaborate scene; but, yields in delicacy of finish to the Cathedral of Malaga, the vignette. Next is the once queenly Cordova, on the lordly Guadalquiver, a delightfully picturesque scene; the Mosque of Cordova, one of the finest existing specimens of Moresque architecture; the famed Alcazar, or the Prison of the Inquisition; the Tower of San Nicholas, a paragon of architectural symmetry; the Procession of Corpus Christi, at Seville, minutely characteristic; the far-famed Tower of the Giralda; the entrance to the Hall of Ambassadors, in the Alcazar, richly dight with elaborate arabesque, illuminated tracery, and lattice-work; the Golden Tower, supposed to be of Roman construction; the Ruins of Italica, with the magnificient aloe blooming amid the crumbling wrecks of art; Xeres, from the Ramparts, admirably engraved; the florid interior of the church of San Miguel; the Almeda, or Public Walk, and Convent, at Cadiz; Gibraltar, from the Neutral-ground; and an admirable Birds-eye View of Malaga. The Vignettes consist of gems of Moresque architecture; the House of Columbus, an interesting home of genius; and a pulpit capacious enough for a chapel: these are spiritedly executed in wood.

From the letter-press we quote two anecdotic specimens.]

DEATH AT A BULL-FIGHT.

The fate of the great *matador*, Pepehillo, the boast of Seville, was caused by the last sudden effort of an expiring bull, a powerful animal of the old Ronda breed, ferocious as he was cunning. With the *punica fides* of the old Carthaginian, he pretended to be dead before he was, and gored his adversary after the latter had believed that he had given him the *coup de grace*. Both had that day exhibited their skill to the astonishment of the whole arena. The hero of Ronda had charged the band of *picadores* no less than ten times, slain two, and killed four of their horses: in the first, by a dexterous turn of the bridle-hand and right leg, the rider evaded the shock; but in the second, he bore horse and rider to the ground. The former rose no more, and his master lay perfectly motionless on his side, as his sole hope of escape. A thrilling silence ensued; but the suspense lasted only a few moments. The spectators rose; but the instant the bull, having despatched the horse, prepared to gore the rider, the *chiclos*, rushing with loud cries, waving their scarlet cloaks, threw themselves betweeen him and his victim. Springing from the ground, the *picador* vaulted on another steed; while the bull, darting upon the

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foot champions, pursued them across the ring so closely, that the last man appeared to plant his foot upon his head as he cleared the outer palisade. Mr. Townsend observes, that he thought it was literally the case, such was the flying leap he took over the barrier. A tremendous shout of applause proclaimed the hero's safety; and, master of the ring, the bull, instead of skulking round the sides, answered with a roar of defiance as he resumed his station in the centre. Again the gallant *picador* galloped to the assault; the contest was renewed with various fortune. Half the morning had elapsed; ten horses had been successively disabled; the noble bull, sore beset and wounded, yet remained dauntless as before, when the bugles sounded the death-note, and the president's signal was displayed.

It was then that the graceful and skilful Pepehillo, the prince of Seville's *matadores*, prepared for the last scene. Throwing off his cloak, with a light, fearless step, he walked up till within six yards, and directly faced the bull. In one hand he bore a little red banner, in the other a short and broad sword. They stood some minutes surveying each other; for the bull's eye was evidently upon him, and his fixed as steadfastly on that of the bull. After the feats he had witnessed, Pepehillo felt he had undertaken no trivial task. Instead of provoking him, he stood on his guard, and left the honour of the attack entirely to his foe. At this moment, the intense interest of the beholders was wound up to a degree of pain; for it was felt that the president had undervalued the remaining power of the bull, and called the *matador* too early into play. He stood partly concealed by the red flag, so that the bull could see nothing of the sword. He made a desperate rush directly at his man; who, quick as thought, wheeled half round, and the enraged beast passed under his banner, but recovered himself for a fresh charge without receiving a hurt. As he bore down on him again, the *matador* levelled his sword at the left side of the bull's neck, and turning sharply round, hit the exact line, and ran the steel up to the very hilt. The animal staggered and fell on his knees; and the *matador*, calling for the poniards of his attendants from behind, and knowing the wound was mortal, did not repeat the blow. But ere they came to his aid, while in the act of withdrawing his sword, the bull, as if endued with new life, sprang up and dashed him to the earth, falling at the same moment, a lifeless heap upon the sand.

AN INVOLUNTARY PARRICIDE.

Among the historic associations of a wild and startling character connected with Italica and its vicinity, is an incident so strange and tragic as to excite at once the surprise and sympathy of the reader. Prince Maron, son of Abderrahman, descended from King Abderrahman Anasir, in attempting to seek refuge within its walls till he could reach the coast, committed an action of the darkest dye, and involuntarily steeped his hands in blood. He was only sixteen years of age, of a noble disposition, distinguished already for his genius and erudition, when so great a calamity fell upon him, and consigned him for the remainder of his days to captivity and remorse. He had been brought up at the court of Cordova with the most studious care, together with a daughter of one of the favourite slaves of Abderrahman. As children, they had nurtured a young attachment, which daily gained strength from a like noble and surpassing beauty both of mind and person. The feelings produced by early companionship and sympathy of tastes at length ripened into a deeper passion. Abderrahman became too late aware of the danger to which he had exposed his son; he separated him from the lovely companion of his infancy, the admiration of all eyes, in the opening splendour of her charms. A deep melancholy preyed on the mind of the youthful prince, the effect of which was to add fresh fuel to the passion which consumed him. Spite of all precautions, he gained access to the royal gardens; and beholding, at length, the object of all his thoughts,—"We have not a moment to lose," he exclaimed; "let us fly, while it is yet night." She could not resist his ardent importunities, and he led her towards the spot by which he had entered.

In the very act of escaping through the gate, the young prince was rudely seized by a powerful arm: in vain he sought to shake off his aggressor; and in the rage of a thwarted passion like his, he smote his enemy with a short dagger to the heart. The cry of his own father struck upon his ear; and in a few moments he was surrounded by his slaves and disarmed. He was dragged before the chief cadi, and thrown into a dungeon. He was subsequently condemned by the grand council, assisted by the Princess Sobeiha, to a captivity equal to the number of his days—a sentence confirmed by Hagen and his mother. The wretched lover and involuntary parricide employed his term of lingering durance in the composition of those wild and sad romances which have added a still more mournful celebrity to his name.

*** The present Sheet includes but four of the Annuals already published: the most eligible of the remainder, as the Amulet, the Keepsake, and the Book of Beauty, will be noticed in a SECOND SUPPLEMENT, with an Illustration from a Transatlantic Candidate in this bespangled field of Literature and Art.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 749.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1835. [PRICE 2*d.*

GOLD MEDAL OF CHARLES I.

(From a Correspondent.)

By favour of Lieut. Col. Drummond, I am enabled to submit to you, a very rare and unpublished fine GOLD MEDAL, indeed, so scarce, as not otherwise known; or, in the language of medallists, it is unique. The Rev. Mr. Commeline, senior fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, the fortunate owner of it, is presumed to be a collateral descendant of Bishop Juxon, the faithful attendant of the unfortunate Charles I. This monarch presented it to the bishop, and according to a tradition in the family, it was received from him *on the scaffold.* Be this as it may, nothing is wanting to render it of the utmost interest; no doubt can arise as to its being given by the king, both from its appearance as a pattern, having what is termed a mint mark, (a rose,) and, probably, for a *5l.* or *6l.* piece, presented by the engraver to his Majesty for approval; as well as from its being conveyed down in a direct line from the bishop to its present possessor.

Bishop Juxon, by will, devised this rare medal to Mrs. Rachael Gayters; from her it came to her grand-daughter, Miss Gayters, who married the Rev. James Commeline, the father of the present rector of Red Marley, Worcestershire; the latter gentleman presented it to his son, in whose possession it now is.

I do not hesitate to pronounce it the work of Rawlins, who was engraver at the mint in the latter years of Charles I., and who, doubtless, followed the fortunes of his royal master, as we find him, after the Restoration, employed by his successor. This artist engraved at Oxford, the rare crown piece struck for that city, with its representation on it. The portrait of the king on this coin will, on a minute examination, be found to be exactly similar to that on the medal, allowing for difference of costume. The likeness is very good, (see the above Engraving,) but the execution coarse in comparison with those beautiful coins of Charles I. by Briot, taken from his portraits by Vandyke. It has what is termed an engrailed edge, but is not milled. There is a twenty-shilling piece, in gold, very similar in appearance to it, with this difference:—the head is crowned, the mint mark an anchor, and the king's titles more abbreviated.

This interesting medal weighs 1 oz. 10 dwts. 13 grs. The thanks of those gentlemen who are collectors, are richly due to its present owner, who has so liberally permitted it to be engraved; as well as to Mr. William Taylor, a medallist of talent, who has, by permission, taken some exquisite casts from it, and presented them to those gentlemen who cannot hope to possess the original.

I cannot withhold from the public, a communication which I have received from an honourable baronet* on this occasion, himself possessing an extensive and brilliant cabinet of medals, and the liberal donor of a new and valuable publication on local tokens. This gentleman's maternal ancestress was the daughter of Elizabeth Juxon, a niece of the bishop, and the wife of James St. Amond, Esq., of Covent Garden; this lady possessed the identical George, (the jewel of the Order of the Garter,) which all authorities agree was presented to the bishop by the king, but a few moments previous to his

* Sir George Chetwynd.

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decapitation; Sir George Chetwynd, in no degree disputes the fact of this medal being presented by the sovereign, but considers, from what has been handed down in his family, (and he has heard his immediate predecessor speak from tradition largely on this subject,) that the George alone was given on the scaffold, and consequently, that the medal in question had been presented by the monarch previously. It is preserved in its original case in which it was presented by the king. W. Till.

17, *Great Russell-street, Covent Garden.*

P. S. Since this article has been received, the above medal has, by purchase, fallen into the hands of Lieut. Col. John Drummond, late of the Coldstream Guards; a gentleman who possesses, likewise, a brilliant and valuable collection of Roman and English gold coins.

THE SWALLOW.

(*From the French of M. Guides.*)

Nimble swallow! why wilt thou
Fly away from us so soon?
Ah! thou knowest, frost and snow
Follow summer's fervid noon;
But before thou fliest away,
In a milder clime to dwell,
Stay, O nimble swallow! stay;
I will bid thee my farewell.

Thou wilt soon review those waves,
Thou hast often skimmed before;
Other lands that ocean laves
Still for thee have bliss in store:
But, before thou fliest away,
In another clime to dwell,
Stay, O nimble swallow stay,
Let me bid thee my farewell.

Shouldst thou view that lovely land,
Where such happy days I past,
This, O this is my command,—
Say my love shall ever last.
But e'en now thou fliest away,
Thou in other climes wouldst dwell;
Stay, O nimble swallow! stay,
I've not bid thee my farewell.

When anon a softer breeze
Shall have chas'd the frost and snow;
When the leaves have cloth'd the trees,
Here new pleasures thou shalt know.
Thou'lt prepare to fly away,
Here, as erst, again to dwell;
I before that distant day,
Shall have bid a long farewell.

Shortly I shall disappear,
Like the leaf before the wind;
Thou'lt no longer see me here,
Nor again my footsteps find;
I sha'n't see thee fly away
As erst, in other climes to dwell;
I at thy departing day,
Shall have bid a long farewell.

Thus upon a foreign soil,
A child of sorrow sweetly sung,
Heartfelt troubles to beguile,
And give, at length, to grief a tongue:
The bird prepar'd to fly away,
He was there no more to tell
The joys of the departing day,
He had bid a long farewell.

T. S. A.

CHURCH CURIOSITIES.

BY AN OLD COLLECTOR.

In the parish register* of Easton-Maudit, Northamptonshire, are the following:—

Si Christum discis, nihil est si cætera nescis;
Si Christum nescis, nihil est si cætera discis.

Englished thus: by Mr. W. L. Beynon, Barton-under-Needwood.

If thou learnest Christ who died
Upon the cross,
Though thou nothing know'st beside,
It is no loss:
If thou know'st not Christ who died,
(For sinners slain,)
Though thou learnest all beside,
It is no gain.

Also:

In Divum Lucam Evangelistam et medicum.
Lucas Evangelij & medicinæ munera pandit:
Artibus hinc, illinc Religione valens.
Utilis ille labor, per quem vixere tot ægri;
Utilior per quem tot didicêre mori.

On Easton-Maudit, fourth bell, commonly called the French bell, is this motto:—

Dulcis sisto melis campana vocor Gabrielis.

Thus imitated by Ioan Tegid.†

Englished.—I stand a bell of sweetest sound,
As honey to the tongue;
Gabriel's I'm called—a name renown'd
In history and song.

Welshed.—Cloch wyf yn felus fal y mêl,
A'm enw ydyw Gabriel.

Inscriptions on Bells.—To the curious in bells, the following may not be unacceptable. —(*Brayfield*, 1st.) Cantate Domino Canticum Novum. 1699. 5th.—

When I do ring or tole my voice is spent,
That men may come to hear God's word and so repent. 1616.

(*Doddington*, 4th.) Feare God, and obey the Prince, 1593.—(*Earl's Barton*, 1st.) Beati. Pacifici. 1720.—(2nd.) Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos? 1720.—(5th.) Vera. Judicet. Ecclesia. Fixus. Adversa. Sperno. 1720. (*Ecton*, 4th.) Feyre God. 1612.—(*Whiston*, 5th.) Cum Cum and Praie. 1638.—(*Otney*, 2nd.) God save the Queene. 1599.—(*Weston-Underwood*, 1st.) Jesus speed mee. 1687. —(*Yardley-Hastings*, 1st. bell.) Fear God, honour the King. Henry Penn, Founder.

* The Register is headed thus:—Registrum Eastoniæ Maudit recens excriptum Anno Dni. 1599. In hoc registro parochiano, a baptismata, nuptiæ, et funera suo ordine sequntur ab anno Dni. 1539 ad 1599. "The first period at which we find the Government issuing orders for keeping parish registers is in the year 1538, in the reign of our Eighth Henry, about the time when Thomas Cromwell was appointed the King's vicegerent for ecclesiastical jurisdiction. In this capacity, Cromwell issued several injunctions to the clergy, one of which ordains that 'every officiating minister shall, for every church, keep a book, in which he shall register every marriage, christening, and burial.' Elizabeth ordered the use of parchment in the preservation of parish registers. The Easton Register is also of parchment. Few of the ancient registers which are now extant date their commencement before this queen's reign." T. S. A.

† The Rev. John Jones, Christchurch, Oxford, who presented his Translation of Isaiah to the Queen, on her Majesty's recent visit to Oxford.

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1723.—(2nd.) Obey them that have rule over you in the Lord.—(3rd.) Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing.—(4th.) Praise God in the beauty of holiness. Humphry Betty, A. M., Rector. —(5th.) Bee not wise in your own conceits. Samuel Whitmey, Robert Jeffery, C. Ws. —(6th.) The righteous hath hope in his death. The Right Honble. George Earl of Northampton, Baron Compton of Compton. 1723.—(*Carlton*, 1st.) Praise the Lord. 1602.—(4th.) In multis annis resonat campana Johannis.—(*Chillington*, 4th.) Sancta Katerina, ora pro nobis. J. D.—(*Harrold*, 2nd.) Cum Cum and praye. 1603.—(3rd.) Praise the Lorde. 1603.—(*Odell*, 4th.) God save our King. EN. TS. 1618.—(5th.) Love and fear God, Honour and obaie the King. 1635.—(*Fentham*, 5th.) Cum voco venite. (*Hanslope*, 3rd.) God save Kyng Charles. 1625.—(4th.) God save Kyng Charls. 1626. —(*Ravenston*, 2nd.) Ave Maria.—(3rd.) God save our King. 1623.—(*Irchester*, 1st.) Gloria Deo Soli. 1728.—(*Wollaston*, 6th.)—

I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.

—(*Higham-Ferrers*, 3rd.)—A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. 1611.—(5th.) Glory bee to God one high. 1636.—(*Finedon*, 1st.) Call a solemn assembly. Ex Dono Gilberti Dolben, Esqr. 1688.—(2nd.) Holiness to the Lord.—(3rd.) Praise God upon the high sounding cymbals.—(4th.) A voice from the temple. A voice of the Lord.—(5th.) As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.—(6th.) Sir English Dolben, Bart. Lord of the manor. Rev. S. W. Paul, B. D. Vicar. Watch, for ye know not the hour of death.—(*Wellingbro*, 1st.) The gift of Sir Paule Pinder, Knight. Anno 1640.—(2nd.)

Be yt knowne to all that doth me see,
That Newcombe of Leicester made mee. 1604

(6th.)—

To church the livinge I doe call:
The deade to grave I summon all. 1639.

In Doddington church, Northamptonshire, on a curiously carved screen is this inscription, (in abbreviated and mutilated characters:)—"Orate pro ans. Ricardi Kyng et Agnet. uxoris eius, constructoru. ist. operis:" which the village clerk gave thus as he had heard it,—"God bless Richard King and Agnes his wife, who *was* the builders of these buildings." It is also said that Friar Bacon was priest here, and lived in the south-west corner of the church. In the north transept are several bare-footed pilgrims, carrying, (as our guide said,) Lazarus to his burial, on a bier, before which is another pilgrim with his staff and scrip.

In the chancel of Great Billing, on a brass plate is:—

Justinian Brassgirdle underneath this stone,
Hath left his pawne of resurrectiou;
Who foure and fifty winters did affordе

This flocke the pasture of God's heavenly worde;
And all his lifetime did employ his care
So to growe rich to make the poore his heyre:
Being charitye's faithfull stewart, he imparts
Twelve hundred pounds to nourish Oxford artes;
Then if our God to them ope heaven doore,
That give but drops of water to the poore,
Sure his wise soul laid up a treasure there,
That nere shall rust—who now bought heaven so deare:
When faith and good workes have so long contended,
That faith is almost dead, and good workes ended.

Obijt Octob. 25, 1625.

In the belfry of Ecton church, Northamptonshire, is this quaint inscription, with the names of the ringers prefixed:—

All you that come into this place,
Thare names may read, but not disface.

Inscription on a mural monument, in Irchester church, Northamptonshire:—

Of auntient gentry here lye three discents,
Whose virtues are their lasting monuments;
Those virtues which to th' parents honnour wonne,
Were all in full perfection in the sonne:
Hee was devout, walked humbly with his God,
Without the least repining at his rod;
His loyalty was as unmov'd as fate,—
When Treason prosper'd, he did Treason hate;
Virtue through all his warfare was so strong,
Hee rather chose to beare than doe a wrong;
In charity both liberall and wise,
Hee knew God slights a foolish sacrifice;
In sacred friendship he did all excell,
None chose so warily, or lov'd so well;
Hee did his friend by wise advice persuade,
And so increas'd that friendship which he made;
Heav'n saw, approv'd, and summon'd him away,
Hee tooke no leave, nor made one minute's stay;
But, (like Elijah,) dropt his mantle downe,
And hasten'd to put on the promis'd crowne:
His lamp, (though full,) did hastily expire,
For dissolution was his great desire;
Heaven that kind fate did to his friend deny,
Because it found him not (yet) fit to dye;
But gave him time, till those good seeds were growne,
Which his dead friend with pious care had sowne;
Fast may they ripen, and him soone prepare
Of lasting blisse and thee to enjoy a share,
Never to part againe, no more to dye,
But where he tooke delight to live to lye;
Since his friend's goue, his pulse, greate Nature's drum,
Hath beat's approach, and told his friend he's come;
Slow was his march, the cause of his delay
Was he, his guide being gone, he lost his way;
Att last he found the path which he had trodd,
That surest leads to the Eternall God;
Like troubled Israll, he marcht fourty years
Through this vast wilderness of cares and tears;
The Nation's laws were polisht by his breath,
And truth sustain'd a dammag' by his death;
Rich in the praises of the poore he stood,
And honour'd by the best for being good;
He hopes at last, when the just Judg' appears,
They'l plead his cause as he hath pleaded theirs;
His practice nere was blemish'd with a flaw—
He help'd redeeme the credit of the Law;
And what was acted ill he only saw:
In recompence he's reached the promised land
Given to those obeying God's command;
Tho' Death was quick, (who for a time some spares,)
It had no power to take him unawares,
So quick a doome, (being so well prepar'd,)
Shorten'd his paine, and hasten'd his reward;
The swifter progress calls for earlier rest,
No change can come too soon yt makes us blest:
Tho' we pretend no profitt by our greife,
Yet to souls pent in sorrow 'tis releife,

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From hence we will with all our greifes dispence,
Nor monuments erect in our defeuce,
Since marble cannot last like Innocence.

In the church of Carlton :—

Joane Goddard.

Here lyeth hir corps entombed, which was ever,
(From infancie to age,) a dying lyver,
Her bodie here doth lye; noe massie stone
Entombes hir sovle; hir sovle is god-ward gone:
Who god-ward lives, with God shall live and rest—
Then is hir sovle entomb'd in Abram's brest.

1610.

Yet let not man defer to ye last howr,
Repentance is of God, not in man's powre.

In the church of Rushden, Northamptonshire, is a finely sculptured, marble monument to the memory of Robert Pemberton, of Pemberton, in the county of Lancaster, Esq., and his lady:—she dyed the 30th of Julye, in the yeare of grace 1608; he, the 18th of April, in the yeare 1609:

What man and wife were, or may after be,
Onnto ye other, (even such two were we;)
Full forty years we husband were and wife,
All which faire time we lived without a strife;
And on our deathbeds, it was hardly geste,
Which had to other greater love exprest:
I kind and loving to her, to me thus
She tender-hearted, myld, and vertuous;
We had eight children to augment our joyes,—
For her fower daughters, and for me fower boyes;
By God's grace we soe evenly were payrd,
As that in sexes equally we shar'd:
Not a year after that to heaven she went,
But me my Maker thether to her sent.

Also, in the above church:—

Sir Goddard Pemberton, Knt. died 1 Augt. 1616.

When all is done, it only is the pen,
Can tell the world the good or ill of men;
Stone, wood, or brass, whereon ther naught is writt,
Is soone as silent as those under it;
And for tradition let the dead not trust,
Or to the living that we see injuste;
Then for thy reverence to his genrous race,
The Knight which here lies buried in this place;
Hurt not this tomb, raze not when thou hast read,—
Oh, in thy mercye doe not wronge the dead.

T. S. A.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

(*From Le Bon Messager, a Swiss Almanack.*)

During Napoleon's confinement at St. Helena, a copy of Dr. Bogue's *Essay on the Divine Authority* of the New Testament was given to him, which the author had sent to the island; he read it with interest and satisfaction. At that time, a religious revival took place among the inhabitants of the island, as well as several soldiers of the garrison. One of the effects of this restoration of religion was the establishment of a meeting of officers and other christians, whose object was to read and study the scriptures, to instruct each other mutually, and to pray for themselves and for the brethren. In the two last years of Napoleon's life, several of these pious officers formed the picket established in the immediate neighbourhood of the Emperor's dwelling. They met for religious exercises, as we have before remarked, on the other side of the valley, and about a gun's shot from his lowly residence; and there, strangers to the politics of the government, whose orders they obeyed, and minding nothing but the charity the gospel inspires, they never failed to supplicate heaven in fervent prayers on behalf of their prisoner; they begged the God of mercy and goodness to allay the sufferings of a long sickness, and to make them instrumental to the peace and salvation of his soul. It was, therefore, natural that they should be very desirous to know what had been Napoleon's ideas and sentiments on his approach to eternity. Among other things, these companions of his exile learned, that he had read Dr. Bogue's Essay with pleasure; that he read the Holy Scriptures, of which he spoke respectfully; and that, in his illness, the name of that Saviour spoken of and revealed in the New Testament was often on his lips. After Napoleon's death, the copy of the Essay which belonged to him, and which he had made use of, was given to one of the sub-officers of the picket, who had taught English to the children of the Emperor's friends, and who was known as a respectable man, and a religious character. When the regiment returned to England, one of the officers presented this same copy to the venerable author, who received it with the warmest thanks. He afterwards frequently expressed his gratitude to God, that he had called him to write a book which had been interesting to that extraordinary man, and which, in all probability, had produced a most salutary effect upon his mind. T. S. A.

The Sketch-Book.

MY VISIT TO NIAGARA.

By the Author of "The Gray Champion."

Never did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm, than mine. I had lingered away from it, and wandered to other scenes, because my treasury of anticipated enjoyments, comprising all the wonders of the world, had nothing else so magnificent, and I was loth to exchange the pleasures of hope for those of memory so soon. At length, the day came. The stage-coach, with a Frenchman and myself on the back seat, had already left Lewiston, and in less than an hour would set us down in Manchester. I began to listen for the roar of the cataract, and trembled with a sensation like dread, as the moment drew nigh, when its voice of ages must roll, for the first time, on my ear. The French gentleman stretched himself from the window, and expressed loud admiration, while, by a sudden impulse, I threw myself back and closed my eyes. When the scene shut in, I was glad to think, that for me the whole burst of Niagara was yet in futurity,

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We rolled on, and entered the village of Manchester, bordering on the falls.

I am quite ashamed of myself here. Not that I ran, like a madman, to the falls, and plunged into the thickest of the spray—never stopping to breathe, till breathing was impossible: not that I committed this, or any other suitable extravagance. On the contrary, I alighted with perfect decency and composure, gave my cloak to the black waiter, pointed out my baggage, and inquired, not the nearest way to the cataract, but about the dinner-hour. The interval was spent in arranging my dress. Within the last fifteen minutes, my mind had grown strangely benumbed, and my spirits apathetic, with a slight depression, not decided enough to be termed sadness. My enthusiasm was in a deathlike slumber. Without aspiring to immortality, as he did, I could have imitated that English traveller, who turned back from the point where he first heard the thunder of Niagara, after crossing the ocean to behold it. Many a western trader, by-the-by, has performed a similar act of heroism with more heroic simplicity, deeming it no such wonderful feat to dine at the hotel and resume his route to Buffalo or Lewiston, while the cataract was roaring unseen.

Such has often been my apathy, when objects, long sought, and earnestly desired, were placed within my reach. After dinner—at which, an unwonted and perverse epicurism detained me longer than usual—I lighted a ciger and paced the piazza, minutely attentive to the aspect and business of a very ordinary village. Finally, with reluctant step, and the feeling of an intruder, I walked towards Goat Island. At the toll-house, there were further excuses for delaying the inevitable moment. My signature was required in a huge leger, containing similar, records innumerable, many of which I read. The skin of a great sturgeon, and other fishes, beasts, and reptiles; a collection of minerals, such as lie in heaps near the falls; some Indian moccasins, and other trifles, made of deer-skin and embroidered with beads; several newspapers from Montreal, New York, and Boston; all attracted me in turn. Out of a number of twisted sticks, the manufacture of a Tuscarora Indian, I selected one of curled maple, curiously convoluted, and adorned with the carved images of a snake and a fish. Using this as my pilgrim's staff, I crossed the bridge. Above and below me were the rapids, a river of impetuous snow, with here and there a dark rock amid its whiteness, resisting all the physical fury, as any cold spirit did the moral influences of the scene. On reaching Goat Island, which separates the two great segments of the falls, I chose the righthand path, and followed it to the edge of the American cascade. There, while the falling sheet was yet invisible, I saw the vapour that never vanishes, and the Eternal Rainbow of Niagara.

It was an afternoon of glorious sunshine, without a cloud, save those of the cataracts. I gained an insulated rock, and beheld a broad sheet of brilliant and unbroken foam, not shooting in a curved line from the top of the precipice, but falling headlong down from height to depth. A narrow stream diverged from the main branch, and hurried over the crag by a channel of its own, leaving a little, pine-clad island and a streak of precipice, between itself and the larger sheet. Below arose the mist, on which was painted a dazzling sun-bow, with two concentric shadows—one, almost as perfect as the original brightness; and the other, drawn faintly round the broken edge of the cloud.

Still, I had not half seen Niagara. Following the verge of the island, the path led me to the Horse-shoe, where the real, broad St. Lawrence, rushing along on a level with its banks, pours its whole breadth over a concave line of precipice, and thence pursues its course between lofty crags towards Ontario. A sort of bridge, two or three feet wide, stretches out along the edge of the descending sheet, and hangs upon the rising mist, as if that were the foundation of the frail structure. Here I stationed myself, in the blast of wind, which the rushing river bore along with it. The bridge was tremulous beneath me, and marked the tremour of the solid earth. I looked along the whitening rapids, and endeavoured to distinguish a mass of water far above the falls, to follow it to their verge, and go down with it, in fancy, to the abyss of clouds and storm. Casting my eyes across the river, and every side, I took in the whole scene at a glance, and tried to comprehend it in one vast idea. After an hour thus spent, I left the bridge, and, by a staircase, winding almost interminably round a post, descended to the base of the precipice. From that point, my path lay over slippery stones, and among great fragments of the cliff, to the edge of the cataract, where the wind at once enveloped me in spray, and perhaps dashed the rainbow round me. Were my long desires fulfilled? And had I seen Niagara?

Oh, that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old, who heard its deep roar, sounding through the woods, as the summons to an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink, in all the freshness of native feeling. Had its own mysterious voice been the first to warn me of its existence, then, indeed, I might have knelt down and worshipped. But I had come thither, haunted with a vision of foam and fury, and dizzy cliffs,

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and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky —a scene, in short, which nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize. My mind had struggled to adapt these false conceptions to the reality, and finding the effort vain, a wretched sense of disappointment weighed me down. I climbed the precipice, and threw myself on the earth—feeling that I was unworthy to look at the Great Falls, and careless about beholding them again.

* * * * *

All that night, as there has been and will be, for ages past and to come, a rushing sound was heard, as if a great tempest were sweeping through the air. It mingled with my dreams, and made them full of storm and whirlwind. Whenever I awoke, and heard this dread sound in the air, and the windows rattling as with a mighty blast, I could not rest again, till looking forth, I saw how bright the stars were, and that every leaf in the garden was motionless. Never was a summer-night more calm to the eye, nor a gale of autumn louder to the ear. The rushing sound proceeds from the rapids, and the rattling of the casements is but an effect of the vibration of the whole house, shaken by the jar of the cataract. The noise of the rapids draws the attention from the true voice of Niagara, which is a dull, muffled thunder, resounding between the cliffs. I spent a wakeful hour at midnight, in distinguishing its reverberations, and rejoiced to find that my former awe and enthusiasm were reviving.

Gradually, and after much contemplation, I came to know, by my own feelings, that Niagara is indeed a wonder of the world, and not the less wonderful, because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it. Casting aside all pre-conceived notions, and preparation to be dire-struck or delighted, the beholder must stand beside it in the simplicity of his heart, suffering the mighty scene to work its own impression. Night after night, I dreamed of it, and was gladdened every morning by the consciousness of a growing capacity to enjoy it. Yet I will not pretend to the all-absorbing enthusiasm of some more fortunate spectators, nor deny, that very trifling causes would draw my eyes and thoughts from the cataract.

The last day that I was to spend at Niagara, before my departure for the far west, I sat upon the Table Rock. This celebrated station did not now, as of old, project fifty feet beyond the line of the precipice, but was shattered by the fall of an immense fragment, which lay distant on the shore below. Still, on the utmost verge of the rock, with my feet hanging over it, I felt as if suspended in the open air. Never before had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals, when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up, to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceives no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes the mind.

Leaning over the cliff, I saw the guide conducting two adventurers behind the falls. It was pleasant, from that high seat in the sunshine, to observe them struggling against the eternal storm of the lower regions, with heads bent down, now faltering, now pressing forward, and finally swallowed up in their victory. After their disappearance, a blast rushed out with an old hat, which it had swept from one of their heads. The rock, to which they were directing their unseen course, is marked, at a fearful distance on the exterior of the sheet, by a jet of foam. The attempt to reach it, appears both poetical and perilous, to a looker-on, but may be accomplished without much more difficulty or hazard, than in stemming a violent northeaster. In a few moments, forth came the children of the mist. Dripping and breathless, they crept along the base of the cliff, ascended to the guide's cottage, and received, I presume, a certificate of their achievement, with three verses of sublime poetry on the back.

My contemplations were often interrupted by strangers, who came down from Forsyth's to take their first view of the falls. A short, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, fresh from old England, peeped over the rock, and evinced his approbation by a broad grin. His spouse, a very robust lady, afforded a sweet example of maternal solicitude, being so intent on the safety of her little boy that she did not even glance at Niagara. As for the child, he gave himself wholly to the enjoyment of a stick of candy. Another traveller, a native American, and no rare character among us, produced a volume of Captain Hall's tour, and laboured earnestly to adjust Niagara to the captain's description, departing, at last, without one new idea or sensation of his own. The next comer was provided, not with a printed book, but with a blank sheet of foolscap, from top to bottom of which, by means of an ever-pointed pencil, the cataract was made to thunder.

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In a little talk, which we had together, he awarded his approbation to the general view, but censured the position of Goat Island, observing that it should have been thrown farther to the right, so as to widen the American falls, and contract those of the Horse-shoe. Next appeared two traders of Michigan, who declared, that, upon the whole, the sight was worth looking at; there certainly was an immense water-power here; but that, after all, they would go twice as far to see the noble stone-works of Lockport, where the Grand Canal is locked down a descent of sixty feet. They were succeeded by a young fellow, in a home-spun cotton dress, with a staff in his hand, and a pack over his shoulders. He advanced close to the edge of the rock, where his attention, at first wavering among the different components of the scene, finally became fixed in the angle of the Horse-shoe falls, which is, indeed, the central point of interest. His whole soul seemed to go forth and be transported thither, till the staff slipped from his relaxed grasp, and falling down—down—down—struck upon the fragment of the Table Rock.

In this manner, I spent some hours, watching the varied impression, made by the cataract, on those who disturbed me, and returning to unwearied contemplation, when left alone. At length, my time came to depart. There is a grassy foot-path, through the woods, along the summit of the bank, to a point whence a causeway, hewn in the side of the precipice, goes winding down to the ferry, about half a mile below the Table Rock. The sun was near setting, when I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and began the descent. The indirectness of my downward road continually changed the point of view, and showed me, in rich and repeated succession—now, the whitening rapids and the majestic leap of the main river, which appeared more deeply massive as the light departed; now, the lovelier picture, yet still sublime, of Goat Island, with its rocks and grove, and the lesser falls, tumbling over the right bank of the St. Lawrence, like a tributary stream; now, the long vista of the river, as it eddied and whirled between the cliffs, to pass through Ontario towards the sea, and everywhere to be wondered at, for this one, unrivalled scene. The golden sunshine tinged the sheet of the American cascade, and painted on its heaving spray the broken semicircle of a rainbow, Heaven's own beauty crowning earth's sublimity. My steps were slow, and I paused long at every turn of the descent, as one lingers and pauses, who discerns a brighter and brightening excellence in what he must soon behold no more. The solitude of the old wilderness now reigned over the whole vicinity of the falls. My enjoyment became the more rapturous, because no poet shared it—nor wretch, devoid of poetry, profaned it: but the spot, so famous through the world, was all my own!—*New-England Magazine.*

Antiquariana.

THE KING'S GUARD-CHAMBER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

The decorations of the King's Guard-chamber at Windsor Castle have been so much altered of late, that probably a description of its appearance at his present Majesty's accession may be agreeable to some of our readers. This fine apartment, seventy-five feet in length, is placed at right angles to the magnificent hall dedicated to St. George, the entrances into which open from it. Just before the demise of George IV., whose taste has been generally acknowledged, Sir Samuel Meyrick was honoured with the commands of that monarch to select and arrange what armour and weapons he thought proper, so as to give to the room the best possible effect; and the Board of Ordnance was directed to grant him the assistance of Mr. Lovell, superintendent of the small armoury department, and Mr. Stacey, of the depôt in Tooley-street. His Majesty was pleased to approve most highly of Sir Samuel's ideas on the subject, but did not live to see them realized.

Those who have inspected what is termed Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, at the Tower of London, must have witnessed with what skill Mr. Stacey can display the various parts of modern weapons, as ramrods, gun-barrels, locks, bayonets, gun-stocks, swords, &c. In like manner various stars, laurel branches, and such like devices of a novel, yet appropriate character, were selected and revised by Sir Samuel Meyrick for the King's guard-chamber at Windsor. It is but justice to state that one, by no means apparent, advantage in Mr. Stacey's contrivances, is the important fact that by such an arrangement of the several parts of weapons, they are not injured in the slightest degree, but remain quite in a fit state to be put together at a moment's notice.

Mr. Lovell also, combining with great practical knowledge, a thorough acquaintance with the forms and fastening of armour, afforded equally valuable assistance.

Besides the decorations already described, and tasteful groups of ancient weapons procured and arranged by Sir Samuel Meyrick, were the following:—

As the principal point of attraction over the chimney-piece, in a glass case, was deposited that extremely beautiful target of Henry VIII., which had a similar position in the octagon library in the late Buckingham Palace, and which George IV. ordered to be removed at the express request of Sir Samuel. This exquisite work of art, made of steel, is

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ornamented with bas-reliefs plated with silver. on a ground of niello, &c. and said, with good reason, to have been chased by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, and a present to the English sovereign by Francis I., King of France. The subject of them, distributed in four compartments, accompanied by a Latin inscription, is the contest between Cæsar and Pompey. This delightful specimen has been placed on a pivot, so that by turning it round, the bystander can conveniently inspect every portion.

As this is exactly opposite the centre doorway of St. George's Hall, above the fire-place was a representation of St. George and the Dragon, so as when open to be seen through it. This was composed of a youth's suit of armour, richly engraved and gilt, of the close of the reign of James I., and placed in such manner as that the supposed wearer was striding over one wing of his bestial enemy, and thrusting his lance into its mouth. Behind it appeared a glory, designating a holy personage, which was formed of ramrods, on a gilt ground. The scales of the dragon were made of sword-blades turned blue, and it was seen issuing out of a jungle of rushes composed of similar materials, shining bright. The emphatic words of his late majesty, on being shown the design by Sir Samuel Meyrick were, "now we shall have something worth looking at;" and those who saw it can bear testimony that the grouping justified the prediction. But, alas! the decorations were not completed till the 9th of July, 1831.

On a corbel labelled A. D. 1612, on the right side of the fire-place, was a magnificent suit of armour of bright steel and gold, made for the interesting Henry, Prince of Wales, ornamented with his initials and the thistle and rose. This young man's premature death was greatly regretted by the nation, as his love for, and proficiency in, the military pastimes of the day, were much more suited to the temper of the times than the peaceable disposition of his father. A part of the additional armour for the tournament was placed at his feet, and the remainder on the next corbel.

On a similar support on the other side of the chimney-piece, and inscribed A. D. 1620, was a suit that probably belonged to his brother Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Charles I., on which several naval and other trophies were beautifully engraved.

Next, on a corbel dated A. D. 1635, was a suit of armour attributed to Prince Rupert, with the grand guard affixed in readiness for the tournament.

The one after has the date A. D. 1596, and the armour is called that of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the spirited but unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The ornamental engraving of this suit is peculiarly chaste and elegant.

A complicated trophy of arms and armour, in which were to be found various beautiful and rare pieces, was grouped so as tastefully to occupy a very broad space of wall. Another one to correspond was placed exactly opposite.

At the end of the apartment, on each side of the great window, were two niches. In one of these, Sir Samuel placed a suit of the Duke of Brunswick, who lived A. D. 1530, and was ancestor of his present majesty. It was at his suggestion removed hither from Carlton Palace, having been originally brought from the arsenal of that duchy. It was of bright steel, and finely engraved.

In the corresponding niche, having the date A. D. 1588, was a suit of massive tournament armour, which has been assigned to Lord Howard of Effingham, who commanded the English fleet in the memorable victory obtained over the Spanish Armada.

Over the entrance to this apartment, at its opposite termination, is a gallery, and on this were placed two trophies of arms and armour. —*The Analyst, (Worcester,)* No. 7.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OBSTRUCTING the view of the south tower of the Abbey church, and forming part of the Abbot's lodgings, stands the venerable wall of the Jerusalem Chamber. It was built by Abbot Litlington, in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. The ancient front has a battlement repaired with bricks, as shown in the first Engraving.

The Deanery communicates with the Jerusalem Chamber by some apartments, in the windows of which are some remains of painted glass; and in a small ante-room, in an ornamented niche, probably for a piscina, are similar relics of the ingenuity of past ages, which the excellence of our times has scarcely approached. The Chamber itself, which is 38 feet in length, and 19 feet in width, was repaired in the summer of 1830. The ceiling is coved; the chimney-piece is of cedar, but has been painted to imitate grained oak; it is curiously carved in the style of James the First's reign, when it was first erected, at the cost of Dean Williams; it consists of two divisions of paneling, &c., with cornices and Ionic columns. In the centre panel are the following arms: quarterly, first and fourth, a chev. erm. between three Saracens' heads in profile, couped; second and third, a chev. between three stags' heads caboshed and attired. This coat is placed between the arms of the See of Lincoln, on the dexter, and those of the College of Westminster on the sinister side; the whole being in one shield, for Dr. John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and Dean of Westminster, who, in 1641, was advanced to the See of Canterbury. The same arms are represented in the large north window,

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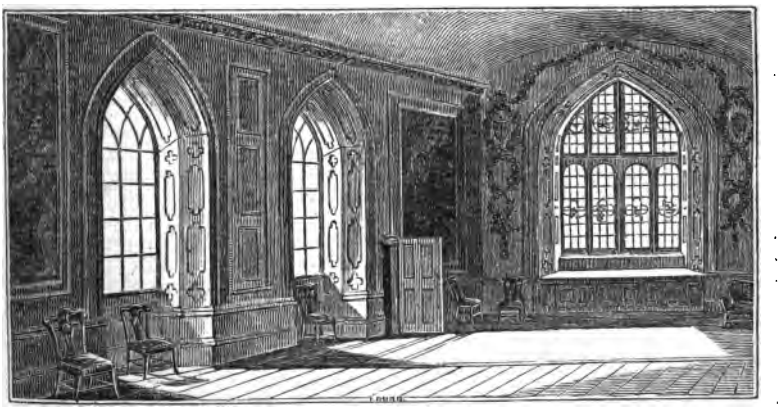
(The Jerusalem Chamber, Westward.)

together with seven small, historical and scriptural subjects, in stained and painted glass, which, from their design and execution, Mr. Brayley refers to Richard the Second's reign. Against the side walls, disposed in frames, are some considerable remnants of the old tapestry hangings of the choir of the Abbey church; and against the south wall is the well-known, curious painting of King Richard II., sitting in his regal paraphernalia, in the Coronation chair.

Henry IV. breathed his last in this Chamber, into which he had been brought when seized with his final illness, whilst worshipping at St. Edward's Shrine, on the 20th of March, 1413. At that period, he was preparing for a voyage to the Holy Land, having recently assumed the cross in consequence of a prediction that "he should die in *Jerusalem*," which had been made to him in the early part of his life. "He became so syke," says Fabian, "while he was makynge his prayers, to take there his leve, and so to spede hym upon his iournaye, that such as were aboute him feryd that he wolde have dyed right there; wherefore they, for his comforte, bare hym into the Abbottes place, and lodged hym in a chamber, and there, upon a paylet, leyde him before the fyre." Shortly after, on recovering his senses, he inquired where he was, and on being told, in the *Jerusalem Chamber*, he adverted to the prophecy,* and finding his death to be approaching, employed his last moments in

* Shakspeare dramatises the King's reply thus:—

Laud be to God!—even here my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me for many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land!
Henry IV., part 2, Act iv., sc. 4.



(Interior of the Jerusalem Chamber, South-east.)

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giving counsel to his son, the Prince of Wales; then recommending his soul to God, he expired.†

The prints represent the Chamber, as it appeared about twenty years since: the interior shows fewer traits of antiquity than the exterior.

† Abridged from Londiniana, vol. ii. p. 127—129.

The Public Journals.

THE NOTTINGHAM GARDENS.

(From a striking Paper, by William Howitt; in Tait's Magazine.)

THERE are, in the outskirts of Nottingham, upwards of 5,000 gardens, the bulk of which are occupied by the working class. A good many there are belonging to the substantial tradesmen and wealthier inhabitants; but the great mass are those of the mechanics. These lie on various sides of the town, in expanses of many acres in a place, and some of them as much as a mile and a half distant from the centre of the town. In the winter, they have rather a desolate aspect, with their naked trees and hedges, and all their little summer-houses exposed, and damp-looking, and forlorn; but, in spring and summer, they look exceedingly well—in spring, all starred with blossoms, all thick with leaves; and their summer-houses peeping pleasantly from amongst them. The advantage of these gardens to the working class of a great manufacturing town, is beyond calculation; and I believe no town in the kingdom has so many of them, in proportion to its population. It were to be desired that the example of the Nottingham artisans was imitated by those of other great towns; or rather that the taste for them was encouraged, and, in fact, created, by the example of the middle classes, and by patriotic persons laying out fields for this purpose, and letting them at a reasonable rate. A wide difference in the capability of indulging in this healthful species of recreation, must, of course, depend on the species of manufacture carried on. Where steam-engines abound, and are at the foundation of all the labours of a place, as in Manchester, for instance, there you will find few gardens in the possession of the mechanics. The steam-engine is a never-resting, unwearable, unpersuadable giant and despot; and will go on thumping and setting thousands of wheels and spindles in motion; and men must stand, as it were, the slaves of its unsleeping energies. Oh! what was the fate of the ancient genii to the fate of our modern mechanics! What was the fate of "the slaves of the lamp," or the slaves of the talismanic ring, to that of the slaves of the steam-engine! *They* could vanish and lie at rest till came the irresistible call; *they* could sport over ocean and desert, through the air and the clouds; *they* could speed into the depths of space, and wander amid the inconceivable mysteries and miracles of unknown worlds; till the omnipotent spell recalled them to execute some temporary wish of their tyrant, and then return to a wide liberty. But the slave of the steam-engine must be at the beck of *his* tyrant night or day, with only such intervals as barely suffice to restore his wearied strength and faculties:—therefore, you shall not see gardens flourish and summer-houses rise in the vicinity of his hurrying and tremendous power. But where he is not, or but partially predominates, there may the mechanic enjoy the pleasures of a garden. And how many are those pleasures!

Early in the spring—as soon, in fact, as the days begin to lengthen, and the shrewd air to dry up the wintry moisture—you may see them getting into their gardens; clearing away the dead stalks of last year's growth, and digging up the soil; but especially on fine days in February and March they are busy. Trees are pruned, beds are dug, walks cleaned, and all the refuse and decayed vegetation piled up in heaps; and the smoke of the fires in which it is burnt rolling up from many a garden, and sending its pungent odour to meet you afar off. It is pleasant to see, as the season advances, how busy their occupants become; bustling there, with their basses in their hands, and their tools on their shoulders; wheeling in manure, and clearing out their summer-houses; and what an air of daily increasing neatness they assume, till they are one wide expanse of blossomed fruit-trees and flowering fragrance. Every garden has its summer-house; and these are of all scales and grades, from the erection of a few tub-staves, with an attempt to trail a pumpkin or a wild hop over it, to substantial brick houses with glass windows, good cellars for a deposit of choice wines, a kitchen and all necessary apparatus, and a good pump to supply them with water. Many are very picturesque, rustic huts, built with great taste, and hidden by tall hedges in a perfect little paradise of lawn and shrubbery—most delightful spots to go and read in of a summer day, or to take dinner or tea in with a pleasant party of friends. Some of these places, which belong to the substantial tradespeople, have cost their occupiers from one to five hundred pounds, and the pleasure they take in them may be thence imagined; but many of the mechanics have very excellent summer-houses, and there they delight to go and smoke a solitary pipe, as they look over the smiling face of their garden, or take a quiet stroll amongst their flowers; or to take a pipe with a friend; or to spend a Sunday afternoon, or a summer evening, with their families. The amount of enjoyment which these gardens afford to a great number of families, is not easily to be calculated—and then the health and the im-

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proved taste! You meet them coming home, having been busy for hours in the freshness of the summer morning in them, and now are carrying home a bass brimful of vegetables for the house. In the evening, thitherward you see groups and families going; the key that admits to the common paths that lead between them is produced; a door is opened and closed; and you feel that they have vanished into a pure and sacred retirement, such as the mechanic of a large town could not possess without these suburban gardens. And then to think of the alehouse, the drinking, noisy, politics-bawling alehouse, where a great many of those very men would most probably be, if they had not this attraction—to think of this, and then to see the variety of sources of a beautiful and healthful interest which they create for themselves here:—what a contrast!—what a most gratifying contrast! There are the worthy couple sitting in the open summer-house of one garden, quietly enjoying themselves, and watching their children romping on the grass-plot, or playing about the walks; in another, a social group of friends round the tea-table, or enjoying the reward of all their spring labours, picking strawberries fresh from the bed, or raspberries, gooseberries, and currants from the bush. In one you find a grower of fine apples, pears, or plums, or of large gooseberries; in another, a florist, with his show of tulips, ranunculuses, hyacinths, carnations, or other choice flowers that claim all his leisure moments, and are a source of a thousand cares and interests. And of these cares and interests, the neat awning of white canvass, raised on its light frame of wood, the glasses and screens of board and of matting, to defend those precious objects from every rude attack of sun, wind, or rain—all these are sufficient testimonies; and tell of hours early and late, in the dawn of morning and the dusk of evening, when the happy man has been entranced in his zealous labours, and absorbed in a thousand delicious fancies, and speculations of perfection. Of late, the splendid dahlia and the pansey have become objects of attention; and I believe of the latter flower, till recently despised and overlooked, except in the old English cottage garden, there are now more than twenty varieties, of such brilliance and richness of hue, and many of them of such superb expanse of corolla, as merit all the value set upon them.

This is the allotment system of the manufacturing town; to the full as desirable as that for the country, and which may be facilitated—fraught as it is with abundant physical and moral good—by philanthropic individuals, to a great extent. At Nottingham, as I have observed, the taste seems to have grown up originally of itself, and then, exciting the attention of speculators, has been extended to its present growth by them. The mechanics there have not their gardens at a cheap rate. They all say they could purchase their vegetables in the market for the amount of the rental and incidental expenses; but, then, they get the health and the enjoyment, and their fruit and vegetables they get so fresh.

There are, according to a personal examination made by myself, now upwards of 5,000 of these gardens, containing, as single gardens, 400 square yards each—the general scale of a garden; though a good many are held as double and even treble gardens. These let at from one halfpenny to three halfpence per yard; but, averaged at three farthings, make a rental of 1*l.* 5*s.* per garden, or a total of 6,250*l.* Five thousand gardens of 400 yards each of clear garden ground, independent of fences and roads, give 413 acres and about a rood. Now, if we add one-fifth for the fences and roads, the total quantity of land occupied is 496 acres; or we may say, in round numbers, 500 acres. Here, then, for 500 acres, which, at fifty shillings an acre—a good rent for ordinary purposes—would yield a rent only of 1,250*l.* yields, by being converted into gardens, a rent of 6,250*l.*, or a clear profit of 5,000*l.*

Thus, it is evident that any persons willing to promote this taste for gardening in the neighbourhood of towns, might double, in many instances, the ordinary rent of the land, and yet let it in gardens at half the price of these Nottingham ones. Even where land, in the vicinity of a large town, is very highly rented—a halfpenny a yard, and ten gardens to the acre, fences and roads included, would produce 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per acre; no contemptible sum, to say nothing of the real kindness of the accommodation, and the health, pleasure, and pure taste communicated to their fellowmen; whilst against the increased risk of loss, and the increased trouble of the collection of rent, are to be set the value of the garden stock, fruit-trees, shrubs, and flower-roots, and the summer-houses, which enhance the value to the next tenant.

Notes of a Reader.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

[The notion of regarding the East Indies as a source of unbounded wealth, which is entertained by all the young people of this country who go there, is an erroneous one. We do not remember seeing so graphic a description as this of Mr. Graham, of the first impressions on our countrymen on landing in India.]

This erroneous idea of the state of India, may be formed by him who merely visits one or all of the three great cities—Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, or perhaps some of the other chief places where the English are

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stationed. In the former, he will find the principal officers of the government, and the wealthy English and native merchants, residing. He will see all the pomp and luxury that riches can command, and be dazzled with the different costumes and manners of the Eastern nations. In Bombay, he will behold the Englishman rolling softly along in his carriage, dressed in white jacket and round hat; the active Parsee, or fire-worshipper, following in his large coach, accompanied by his friends, all of them having large upright turbans, smooth faces, and dark mustachoes, and dressed in loose white robes, with a handsome girdle round the loins. Numbers of the same caste may be seen in the evening, ranged along the beautifully placid sea shore, muttering their orisons to that glorious luminary, the setting sun, then burnishing with his last golden rays the western sky. The fort of Bombay has a beautiful appearance. It is strong and extensive, with a handsome glacis, called the esplanade, sloping down from it. Passing along this, the attention of a stranger will also be attracted by palanquins, hurrying along with gentlemen, luxuriously reclining, borne along on the shoulders of the Kamathe Hamal, or bearer, with brawny limbs, and only a cloth round his loins, a plain turban, sandals on his feet, large silver bracelets ornamenting his arms, and golden rings in his ears. Near the wells, the upright Hindoo, or fair Parsee woman, may be seen gracefully balancing on her head several pitchers, one above the other, full of water. The silver rings on her toes make a jingling noise as she moves along. Massy silver rings decorate her legs, numerous bracelets her arms, and golden ones her ears and nose. The stern Arab may also be seen stalking sedately amongst the crowd, with his long, flowing, black beard, and a rosary in his hand. On the roads are to be descried Armenians, Jews, Portuguese, Chinese, Rajpoots, Moguls, and the different classes of Musselmen and Hindoos in their various costumes. The young cadet also lately arrived from England, and now left to act for himself in this new world, and ready to follow the habits of those around him, is seen riding rapidly along, on his way to the mess, proud of his red jacket and brilliant cap, and the prancing Arab steed which he has just purchased. On the several roads leading through the densely peopled neighbouring villages, are to be seen numerous native carriages, some with a pair of bullocks, trotting along, with bells hanging from their necks, others with curtains drawn closely round to conceal the inmates, some with a single horse, driving rapidly, with three or four Hindoo clerks, returning to their homes from office, sitting on cushions back to back, conversing, perhaps, about the different documents they have been transcribing, and bearing on their foreheads the distinguishing mark of their sect. On the right, one of the finest bays or harbours in the world comes into view, from which the Ghauts appear in soft and majestic grandeur at a distance, while nearer lie the islands of Calaba, Bombay, and Salsette, studded with many villages, and beautiful bungalows peeping from between the numerous lofty cocoa nut trees, and different species of the elegant palm, forming altogether one of the most magnificent and lovely oriental scenes the eye can rest upon. The sight of so many English ships gently pressing the bosom of the deep, brings to recollection the immense oceans that they have had to traverse, and the humble manner in which that nation sought for a share in the traffic of the East; while the fort, with its bold front, marks the character it has now assumed.

A stranger passing from Bombay to any of the principal stations where the English reside, will be amused at the Eastern mode of travelling, and at the appearance of the different persons he may meet on the road. Before the traveller has advanced far, he may espy a line of camels carrying tents, or loaded with merchandise, whilst on the back of the foremost the driver is perched at a considerable height, seated on the baggage. The long, bending necks, awkward legs, and peculiar gait of the camels, will attract his attention, and their curious mode of kneeling down to allow the baggage to be removed or buckled on, will call forth his admiration. His eye may next rest on the diminutive ponies of the country, as they pass and repass, variously loaded, accompanied with native drivers, almost as devoid of clothes as the animals they conduct. His ear will now be saluted with the continual tinkling of bells, depending from the necks of bullocks, plodding their weary way under bags of grain and other country produce. Conspicuous amongst the drove, are seen some painted horns, elongated by ornamented sticks attached to them; these mark the favourite bullocks. A band of those native Sepoys, who assisted us in conquering their country, may be overtaken on the road, who appear joyous at having obtained leave of absence for six months, to go, it may be, as far as the distant presidency of Bengal, that they may again behold the friends they had left in their youth. Some of them, perhaps, are returning to solace their aged parents with their company, and contribute to their comfort, by throwing into their laps the savings from their monthly pay. Others of them, it may be, with less noble purposes, are seeking the quiet of home, and a temporary freedom from the drudgery of drill, or the fatigues of war. Most of them, he will observe, are mounted on the ponies peculiar to the country, each of them uniting the valour of the

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hero with the qualifications of the cook. Here a sword or other martial implement, proclaims the warrior, whilst dangling on the other side, brass cups and plates, with clattering noise, betray the cook. Carefully strapped, may be discerned the iron plate upon which, in the heat of the day, they cook their cakes under the shade of some sheltering tree. Nor will the European observer fail to remark how proudly every one displays his red jacket, conscious that it confers on him a character and influence which will easily enable him to take advantage of the humble villagers as he travels along. Conveyances of different kinds may occasionally be met with. Carts with pairs of bullocks containing supplies for the troops. Mahomedan servants proceeding on ponies in advance of their master, to prepare the way, and have everything ready for him at the next halting ground. Natives may be observed hastening along, each with a pole over his shoulder, at either end of which dangles a chair, table, or other piece of European furniture. They wonder at our luxurious habits, which seem to them exceedingly superfluous, as mother earth supplies them, gratis, with table, chair, and bed. Cantering along, the Sahib himself comes up, dressed in white, and mounted on a handsome Arab horse. Palanquins, containing his lady and her family, next reach the halting ground, which are put down, perhaps, at the door of the tent, when the weary bearers gladly mutter thanks to some protecting power, and run to drink water at the refreshing well or tank, lifting it up to their mouths in the hollow of their hands. Inspiring dread, admiration, and wonder, the pompous elephant bearing on his back the magnificent houdah, may, perchance, be met, marking the wealth and luxury of its possessor.—*On the Means of Ameliorating India.*

AN INN IN THE ABRUZZI.

By a recent Tourist.

Our lodging for the night is in the very worst style, a specimen of those hedge taverns in which I have housed a hundred times in foot journeys in Italy. It is a house of one story, and excepting two little sleeping apartments, its whole space is taken up by one large lofty room, serving all imaginable purposes. A flight of steps outside leads up from the lane to the door, which stands always open, for the egress of the smoke, and the ingress of a group which just now occupies the space beside it,—two half-naked children stealing bran out of a wooden trough, and two pigs, the rightful owners, grunting indignation at them. The floor is of clay, which, if the roof be no better than is usual, may become mud; the movable furniture consists of two begrimed wooden tables, a few stools, and some chairs which once were straw-bottomed; but besides these movable seats, a stone bench, having the wall of the projecting chimney for its back, is built on each side of the hearth: on this settle we shall sit now, and lie down to sleep in an hour or two. In a few minutes we see the swine banished, and the children imprisoned; the door is shut for the first time since morning; the one window, which of course has no glass, is closed by a shutter; the lamp is lighted, and hung in the chimney; fresh wood is thrown on the hearth, and its acrid fumes blow a little supererogatory blackness on the rafters, and make our unaccustomed eyes drop tears as fast as the Arabian tree its medicinal gums. Our host and a friend have been out bird-shooting, and sit before the fire cleaning their guns, fine, muscular, well-featured men, just such figures and dress as you see in Eastlake's pictures; for I have not remarked (although there may be) any district except this valley, in which the ordinary dress unites all parts of the so called brigand costume. The felt hat, worn in-doors as well as abroad, is peaked, and a bunch of wild flowers stuck in its band; the short jacket was once embroidered, the vest is of some showy colour, as purple or scarlet, and a coloured handkerchief is wound scarf-wise round the waist; the deeds without a name descend no lower than the knees; round the feet and calves, over the stockings, or instead of them, are wrapped rollers of coarse linen, a remnant of the Roman dress; and on the foot is worn no shoe, but a genuine classical sandal, a wooden or thick leathern sole, braced with cords round the ankle and instep. The sandal seems to be peculiar to the Rovetesi, and their neighbours, as near as Avezzano, give them a nickname (Ciucciari), which apparently has allusion to it. The plain-looked, red-haired hostess finds employment enough in cooking the supper and scolding her offspring; and two female visiters of hers sit on the stone-bench opposite to us. The younger, a girl about fourteen, can neither work, nor talk, for staring at the odd-looking foreigners; the other, a woman of eighteen, is busily and modestly occupied with her distaff. Both are fine women, but the elder is a goddess,—a Juno in disguise of a mountain maiden,—a genuine Juno, for Gaisford himself cannot prove from Homer that the goddess, except on one great occasion, ever washed her face. These mountaineers, indeed, of both sexes, struck me everywhere as unusually handsome, taller, if I mistake not, than the Neapolitans of the low country, certainly fairer both in complexion, and in eyes and hair; and this girl's head, with its fine shape, its straight, noble features, its full, warm, chestnut eyes, and its dark brown hair, rich as the tresses of the weeping birch, is the perfection of

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animal beauty. Her head is covered with a white handkerchief, folded square, in a fashion common elsewhere; and her round, tall form is certainly disfigured by the species of defensive armour called. I think, stays, or corset, which this Marsian nymph wears above the rest of her dress, and has ornamented beyond all the rest, patching it with gaudy reds and greens, and fastening it in front with yellow cords, elaborately crossed.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE SETTLEMENT OF FERGUS, IN UPPER CANADA.

An intelligent Scotsman, Mr. Fergusson of Woodhill, after a preliminary visit to Canada, has established himself for a time in that province. The leading object of Mr. Fergusson is to form a settlement, where, in a desirable location, he may establish the junior branches of his family in contiguity with each other, and in the midst of a respectable circle of countrymen and friends. We have lately had a communication from Mr. Fergusson of a tenor most gratifying and satisfactory.

To make a selection among the townships of Upper Canada is no easy task. Four points would seem to have been kept steadily in view, and in the following gradation: 1st. Exemption from local disease, such as fever, ague, &c.; 2nd, A copious supply of pure and wholesome water, with a sufficiency of mill power; 3rd, A rich and productive soil; and, 4th, what may be considered commercial advantages, such as vicinity to water carriage, &c. These, with some exceptions as regards the last, Mr. Fergusson has found to his entire satisfaction in the township of Nichol, district of Gore, lat. 43½° N., long. 80½° W. The salubrity of the climate is undoubted, fever and ague being unknown. The Ouse or Grand River, with fine mill-falls of fifteen feet, fronts and partially intersects the block of 8,000 acres, running for miles between romantic cliffs of limestone; and the Irvine, a copious stream, nearly divides it, while springs and creeks are to be found on almost every lot. The soil is a dry, friable mould with a rich clay substratum upon a limestone bed, useful and valuable for every agricultural purpose. The timber, which is very large, consists of all the varieties of maple, elm, birch, cherry, butter-nut, cedar, &c. There is found a sufficiency of pine for home use, though not so abundant as in some other townships, from the quality of the soil being too rich for pine. The only disadvantage to be urged against Nichol is, being remote from the great lakes. The distance, however, from the centre of the township to Burlington Bay on Lake Ontario will not exceed forty or forty-five miles at the highest computation, and, by this route, the expense and delay upon the Welland Canal will be entirely avoided. A ready market for surplus produce will be found for many a year within the township itself; and Mr. Fergusson, to our knowledge, has made such arrangements to promote the breeding and feeding of live-stock among his settlers, as must render any such distances, or a present indifferent state of roads, of comparatively minor importance.

A village has been commenced in a delightful situation upon the Grand River at the Little Falls, where a carriage bridge has been thrown across from rock to rock; a saw-mill and dam are nearly ready; and a grist-mill (not without a run of stones for the bruse of auld Scotland) is fixed to be in operation ere long. A commodious two-story tavern is now open and well kept, and, to show the use to which it has already been appropriated, the pages of the *Dundas Weekly Post*, a genuine settler's newspaper, gives this interesting account: "*St. Andrew's Day in the Back Woods.*—This national festival was celebrated upon Monday, December 1, in the village of Fergus, township of Nichol, with true Caledonian spirit, heightened by that zest which must ever attend the 'gathering' of countrymen so far from their native home. That day had been selected by Mr. Fergusson to lay the foundation of a church and school-house, and a numerous assemblage mustered for the purpose. The object was happily accomplished, and, after a suitable address from Mr. Fergusson, in which he named it St. Andrew's Church, the settlers, with some friends from the adjoining townships, making a party of twenty-six, adjourned to the newly-erected tavern, where Mr. Fergusson entertained them at dinner. Under many disadvantages, Mr. Black produced the dishes of the day in high perfection. A better haggis never showed his 'sonsy face,' and a glass of genuine Glenlivet kept all right. A two gallon punch bowl manufactured in the village by Mr. Perry, from curled maple, was vigorously plied, and a merrier party, we will venture to say, were no where on that evening assembled. A St. Andrew's Society was constituted in due form, and we doubt not will flourish, as it seemed a dream to those who here witnessed a party, surrounded with the comforts, if not the luxuries also, of civilized life, where, a few short months ago, the foot of man, except a hunter, had never trod." While adverting to the erection of the church and school-house for the use of the settlers, we may mention that we know the firm resolution of Mr. Fergusson to admit of no settlers of doubtful or indifferent character, for any temptation of price.

The settlement of Fergus has every prospect of success. In one short season, and under all the disadvantages of a commence-

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ment, above 3,000 acres have been sold to emigrants of the very first class, combining industry, capital, and skill, and who will undoubtedly prove a nucleus around which many others will cluster. When our excellent and worthy friend, Mr. James Webster, (would that we could spend an evening with him in the Back Woods, for he is a capital hand at a *crack*,) whom Mr. Fergusson has now associated with him in the purchase, and Mr. Buist, a worthy and intelligent farmer from Strathmore, entered upon the land in January, 1834, not a vestige of civilized life was to be found. Already above seventy souls are denizens, with many casual visiters, and all the initiatory processes of chopping, logging, house-building, &c., are going briskly forward. Neither have amusements been overlooked. Arrangements have been made to form a library for the winter evenings, and a village band gives fair promise of harmless recreation to old and young. Curling stones are in preparation to ply upon a noble reach of the river; while deer, bears, wolves, and the feathered tribes abound in the forest. It is altogether an interesting scene, and has our warmest wishes for success. Independence is doubtless before them, let industry and sobriety be their guides. To those amongst us who are looking to the western world we would say, visit Fergus, and ponder well upon the advantages of a healthy district, and a respectable, social circle, ere you finally decide upon a home.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

The Gatherer.

Moscow.—The diameter of this city, from the new cathedral of the Saviour on Moineaux-hill, to the barrier of Préobajensky, (says a recent writer,) is nine miles, and its circumference about twenty-five. The same rapidity of building prevails here as at St. Petersburgh; for, frequently, the foundations of a spacious mansion are laid in the beginning of May, and roofed in by the autumn; the climate requiring this celerity. Most of the buildings are of brick: before the fire they amounted to 9,158, of which were consumed 5,341. Since that time there have been built 8,027, being an increase of 2,686. The number of parochial churches is 268, and many of them have from three to five turrets, which, added to twenty-one convents, fifty-six hospitals, and a number of buildings appertaining to the crown, furnish some idea of the effect which this city produces; when, under the serene sky, with a rising or setting sun, the eye dwells upon its galaxy of steeples, domes, and crosses, glittering in all the brilliancy of gold and silver. Moscow contains 1,054 gardens, besides 189 orangeries, and 305 ponds, or pieces of water. There are 8,396 shops, 476 hotels, 26 taverns, 314 restaurateurs, 131 kabecs,* 115 bake-houses, 189 kitchen-gardens, 52 public baths, 5,162 lamps, 4,088 private wells, and 275 public wells; there are 159 high streets, and 608 cross streets. The population, according to De Laveau, amounts to 246,545 souls.

W. G. C.

Epigramme sur un petit-maître.

Décider le choix d'un habit
Est le seul talent qui le flatte;
Jamais il ne place de l'esprit,
Que dans le nœud de sa cravatte.
Bornant au plaisir de se voir,
Ses vœux et son bonheur suprême,
Il fait réfléchir son miroir,
Ne pouvant réfléchir lui-même.

Epigram on a coxcomb.

To determine the cut of a coat
He is known to excel—after that
He never indulges a thought,
Save how he shall tie his cravat.
There's nothing beyond to expect
From such a fair form-loving elf,
Who causes his glass to reflect,
Though void of reflection himself.

T. S. A.

Epitaphe.

L'enfant qui gît sous cette pierre,
Mourut à l'âge de deux ans;
Quand Dieu viendra juger la terre,
Combien voudroient n'avoir pas vécu plus longtemps.

Epitaph.

The child that sleeps within this silent tomb,
Departed at the end of two short years:
Many will wish when the great Judge shall come,
They'd liv'd no longer in this vale of tears.

T. S. A.

Impromptu, on seeing a lock of Cowper's wig:—

An Olney barber shows a lock
From Cowper's wig—not all the trade
Can show the same—besides, the block
On which that very wig was made.—T. S. A.

Impromptu, on Beaumaris, North Wales:

Beaumaris, a place on the banks of the sea—
Though strange it may seem, it sounds sweetly to me;
And though to some others it seems rather harsh,
'Tis truly and fairly a *beautiful marsh*. T. S. A.

To prevent smoky chimneys.—The method we are about to recommend is not of recent discovery; it was resorted to in the houses built for the English army in America, also at Edinburgh, and always successfully. It is merely to construct the chimney as near to the hearth as possible, then to enlarge it about four or five feet, and to bring it again to its first dimensions. It is easily seen that this construction can be made in old as well as new chimneys. The cleanliness of the rooms of which chimneys have been thus altered, is a convincing proof of the use of this experiment.—(*From the Good Messenger.*) T. S. A.

On the wall of the Bell Inn, Finedon, Northamptonshire, is this inscription:—

Queen Edith, Lady once of Finedon,
1042
Where, at the Bell, good fare is dined on.—T.S.A.

* Taps.

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During the war, (1796,) a sailor went to Mr. MacLaren, a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. Mr. MacLaren, after examining it, said, "It will be more expense repairing than its original cost."—"I don't mind that," said the tar: "I will even give you double the original cost; for I have a veneration for the watch."—"What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker.—"Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you *two*." J. A.

"*No!*"—a word more insignificant both as to sight and sound, there is not in all the Chinese vocabulary, and yet what a word is it in the mouth of power!—*Friendship's Offering.*

A Distinction.—A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner-party. The man, the next morning, craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he; "but I was not *very* drunk, and *gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk.*"—"Why," replied the master, (the Hon. B. C., renowned for the smartness of his answers,) "I don't say you were very drunk for a *gentleman*, but you were d—d drunk for a *coachman*; so get about your businesss."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

L-a-w.—It is singular, but it is matter of fact, that there are persons who have a passion for being at law, and contrive to be never out of it. Of this description was a Mr. Bolt, a wharfinger on the Thames. In the cause-paper of the sittings after every term, Bolt's name regularly appeared, either as a plaintiff or a defendant. In a cause at Guildhall, Mingay was counsel against him, and spoke of him in very harsh terms for his dishonest and litigious spirit. Erskine was counsel for him: "Gentlemen," says he to the Jury, "the plaintiff's counsel has taken very unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He has represented him as litigious and dishonest: it is most unjust. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of *Bolt-upright.*" This was all invention.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Bread the Staff of Life.—Stopping at a place for breakfast in Savoy, (says Rae Wilson, in his *Travels in Italy and France,*) a curious specimen of the fashion of the country presented itself. We were startled by seeing a tall fellow enter the room with a bundle of rods on his shoulder, which he flung down upon the table. We stared at him for an explanation of this seemingly uncourteous conduct, not exactly knowing whether it was himself or we who were to make use of them; nor was it without some trouble that we made out that what we had mistaken for sticks was bread, rolled out very thin and long before it is baked. The length of such piece is about four feet. We were amused at discovering that bread is thus literally made the "staff of life:" so, taking up our staves in one hand, and our cups in the other, we commenced our repast in merry mood, and, as we thought, in most singular fashion.

Extraordinary Character. — Sir J. E. Browne, Bart., who lately died at his residence in Dublin, was a man of most singular and eccentric habits. He lived to the age of eighty-eight, and for the last thirty years drank nothing but water, the virtues and medical qualities of which he extolled in many a long peroration. He seldom went to bed before eight, nine, or ten in the morning, and rose about the same hours in the evening, thus turning night into day. His health was excellent until a few days previous to his decease, when he gradually sunk, suffering neither pain nor ache. He had been called to the English bar, and was acknowledged to be a man of great attainments and extensive knowledge. His writings are very voluminous. It may be worthy of remark, that the coldest night never obliged him to use a fire, but as a substitute he wrapped his legs and feet in flannel.—*Paris Advertiser.*

A waiter of the name of Samuel Spring, having an occasion to write to his late majesty, George IV., when Prince of Wales, commenced his letter as follows:—"Sam, the waiter at the Cocoa Tree, presents his compliments to the Prince of Wales," &c. His Royal Highness next day saw Sam, and after noticing the receiving of his note, and the freedom of the style, said, "*Sam, this may be very well between you and me, but it will not do with the Norfolks and Arundels.*"

M. WHITBREAD.

A necessitous poet having been refused a trifling sum, by a person named "John Clark," prophesied that he would be reduced to a similar necessity, and delivered to him the following:

'Tis said that anagrams speak truth;
And though thou'st been unkind to me
I've tortured my poor brain, forsooth,
A pleasant one to find for thee.

But, oh! John Clark! it augurs ill
I apprehend—indeed, I know,
That twist your name which way you will
Your fate is clear—you'll *lack rhino.*

Epitaph, from the French, on a man who was hanged in chains, written by his cousin:

My uncle's son lies here below,
Who rests in peace—when the wind don't blow.

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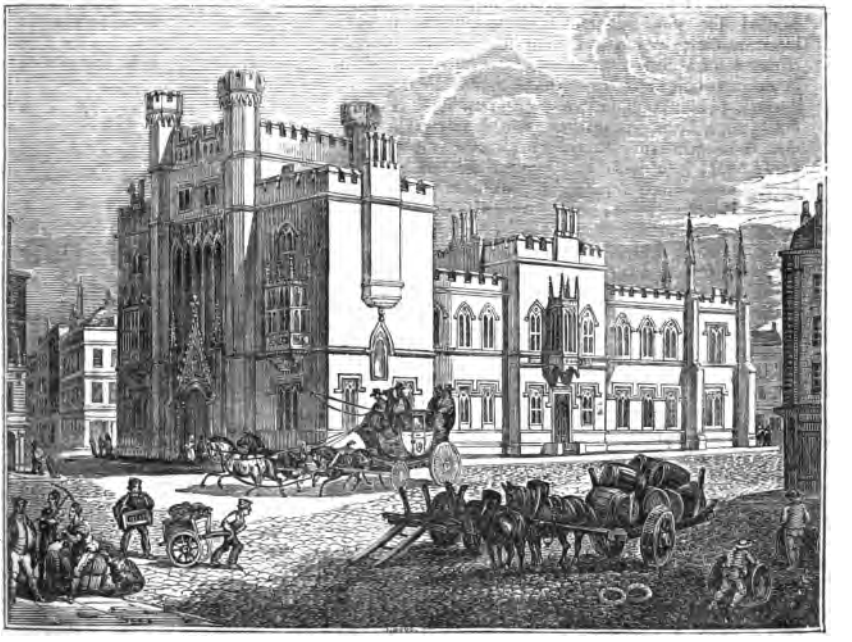
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 750.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1835. [Price 2d.



THE CITY OF LONDON NEW SCHOOL.

This handsome structure will occupy the site of Honey-lane market, in the rear of the houses facing Bow Church, in Cheapside. Its first stone was laid by Lord Brougham, on the 21st of October last, with the customary ceremonial on similar occasions. The stone, which weighed about seven tons, being suspended by machinery, beneath it were placed the following memorials:—A glass vase, hermetically sealed, containing a copy of the plan of the building, and other documents; a strong brass case, with glass on each side, containing one each of all the current coins of the realm, placed in positions so as to exhibit both sides of the coin; and a large, massive, brass plate bearing the following inscription:—

Gulielmo IV. Rege.

The first Stone of the City of London School, established by the Corporation of London, under the authority of an Act of Parliament, of the fourth and fifth years of the reign of King William the Fourth, chapter xxxv.

Was laid by

The Right Honourable Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux,

On Wednesday the Twenty-first day of October, 1835.

In the presence of

Warren Stormes Hale, Esq., Chairman,

And the Members of the Committee appointed by the Court to carry the said Act into execution.

In addition to which are the names of fifty-two gentlemen who constituted the Committee.

A splendid silver trowel, with an inscription was then presented to Lord Brougham, who used the same, after a brief address, applied the square and plumb, and finished in the usual manner by giving three distinct knocks with the mallet. His Lordship then retired, accompanied by the Committee; and in the evening, the event was celebrated by a dinner at the City of London Tavern, where assembled about two hundred of the most distinguished friends of public education.

The design of the School, by James Bunstone Bunning, Esq., architect to the Foundling Hospital, was adjudged the best of forty-two drawings, and was chosen under a motto. It represents an important building in what is familiarly termed the Old English style, of (the Elizabethan age,) the principal windows and entrance being of an earlier period, and more enriched character. Indeed, it will be too handsome a building to be pent up with brick houses, as it, apparently, will be; though we hope the spirit of improvement which is now beautifying the principal por-

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tion of the city of London will, in a few years, reach this spot, and lay open so noble a monument of our enlightened age as this building will hereafter present. The interior arrangements will provide accommodation for 400 scholars: one large room will be appropriated for prayers, public examinations, lectures, &c.; and a sufficient number of rooms will be built for classes. The School is an important foundation in itself; for the ground, (which produced a yearly rental of 300*l.*,) has been given by the Corporation; and the expense of the building, estimated at 11,500*l.*, is also to be defrayed by the City. These circumstances bespeak as wise an appropriation of the public money as any to be found in the records of the City of London. It is, in truth, a noble specimen of the spirit which should animate every corporation throughout the kingdom—the welfare of its citizens—the best method of securing which is to "begin at the beginning," with public education.* The endowment of the foundation, and its origin, however, remain to be explained.

The estate which will form the endowment of the school was left by the will of a reputable citizen named John Carpenter, in the year 1438. Mr. Carpenter was "some time Town Clerk" of the City of London, several times represented the City in Parliament, and was executor of the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington. Great pains are stated to have been taken, (we believe, without effect,) in searching the archives of the corporation for Mr. Carpenter's will; but it is understood that the good citizen charged certain payments for charitable purposes, upon lands and tenements in Thames-street, Bridge-street, St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, Westcheap, and Houndsditch.

The value of these estates, at the time they were bequeathed to the Corporation, was but 19*l.* 10*s.* per annum, which was to be appropriated to the education of four boys. That it was so disposed of two centuries since is proved by the following extract from the City book of accounts, of payments under this will, for the year 1633:—

	£.	s.	d.
Paid to this accomptant for overseeing foure poore children being found at schoole and learning, by the bequest of the said Mr. John Carpenter, due for this year, 6*s.* 8*d.*, and to the comptroller of the chamber, for like consideration, 6*s.* 8*d.*	0	13	4
Paid to the rent gatherer, for gathering the rents and potation money of the said Mr. John Carpenter	1	3	4
Paid to the funds of the said foure children, for barbor, schoole, hose, shoes, and other necessaries for the said foure children, due for this year	4	0	0
Paid for the comons of the said foure children, due for 52 weeks, ended at Michaelmas, 1633, after the rate of 3*s.* 6*d.* the week	9	2	0
Paid to the friends of the said foure children for 6 yards of London russett, for the coats of the said foure children against Christide, 1632, 36*s.*, and for 6 yards of new cullor for the coats of the said foure children against Whitsuntide, 1633, 36*s.*, and for 24 yards of cotton, with buttons, and making the said 8 coats, 26*s.*			

A subsequent entry in the same book enumerates premises in the above-mentioned places; and it appears that the Corporation have property in these several places, answering, or pretty nearly so, to the description in the above book. The rental, 19*l.* 10*s.*, was payable as follows: To the Chamberlain, as receiver of rents, and for attending to the application of the charity, 1*l.* 10*s.*; the remainder, 18*l.*, being paid in four sums, quarterly, to four freemen of London, selected by him as proper objects, to enable each one to pay for the education of a son, from the age of seven to fourteen. The Chamberlain required the parents from time to time to bring the copy-books of their children, and other specimens of their progress, to satisfy him of the proper application of the testator's bounty; the receipts for the payment of their children's education were also to be given to the Chamberlain. After paying for education, very little, however, remained to be laid out in clothing the children.

But in the lapse of nearly four centuries, the value of Carpenter's estates had increased from 19*l.* 10*s.* to 900*l.*, or five-and-forty fold. Such a fact naturally awakened the attention of the Commissioners of Public Charities, appointed in consequence of a motion in Parliament, by Mr. Brougham; and accordingly, about ten years since, the Common Council of London referred it to the Committee of City Lands, to inquire into the application of this property. From their report, made after some interval, it appeared that the

* The following is the general course of instruction:—To read well with due moderation and appropriate emphasis, English Grammar and composition, Latin language, French language, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping, elements of mathematics and natural philosophy, geography and natural history, ancient and modern history, elements of choral singing, with lectures on chemistry, and other branches of experimental philosophy.

The authorized version of the Holy Bible to be used and taught in the school, and on every morning and evening prayers to be read therein.

Special Course.—In addition to the preceding general course applicable to the whole school, pupils whose parents or guardians wish it, will be instructed in the Greek and Hebrew languages, and, at a moderate extra charge, in the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, and drawing.

Pupils who distinguish themselves in the elementary course, and desire to avail themselves of instruction in the higher branches of literature and science, will be formed into superior classes, and receive instruction, without any extra charge, in the study of the poetry and antiquities of Greece and Rome.

The higher branches of mathematical science and the application of it to the study of physic.

Logic and Ethics.—All the senior pupils to be practised in recitation.

The masters to have discretion in the application of these courses of instruction, according to the progress of the pupils.

The great object of the establishment is to give an excellent education upon the most economical plan, aided by parental supervision.

sum of about 19*l.* had been paid by the Chamberlain yearly, for the education and clothing of four boys; and that though the will of the donor had not been discovered, yet, as it appeared right that not less than 600*l.* per annum should be applied to the purposes intended by him, four boys should be kept in future at Tunbridge School, and there educated in the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England.—"This recommendation was ineffectually, at the time, opposed by Mr. R. Taylor and Mr. James, the present Secondary, on the ground that it would be an injudicious, and, probably, mischievous, application of so large a sum to the education of only four boys, in expensive and extravagant habits; as well as on account of a religious exclusion, which was unjust, the donor having been a *Catholic*. Though these objections were, at the time, unavailing, the experience of a few years showed their views to be just; and Mr. Taylor becoming a member of the Committee, was enabled to convince his colleagues of the necessity of an alteration. His views were most zealously and perseveringly seconded and carried into effect by Mr. Hale, who became Chairman of the Committee, and in whose time the Act was obtained upon which the school is now established; though not without having to contend with the most harassing opposition."* —Indeed, Mr. Hale stated at the dinner after the laying of the stone,—such were the difficulties in the way of passing the Bill, that had it not been for the exertions of Lord Brougham, then Chancellor, it was doubtful whether they could have been overcome. Lord Brougham was, therefore, the fittest of all persons concerned in this beneficial work, to lay the first stone of the School-building, as he had so mainly contributed to the security of the endowment.

The School will, therefore, be built by the Corporation, and endowed with the rental of the Carpenter estate, thus realizing the original intention of the testator to the fullest extent. Moreover, its advantages of instruction will be open to all,—"Dissenters of every shade—Protestant and Catholic—Jew and Gentile—all will be admitted to the same advantages: religious instruction will be imparted under the eye of their parents—in the bosom of their families; and by the pastors approved by their parents."†

Lastly, the funds left by Sir Thomas Gresham, for the Royal Exchange lectures, will, it is believed, be made available to the support of the City of London School, by the appointment of lecturers who will consent to lecture in its great hall.

The annexed Engraving is copied, by permission, from a well-executed Lithograph by Mr. Madeley, of Wellington-street, Strand.

* Morning Advertiser.

† Lord Brougham's Speech.

STEAM NAVIGATION.—No. I.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings, expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Prophetic Lines, by Dr. Darwin, (1781).

More than three centuries have elapsed since the idea of propelling a floating vessel, by means of paddle wheels, was first entertained. This occurs in an allegorical painting, by Raphael, of the story of Acis and Galatea; in which we find a representation of revolving wheels or paddles, attached to a marine shell wherein the heroine is seated.

Upwards of twenty years after the death of the great painter, we find, in a late Spanish work,‡ that an attempt to propel vessels by machinery was actually made in Spain. A circumstantial account of this is given by Senor Don Tomas Gonzales of Simancas. "In the year 1543," we are told, "Vlasco de Garay, a sea captain, submitted to the Emperor and King Charles V. an engine, invented by him, for propelling ships and boats of a large size, without the aid of oars or sails, and even during the most perfect calm. Notwithstanding the many difficulties and checks which this project had to encounter, the Emperor consented to its being brought to trial, and it was consequently carried into execution in the Port of Barcelona, on the 17th of June, 1543. Garay would never allow his machinery to be examined in its interior construction; but, during the period of the experiment, it was seen to consist of a large boiler, (*gran caldera*,) filled with boiling water, and of several wheels, disposed on both sides of the vessel, which was of 200 tons burden, and had come to Barcelona from Colibre, with a cargo of wheat. It was called 'La Trinidad,' Pedro de Scarga, master. By commission from Charles V., and the Prince Philip, his son, there were present at this experiment Don Enrique de Toledo, the Governor Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Rovago, the Vice Chancellor, the Chief Accountant of Catalonia — Don Francisco Gralla, and several other persons of note, both Castilians and Catalonians, amongst whom were several mariners, some of whom were on board the vessel, and some witnessed the experiment from the shore. In the report laid by the Commissioners before the Emperor and the Prince, they were unanimous in their commendations of the engine, and more particularly as to the promptness with which the vessel turned round. The Treasurer Rovago, who was hostile to this undertaking, reported that the vessel moved two leagues in three hours, that the machinery was extremely complicated and expensive, and that there was much danger of the boiler

‡ Colleccion de Los Viages y Descubrimientos, Que Hicieron por Mar los Espanoles. Desde fines del siglo xv. Tom I. p. xxxvi. Illustracion vi. § 33. p. liii.

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frequently bursting. The other commissioner stated that the vessel gained two tacks against a galley navigated in the regular way, and that it advanced at the rate of a league in an hour, or even in less. After the experiment, Garay took away all the machinery he had fitted in the vessel; and, with the exception of the wooden parts of it, which were deposited in the timber yard at Barcelona, he kept to himself all the rest. Notwithstanding the strong opposition evinced by Ravago, the invention of Garay was highly appreciated; and, but for the expedition in which the Emperor was then engaged, he would, no doubt, have encouraged and assisted Garay. However, the inventer was promoted, and supplied with a sum of 200,000 maravedis as a gratuity; besides which, his expenses were made good to him, and he was otherwise favoured."—"The foregoing is taken," adds Senor Gonzales, "from the original record preserved in the royal archives of Simancas, amongst the state papers of Catalonia, and those of the general war office of the said year, 1543."*

The next attempt to propel vessels with external wheels, originated in England. And it cannot but be noted as an interesting fact, when taken in connexion with the recent history of Gravesend, that the first Englishman who entertained this idea, should be an inhabitant of that town, William Brown, its portreeve, or chief magistrate, in the year 1571. This individual was a proprietor of the Gravesend barge; and the idea, (for there is very little probability that any account of Garay's invention had reached England), no doubt, originated in consequence of the frequent delays from adverse circumstances, in the conveyance of passengers on the ferry between Gravesend and London. This individual, who, we are told, was much versed in the sciences and mechanical arts of the period, printed a work in 1578, bearing the quaint title of "Inventions or Devises, very necessary for all Generalls and Captaines, or Leaders of Men, as well by Sea as by Land." Amongst these, the most part of which, the writer tells us, were of his "owne invention," were "Devises" for "fire-ships; a chain for defence of harbours; a false keel; a tide mill in a boat, as then used in France, and lately near Blackfriars Bridge, London; a ship's log, the inventer being Humphrey Cole; and last, not least, *the nineteenth Devise:* and, furthermore," says the mayor of Gravesend, "you may make a boate to goe without oares or sayles, by the placing of certaine wheeles on the outside of the boate, in that sort that the armes of the wheeles may goe into the water, and so turning the wheeles by some provision, the wheeles shall make the boate to goe."

The idea of this intelligent individual however, does not seem to have been follow up by any of the active spirits whi the exciting circumstances of the pe gave birth to. About half a century later, a Frenchman named De Caus, published a tract on the subject: and, still later, the Marquess of Worcester, whose name has become so famous for his experiments relative to the steam-engine, appears to have extended the idea to the application of steam as the moving power in the propulsion of vessels. This, however, rests on rather uncertain data. Previously to this, an Italian named Branca is stated to have made some experiments on the subject.

Savory, in a work on engines to be moved by steam, published in 1669, alludes to the feasibility of the application of paddle-wheels for the propulsion of vessels; and Anderson, in his History of Commerce, adverts to "a floating machine, worked by horses, for towing great ships against wind and tide," by means, it is understood, of external wheels—an invention which was warmly patronized by Prince Rupert.

After this, the idea continued to slumber until 1736, when an individual named Jonathan Hulls at last gave it "a form and substance" by the publication of a pamphlet, entitled "A Description and Draught of a new-invented machine for carrying vessels or ships out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm; for which his majesty has granted letters patent for the sole benefit of the author for the space of fourteen years."

It will be seen from this that Hulls contemplated the application of steam as a means for *towing* ships alone; an extraordinary fact, when it is recollected that some years elapsed after the introduction of steam navigation practically into the River Thames, before it was applied to that purpose; and even then doubts were entertained of its practicability by many persons of long experience in nautical affairs. In the pamphlet referred to, Hulls published a very clear and satisfactory account of the nature of his invention, and concluded by expressing his opinion that "the scheme was practicable, and if encouraged, will be useful." We shall again advert to the pamphlet of this ingenious person, to whom the fame may be indisputably awarded of having been the first practical projector of a steam-boat in Great Britain. The advantages of this important and original thought were, however, like many other inventions of the highest magnitude, long lost to the world, in consequence of the inability of Hulls to carry it into practical effect from the want of sufficient funds. The principle of Newcomen's atmospheric steam-engine seems to have been kept in view by Hulls in the description which he gives in the very rare pamphlet we have adverted to.—VYVYAN.

* See also "Steam-boats in 1543," from the Spanish.—Mirror, vol. xxiii. p. 356-7.

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TO A FRIEND,

ON HEARING HIM LAMENT THE FADING YEAR.

Oh! mourn thou not the parting year,
The sky o'ercast and landscape drear,
Or woodnotes hush'd, that late would cheer
Thy wanderings wild,
When Summer on our glowing sphere
In gladness smiled.

For soon will Spring the heavens relume,
Again adorn the earth with bloom—
Their music sweet the groves resume,
And vernal hue:
E'en now, beyond the wintry gloom,
That season view!

See alders dark their shadows fling
And willows light wave o'er the spring,
And woodbines round the white-thorn cling—
A fragrant bower,
Where tenderly some thrush may sing
In that calm hour.

When trooping swallows cease to ply,
In "airy wheels," their flight on high;
While gently down yon distant sky
The sun descends,
And with soft clouds of rosy dye
Its brightness blends.

Then be it thine, my friend, to stray
Where winds the murmuring brook away
'Tween banks o'erhung by blossoms gay
That scent the air,
And borrow from departing day
A tinge more fair;

Or wistful gaze where wild-fowl scud
Free o'er the solemn-sweeping flood;
Or mark the rooks—a sable brood—
Trailing the sky
To their retreat in yonder wood
With ceaseless cry.

Or take a lone and lofty stand
Where dusky pine-crown'd hills command
A view of the surrounding land—
Then cast thine eye
O'er all its beauties, wild or bland,
Afar and nigh.

And when returning home at night,
Replenish'd with the chaste delight
Such soul-subliming scenes excite,
In love and fear
Upon thy heart this precept write,
And cherish there:

Whate'er be lovely Nature's doom,
To murmur ne'er do thou presume;
For he who makes the Spring to bloom,
The Summer shine,
And Autumn yield to Winter's gloom,
Is All-Divine!

Sherwood Forest. SPENCER T. HALL.

NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(*Continued from page* 292.)

JESSE'S GLEANINGS.—THIRD SERIES.

Woodcock, (p. 96.)—"A white one was frequently seen in Mr. Talbot's woods in Glamorganshire."

Is this the same white woodcock that Bewick, who derived the information from Sir John Trevalyan, says was observed for three successive winters in Penrice Wood, Glamorganshire? Gilbert White had a white woodcock presented to him by Lord Stawell.

Pitcher Plant, (p. 106.)—Mr. Jesse observes that the tube of the pitcher plant is admirably adapted for containing water to supply the thirst of the birds that inhabit the hot countries in which it grows.

A correspondent to the *Entomological Magazine*, (No. vi., p. 54,) when speaking of "the dry season," in parts of America, observes that, at that time, "not a plant is to be seen, save a few *Mauritia* palms and the *Melocactus*, whose spines the mules remove with their fore-feet, to drink the refreshing juices contained under its spherical envelope."

Instinct, (p. 110.)—"Instead of saying," observes Mr. Jesse, "that animals are possessed with instinct, would it not be more proper to say, that they are taught by Almighty God, to act in that way which is best adapted to their nature, *at the instant* it is necessary for them to act?"

We do not think we shall be better Christians or philosophers by doing so; for we ascribe quite as much extraordinary power to the Creator, when we maintain, after much observation and reflection, that in the beginning he arranged that animals shall *inherit* the instincts peculiar to their species. Why Mr. Jesse should give in Italic the words "*at the instant*," we cannot perceive; because instinct has always been said to be a principle which acts instantaneously, being thus unlike the reasoning principle, which reflects before it acts.

Nature, (p. 117.)—"I may here mention," says Mr. Jesse, "that by Nature is meant the aggregate of all created beings, and of the laws imposed on them by the supreme Creator."

This is a good definition; but it is not Mr. Jesse's. We have long been familiar with, and appreciated, it. The credit of it is due, we believe, to Lucien Buonaparte, the distinguished ornithologist.

Eagerness of Hawks when in pursuit of Prey, (p. 142.)—"So great is the eagerness of hawks when in pursuit of their prey, that a person who has a cage of canary birds, which are generally kept at a window, has twice had it broken by hawks darting at the birds: in both cases the hawks were taken. Another of these birds killed itself by striking against one of the panes of glass of the conservatory of the royal lodge, in Windsor Great Park, while endeavouring to seize a robin, which had accidentally got into it."

We add to these two instances, three more of much greater eagerness of hawks when pursuing their prey. "In exercising my dogs," says Selby, "upon the moors, previous to the commencement of the shooting season, I observed a large bird of the hawk genus hovering at a distance, which, upon approaching, I knew to be a peregrine falcon. Its attention was now drawn towards the dogs, and it accompanied them whilst they beat the surrounding ground. Upon their having found and sprung a brood of grouse, the falcon immediately gave chase, and

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struck a young bird before it had proceeded far upon wing. My shouts and rapid advance prevented it from securing its prey. The issue of this attempt, however, did not deter the falcon from watching our subsequent movements, and another opportunity soon offered: it again gave chase, and struck down two birds by two rapidly repeated blows, one of which it secured, and bore off in triumph."—(*Illustrations of British Ornithology*, vol. i., p. 40.)

"Of the great boldness and rapacity of birds of prey, when urged on by hunger, I have seen," says Markwick, "several instances; particularly when shooting in the winter, in company with two friends, a woodcock flew across us, closely pursued by a small hawk; we all three fired at the woodcock instead of the hawk, which, notwithstanding the report of three guns close to it, continued its pursuit of the woodcock, struck it down, and carried it off, as we afterwards discovered."

Eggs of Birds, (p. 148.)—"It is a curious fact," says Mr. Jesse, "that when young partridges are hatched, and have left the nest, the two portions of each shell will be found placed in each other, and I believe this is invariably the case. If the old birds perform this operation, it is difficult to assign a reason for it."

We have noticed this to be the case with the eggs of pigeons and fowls, and think it is, probably, observable at times in the eggs of all birds. Mr. Rennie has also observed and explained the circumstance in his *Habits of Birds*, (p. 171,) where, speaking of the evolution of the chick of the common fowl, he remarks, that it often happens, that the lid, or upper portion, of its egg-shell, is thrown "into a very singular position, being found placed within the other portion, as one cup may be set within another," an occurrence which, he says, "has been observed to arise from the chick, just escaped, having the upper portion of the shell immediately before him, and pushing it back with its feet into the under portion, without any necessity or design."

Hawks, (p. 149.)—Mr. Jesse says, "hawks appear to be migratory and gregarious," and adduces as some confirmation of this, that a large quantity of them settled on the rigging of the Nymph frigate, while stationed in the port of Boston. Sir Humphry Davy observes, that hawks are seen in great quantities in the month of May, coming into the east of Europe, after quails and landrails."—(*Salmonia*, p. 16.)

Earwigs, (p. 149.)—"Earwigs," says our observant author, "turn to flies. This may easily be ascertained by developing one, after killing it, with a pointed penknife. The swallow-like tail will be discovered to be two terminations of wings."

This is, indeed, eclipsing, and that with a vengeance, Ovid with his Metamorphoses and Thomson with his statement of the transformations of the *Crustacea!*

Ground-Ivy, (p. 150.)—"The ground-ivy plant is sometimes called 'Robin-run-in-the-hedge,' and 'Gill-creep-by-ground.'"

In Culpepper's *Complete Herbal*, it is said to be also called Gill-go-by-ground, cat's-foot, hay-maids, turn-hoof, and ale-hoof.

Golden-crested Wren, (p. 152.)—"The golden-crested wren may, I think," says Mr. Jesse, "be classed among our British songsters. I sometimes hear them sing among the old yew-trees in Hampton-Court Gardens. The notes are very feeble, and have not much variety."

Who says this bird may *not* be classed among our British songsters, and what is there novel in our author having heard them sing? Pennant, in his *British Zoology*, published about seventy years ago, says of this bird:—"We have observed it suspended in the air for a considerable time over a bush in flower, whilst it sang very melodiously. The note does not much differ from that of a common wren."—(Vol. ii., p. 267.)

> Authors before they write should read;
> 'Tis very true, but we'll proceed.—*Prior.*

Eels, (p. 156.)—Mr. Jesse relates as a proof that eels travel over land, the circumstance of a pond in Lincolnshire, becoming, the year after it had been dried up, inhabited by eels. Though we admit that eels migrate over land, yet this anecdote does not at all strengthen the fact, because it is known that the eggs of fish are frequently introduced into waters where none were previously, by their accidentally adhering to the bodies of lizards, water-beetles, and other creatures that are in the habit of leaving one pond to enter another.

Shrew-mouse, (p. 168.)—"It is a fact well known that no cat will eat a shrew-mouse, and a dog always turns from it with apparent disgust."

This we ascribe to the smell of the matter it secretes, and, seemingly, for the purpose of defence.

(*To be continued.*)

Antiquariana.

SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES.

(*Continued from page* 285.)

THE rise of the domestic shrines of England, and the decline of foreign pilgrimage, are evidences of the milder character which asceticism had begun to wear. The spirit and manner of these pilgrimages differed in many respects from those of the former kind. They had but little of the solemn preparation or devotional austerity; for, few domestic pilgrims, probably, underwent the ceremony of consecration, or travelled in any peculiar

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costume, such as we have illustrated in our previous pages. This is evident from Chaucer's pilgrims, who are all equipped in their gayest dresses, and exhibit no distinctive sign of their profession in appearance or spirit. They pursue their journey gaily on horseback, and make it an occasion of mirth and enjoyment rather than of religious mortification :*

Every man in his wize made hertly chere,
Telling his fellow of sportes and of cheer,
And of mirthes that fallen by the waye,
As custom is of pilgrims, and hath been many a daye.

These remarks, however, are chiefly true of the customary and periodical pilgrimages. In those which were undertaken spontaneously from some strong emotion, a severer character prevailed. Mr. Fosbroke contends that in pilgrimages of this kind, it was an essential condition that the pilgrim should walk his journey barefoot. In one of the pilgrimages of Henry VIII. to Walsingham, he is said by Spelman to have walked thither barefoot from Bareham, a distance of about three miles; and Henrietta Maria's pilgrimages from St. James's to Tyburn were similarly performed.†

In all pilgrimages of real devotion, the practice of, at least, walking was common. In one of the Paston Letters, written in 1471, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are mentioned as making a pilgrimage together in this way from Framlingham to Walsingham; and, it must have been adopted from necessity in the cases in which entire families made pilgrimages, with all their children and servants. Some of the above instances, however, may be said equally to prove the greater severity, or, at least, decorum, which marked these religious excursions in the upper ranks, and which prevailed at all times, to a degree that would, probably, not be infered from Chaucer's picture.

In the pilgrimages of the lower orders, however, his description seems to have been fully justified. A passage quoted by Mr. Fosbroke, from one of the early State trials, gives us a picturesque idea of the gay and social spirit in which they were conducted. The dialogue occurs between a captious disciple of Wickliffe, in the time of Henry the Fourth, and Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury:

"Also, sir," he says, "I knowe well, that when diverse men and women will go after their owne wills, and finding out a pilgrimage, they will order to have with them both men and women that can sing wanton songs; and some other pilgrims will have with them bagpipers, so that every towne they come through, what with the noise of their singing and the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking out of dogs after them, that they make more noise than if the king came that waye, with all his clarions and minstrells. And if these men and women be a month in their pilgrimage, many of them shall be half a year after great janglers, tale-tellers, and liars."

To this the Archbishop quaintly replies, that—

"Pilgrims have with them singers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth bare-foote striketh his toe upon a stone, and maketh it to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosome a bagpipe, to drive away with such mirthe the hurte of his fellow. For with such solace the travaile and wearinesse of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forthe."

The object of a pilgrimage was sometimes of a general and sometimes of a particular kind; and the ceremonial which took place on arriving at a shrine differed accordingly. At Boxley, for example, the pilgrim underwent a sort of ordeal, which was supposed to determine his spiritual state: he lifted a small wooden image of St. Rumbold, which was artfully pinned to the altar, if his offering had been insufficient; and, at Hailes, he was shown a vial of the true blood, with a blackened side, which when turned towards the pilgrim, rendered the contents invisible.

The above, however, were particular cases; and, generally speaking, a visit to a shrine included nothing more than the ordinary gratification of curiosity or devotion. A tolerable idea of its general nature may be gained from the description given by Erasmus of his visit to Walsingham.‡ His dialogue on this subject is, perhaps, too fanciful in parts to be implicitly adopted; but, there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of its details, the minuteness of which gives it additional value.

The pilgrims who arrived at Walsingham entered the sacred precinct by a low, narrow wicket. It was purposely made difficult to pass, as a precaution against the robberies which were frequently committed at the shrine. On the gate in which the wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin formed the subject of one of the numerous, legendary stories with which the place abounded. To the east of the gate, within, stood a small chapel, where the pilgrim was allowed, for money, to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger-

* See the Engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrims, from Stothard's celebrated Print, in the Mirror, vol. xxii., p. 177.

† See the Engraving of the Queen at Tyburn, in the Mirror, vol. xxiv. p. 433.

‡ Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo.—The visit of Erasmus is incidentally mentioned in a notice of the Chapel of Our Lady of Walsingham, in the Mirror vol. xvii. p. 386.

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bone of St. Peter. After this, he was conducted to a building, thatched with reeds and straw, inclosing two wells in high repute for indigestion and headache, and also for the more rare virtue of insuring to the votary, within certain limits, whatever he might wish for at the time of drinking their waters. The building itself was said to have been transported there through the air, many centuries before, in a deep snow; and, as a proof of it, the visiter was gravely pointed to an old bear-skin attached to one of the beams. After this, he entered the outer chapel, an unfinished building at the time of Erasmus, who describes the high winds from the neighbouring sea blowing through its open doors and windows. Within this stood the chapel of the Virgin, a small wooden building, with a door in its opposite sides, through which the pilgrims entered and retired. The celebrated image of Our Lady stood within it on the right of the altar. The interior was kept highly perfumed, and illuminated solely by tapers, which dimly revealed the sacred image, surrounded by the gold and jewels of the shrine. The pilgrim knelt awhile on the steps of the altar in prayer, and then deposited his offering upon it, and passed on. What he gave was instantly taken up by a priest, who stood in readiness, to prevent the next comer from stealing it in depositing his own offering. At an altar, apparently in the outer chapel, was exhibited the celebrated relic of the Virgin's milk. It was inclosed in crystal, to prevent the contamination of lips,

> Whose kiss
> Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;

and set in a crucifix. The pilgrims knelt on the steps of the altar to kiss it, and, after the ceremony, the priest held out a board to receive their offerings, like that with which tolls were collected at the foot of bridges. The sacred relic itself, Erasmus says, was excessively like chalk mixed with the white of eggs, and was quite solid. The image of the Virgin and her Son, as they made their salute, also appeared to him to give them a nod of approbation.

An incident of a personal kind illustrates the bigotry and intolerance which prevailed at these places. After the ceremony of kissing the sacred milk, Erasmus requested his friend to inquire for him, in the mildest manner, what was the evidence that it was, indeed, the true milk? The priest appeared at first not to notice the question; but, on its being repeated, his countenance assumed an expression of astonishment and ferocity, and in a tone of thunder he asked, if they had not authentic inscriptions of the fact? From the violence of his manner, they expected every instant to have been thrust out as heretics, and were glad to make their peace by a present of money. The inscription which he referred to was found, after some search, fixed high upon a wall, where it was scarcely legible. They contrived, however, to read it; but found it to contain merely a history of this precious relic from the tenth century, when it was purchased by an old woman near Constantinople, with an assurance, from which arose its fame, that all other portions of the Virgin's milk had fallen on the ground before they were collected, while this was taken directly from her breast.

The subjoined cut represents all that remained, a few years since, of the sumptuous pile at Walsingham.

(Ruins at Walsingham.)

At Canterbury, which Erasmus has also described, there appears to have been less variety of incident. The pilgrim was there chiefly employed in doing honour to the relics of almost countless saints; and pre-eminently to those of Becket. His shrine was the principal boast and glory of the church at Canterbury, for ages. The reader must recollect the pilgrimage of Henry II. thither, and his personal chastisement at the hands of the monks: this king also paid a second visit to the shrine, in company with Louis VII. of France, who not only made oblations of gold and jewels, but granted, by charter, an allowance of wine annually for the use of the monastery. Philip, Earl of Flanders, was also another distinguished visiter, and William, Archbishop of Rheims: and the concourse of devout persons resorting to this shrine was so great, that a new gate was built for their convenience; not less than 200,000

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pilgrims having bent the knee at this celebrated place in one year. One good result of these costly offerings was their appropriation to the rebuilding of the church, as it in part exists to this day.

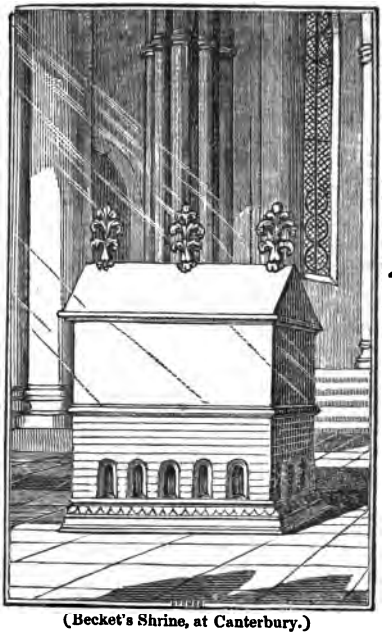
Besides the customary offerings at Becket's shrine, was the celebration of his martyrdom by a jubilee every fifty years, when 100,000 persons made offerings. There had been seven of these jubilees before the Reformation; the last of them being in 1520, in the time of Archbishop Warham.*

Becket's body is understood to have been first privately buried in the undercroft of the original church at Canterbury; but the oblations at his tomb after he had been sainted, enabling the monks to erect a more splendid church, Becket's remains were transported thither, on July 7, 1220, with great solemnity and rejoicings; the Pope's Legate, the Archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, bishops and abbots carrying the coffin on their shoulders, and depositing it in its new resting-place, the upper part of the east end of the church, known as the Chapel of the Holy Trinity; the shrine being erected by Archbishop Stephen Langton.

Erasmus has detailed the wealth lavished upon this superb shrine: he says, "a coffin of wood, which covered a coffin of gold, was drawn up by ropes and pulleys, and discovered an invaluable treasure: gold was the meanest ornament to be seen there: every part shone and glittered with the rarest and most costly jewels, of extraordinary size and value; some were larger than the egg of a goose!"—Beyond the Chapel, in the vertex of the cathedral, called Becket's Crown, Erasmus tells us was to be seen "the whole face of the blessed Martyr, set in gold and adorned with many jewels." The annexed cut shows the form of Becket's shrine, from an old print; though the appearance of the pavement does not correspond with the spot pointed out as the site of the shrine, which is embellished with some curious mosaic, and the signs of the zodiac and other figures rudely executed.

Erasmus describes, with equal minuteness, the relics of Becket. "On the north of the choir," he says, "the guides opened several doors, and the pilgrim beheld an immense collection of bones of all kinds—skull-bones, jaw-bones, teeth, hands, fingers, &c., which they kissed as they were severally taken out."—In doing honour to the relics of Becket, they kissed the rusty point of the sword that split his skull, and the fissure of the skull itself, exposed for that purpose in a

* The south-west corner of Mercery Lane, the oldest part of the city of Canterbury, is pointed out to this day as the site of one of the inns of Chaucer's time; and the interior of the house now standing there gives some idea of the manner in which the old house of entertainment for travellers was built and arranged. The "good entertainment for man and horse" is a relic of past ages.



(Becket's Shrine, at Canterbury.)

silver case; and near the Saint's monument were hung his hair-shirt, his belt, and clothes. Thus was the genius of canonization, as exhibited at Canterbury: but, it must not be forgotten that the wealth which this display drew from the purses of the pious was expended in building the noble cathedral; and near the spot where rested Becket's bones, stands the patriarchal chair, or throne, of the Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury.

It is reasonable to suppose that the poor pilgrims were often assisted in their holy journeys by the opulent. Thus, at Canterbury, we find that Becket founded a hospital for receiving, lodging, and sustaining poor pilgrims and travellers.

(*To be continued.*)

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE SQUIB ANNUAL, FOR 1836.

[This is a smart little volume of "Politics and Personalities," with twelve humorous designs, and an ingeniously designed *case* or cover, by Seymour. The little squibs, or the shower of squibs, (such as make people turn up their noses and simultaneously cry "Oh! oh! oh!" at Vauxhall.) are in verses of all measures and various brilliancy. They squib the follies, bores, and facts of the year, and the newspapers; as the 5th of November, the Omnibus Nuisance, the City Folks, the Education-mongers, the Silent System, the

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Taxes on Knowledge, the University Installation, the Aerial Ship, the New Ship of Fools, (how full it is!) the Political Duels, Mr. Hume's unfortunate ornithological comparison, the Islington Market, the Pencillings (noticed at page 367 of the present sheet), the Irish Giant and Church, the Orange Nuisance, the British Scientific Association, and Mr. Bulwer. All these are considered fair game by the Editor—he blows high, blows low, and anything but an ill wind, his satire having neither the bite of a north-easter, nor the unlawfulness of abuse; for, be it remembered that censure is but the tax a man pays for being popular; but where all is fun and good humour, as in our Squib, none can be hurt by the fire—the sparks may be left to themselves, and will be harmless without a damper. We quote two or three specimens:—]

THE OMNIBUS NUISANCE.

Gads.—We four *sat* upon some dozen.
Fals.—Sixteen, at least, my lord.
Shakspeare.

They talk of the omnibus "nuisance,"
As something that must be put down;
But they do not apply in its true sense,
That still very apposite noun.
Though each of these cursed *long* stages,
Is a truly "infernal machine,"
As through city and west-end it rages,—
Yet that's not the nuisance I mean.

I know that a patent distracter,
More frequently rapid than slow,
May be notic'd, like Thompson the actor,*
Before you, wherever you go.
And I know what a headach and bother,
They cause with their clatter—and therefore—
But I think not of one or the other—
For that's not the nuisance I care for.

I care not how many forswear them,
Or whether they hasten or tarry,
I care not how many can't bear them,
But, oh! 'tis the many they carry.
To be jamm'd with fourteen in these hearses,
Must be call'd a *dezd take in*—that's flat;
But why, which a thousand times worse is,
Is the sixteenth man *always* so fat?

[A report of the British Association Meeting has the following hits:—]

Section A.—MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS.

Professor Pivot detail'd at length,
With no small pulmonary strength,
Some experiments caus'd by a very strong notion
That he could contrive a perpetual motion.
And to prove that he had achiev'd the feat,
The learned man drew from beneath his seat
A curious machine, not unlike a clock,
On the top was a bull, on his back was a cock;
And the learned professor began to show
That at two in the morning the cock would crow,
And exactly at the hour of four,
How the four-footed beast would roar,
And how he'd succeeded in his endeavour,
That the crowing and roaring should last for ever.

But the Section began long faces to pull,
And thought it a tale of a cock and a bull,
When mute was the bird, and dumb the beast,
And in a few minutes the motion ceas'd:
Then the bull by the horns without avail
He seiz'd, and he seiz'd in vain the tail:
And vainly he chuck'd the cock under the bill,
For the works were stopp'd and the pendulum still.

Mr. Slyboot next averr'd,
Of one motion alone he had ever heard
That bade fair to last, and time the foe shun,
For it seem'd to move on a durable axis;
It was, he said, the *perpetual motion*
For the repeal of the Assessed Taxes!

Mr. Twaddle next read, in accent slow,
A paper, from which he strove to show,
(The i's were all dotted, and crossed all the t's)
That the moon *was* made without doubt of green cheese.
I understood the good man to say,
'Twas form'd of cream skimm'd from the milky way;
And he asserted the rueful jaws
(Strange, he might say to the optical sense,)
Of Cheshire cats, were effects of a cause
Termed caseo-lunar influence.

Section B.—CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

Mr. Oddrig explained with exquisite *naiveté*,
His new patent lamp, which he call'd the Safety;
'Twas form'd, he said, of materials so fragile,
That a man, should it break, must be somewhat agile,
To escape the foul air, if he possibly could,
That ill wind of all which blows nobody good.
He said that the object of this manufacture,
Which did most assuredly nature's first law shun,
Was to make every bearer afraid of its fracture,
And in ignorant minds to implant a due caution,
This glorious invention,
When we saw his intention,
Was that prudence and science
Should form an alliance,
Appeal'd to each gentleman's sense and reflection,
And awoke the most genial applause from the Section.

Mr. Flighty next drew out of his poke
A duly labell'd bottle of smoke;
And stated unto the Association,
That some time ago it was found in the ruins
Of the Parliamentary conflagration;
And this was the end of the Section's doings.

Section F.—STATISTICS.

Professor Dibble perus'd a paper,
Made up to the end of last December;
'Twas the number of those who use half a scraper,
Having one leg made of two feet of timber;
And when ask'd the question, he stated at once
The measur'd feet, and the number of tons
Of wood that were stumping about the pavings,
Excluding, of course, the chips and shavings.

Mr. Slyboot arose, and began to state,
To the Section's very great surprise,
That four thousand five hundred and ninety-eight
Individuals were walking about with glass eyes.
He observ'd that, although he must say of a verity,
These vitreous orbs were, in point of expression,
Superior to those we from nature inherit, he
Hop'd that it would not be deem'd a digression,
If, to those who on sudden excitement and panic dote,
He offer'd this fearful, instructive, small anecdote.

A brave son of Mars, from those fierce wars of Boney's,
A Cyclop return'd, though he went an Adonis;
And having been settled, as any man may,
In the country, each quarter receiv'd his half-pay;
But thinking no eye in one socket a bother
To glances of love that oft shot from the other,
Perhaps (but I know not what motive it was,)
His looking-glass said, "Get a no-looking glass:"
So cautious of trusting the vile country scrubs to do't,
To London he came and provided his substitute.

* This gentleman would seem to possess the gift of ubiquity. Wherever you go, there is Mr. Thompson. Take a cab in the Poultry,—you meet Mr. Thompson—drive to Portman-square—Mr. Thompson is before you. It is perpetually "Monsieur Tonson come again!"

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Well, one day he was seated, his legs cross'd together,
In his garden ('twas during the very hot weather,)
When the rays of the sun his glass ogle-piece enter'd,
And into a focus so frightful concentred,
That turning, perchance, tow'rds a lady then travelling
Down the path—which 'twas said wanted grievously gravelling—
An arrowy glance he shot forth with such true barb,
As to scorch all her wig off—the colour of rhubarb!
And the sad conflagration could not be abolish'd
Till all Messrs. Truefitt's great work was demolish'd.

[The Prints are clever and identical: indeed, some five or six of our public men have the finest visages for caricature that physiognomy could produce—there can be no mistake. The Silent System, with those forbidden to "cry the streets" is excellent, with the muzzled donkey, the clapperless bell, the woman at the prison-gate with a bottle of spirits, the turnkey mumming it, and silence over the distant tread-mill; the Dream is capital, with the Captain lashed to the North Pole, and pelted with snow-balls by bears; the Ship of Fools is well designed. "Squib" on the cover is made of figures of men and women, the first firing at the rest; and on the reverse is the oran-outang of the year—squibbed, of course; so now, ye sparks, we are off.]

FULCHER'S SUDBURY POCKET-BOOK FOR 1836.

[Our eulogium of last year's volume may be fully awarded to that for 1836. We have the Almanac and Botanical Calendar; the Blank Cash Account, (to be filled, we hope, by every purchaser,) and the Poetical Miscellany. The Engravings, too, are well chosen, and as well executed: the frontispiece is Cavendish Hall, a right rural retreat; the vignette is Burstall, an ornamental cottage, reminding us how the wealthy sometimes imitate humility in their dwellings, as though they had discovered that palace-like halls were not the abode of content, that their very extent forbade its enjoyment, and thus induced them to seek this jewel of virtue in lowlier homes. Another illustration is Framlingham Castle—a beautiful scene of antique tower and crumbling ruin; next is Helmingham Hall, a fine specimen of English domestic architecture, and the ancient moated mansion.

The principal poetical contributors are Bernard Barton, the editor, and the author of "the Two Portraits;" in whose productions are indications of talent which would grace the pages of the costly Annual. The selections, too, by Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Wordsworth, Montgomery, and the American poets, Willis and Bryant, are of sterling worth. We quote one of the contributions.]

THE JEW.

By the Author of "the Two Portraits."

He passed among the crowd that throng
The restless city's street,
Where hurrying steps for ever on,
And hurried voices meet;—
The footsteps of a thousand fall
In those dim winding ways;
But, oh! how different from them all
Was he who met my gaze.

He passed—his dark and gloomy brow
With toil and thought careworn,
His rapid glance is on me now,
That flung back scorn for scorn;
Oh! who, but for Heav'n's stamp impress
One shadow there could trace,
Of all that once was wont to rest
On his far fallen race?

A thousand homes around him rose
Mid shrines and arches dim,
Their dwellers were his scornful foes,
Their shrines were not for him!
His home—was where the palm-trees rise,
Where hangs the clustering vine;
His land—the land of palaces!
The olive—Palestine!

The footsteps of the fleet gazelle
Sounds through her grass-grown courts,
The halls of princely Israel
Are the lone owl's resorts;
Forgotten is the lofty fate,
The very names unknown,
Of those whose house is desolate,
Their Temple overthrown.

Still, as of old, the palm-tree waves
O'er many a Syrian steep,
While low in their forgotten graves
The holy prophets sleep;—
Fall'n are the rock-built sepulchres
Where Judah's monarchs lay,
While those who fondly hold them theirs
Are dwellers far away!

He passed, that outcast wandering one,
That exile from a shore,
Whose crown is fall'n, whose nobles gone,
Whose beautiful are o'er!
Oh! who can on its glories dwell,
Its tale of sorrow learn,
Without one sigh for Israel!
One prayer for his return!

The Public Journals.

OFF ALGIERS.

(*From Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.**)

The bombarding squadron arrived, and we were all in the highest spirits, with the anticipation of a little active service. In this, however, we were doomed to be disappointed; for scarcely had the squadron taken up its position, when the Dey, apparently not much liking the appearance of so formidable an armament, and retaining too, perhaps, some unpleasant recollection of Lord Exmouth and the Queen Charlotte, gave notice, by a flag of truce, that he was ready to listen to terms. An interview was accordingly arranged between the admiral and his Algerine Highness, which was to take place at the palace of the latter. As this was a mission of great importance, and promised to be not a little gratifying to the curiosity of those engaged in it, much interest was used with the admiral for the honour of forming part of his suite. For a poor youngster, like myself, however, there was no chance of such prefer-

* A series of amusing characteristic Sketches, in the Dublin University Magazine.

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ment; and I considered myself extremely fortunate in being appointed to take charge of the barge which was to convey the party on shore.

Accordingly, on the morning of the day appointed for the interview, we left the ship in great state; and having arrived safely within the Mole, the admiral and his suite were landed, and I caused the barge to lie off on her oars to await their return. While in this situation the scene around us was certainly unique. We lay near the centre of an immense basin, as it were, of blue rippling water; on one side was the town, rising in amphitheatic beauty before us, the flat roofs of its houses, as they mounted one above another, on the slope of the hill, having exactly the appearance of some immense cyclopian staircase; on another side stretched the long line of the Mole batteries; on the third was the Mole itself, of whose gigantic dimensions the reader may form some idea, when he is reminded that thirty thousand Christian slaves were employed for three years in its construction; and through the fourth and last side, the only one in which there was any opening, a perspective glimpse was afforded of the sea, and the distant receding hills on the coast of Barbary. Here then, I was, in the very centre of the place which Tasso has designated the

Nido di ladri infame ed empio;

and the prospect awakening all the romantic associations of Algerine history, I was soon back in imagination among the daring days of Haydin, Barbarossa, and Doria.

I was reclining under the awning in the stern-sheets, sometimes indulging in these reminiscences, sometimes cursing the heat, which was intolerable, and sometimes sighing for a cigar, when we were unexpectedly hailed from the shore. I immediately gave orders to pull for the quay, where I found a negro slave rather neatly dressed in the Turkish fashion, awaiting our approach. Having no idea what his business could be, but supposing that he might probably be the bearer of some message from the admiral, I made signs for him to descend into the barge, which he had no sooner done than, after a most ungraceful salaam, he informed me in wretched mongrel Italian, that he had been sent by his master, who begged I would join him in a pipe and cup of coffee.

"And who or where is your master?" I replied, in the same language, which I spoke with nearly the same degree of purity as my sable companion.

"El Senor!" replied Blackie, making a pair of huge eyes at my ignorance in not knowing his master by instinct. "El Senor! Eccolo!" he continued, pointing up to the portico of a house which stood near the quay, and where I discovered a dusky-complexioned personage sitting smoking a long Turkish pipe; "Eccolo! El Ammiraglio del Porto, si!"

"Aha!" I replied; "the admiral of the port! Say to your master that I accept his invitation, and shall join him presently;" and off bolted Blackie, evidently quite pleased at having executed his mission with so much address.

Having given strict injunctions to the crew not to leave the barge, and to wait at the quay till my return, I ascended to the portico in question, where I found the admiral of the port squatted on a square bit of carpet, a cup of coffee by his side, and a long amber-tipped pipe in his mouth. He was a thick-set, dapper-looking fellow, apparently about middle age; and the expression of his countenance, as far as it could be ascertained through his enormous mustache and grizzled beard, was certainly anything but prepossessing. It seemed to convey at once a most unamiable mixture of conceit, cunning, cruelty, and cold-bloodedness; and indeed there was a certain undefinable scowl about his eye which of itself seemed to indicate all these. He was dressed in a light-coloured frock of figured chintz; and a sky-blue embroidered waistcoat; a pair of loose Turkish-shaped white trousers, and yellow slippers, defended his lower extremities, and a red skull-cap, with a top-knot or tassel of blue silk, adorned his head.

He received me with the usual salutation, and a slight inclination of the body, but without either rising or removing the pipe from his mouth, and requested me to seat myself on a bit of carpet which was spread on purpose at his side. A cup of coffee and long cherry-stick supplied with choice tobacco, were speedily supplied by the negro slave; and in a few minutes I found myself sitting cross-legged in regular Turkish fashion, and giving puff for puff with the great admiral of the port of Algiers.

To afford anything like an adequate idea of the conversation that passed between us would be impossible. The language in which he endeavoured to make himself understood was not the least ludicrous part of the entertainment. It consisted of a hideous jumble of bad French, and worse Italian, interlarded here and there with a word or two meant for English, and copiously seasoned all over with Turkish or Arabic.

At length, having smoked and listened till my patience was fairly exhausted, I pulled out my watch as a sort of prelude to taking leave. It happened that on my watch-ribbon I had a small brass runner, which was made in the form of a snake, and which I had purchased at Portsmouth for a shilling. This elegant ornament having attracted the notice of the admiral of the port, he begged to be allowed to inspect it more closely; and as he

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seemed to admire it exceedingly, I thought I could not do better than present it to him, which I accordingly did in as handsome a manner as I could. Such a flattering mark of attention on my part seemed to gratify him exceedingly; and having spoken something in Turkish, our black attendant disappeared into the house, and presently returned with a large-sized bottle of ottar of roses. This the worthy admiral urged me to accept, as a compensation for my valuable present; and it will readily be supposed that this was a sort of traffic into which I had no objection to enter. Indeed, as the liberality of mine host seemed to indicate that exchanges were to be the order of the day, I was willing to carry them a little farther, and began to contemplate the possibility of bartering my regulation sword for the admiral's Turkish sabre. This sabre, which appeared to be of great value, had attracted my attention from the very first; and on a closer examination I found it to be a "right Damascus," the hilt ornamented with precious stones, and the crimson velvet scabbard richly inlaid and worked with gold. The difference between the worth of this and my own miserable regulation spit was certainly considerable; but I thought that the man who could give a bottle of ottar of roses for what was little better than an old brass button, could not have any very perspicuous ideas on the subject of relative value. I accordingly opened the affair by stating that it was customary in England to exchange swords as a mark of friendship, and that, though I set considerable esteem on mine, which was of great value, yet I could not think of neglecting to pay this national compliment to a man who had shown me so much kindness.

"I, therefore, signor," I continued, in my mongrel French-Italian, "beg to present you with my sword, and shall be glad to have the honour of wearing yours in return;" and having in the meantime unfastened the buckle, I took my sword by the point, and handed it over to him with much formality.

Here, however, I reckoned without my host; for it appeared the wily admiral knew the value of a Damascas blade as well as I did. He accordingly screwed his face into a most ungainly look of regret, and told me he was sorry he could not exchange swords, as his was a present from the Dey, who would certainly have his head taken off should he presume to part with it.

"I am sorry for this, on your account," I replied, "as you will lose the opportunity of possessing one of the best swords that ever graced a sailor's side. Look ye now, signor: pray unsheath that thing of yours, and only compare the shapes of the two weapons. Why, yours is quite useless for fighting, and with mine I could easily defend myself against a dozen such. You seem incredulous, signor. Pray stand up, and I shall explain what I mean. There, signor! Now, suppose this pillar of your portico a man armed with a sword such as yours. I would go at him thus"—and forthwith I commenced lunging carte and tierce at the pillar with all the grace and agility of an Angelo, springing from one side of the portico to the other, in order to display to the utmost effect the advantages of my weapon.

The scene was so extremely ludicrous, that having commenced it in frolic, I could not resist continuing it for the enjoyment of the joke. Round and round the portico I skipped, thrusting at everything that came in my way; mine host, notwithstanding all his valour, evidently in no small trepidation, taking care to keep always opposite to me, with his eye fixed on mine, and his sword raised to the position of "prepare to guard;" while the terrified black slave, who doubtless thought I had gone mad, jumped aside with a loud squeak at every successive lunge I made. I was in this situation, my face flushed with exercise, my cocked-hat lying on the ground, and my naked sword performing all sorts of ludicrous girations round the head of my host, who was now reduced to a state of extreme terror, when who should appear at the entrance of the portico but the admiral, who chanced to be passing at the time on his return from the palace. I shall never forget his look of amazement at thus catching me engaged, as he supposed, in single combat with a man of such importance as the admiral of the port. In an instant my sword was in its sheath; and the cordial manner in which I shook hands with my entertainer seemed in some measure to relieve the admiral's anxiety. However, he spoke not a word; so, snatching up my hat, I saluted him respectfully, and rushing down to the quay, was soon standing ready to receive my freight, in every sense of the phrase, "as stiff as a midshipman."

As soon as we were outside the Mole, I explained the whole circumstance to the admiral, who, after reprimanding me for quitting the barge, could not help joining the rest of the party in a hearty laugh at the expense of his namesake of the port.

The Dey having, with no very good grace, acceded to the terms proposed by the admiral, our blockading duty at last ceased, and it was not long till we sailed for Malta, leaving, when we left Algiers, all our fondly cherished hopes of promotion, fame, and prize-money. During our passage to Malta we touched at Tunis; and though our stay there occupied only six-and-thirty hours, an event occurred which, even at this distance of time, I cannot look back upon without feelings almost approaching to horror.

We lay at anchor in the bay of Tunis. It was a lovely evening even for that lovely clime. A gentle aromatic breese blew from

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the shore; the sun, which had considerably declined towards the west, cast a hue of bright purple over the beautifully outlined hills along the coast of Barbary; and the smooth mirrory surface of the sea reflected in a subdued tint the intensely deep blue of the firmament. The day had been scorchingly hot; and to breathe the cool evening wind, and gaze upon the gently rippled waters, was unspeakably refreshing. I have seldom seen the sea more irresistibly tempting; its tiny waves, sparkling in the oblique rays of the declining sun, broke 'round the sides of the ship, so gentle, so cool, so inviting, that we almost fancied we could interpret their melodious murmurings into the words of Goethe's Naiad—

> "Lures thee the nether-heaven not,
> The wave-illumined blue;
> Lures thee thine own fair image not,
> Down mid eternal dew?"

It was, in one word, exactly the sort of evening that is usually chosen on board ship for allowing the crew to bathe; and accordingly all hands were turned up for this purpose. It was a busy scene. Eager to immerse themselves in the tempting element, the men were speedily stripped; and when the drum beat the appropriate signal, there was one simultaneous plunge into the water. Here the gambols usual on such occasions were carried on with a hearty good will. The fresh coolness of the water having braced up the nerves which the mid-day heat had relaxed, all were in the highest spirits; swimming and diving matches were going on in every direction, and bets were nearly as rife as at Ascot or Newmarket. In these aquatic exercises one man, a marine named Wilson, bore away the palm from all the rest. He was a remarkably fine-looking, athletic young fellow; and it was quite a treat to see the masterly manner in which he "breasted the billows," leaving all competitors behind. Indeed, it almost seemed as if "the world of waters were his home;" and with his broad, open chest, Herculean proportions, and fine expressive countenance, he wanted but a trident in his hand to have formed a complete personification of a youthful god of the ocean.

In order to prevent accidents, it was customary in the flag-ship, as I believe it is in most others, to regulate the time during which the crew shall remain in the water by the beat of drum. When the hands were turned up to bathe, no one was allowed to plunge overboard until the drum had beaten; and when the second roll was heard, it was a signal for all to return on board. Accordingly, on the present occasion, as soon as the second roll had beaten, the sports were broken off, and every one made for the ship. I was among the first to arrive; and I was sitting on the gun-room stern-port, just preparing to resume my clothes, when I observed a man who had been farther out than the rest, making all speed to gain the ship. There was no mistaking his lusty strokes and peculiar mode of swimming: it was Wilson, the marine. He might be still about a hundred yards astern of the ship, swimming strong and rapidly, when suddenly I observed him throw himself half out of the water, sink again, and commence to struggle violently. I did not wait to consider the probable cause of these movements in one who was so noted for his aquatic skill. Before the cry, "a man drowning," was out of the mouth of the signal-man who was stationed at the poop, I was again overboard; and the boat sent to pick him up had scarcely left the ship's side when I had arrived within a few strokes of the spot where he lay. The poor fellow still continued to struggle convulsively; his head thrown backwards, and his countenance considerably distorted. In my anxiety to save him, instead of keeping off, as I ought in prudence to have done, and catching him by the arm, I swam straight up to him. In an instant I was in his grasp. Before I could take any measures to save myself, his brawny arms were twined round my body, and pressed my breast against his, with such supernatural strength, as almost to deprive me of the power of respiration. To move in the slightest degree was impossible; I could not even find breath to call for assistance, and the water washed incessantly over my mouth in such a manner as almost to choke me.

Every one must have experienced, when suffering extreme pain, that a certain degree of relief is obtained by grasping firmly in the hands or arms any object, no matter what. An opportunity of bracing up the nerves and muscles to their extreme tension is thus afforded; and though indeed the pain itself is not alleviated, the power of endurance is increased. And thus I suppose it was with the unfortunate marine. While he held me in his muscular embrace, he ceased to struggle as he had previously done, and the features of his face became in some degree less distorted, though they still wore the expression of extreme anguish. Almost the only motion he made was an occasional convulsive start; after one of which he would continue to press me still more firmly than before, and I could distinctly feel, against my naked bosom, the throbbing of his heart—now strong and rapid, now languid and intermitting.

The boat, which had put off to our assistance, was now rapidly approaching; two pulls of the oars would have brought it to our side. The poor fellow clasped me to his breast more closely than ever; he seemed to be in an agony of pain; his eyes started in their sockets, and the blue veins swelled upon his forehead. It was but for an instant. With a suddenness which I can compare to nothing but the snapping of an overstretched

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bow-string, his herculean gripe in an instant elaxed; I felt his heart give one dreadful, indescribable, convulsive quiver against my breast, and he sank back among the water. That quiver of the heart! I shall never forget it! I knew not then, and I know not now, the many intricate movements of the human mechanism—those convulsed pulsations, and trembling ebbings of the blood—which are said to betoken dissolution; but no sooner did I feel that dreadful quiver than I KNEW that it was death.

"He is dead!" I exclaimed, when I was lifted into the boat in a state of complete exhaustion.

"Impossible!" said the officer in charge; "he has not been *three minutes* in the water, and you held him up manfully, my brave fellow!"

"It may be, sir," I replied; "*but he is dead!*"

"Nonsense!" said the officer; "it is merely exhaustion, and we shall bring him round presently. What reason have you to suppose him dead?"

"Sir, I FELT HIM DIE!"

As I anticipated, it proved, on examination, that the poor fellow had died in a fit. All attempts to resuscitate him were fruitless; and as we consigned his body to the deep, the somewhat unusual expression was on the lips of many—"He FELT him die!" Often and often since then, when anything has occurred to trouble my sleep, I have fancied myself in the gripe of the dead marine, and have awakened in an agony, as I felt the dreadful quiver of his heart.

New Books.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

[WE quote from another specimen chapter of this entertaining Anglo-American work.]

London: The poet Moore—last days of Sir Walter Scott.

I CALLED on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the Pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the "observed of all observers," Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written,) he made his compliments, with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward,) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down "miladi," and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits tall*, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that beseems it, and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William Gell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of imbecility and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known

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that the "Wizard of the North" was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in anything he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. "No, no," said he, "I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come." He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, "who was that you said wanted to see me?" The doctor explained. "I'll go," said he, "they shall see me if they wish it;" and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed, kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on, but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to Moore, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbotsford, when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. "Scott," he said, "was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whisky at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system, his constitution was herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at Lockhart's. We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, &c., and Sir Walter ate immensely of everything. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs. Moore a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'oh I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible."

(*To be continued.*)

The Gatherer.

Cardinal Wolsey was not a native of Ipswich, as all the historians have erroneously stated. He was born at Long Melford, near Ipswich, his father being a butcher at that place. We have been favoured with this erratum for history, by a gentleman who read the fact in a very curious book in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, entitled "Who was Cardinal Wolsey?"

Education.—On no subject do greater mistakes exist, than in regard to British origin and early history. Compilers begin with the schoolboy's oracle—Cæsar, or the writers under that name; but these, and the Romans generally, knew and cared as little about the history of the nations whom they plundered, as we care about the history of the Charibs or Cherokess.

Unlucky Word.—Nat Lee's Dedication to the Earl of Mulgrave of his *Alexander the Great*, has the following ill-chosen expression:—"Nor is it pride, but rather a delicacy of your soul, that makes you shun the sordid part of the world, the *lees* and dregs of it.

Hardwick Hall.—Various improvements have been made during the summer at Hardwick Hall. The grand, wide staircase in the entrance has been lined with splendid tapestry taken from Chatsworth, the colours of which appear as brilliant now as when they were new, making the hitherto whitewashed walls speak, almost as with life, of the intrigues and disasters of by-gone days. The shading of a white charger is so easy and natural, that only the touch itself can convince the beholder that it is not a most exquisite painting.—*Sun.*

In Persia, the husbandmen are yearly admitted to the king's table, who addresses them thus:—"We receive our sustenance from you; by us you are protected: being mutually necessary to each other, let us live like brethren in amity together."

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The Mirror

OF

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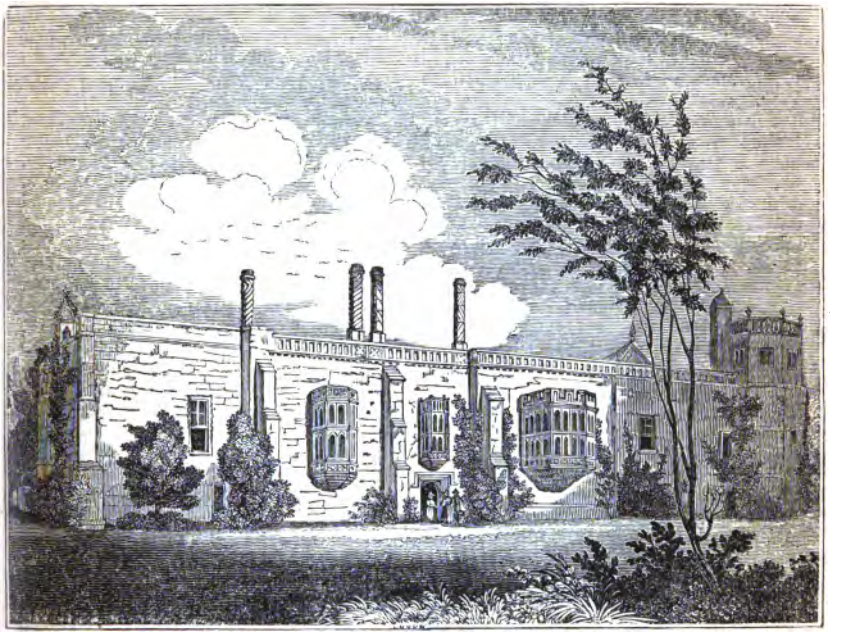

LACOCK ABBEY, IN 1834.

ABOUT thirteen miles east of Bath, and nearly half-way between the towns of Chippenham and Melksham, in a spacious and level meadow, surrounded by elms, at the bottom of which winds the river Avon—appear the walls and tall, spiral chimneys, and arches hung with ivy,—of the ancient Nunnery of Lacock. The site, it may be supposed, was originally a solitary glade, between the ancient forests of Melksham and Chippenham, adjoining the vill or town of Lacock.* This town, if it may so be called, was, in the Saxon times, of greater importance; for, it is said in an ancient record, quoted by Leland, that "Dunwallo founded three cities with three castles, Malmesbury, Tetrouburg, (supposed to be Trowbridge,) and Lacock." We need not remark, that what might then have been called cities or castles, would not be much in accordance with our ideas of such places in the present age.

The Nunnery of Ela is far more interesting than the Castle of Dunwallo. In the year 1232, Ela, only child of William, Earl of Salisbury, and sole heiress of all her father's vast, landed possessions in the county, laid the foundation of this religious house in her widowhood; in pious and affectionate remembrance of her husband, William Longspé, (in her right Earl of Sarum,) who had then

(The Nuns' Boiler.)

* The name is derived from Lea and Lay, a meadow, and Oche, water.

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been dead six years. This brave man was the eldest natural son of Henry II., by the lady whose transcendent beauty has become proverbial under the name of "Fair Rosamund." He assisted in founding the magnificent Cathedral of New Sarum, in the year 1220. Six years afterwards, he was the first personage buried within those walls, where his tomb now remains. He died after a short illness, at the Castle of Old Sarum, in 1226, his death having been supposed to be by poison.

The childhood and early life of the pious Ela are fraught with romantic interest.* She was born at Amesbury, about seven miles from Old Sarum, in 1188. Her father died in 1196; and, until that fatal event, Ela was doubtless reared, not only with care, but in princely state, within her native county of Wilts. Earl William, her father, was one of the distinguished subjects of the chivalric Richard, and took a prominent part at both the coronations of the lion-hearted king. He was also keeper of the King's charter, or grant for licensing tournaments throughout the country. One of the five steads, or fields, then appointed for tournaments in England, was situated between Salisbury and Wilton; and, on that spot, when a child, the future Abbess of Lacock may have first witnessed the perilous gaieties of knightly enterprise, and those proud exhibitions of personal courage and external splendour and gallantry. The situation is well known on the downs in front of the Castle.

Such was the scene on which Ela, in her childhood, might have gazed, when animated with arms and banners, and all the pomp of chivalry; but, whilst still a child, on losing the protection of her father, this richly portioned heiress was suddenly snatched from the scenes familiar to her infancy, and subjected to a jealous seclusion in a foreign country.

All that is said in the Book of Lacock† respecting the captivity of the noble maid of Salisbury, is this: "when Ela was now deprived of her father, she was secretly taken into Normandy by her relations, and there brought up in close and secret custody." Who these relations were, we are left to conjecture; but, it is probable that they were her mother, (who lived eighteen years after the death of her father,) and her mother's family, whose estates were either in Normandy or Champaign. Immediately upon the inquisition held after her father's death, Ela's lands would, in due course, be taken into the possession of the King, as she had become a royal ward; but such was not the case. But the sequel of events which arose from these circumstances, is highly characteristic of the manners of the court of the minstrel monarch. An English knight, named William Talbot, undertook to discover the place of the youthful heiress' concealment; the idea having been suggested, if the fact be admitted, by King Richard's own discovery, a few years before, by aid of the minstrel Blondel.

Assuming the garb of a pilgrim, the gallant Talbot "passed over into Normandy, and there continued his search, wandering to and fro, for the space of two years. When at length, he had found the Lady Ela of Salisbury, he exchanged his pilgrim's dress for that of a harper, or travelling troubadour, and in that guise entered the Court in which the maid was detained. As he sustained to perfection his character of a gleeman, and was excellently versed in the jests, or historical lays, recounting the deeds of former times, the stranger was kindly entertained, and soon received as one of the household. At last, his chivalric undertaking was fully accomplished; when, having found a convenient opportunity for returning, he carried with him the heiress, and presented her to King Richard." Immediately after, the hand of Ela was given in marriage to William Longspé, by his brother, King Richard: Ela being then only ten years old, and William twenty-three.

Ela is now an honoured wife; and who can imagine the "high, heroic games" which would have taken place, if this marriage had been celebrated in the reign of the chivalric Richard, when the spot selected by Ela's father for tournaments was immediately opposite the Castle of Sarum. But we hear little of these things in the sullen and inglorious reign of the despicable John. After the marriage of Ela, we have little to recount of her for several years, unless it were to enumerate the names of her flourishing family of four sons and as many daughters. The Earl was in frequent attendance upon King John; but the Countess Ela appears to have passed most of her life in provincial sovereignty at Salisbury, or in the quiet retirement of some country manor, most frequently, perhaps, in the peaceful shades of her native Amesbury.

We pass over the interesting career of the Earl — his assumption of Ela's hereditary office of the Shrievalty of Wiltshire, his attendance at the coronation of John, and upon the king in Normandy; his "progresses" with John in England, and his appointment to military command, and as Warden of the Marches; his ruinous campaign in Flanders, and his presence at the signing of Magna Charta. After the death of John, England enjoyed some years of peace; when the Earl

* The earliest ancestor of Ela, whose existence rests on the evidence of credible records, was Edward of Salisbury, Sheriff of Wilts, whose name occurs in Domesday Book, and attesting several charters of the Conqueror.

† The Annals of the Abbey: the original perished in the fire which so much endamaged the Cotton Library; but transcripts are extant.

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returned to his Castle of Salisbury, and to that most interesting scene in which the pious Ela was an active party with him. This was no less than the ceremony of founding the present beautiful Cathedral of Salisbury, the fourth stone of which was laid by the Earl, and the fifth by the Countess Ela. We next pass the Earl's visit to Gascony, in the spring of 1224, and his disastrous return; when, according to Matthew Paris, he was, "for almost three months" at sea "before he landed in England." During the interval, all his friends had despaired of his safety, except his faithful wife, who though now a matron, became an object of pursuit to the fortune-hunters of the Court. The Justice Hubert de Burgh, with most indecent haste, now put forward a nephew of his own as a suitor to the Lady of Salisbury. It is related by Matthew Paris, that whilst King Henry was deeply grieved at the supposed loss of the Earl of Salisbury, Hubert, his powerful minister, came, and required him to bestow Earl William's wife, (to whom the dignity of that earldom belonged by hereditary right,) on his own nephew, Reimund, that he might marry her. The King having yielded to this petition, provided the Countess would consent, the Justice sent Reimund to her in a noble, knightly array, to endeavour to incline the lady's heart to his suit. But Ela rejected him with majestic scorn, and replied "that she had lately received letters and messengers, which assured her that the Earl, her husband, was in health and safety;" adding, that if her lord the Earl had indeed been dead, she would in no case have received *him* for a husband, because their unequal rank with respect to family forbade such a union. Wherefore," said she, "you must seek a marriage elsewhere, because you find you have come hither in vain."—Upon the Earl's return, he claimed reparation from the Justiciary, who confessed his fault, made his peace with the Earl by some valuable horses, and other large presents, and invited him to his table: here, it is said, the Earl was poisoned, (probably, with repletion:) he returned to his Castle at Salisbury, took to his bed and died, March 7, 1226; and was buried, as already mentioned, in Salisbury Cathedral.

Ela, now a widow, continued firm in her resolution to remain faithful to the memory of her first lord, and to maintain her independence, in what was then termed, in legal language, "a free widowhood." Her choice, however, was singular: for, ladies of large estate, at that period, were seldom permitted to remain either as virgins or widows, without a lord and protector, unless they had arrived at an advanced age. Her case was evidently deemed extraordinary, and so we find it mentioned in the chronicles. Her son, when he became of age, claimed the investiture of the earldom; but the King refused it by the advice of his judges, and according to the principles of feudal law. The objection, probably, was, that the earldom was then vested in his mother. Thus, Ela's entrance into the profession of a recluse, may, possibly, have partaken of a worldly motive, as being likely to facilitate her son's admission to his hereditary dignity; but, if so, it was still unsuccessful. In consequence of her protracted life, the earldom of Salisbury continued dormant; and, as she survived both her son and grandson, it was never revived in the house of Longspé.

Ela was permitted to exercise in person the office of Sheriff of Wiltshire, and of Castellan of Old Sarum: her great seal, an elegant work of art, is extant, and represents her noble and dignified deportment, and her graceful though simple costume: "her right hand is on her breast; on her left stands a hawk, the usual symbol of nobility; on her head is a singularly small cap, probably, the precursor of the coronet; her long hair flows negligently upon her neck—on each side, and the royal lions of Salisbury appear to gaze upon her, like the lion in Spenser on the desolate Una!"

We, at length, approach the time of the foundation of Lacock Nunnery. "When," says the Book of Lacock, "Ela had now survived her husband for seven (six?) years in widowhood, and had frequently promised to found monasteries pleasing to God, for the salvation of her soul, and that of her husband, and those of all their ancestors, she was directed in visions, (*per revelationes*,) that she should build a monastery in honour of St. Mary and St. Bernard, in the meadow called Snail's Mead, near Lacock: this she did on April 16, 1232, although the requisite charters bear prior dates.

Among the earliest coadjutors with the pious Ela, was Constance de Legh, who assisted by giving "her whole manor." It may here be mentioned that Ela had likewise founded a monastery of Carthusian monks at Hinton, in Gloucestershire; in which, as also at Lacock, she is supposed to have fulfilled the intentions of her husband—indeed, the profits of his wardship of the heiress of Richard de Camville were assigned to the foundation at Hinton by the Earl's last will. The estate of the heiress did not, on its livery from wardship, go out of the family of Longspé, for she was married to the son of her guardian, William Longspé the younger.

The first Canoness veiled at Lacock was Alicia Garinges, from a small nunnery at a place of that name in Oxfordshire, which was governed under the Augustine rule,* the discipline to be adopted at Lacock. In the

* Called the rule of St. Saviour; and that which was adopted by the nuns of Sion, in Middlesex, erroneously mentioned as Bridgetines in the Mirror, vol. xiv., p. 161.

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transcripts from the Book of Lacock, another person is mentioned, either as Abbess or Canoness, during the eight years which elapsed after the foundation, and before Ela herself took the veil, as Abbess of her own establishment, in the year 1238, in the fifty-first year of her age; she "having in all her actions and designs, been constantly dependent on the counsel and aid of St. Edmund, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other discreet men."

The records of Ela's abbacy are neither copious nor numerous. Among them, is a charter dated 1237, in which the King grants to the Prioress of Lacock, and "the Nuns there serving God," *a Fair to last for three days*, namely, on the eve, feast, and morrow of St. Thomas the Martyr. In 1241, Ela obtained two other charters from the King: one to hold a *weekly market** on Tuesday; and by the second, the King gave the Abbess the privilege of having every week one cart traversing the forest of Melksham, to collect dead wood, *for fuel*, without injury to the forest, during the royal pleasure.

Five years before her death, Ela retired even from the peaceful rule of her monastic society, and appointed in her place an Abbess named Beatrice of Kent: yet Ela obtained several more benefits for the Abbey, from the King. At length, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, August 24, 1261, yielding up her soul in peace, she rested in the Lord, and was most honourably buried in the choir of the Monastery. Ela had been deprived by death of both her son and grandson,† and her daughter Isabella, Lady Vesey; and in the last year of her life, she was preceded to the tomb by her son Stephen; so that, of all her family, she left only two sons and three daughters surviving, one of whom died in the following year.

The Annals of the Abbey after the death of Ela are by no means complete. In 1291, we first collect a view of its yearly revenue, 101*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* Among the possessions here included is a manor in the Isle of Wight, which had been given to the Abbey by Amicia, Countess of Devon, and "Lady of the Isle," *together with her heart.* The obit of the Countess was yearly celebrated in the church of Lacock Abbey, on the feast of St. Andrew, (November 30,) when four bushels of corn were distributed to the poor; and on the eve and day of that feast, three poor persons were fed with bread, drink, and meat, to the value of 2*d.* each. Another instance of pious affection, in 1297, is the bequest of the heart of the aged Nicholas Longspé, Bishop of Salisbury, the last surviving son of the Foundress.

The last Abbess was Johanna Temys, who presided until the dissolution and dispersion of her society. Lacock was one of the thirty monasteries which the king spared in 1536; but it was surrendered in 1539, and the fatal document is still preserved in the Augmentation Office. It is ratified by the Abbey common seal, which is of the same age as the foundation, and represents the Virgin and Child, with the Lady Abbess in a niche below, kneeling in prayer. To the last Abbess was assigned a pension of 40*l.*, and the Prioress and fifteen other nuns had proportionate pensions. The yearly value of the Abbey and its estates, at the surrender, was 171*l.* 19*s.* 3½*d.* Among the payments we are informed of the observances in memory of the Foundress and others, in candles about their tombs, and doles to the poor: there were maintained three priests for the daily celebration of divine services, and "the general Confessor to the Convent:" some of the principal gentry of the vicinity, as well as the Abbess' own kinsmen, are also named as holding honourable offices in the service of the Abbey.

Lacock has preserved from the Dissolution to this day its most perfect form, the cloisters, and cells of the nuns, its ancient walls and ivied chimneys, almost entire. But the church was wholly destroyed, and not a vestige can be traced of its ancient altars; the bones of the honoured Foundress and her family are alike disregarded. One single mark of respectful remembrance has been paid to the Countess Ela. Her epitaph is still preserved on a stone within those cloisters, which echoed once to the footsteps, and resounded the Ave-Marias, of the nuns.

Tracing the possessors of Lacock Abbey since the Dissolution, we find that it was sold to Sir William Sherington, in 1544, for 783*l.* 12*s.* 1½*d.* Thirty years subsequently, Lacock was visited by Queen Elizabeth, who was also this year at Longleat and Wilton; and, most probably, the Queen then knighted her host, Sir Henry Sherington. In the Civil War, 1645, the House was garrisoned for the King, and taken by the opposite party shortly after Cromwell had won Devizes; the Lord of Lacock having previously been sent prisoner to London.

From the Sheringtons, the property descended to Sir Anthony Mildmay, of Apthorp, Northamptonshire, by his marriage with Grace, daughter of Sir Henry Sherington, but had no issue; so that the whole

* A beautiful cross stood in the market-place at Lacock, from the days of the Abbey until a recent period. Its light and elegant shaft was destroyed about ten years ago, in order to furnish some stone for erecting the village school-room.

† Her son, William Longspé the Second, having joined the expedition of St. Louis to the Holy Land, perished at the assault of Mansoura. His mother, according to the monkish legend, seated in her abbatical stall in the church at Lacock, saw, at the same moment, the mailed form of her child admitted into heaven, surrounded by a radius of glory. His son, William Longspé III., was killed in a tournament near Salisbury.

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inheritance of Lacock came to her sister Olive, the wife of John Talbot, Esq., of Salwarp, co. Worcester, fourth in descent from John, the second Earl of Shrewsbury, from whom it has descended to the present Henry Fox Talbot, Esq.

Some account of the modern state of Lacock Abbey will be found in a previous volume of the *Mirror*,* so that our remaining notice will point to but a few of its characteristics. The prefixed Engraving shows the Abbey as it now exists: the gallery on the top of the octangular turret, appears to have been the work of James or Charles I.'s time; the cloisters, (not seen in the print,) are about the time of Henry IV.; here are several interesting sepulchral relics, as gravestones, coffin lids, &c.: and the site of the church is now a terrace-walk. The middle chamber of the tower is reserved as a depository for writings, amongst which is the Magna Charta of King Henry III. of inestimable value, being the only one perfect in the kingdom: it is 12¾ inches broad, and in length, including the fold, 20½ inches; the seal is of green wax pendant by a skein of green silk. This charter seems to have been designed for the use of the knights and military tenants in Wiltshire, and to have been deposited here by the Countess Ela, who succeeded her husband in the office of Sheriff of Wiltshire, as already referred to.

The singular domestic relic figured in our front page remains to be described. It was the *Nuns' Boiler*, and formerly stood in the Abbey kitchen. On the exterior of this massive vessel is the following inscription:

"A PETRO WAGHUENS IN MECHLINIA EFFUSUS FACTUS VE FUERAM, ANNO MILLESSIMO QUINGENTESSIMO. DEO LAUS ET GLORIA CHRISTO.

"I was moulten or made by Peter Waghuens, of Mechlin, in the year 1500. Praise be to God and glory to Christ."

We have now only to acknowledge the valuable source whence we have condensed this very interesting outline of a monastic foundation, in the fulness of its ancient beneficence. This font is a library volume of some four or five hundred pages, entitled *Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey*, by the venerable poet and antiquary, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, M. A. M. R. S. L., and the eminent genealogist and antiquary, John Gough Nichols, Esq. The embellishments have been copied, (by permission of the publisher,) from the same source.

This work is altogether one of the most attractive yet sterling volumes of its kind that has for a long time fallen under our notice. The historical and genealogical research in its pages evince patient labour; although, in our outline we have passed over their minuteness. The work is, therefore, "not harsh and crabbed," but entertaining and "musical;" for, ever and anon, Mr. Bowles has lit up the antiquity of his subject with some inspiring poetry; and, in many instances, the antiquarian details are illustrated by comparisons of past and present times,—a feature which cannot be too highly commended in works of this description. The present volume also abounds with passages of impressive eloquence, such as must fall, like "the good seed," into the mind and heart of the reader. To sum up the merits of this work: it is such an one as must have been difficult to produce—a book for the antiquary—or the few; and a book for all who delight in antiquities made popular—or the many.

* See Lacock Abbey; an Autobiographical Sketch. By Mrs. Crawford. Mirror, vol. xxv., p. 246.

Old Poets.

RICCIARDA SELVAGGIA.

A Biographette.

WE know not how it may be with most readers, but, for ourselves, we never could peruse the brief notice which remains to the world of a young and unhappy Italian poetess, without sentiments of the profoundest melancholy. Of the loves and misfortunes of Ricciarda Selvaggia, brief indeed is the record which Mrs. Jameson has been enabled to afford us in her beautiful book, (which was first published under the title of *Loves of the Poets;)* but from thence we learn that Ricciarda Selvaggia, of Pistoja, loved and was beloved by Cino, a young poet of that town, to whom she addressed some tender verses. Her family having been exiled from Pistoja by the faction of the Neri, Cino followed them to their retreat, a little fortress amid the Appennines; and here, midst the deep romance and wild sublimity of nature, well may we imagine the delirium of affection which must have animated two hearts that found their world and their home in each other: golden were these moments!—What to them was the beating of the far-off tempest, when Love's celestial sunshine gilded their retreat? what was exile?—what the solitude of the desert place—now blest in each other's dear society?—And yet, their "course of love did not run smooth,"—to judge by the following lines which seem to imply, either opposition from some quarter, or a dread of jealousy or scandal:—

A Messer Cino da Pistoja.

Gentil mio Sir, lo parlare amoroso
Di voi si in allegranza mi mantene
Che dirvel non poria, ben lo sacciate:
Perchè del mio amor sete giojoso,
Di cio quand' allegria e gio' mi vene,
Ed altro mai non haggio in voloutate,
Fuor del vostro piacere;
Tutt' hora fate la vostra voglienza
Haggiate previdenza
Voi, di celar la nostra desienza.

Ricciarda Selvaggia.

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Translated by Mrs. Jameson.

My gentle love and lord! those tender words
Of thine so fill my tender heart with joy,
I cannot speak it, but thou know'st it well;
Wherefore do thou rejoice in that deep love
I bear thee, knowing that I have no thought
But to fulfil thy will and crown thy wish:—
Watch thou, and hide our mutual hope from all.

But Ricciarda drooped ere long from the pressure of want and misery, from inability to support the inclemency of the elements, and from the rigour of an Appennine winter:—"her parents and her lover watched the gradual extinction of life, saw the rose-hue fade from her cheek, and the light from her eye, till she melted from their arms into death: then they buried her with tears in a nook among the mountains."—This was about A. D. 1316.

Many years afterwards, Cino, laden with wealth and honours, "had occasion to cross the Appennines on an embassy, and causing his suite to travel by another road, he made a pilgrimage alone to the tomb of his lost Selvaggia."

This mournful visit to the lonely grave of his beloved, was recorded by him in the following affecting sonnet; and we have little doubt, but that the circumstance mentioned in the two last lines, with so strong an air of reality, was real:—

Cino,—at the Tomb of his Selvaggia amid the Appennines.

Io fu' in sull' alto, e in sul beato monte
Ove adorai baciando il santo sasso
E caddi in su quella pietra, oime lasso!
Ove l'onestà pose la sua froute;
E ch'ella chiuse d'ogni virtù il fonte
Quel giorno che di morte acerbo passo
Fece la donna dello mio cor, lasso!
Già piena tutta d'adornezza conte
Quivi chiami a questa guisa Amore:
"Dolce mio Dio, fa che quinci mi traggia
La morte a se, che qui giace il mio cor!"
Ma poi che non m'intese il mio signore
Mi disparti,—pur chiamando Selvaggia,
L'Alpe passai, con voce di dolore!

Mrs. Jameson having, (at least in the first edition of her work,) left this untranslated, we will endeavour, by the following paraphrase, to give the English reader some idea of Cino's sonnet:—

I reach'd at length, the high and holy mount,
Where kissing, I ador'd the sacred stone,
(And pow'rless fell upon that rock, wherein
Repos'd, alas! all loveliness and truth,)
Which seal'd of ev'ry virtue the pure fount,
What Time from Life to bitter Death had pass'd
The Lady of my heart:—alas! alas!
Full fraught with mem'ries beautiful and sad,
Then call'd I in this fashion upon Love:—
"O sweetest god! grant that the dart of Death
May here, the heart it seems to ice, transfix!"
—But Love heard not, or never deign'd reply,
So thence departing, bitterly I cried,
O'er the rude mountains, with the voice of woe,—
"Selvaggia!"

M. L. B.

Spirit of Discovery.

RAILWAYS.

[We abridge this paper from the second Number of the *British and Foreign Review*—Art., The British Association in Dublin. It is a masterly analysis of Dr. Lardner's view of the present state of locomotion by steam, on railways, reported to the recent Meeting of the Association. It is, altogether, a most perspicuous exposition of the subject, theoretically and practically: and we especially recommend it to the attention of the reader, not doubting that by one perusal he may be in possession of the main subject and its leading details—a desirable acquisition at the present moment, when Railways form the occasional topic of conversation in every well-informed circle throughout the empire.]

Manchester and Liverpool.

The enterprise and spirit of the body of capitalists, who undertook and perfected the Manchester and Liverpool railway, infused extraordinary energy and activity into the mechanical ingenuity of the country. This, combined with one of those felicitous accidents, which occasionally produce important effects on the progress of civilization, was the means of developing a quality of the steam engine, which, until then, had been altogether undiscovered. That an agent, possessing the powers which steam had been long known to possess, should be capable of propelling loads of unusual amount, was only what might naturally have been expected. The projectors of the rail-road had, accordingly, laid their account to a large traffic in goods, and had looked forward to such as the staple of their enterprise. When we saw, therefore, a train of wagons, weighing from two to three hundred tons,* or a string of carriages containing six or seven hundred passengers,† transported by one steam engine, between Liverpool and Manchester, however much we might admire the agent, no person acquainted with the previous applications of the machine, could feel much surprise. The speed, however, of transport, which was effected in the very first experiments made upon the railroad, was a result of startling importance, which was equally unforeseen by the practical engineer, and the speculative philosopher. It seemed, indeed, to exceed the bounds of credibility, and few could feel a practical conviction, or have a lively faith in it, without themselves being

* On the 29th of May, 1839, in an experimental trip, conducted by Dr. Lardner, a single engine was loaded with 50 wagons, weighing 223 tons, 6 cwt. The engine transported this load from Liverpool to Manchester in two hours and forty minutes, being an average rate of little less than twelve miles an hour. The consumption of coke in this trip was at the rate of four ounces per ton per mile.

† On an occasion of races, held at Newton, a place about fifteen miles from Liverpool, two engines were sent, with trains of carriages, to carry the persons attending the races back to Liverpool. An accident occurred to one of the engines, which disabled it, and both trains were attached to the remaining engine. This engine took 800 persons from Newton to Liverpool, in the space of one hour.

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witnesses. In these experiments, an engine travelled at the astounding rate of thirty-five miles an hour. But even this has since been exceeded; we have ourselves witnessed an engine, loaded with a carriage containing thirty-six grown persons, moving at the rate of forty-eight miles per hour; and we believe that a case has occurred, in which an engine moved over fifteen miles in fifteen minutes. A short analysis of the means, by which such effects have been produced, cannot be uninteresting.

The Engines.

A locomotive engine is impelled by two steam cylinders, the piston rods of which lay hold of two revolving arms, which are attached to the larger pair of wheels of the engine. The pistons, as they work, cause these arms to revolve, and therefore the wheels to revolve with them, exactly in the same manner as a man turns a windlass, or as the hand turns the key which winds a clock, or a jack. The wheels, which are thus worked by the steam cylinders, are pressed against the railroad by that portion of the weight of the locomotive engine which rests upon them, and they adhere to the rail with such force, that, sooner than slip upon it as they revolve, the engine, which is attached to the train of carriages or wagons, advances, so that its progressive motion in a single revolution of the working wheels is equal to their circumference. Supposing their diameter to be five feet, their circumference will be a little less than sixteen feet. One revolution of the wheels takes place during a double stroke of one of the pistons, that is, while the piston moves from one end of the cylinder to the other, and back again. As there are two cylinders working at the same time, it follows, therefore, that, to produce a progressive motion of sixteen feet, four cylinders full of steam are necessary, being at the rate of about a cylinder for every four feet. Now, from these circumstances, it is apparent, that the speed of the engine will depend upon the rate at which the boiler is able to supply steam to the cylinders. If, for example, it can supply 600 cylinders full of steam per minute, the progressive motion of the engine will be four times 600, or 2,400 feet per minute, or about 27 miles an hour.

Production of the Steam.

The circumstances, which influence the rate, at which the boiler produces steam, are, then, the points to be considered. This rate will obviously depend upon the rate at which the fire can impart heat to the water; and a great variety of contrivances have been adopted to expedite this communication of heat. All such contrivances, however, resolve themselves ultimately into this general principle, *viz.* that an extensive surface of water must be exposed to the radiation of the fire; that the air, which supports the combustion, and which passes from the fuel at a very high temperature, shall not be allowed to escape into the chimney until it has been reduced to a temperature not much above that of the water in the boiler; and that a current, or draft, be maintained in the chimney, sufficiently powerful to draw a quantity of atmospheric air through the fuel to maintain the vivid combustion, which is indispensable for the production of so much heat.

To expose a large surface of water to the radiation of heat from the fire, the fire-place is usually surrounded on every side with a thin metal casing, filled with water, communicating freely with the larger chamber of the boiler, of which, in fact, it is only an extension. The roof, the sides, and the back of the fire-place, are formed by this casing, and it may even be extended to the front, except where the fire-door is placed, for the supply of fuel. The heat, radiating from the burning matter, strikes upon every part of this case, and, entering the water within, produces steam bubbles with great rapidity, which rise, by their buoyancy, to the upper part of the boiler. From the fire-place, the heated air finds its way to the chimney at the other end of the boiler, through one hundred tubes of about an inch and a half in diameter, which are extended through the water in the boiler, from one end to the other. The lengths and diameters of these tubes are, or ought to be, such, that the air shall be compelled to linger in them, until it be reduced to the temperature before mentioned. It then escapes into the chimney, and its lightness gives it a tendency to ascend, and form a draft. But this natural draft of the hot air would be altogether insufficient for so fierce a combustion as must be sustained were it not aided by other means. As the hot air passes through these hundred tubes, it imparts its redundant heat to the water in contact with the tubes, and steam bubbles are formed, which, like the others, rise to the upper part of the boiler. The most beautiful part of the arrangement is that by which a sufficiently powerful draft is maintained in the chimney, to support the combustion. After the steam has driven the pistons, it is necessary to eject it from the machines; pipes or tubes are provided for this purpose, in connexion with each cylinder. These pipes are conducted to the chimney, and their mouths presented upwards, so that the steam rushes from them in an upward direction. Now, since the steam is worked in these engines at a pressure considerably greater than that of the atmosphere, it issues from these tubes up the chimney, with very great force, and causes a current of air, or draft, upwards, of proportionate power. This, consequently, produces a corresponding draft through the fire, and it has this remarkable

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quality, that, in proportion as the speed of the engine is increased, so, in the same proportion, is the quantity of steam, thus projected up the chimney; and, therefore, the draft through the fire is stimulated, as it ought to be, in the proportion, in which steam is required to be supplied to the cylinders. It is said, that this beautiful method of blowing the fire was an accidental discovery: that an engine maker, not knowing how best to dispose of the waste steam, conducted it into the chimney.

Whatever may have been its origin, it is certain, that, to this contrivance mainly is due the extraordinary velocity, at which these machines have arrived. The extensive surface exposed to radiation, and the contrivance of the small tubular flues, would have effected nothing, unless a combustion could be sustained, to supply heat proportionate to the surface to be acted upon; and any mechanical means of blowing the fire, besides being subject to other objections, would have robbed the engine of a considerable part of its power. This improvement may be justly placed beside Watt's discovery of the method of separate condensation. It has produced effects upon locomotives not less important, than the latter principle did upon the stationary engine.

The form, which we have just described, is that, in which the locomotives are constructed for the Manchester and other railways in this country.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Naturalist.

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,

At the Garden of Plants, is every year increasing its valuable collections. That of reptiles and fishes contains 5,880 species, and 21,350 individuals. At least 7,019 species, and 25,000 individuals have been added to the insects and crustaceous within the last year. The collection of insects alone comprises 30,000 species described, and at least as many unclassed: 550 species of shell-fish, 380 fossils, and 300 specimens preserved in spirits have lately been added to the collection of mollusca and zoophyta. The Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy has been enriched with 31 skeletons, 116 preparations in spirits, 30 other anatomical rarities, and 15 new specimens of fossil fragments. The collection of plants has received several valuable donations sent from India by M. Jacquemont; 5,000 specimens of rocks from various parts of the globe; and a most complete collection of fossil plants has been placed in the Museum of Geology. The Library contains 13,500 volumes and many drawings. The annual sum awarded by government to this institution is 364,000 francs; but the administration has this year obtained an extra grant of 61,000 francs, towards completing the many *lacunes* yet existing in its various departments.—*Paris Advertiser.*

CROWS IN CEYLON.

These birds are so audacious, (says Mr. Holman,) that all persons who desire to be secure from their marauding excursions, must be very careful neither to leave their doors nor windows open without being watched. When the natives are carrying home baskets of provisions on their heads, they are frequently attacked by a flock of these voracious birds, which pounce upon the contents: nor will they desist from the work of spoliation until the basket is set down, and they are driven away. They plunder children still more mercilessly, actually snatching the food from their hands; and it is amusing to witness the art they use to dispossess a dog of a bone. No sooner has the animal laid himself down to enjoy his meal, than a predatory covey descend and hover over him; one more daring than the rest then alights, and advances towards him with the self-possession of an invited guest; when the dog lets fall his bone, and makes an indignant snap at the pertinacious intruder, which dexterously eludes the bite; while, at the instant the dog's attention is diverted, another crow, which has been vigilantly watching the opportunity, seizes the coveted treasure, and bears it off.—W. G. C.

DESTRUCTION OF TREES BY INSECTS.

The sudden decay of some of the elm trees in front of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, about four years since, gave rise to an interesting discussion among the attentive observers of nature in that part of the country. The ravages in question are attributed to the *Scolytus destructor*, a small beetle which penetrates the bark till it reaches the alburnum, or soft wood. The controversy will be found at length in the *Magazine of Natural History*, No. 18; but we quote as a curious fact in vegetable physiology, the undermentioned conclusion of one of the disputants who made a series of experiments to determine whether the said ravages were the labour of the Scolytus, or of some other insect.

"The result satisfies my mind," says the writer, "that the Scolytus destructor is altogether guiltless of causing the death of healthy growing trees. Those who may agree with me will discover another instance of the harmonies of nature, in the season at which the Scolytus commences perforating, for the purpose of depositing its eggs. This season is in June or July; and by June or July the processes of vegetation for the year have always determined and distinguished the healthy growing trees from the sickly and the dying, and have thus demonstrated to the Scolytus the materials most appropriate for

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Fig. 1.

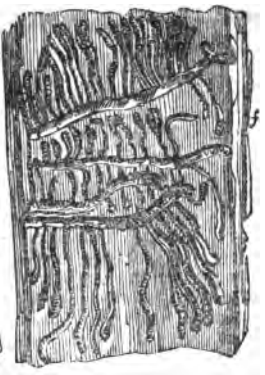

Fig. 2.

(Destruction of Trees by Insects.)

hatching, nourishing, and developing her offspring. I have seen insects much like the Scolytus destructor in the bark of spruce fir, and in that of the ash and other trees. The track made by the insect which lays its egg in ash bark is always horizontal, that is, at right angles with the direction of the stem, (fig. 2, *f*,) and larger than that made by the Scolytus destructor in elm bark, (fig. 1, *e*,) whose track, besides being smaller, is always perpendicular, that is, parallel to the direction of the stem of the tree."

WILD TURKEYS IN AMERICA.

About the beginning of October, when scarcely any of the seeds and fruits have fallen from the trees, (says Audubon,) the wild turkeys assemble in flocks, and gradually move towards the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. The males, or, as they are more commonly called, the gobblers, associate in parties from ten to a hundred, and search for food apart from the females; while the latter are seen either advancing singly, each with its brood of young, then about two-thirds grown, or in connexion with other families, forming parties often amounting to seventy or eighty individuals, all intent on shunning the old cocks, which, even when the young birds have attained this size, will fight with and often destroy them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course, and on foot, unless their progress be interrupted by a river, or the hunter's dog force them to take wing. When they come upon a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminence, and there often remain a whole day, or sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation. During this time, the males are heard gobbling, calling, and making much ado; and are seen strutting about as if to raise their courage to a pitch befitting the emergency. Even the females and young assume something of the same pompous demeanour, spread out their tails, and run round each other, purring loudly, and performing extravagant leaps. At length, when the weather appears settled, and all around is quiet, the whole party mounts to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal, consisting of a single cluck, given by the leader, the flock takes flight for the opposite shore. The old, fat birds easily get over, even should the river be a mile in breadth, but the younger and less robust frequently fall into the water, when they bring their wings close to their body, spread out their tail for a support, stretch forward their neck, and striking out their legs with great vigour, proceed rapidly towards the shore; on approaching which, should they find it too steep for landing, they cease their exertions for a few moments, float down the stream until they come to an accessible part, and by a violent effort, generally extricate themselves from the water. It is remarkable, that immediately after thus crossing a large stream, they ramble about for for some time, as if bewildered. In this state, they fall an easy prey to the hunter.

W. G. C.

New Books.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[We quote the following passages from a work lately published with the above title. It appears to be a pleasant, lively book, full of what are termed, in critical parlance, sketches of character and personal peculiarities, and light outlines, not elaborately filled in. In truth, in familiar description and striking portraiture, the writer seems happy, rather than in any more extended, but

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certainly, less entertaining views of character. The work is of no party.]

Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel is a remarkably good-looking man, rather above the usual size, and finely proportioned. He is of a clear complexion, full round face, and red-haired. His usual dress is a green surtout, a light waistcoat, and dark trousers. He generally displays a watch-chain on his breast, with a bunch of gold seals of unusually large dimensions and great splendour. He can scarcely be called a dandy, and yet he sacrifices a good deal to the graces. I hardly know a public man who dresses in better taste. He is in the prime of life, being forty-seven years of age. His whole appearance indicates health. His constitution is excellent, and his temperate habits have seconded the kindly purposes of Nature. He is capable of undergoing great physical fatigue. I have known him remain in the house for three or four successive nights till one and two o'clock, not only watching with the most intense anxiety the progress of important debates, but taking an active part in the proceedings, and yet be in his office, transacting business of the greatest moment, by ten o'clock on the following morning. Sir Robert is possessed of business habits of the first order. He can descend, when there is a necessity for it, to the minutest circumstances in a great question, and master them all as fully as if he had never had a thought beyond the pale of such matters. He was never yet known to bungle any measure from ignorance of business details.

Lord John Russell

Is small in stature, considerably below the middle size. He is slenderly made, and has altogether the appearance of a person of a weakly constitution; his features are large and broadly marked, considering the size of his face. His complexion is pale, and his countenance has a pensive cast. He scarcely ever indulges in a smile. His hair is of a brown colour. He usually wears a brown coat, a light-coloured waistcoat, and kerseymere trousers of a sandy complexion. He is in his fifty-third year.

The late Mr. Hunt

Excelled in ready wit: he had few equals in this respect. All parties in the house laboured hard to cough him down whenever he attempted to speak. It was on these occasions that he generally gave the most striking proofs of his wit. Nothing could disconcert him: the greater uproar his rising to speak caused in the house, the more he seemed to enjoy it. That was to him a luxury of the most exquisite kind. In many of his repartees there was great point. An honourable member, on one occasion when Mr. Hunt was speaking, was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honourable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons' pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honourable member, who seemed to be so distressed with cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

The late Mr. Cobbett

In personal stature, was tall and athletic. I should think he could not have been less than six feet two, while his breadth was proportionally great. He was, indeed, one of the stoutest men in the House. I have said there was a tendency to corpulency about him. His hair was of a milk white colour, and his complexion ruddy. His features were not strongly marked. What struck you most about his face, was his small, sparkling, laughing eyes. When disposed to be humorous himself, you had only to look at his eyes, and you were sure to sympathize in his merriment. When not speaking, the expression of his eyes and his countenance was very different. He was one of the most striking refutations of the principles of Lavater I ever witnessed. Never were the looks of any man more completely at variance with his character. There was something so dull and heavy about his whole appearance, that any one, who did not know him, would at once have set him down for some country clodpole—to use a favourite expression of his own—who not only never read a book, or had a single idea in his head, but who was a mere mass of mortality, without a particle of sensibility of any kind in his composition. He usually sat with one leg over the other, his head slightly drooping, as if sleeping on his breast, and his hat down almost to his eyes. His usual dress was a light grey coat, of a full make, a white waistcoat, and kerseymere breeches of a sandy colour. When he walked about the house, he generally had his hands inserted in his breeches pockets. Considering his advanced age, seventy-three, he looked remarkably hale and healthy, and walked with a slow but firm step. A fortnight before his death, he thought himself, and so did all who saw him, that he was destined to live for many years to come.

The Chiltern Hundreds.

A member, when duly elected, is not only compelled to serve in Parliament, but he

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cannot at any future period either resign his seat or be expelled from the house except by some legal disqualification. In order, therefore, to meet the views of those members who may wish to resign their seats, it has been the practice, ever since the year 1750, for such members to accept the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which being an appointment under the Crown, their seats are of necessity vacated. The office, however, is a merely nominal one. The stewards who accept it derive neither honour nor emolument from it, the only salary attached to the appointment being twenty shillings a-year. The Chiltern Hundreds are districts in Buckinghamshire, belonging to the Crown. The appointment to the office of steward of these Hundreds is vested in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as a matter of course, grants it to every member who applies for it.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

(Continued from page 368.)

Moore's opinion of O'Connell—Anacreon at the piano.

Some one remarked that Scott's life of Napoleon was a failure.

"I think little of it," said Moore; "but after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more."

"It will not live," said some one else; "as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual."

But *what* an individual!" Moore replied. "Voltaire's life of Charles XII. was the life of an individual, yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world, and what was he to Napoleon?"

O'Connell was mentioned.

"He is a powerful creature," said Moore, "but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of '*thinking on his legs*,' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than anything else. Lord Althorp is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the house. O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack. They may say what they will of duelling, it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against duelling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:—

Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the scripture command,
And 'honour their'—wife and daughter—
'That their days may be long in the land.'

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son, was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the house between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the house, said, 'for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer *here* is, *they are false!* elsewhere it would be—*a blow!*' They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said, 'No! let the curs fight it out!' and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. 'Fight *him!*' said he, 'I would sooner go to my grave without a fight!' Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, *is dead!* You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.'"

The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course. Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot imbody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm

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as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, it is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *soubriquet* of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent developement of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champaign bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip, a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates—everything but *feels*. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, Moore looks like a worldling.

This description may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for, with her, vanished Moore's excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to have dropt silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart.

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

Edinburgh.—A Scotch breakfast—the castle—palace of Holyrood—Queen Mary—Rizzio—Charles X.

It is an odd place, Edinboro'. The old town and the new are separated by a broad and deep ravine, planted with trees and shrubbery; and across this, on a level with the streets on either side, stretches a bridge of a most giddy height, without which all communication would apparently be cut off. "Auld Reekie" itself looks built on the back-bone of a ridgy crag, and towers along on the opposite side of the ravine, running up its twelve-story houses to the sky in an ascending curve, till it terminates in the frowning and battlemented castle, whose base is literally on a mountain-top in the midst of the city. At the foot of this ridge, in the lap of the valley, lies Holyrood-house; and between this and the castle runs a single street, part of which is the old Canongate. Princes-street, the Broadway of the new town, is built along the opposite edge of the ravine facing the long, many-windowed walls of the Canongate, and from every part of

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Edinboro' these singular features are conspicuously visible. A more striking contrast than exists between these two parts of the same city could hardly be imagined. On one side a succession of splendid squares, elegant granite houses, broad and well paved streets, columns, statues, and clean side-walks, thinly promenaded and by the well-dressed exclusively—a kind of wholly grand and half-deserted city, which has been built too ambitiously for its population—and on the other, an antique wilderness of streets and "wynds," so narrow and lofty as to shut out much of the light of heaven; a thronging, busy, and particularly dirty population, sidewalks almost impassable from children and other respected nuisances; and altogether, between the irregular and massive architecture, and the unintelligible jargon agonizing the air about you, a most outlandish and strange city. Paris is not more unlike Constantinople than one side of Edinboro' is unlike the other. Nature has properly placed "a great gulf" between them.

We toiled up to the castle to see the sunset. Oh, but it was beautiful! I have no idea of describing it; but Edinboro', to me, will be a picture seen through an atmosphere of powdered gold, mellow as an eve on the campagna. We looked down on the surging sea of architecture below us, and whether it was the wavy cloudiness of a myriad of reeking chimneys, or whether it was a fancy, Glenlivet-born in my eye, the city seemed to me like a troop of war-horses, rearing into the air with their gallant riders. The singular boldness of the hills on which it is built, and of the crags and mountains which look down upon it, and the impressive *lift* of its towering architecture into the sky, give it altogether a look of pride and warlikeness that answers peculiarly to the chivalric history of Scotland. And so much for the first look at "Auld Reekie."

My friend had determined to have what he called a "flare-up" of a Scotch breakfast, and we were set down the morning after our arrival, at nine, to cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cakes, coffee, tea and toast; and I am by no means sure that that is all. It is a fine country in which one gets so much by the simple order of "breakfast at nine."

We parted after having achieved it, my companion going before me to Dumbartonshire; and, with a "wee callant" for a guide, I took my way to Holyrood.

At the very foot of Edinboro' stands this most interesting of royal palaces—a fine old pile, though at the first view rather disappointing. It might have been in the sky, which was dun and cold, or it might have been in the melancholy story most prominent in its history, but it oppressed me with its gloom. A rosy cicerone in petticoats stepped out from the porter's lodge, and rather brightened my mood with her smile and courtesy, and I followed on to the chapel royal, built, heaven knows when, but in a beautiful state of Gothic ruin. The girl went on with her knitting and her well-drilled recitation of the sights upon which those old fretted and stone traceries had let in the light; and I walked about feeding my eyes upon its hoar and touching beauty, listening little till she came to the high altar, and in the same broad Scotch monotone, and with her eyes still upon her work, hurried over something about Mary Queen of Scots. She was married to Darnley on the spot where I stood! The mechanical guide was accustomed evidently to an interruption here, and stood silent a minute or two to give my surprise the usual grace. Poor, poor Mary! I had the common feeling, and made probably the same ejaculation that thousands have made on the spot, but I had never before realized the melancholy romance of her life half so nearly. It had been the sadness of an hour before—a feeling laid aside with the book that recorded it—now it was, as it were, a pity and a grief for the living, and I felt struck with it as if it had happened yesterday. If Rizzio's harp had sounded from her chamber, it could not have seemed more tangibly a scene of living story.

"And through this door they dragged the murdered favourite; and here, under this stone, he was buried!"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor Rizzio!"

"I'm thinkin' that's a' sir!"

It was a broad hint, but I took another turn down the nave of the old ruin, and another look at the scene of the murder, and the grave of the victim.

"And this door communicated with Mary's apartments?"

"Yes—ye hae it a' the noo!"

I paid my shilling, and exit.

On inquiry for the private apartments, I was directed to another Girzy, who took me up to a suite of rooms appropriated to the use of the Earl of Breadalbane, and furnished very much like lodgings for a guinea a-week in London.

"And which was Queen Mary's chamber?"

"Ech! sir! its t'ither side. I dinna show that."

"And what am I brought here for?"

"Ye cam' yourself!"

With this wholesome truth, I paid my shilling again, and was handed over to another woman, who took me into a large hall containing portraits of Robert Bruce, Baliol, Macbeth, Queen Mary, and some forty other men and women famous in Scotch story; and nothing is clearer than that one patient person sat to the painter for the whole. After "doing" these, I was led with extreme deli-

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berativeness through a suite of unfurnished rooms, twelve, I think, the only interest of which was their having been tenanted of late by the royal exile of France. As if anybody would give a shilling to see where Charles X. slept and breakfasted!

I thanked Heaven that I stumbled next upon the right person, and was introduced into an ill-lighted room, with one deep window looking upon the court, and a fire-place like that of a country inn—the state chamber of the unfortunate Mary. Here was a chair she embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet, where she sat in state with Darnley—the very grate in the chimney that she had sat before—the mirror in which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes had rested in her gay and her melancholy hours—all, save the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman led on. We entered another room—her chamber. A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red and figured silk, tall, ill-shapen posts, and altogether a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right, and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he was plucked from her and murdered. We went back to the audience-chamber to see the stain of his blood on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death, not bearing to look upon it. Again—"poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror, scarce larger than your hand, which she used at her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back, upon that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has reflected!

The Public Journals.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK-WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.

(From a delightful paper on Förster's Life of Frederick; in the Foreign Quarterly Review; just published.

Among the foreigners who visited Berlin during the marriage festivities of Frederick I., was a Neapolitan count, who styled himself Dominico Caetano, Conde de Ruggiero.

"This man soon attracted general attention by the splendour of his equipages and the magnificent style in which he lived. Curiosity was excited to learn some particulars respecting the possessions of this opulent count, and it was soon rumoured that the source of his wealth was the art of making gold. At a time when the treasury was exhausted by the boundless and improvident profusion of the court, nothing could be more welcome than such an artist; and he was accordingly invited to court, where he was treated with great attention. After a time, he began to drop hints of his secret; and, on being urged to explain himself, at length consented to give a proof of his skill.

The crown-prince had from the very outset declared against receiving the Italian at court, and was warmly reprimanded by the king for expressing his want of confidence in the probity of Caetano The king therefore desired him to be present at the experiment, and to provide every thing that might be necessary for the occasion. He accordingly had every thing arranged, and procured from the master of the mint an ingot of copper a foot long and an inch thick, with a stamp on it that it might not be changed. The day having arrived, the king, the crown-prince, the treasurer, the master of the mint, and several persons of distinction, were assembled; the count came: with an air of mystery, he took from a gold box some of his *miraculous* powder, threw it into the crucible, and addressing the crown-prince requested him to stir the fire, and at last to put into the crucible the bar of copper, after he had covered the half of it with potter's clay. He took it out red hot, cooled it in a pail of water that was at hand, and, wonderful to relate, half of the ingot was converted into brilliant gold! The master of the mint assayed it, and affirmed that it was pure ducat gold. The king, delighted at this successful experiment, was going to advance a considerable sum to the artist, but the crown-prince was still incredulous, and he would not consent to allow the count anything but a dozen of French wine, and to be provided for at the royal expense for twelve days. The cunning Italian was not satisfied with this, and secretly left Berlin; but the king, who placed the greatest confidence in his skill, sent his chamberlain, Marshal von Biberstein, in quest of him; who, having found him, persuaded him to return to Berlin, where the king loaded him with favours, and granted every thing he asked, to enable him to make his experiments on a grand scale; but the time which he demanded having expired without any appearance of the promised gold, he fled to Stettin. He was again brought back; but, after amusing the king for a time with vain promises, he again escaped, and fled to Hamburgh, where the king caused him to be apprehended, but not without some difficulty, because the burgomaster and senate protected him. Hoping still to derive some advantage from him, the king had him conveyed to Cüstrin, where he was treated like a state prisoner. He contrived, however, so to insinuate himself again into the king's favour, that he was allowed to return to Berlin. A large building was assigned to him that he might carry on his operations

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on an extensive scale; and considerable sums of money were advanced to him. But a strict guard was set over him, and he only obtained permission occasionally to go out of the city for the sake of the air. He at length contrived to escape with the gold which he had made out of the king's silver, but was arrested at Francfort-on-the-Maine, at the instance of the Prussian Counsellor von Plothow, and conveyed under a strong escort to Cüstrin, where he was tried as an impostor, condemned to death, and hanged on the 23rd of August, 1709.

Frederick-William I. had attained the twenty-fifth year of his age, when he ascended the throne of his ancestors. Endowed with a sound constitution and a vigorous mind, he thought himself entitled to claim something from the world, as he feared no claim that the world made on him. Giving to his efforts an entirely practical direction, he attempted only what he knew how to execute, and while he confined himself to a definite and restricted sphere of activity, not a day, not an hour, was lost. The most rigid order was in his mind the fundamental principle of the state; and it is therefore necessary to view him in his family circle and court, before we follow him, as a commander, to war, or, as head of the government, to the provinces. Besides, as, in the case of an unlimited sovereign like Frederick-William, it is on the temper and character of the prince that the welfare or the misery of the state depends, since here all centres in the will of one man, which is elsewhere divided among the several authorities, as legislation, administration, &c., the biographer should first endeavour to draw a picture of this distinguished and original character.

Frederick-William had in his whole appearace and air something in which every subject could not but recognise his sovereign; his figure was finely proportioned, his carriage upright and military, his step firm, his action suited to the language, the command, or the momentary frame of mind, sometimes calmly imperious, sometimes lively or impassioned, seldom angry. His face, a fine oval, with a high forehead, was full and ruddy, and the serious expression of his countenance was softened by the open, friendly look of his blue eyes, which, however, when his passions were excited or his wrath was kindled, flashed with appalling fierceness. Even in calm moments nobody dared to approach the king whose conscience was not clear, for his look was so piercing, that none could bear it but those who were sensible that they had a good cause, and spoke the truth. His complexion was extremely delicate, and though even when a boy he rubbed his face with oil and exposed himself to the sun, in order to become brown, he could not change his fair complexion. Eloquence and a copious flow of language was hardly to be expected of the king in those days; both in speaking and writing he expressed himself with conciseness. In ordinary conversation his voice was rather harsh and low, so that a person who heard him for the first time did not readily understand him.

The dress of the king corresponded with the simplicity of his domestic arrangements. He wore alternately a civil dress or a uniform till 1719; after which time he always appeared in the uniform of a colonel of the Potsdam grenadier guards,—blue cloth, with red facings and silver lace, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters, with copper buttons, and square-toed shoes. When hunting, and in wet weather, he always wore boots. All his things were made to fit very tight. His cocked hat was bound with a narrow gold lace, and had a gilt button without a loop, and a gold cord with two small tassels. When pursuing the chase at Wusterhausen or Potsdam, his general costume was a green hunting-dress and a *couteau de chasse*. "The last expensive article of his majesty's wardrobe," says Faszmann, "was the *roquelaure* or great coat, which was made of a very coarse white or blue cloth. Nay, it almost seemed as if his majesty considered it silly and extravagant to wear a fine coat in bad weather."

So careful was the king of his best home suit, that, when engaged in his cabinet, he invariably put on a linen apron and half sleeves. He was the declared enemy of new fashions and showy attire. He was much vexed to observe the admiration which the laced hats and enormous bags of the French ambassador, Count von Rothenburgh, and his suite, excited at court. In order to prevent the adoption of this fashion by the imitative citizens of Berlin, the king, at a grand review on Whit Tuesday, 1719, caused all the executioners of the army, who lie under the same stigma as publie flayers and executioners, to be dressed in this new French mode, exaggerating the brims of the hats to the dimensions of penthouses, and the bags to enormous sacks of hair. The king further commanded that all persons who should be declared infamous, should for the future have their queue cut off and wear the hair-bags and costume of the army executioners. In order to ridicule the magnificent embroidered dresses and large wigs of his privy-councillors and chamberlains, the king had the court-fools always similarly attired on gala days. The queen and princesses were in the same manner allowed to wear only dresses of the plainest kind: while children, the latter were clothed in home-spun serge, and never permitted to have either silk or cotton dresses. Rouge was positively prohibited. On very grand occasions, however, the king would some-

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times wear a rich dress of blue velvet, lined with crimson and trimed with silver lace. Notwithstanding this great plainness of dress, he carried his ideas of neatness to an almost painful excess. He not only washed himself regularly five times a day, but also whenever he had touched any thing that was clammy, or his hands felt heated. He enforced a spirit of Dutch cleanliness throughout the palace, and for this reason selected Dutchmen for his house-stewards. In order to prevent any accumulation of dust, silk hangings, cushioned chairs, and even carpets, were banished, and none but wooden benches and tables were seen in the royal apartments.

The king did not allow the queen to meddle with the affairs of government, except when during his absence from Berlin, the privy council was referred to her: otherwise he was as jealous of his unlimited authority in his house as in the state, and would not allow petticoat government in the one, any more than in the other. In his father's life time he conformed, as far as possible, to his wishes; but as soon as he was absolute master, there was nothing to prevent him from acting on the conviction that the old system of government must be wholly abandoned, and a new life begun in the house, the court, and the state. He set about this task, at the age of twenty-five, with heroic courage, and prosecuted his object with unremitting zeal.

* * * * *

The Gatherer.

Translation of Maynard's celebrated Epitaph upon Aretino:

Time, the destroyer, hath, under these stones,
Mingled with dust old Aretin's bones,
Who, when in life, with his infamous pen,
Stained all that was noble and great among men;
Darkened the memory of princes, whose story
Would have thrown on their graves an aureole of glory;
And if on the Eternal, h' has no blasphemy thrown,
It is only because he was to him unknown.
—*Paris Advertiser.*

According to Dr. Hahnemann's system (the Homœopathic system,) in vogue in Germany, the seven-millionth part of a grain of colocynth may sometimes be too powerful a dose for an adult.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Small Glasses.—A Welsh rector being one day on a visit to a neighbouring squire, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, he pulled the servant by his skirts, and thus expostulated with him: "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?" The celebrated John Warde, of fox-hunting fame, rather improved upon this. On a very diminutive glass being set before him, he also hollaed the footman back, and, placing it on his stomach—one of very considerable dimensions as all the world knows—asked him "if he thought they were anything like a match?" But the Welch rector was as famous for eating as he was staunch to the bottle. "This preaching thirty-five minutes," said he at dinner, one Sunday, to his curate, "will never do: here's a fine goose roasted to a rag, and not a drop of gravy in it."—*Fraser's Mag.*

Eccentric Funeral.—In May last was interred in Whitechapel Church, Mr. Hancock, the extensive coach-builder. After the chief mourners, the coffin was followed to the grave by all the workmen in the factory of the deceased, (nearly 40 in number), who were provided with black gloves and hat-bands for the occasion. The workmen then returned to the factory in procession, and were there provided with abundance of roast beef and plum-pudding, and ale, pipes, and tobacco.

Captain Cook.—There is not the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of the following incident, which shows the effects of little causes producing great consequences. The discoveries of the great English circumnavigator were owing to a particularly marked shilling. Young Cook was a native of Yorkshire, and served as apprentice to a merchant and shop-keeper in a large fishing-town in that county. Some money had been missed from the till, and to detect the delinquent, a very *curiously* marked shilling was mixed with the silver, which was accurately counted. On examining the till shortly after, this peculiar shilling was missing, and Cook was taxed with having taken it out; this he instantly acknowledged, stating that its peculiarity had caught his eye, but affirmed, at the same time, that he had put another of his own in its place. The money was accordingly counted over again, and found to agree exactly with his statement. Although the family was highly respectable, and therefore capable of advancing him in his future prospects, and also much attached to him, and very kind, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining in a situation where he had been suspected; he therefore ran away, and having no other resource, entered as a cabin-boy in a collier.

With the present Number,
THE SECOND SUPPLEMENT
OF THE
Spirit of the Annuals for 1836;
With a large Engraving.

No. 748—First Supplement, contains an Engraving and Extracts from the *Oriental Annual*; and Tales and Poetry from the *Forget-me-Not*, *Friendship's Offering*, and the *Landscape Annual*.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 752.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Spirit of the Annuals for 1836.

THE PANTHER SCENE.
(*From* Cooper's *Novel*—"*the Pioneers*.")

FROM THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

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SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1836.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.*

[This Annual has been published in Boston since the year 1828, so that the present is the ninth volume. The literary department has uniformly been sustained by American writers; and, in the embellishments, nothing has been borrowed from European artists, save designs for some of the engravings. This year, however, the proprietor has introduced no other engravings than those from original paintings or drawings by American artists: the present volume is, therefore, wholly an American production. "It is the first Annual, and the only highly embellished book, issued from the American press, which could claim entire independence of foreign aid." The publisher was beset with difficulties in carrying out this plan; but, his purpose was a noble one—the advancement of national character. In his Preface, he says: "We have, in the present volume, used our best endeavours, yet, as it must come into comparison with those of England, where selections may be made, alike from the numerous productions of living artists, and the exhaustless treasures of the past, accumulated in the halls, castles, palaces, and galleries, throughout Europe, it might be wise to bespeak some favour in behalf of our work, on the ground of its American character." This it doubtless will receive; though, in bespeaking such consideration, we hope the actual merits of the work will not be underrated. The best of the illustrations, in design and execution, is the original of the Engraving on the previous page; the painter is George L. Brown.

The literature needs less apologetical introduction. The contributors are, Misses Sedgwick and Leslie, Messrs. Percival, Thatcher, Woodbridge, Paulding, and Neal, names already familiar on this side of the Atlantic. The papers consist of tales and poetry, the former of average equality with the staple of our Annual literature. The editor is Mr. S. G. Goodrich, the "Peter Parley" of American *juvenilia;* who thus introduces the subject of our Engraving:—]

THE PANTHER SCENE,
From the Pioneers.

The panther, now so rare in the settled parts of our country, was formerly very common, even in New England. It appears to be an inhabitant of both divisions of the continent. In South America it was called the American Lion, and here was usually denominated *Painter*, a corruption of Panther. Its proper title is the Cougar, under which name it figures in the show bills of the menageries. It is the fiercest of the cat tribe in North America, and is the hero of many an ancient tale of the hills, under the designation of Catamount. Even in the low-land villages of New England, his cries were often heard at night from some hoary forest, not fifty years ago, and those who are willing to listen to the legends of their grandmothers, can hear many a grisley story of his adventures, authenticated by the testimony of their own eyes and ears. Such tales we might tell, but as the artists have chosen to embelish our pages with an illustration of Mr. Cooper's Panther Story, in the Pioneers, we think it better to give that story, instead of our own. It is probable our readers have all read it; but it is so full of interest, and displays so well the manners and habits of the animal, that whether our pages are designed to please or instruct, we cannot do better than wile our friends into another perusal of it.

It will be recollected that Elizabeth and Louisa were rambling among the mountains, in the vicinity of which the chief scenes of the novel are laid. The story thus goes on:

"In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"'Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. 'Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

"Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried—

"'Look at the dog!'

"Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their boquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head

* Boston: Published by Charles Bowen. In London, by R. J. Kennet, Importer of American Books, York-street, Covent Garden.

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bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either though fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'

"At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

"Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

"There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"'Courage, Brave,' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, 'courage, courage, good Brave.'

"A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger, that rendered its parent so terrific.

"All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

"Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever, raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

"Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy

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of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

"Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"'Hist! hist!' said a low voice; 'stoop lower, gall, your bunnet hides the creater's head.'

"It was rather a yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

"Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge."

[Next is a tale, passing strange, by the author of "Sights from a Steeple."]

THE WEDDING KNELL.

THERE is a certain church in the city of New York, which I have always regarded with peculiar interest, on account of a marriage there solemnized, under very singular circumstances, in my grandmother's girlhood. That venerable lady chanced to be a spectator of the scene, and ever after made it her favourite narrative.

The marriage might be considered as the result of an early engagement, though there had been two intermediate weddings on the lady's part, and forty years of celibacy on that of the gentleman. At sixty-five, Mr. Ellenwood was a shy, but not quite a secluded man; selfish, like all men who brood over their own hearts, yet manifesting, on rare occasions, a vein of generous sentiment; a scholar, throughout life, though always an indolent one, because his studies had no definite object, either of public advantage or personal ambition; a gentleman, high-bred and fastidiously delicate, yet sometimes requiring a considerable relaxation, in his behalf, of the common rules of society. In truth there were so many anomalies in his character, and, though shrinking with diseased sensibility from public notice, it had been his fatality so often to become the topic of the day, by some wild eccentricity of conduct, that people searched his lineage for an hereditary taint of insanity. But there was no need of this. His caprices had their origin in a mind that lacked the support of an engrossing purpose, and in feelings that preyed upon themselves, for want of other food. If he were mad, it was the consequence, and not the cause, of an aimless and abortive life.

The widow was as complete a contrast to her third bridegroom, in every thing but age, as can well be conceived. Compelled to relinquish her first engagement, she had been united to a man of twice her own years, to whom she became an exemplary wife, and by whose death she was left in possession of a splendid fortune. A southern gentleman considerably younger than herself, suceeeded to her hand, and carried her to Charleston, where, after many uncomfortable years, she found herself again a widow. It would have been singular, if any uncommon delicacy of feeling had survived through such a life as Mrs. Dabney's.

Sage in most matters, the widow was perhaps the more amiable, for the one frailty that made her ridiculous. Being childless, she could not remain beautiful by proxy, in the person of a daughter; she therefore refused to grow old and ugly, on any consideration; she struggled with time, and held fast her roses in spite of him, till the venerable thief appeared to have relinquished the spoil, as not worth the trouble of acquiring it.

The approaching marriage of this woman of the world, with such an unworldly man as Mr. Ellenwood, was announced soon after Mrs. Dabney's return to her native city. Superficial observers, and deeper ones, seemed to concur, in supposing that the lady must have borne no inactive part, in arranging the affair.

But while people talked, the wedding day arrived. The ceremony was to be solemnized according to the Episcopalian forms

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and in open church, with a degree of publicity that attracted many spectators, who occupied the front seats of the galleries, and the pews near the alter and along the broad aisle. It had been arranged, or possibly it was the custom of the day, that the parties should proceed separately to church. By some accident, the bridegroom was a little less punctual than the widow and her bridal attendants; with whose arrival, after this tedious, but necessary preface, the action of our tale may be said to commence.

The clumsy wheels of several old fashioned coaches were heard, and the gentlemen and ladies, composing the bridal party, came through the church door, with the sudden and gladsome effect of a burst of sunshine. The whole group, except the principal figure, was made up of youth and gaiety. As they streamed up the broad aisle, while the pews and pillars seemed to brighten on either side, their steps were as buoyant as if they mistook the church for a ball-room, and were ready to dance hand in hand to the altar. So brilliant was the spectacle, that few took notice of a singular phenomenon that had marked its entrance. At the moment when the bride's foot touched the threshold, the bell swung heavily in the tower above her, and sent forth its deepest knell. The vibrations died away and returned with prolonged solmnity, as she entered the body of the church.

"Good heavens! what an omen," whispered a young lady to her lover.

"On my honour," replied the gentleman, "I believe the bell has the good taste to toll of its own accord. What has she to do with weddings? If you, dearest Julia, were approaching the altar, the bell would ring out its merriest peal. It has only a funeral knell for her."

The bride, and most of her company, had been too much occupied with the bustle of entrance, to hear the first boding stroke of the bell, or at least to reflect on the singularity of such a welcome to the altar. They therefore continued to advance, with undiminished gaiety. The gorgeous dresses of the time, the crimson velvet coats, the gold-laced hats, the hoop-petticoats, the silk, satin, brocade and embroidery, the buckles, canes and swords, all displayed to the best advantage on persons suited to such finery, made the group appear more like a bright coloured picture, than any thing real. But by what perversity of taste, had the artist represented his principal figure as so wrinkled and decayed, while yet he had decked her out in the brightest splendour of attire, as if the loveliest maiden had suddenly withered into age, and become a moral to the beautiful around her! On they went, however, and had glittered along about a third of the aisle, when another stroke of the bell seemed to fill the church with a visible gloom, dimming and obscuring the bright pageant, till it shone forth again as from a mist.

This time the party wavered, stopt, and huddled closer together, while a slight scream was heard from some of the ladies, and a confused whispering among the gentlemen. Thus tossing to and fro, they might have been fancifully compared to a splendid bunch of flowers, suddenly shaken by a puff of wind, which threatened to scatter the leaves of an old, brown, withered rose, on the same stalk with two dewy buds; such being the emblem of the widow between her fair young bridemaids. But her heroism was admirable. She had started with an irrepressible shudder, as if the stroke of the bell had fallen directly on her heart; then, recovering herself, while her attendants were yet in dismay, she took the lead, and paced calmly up the aisle. The bell continued to swing, strike, and vibrate, with the same doleful regularity, as when a corpse is on its way to the tomb.

"My young friends here have their nerves a little shaken," said the widow, with a smile, to the clergyman at the altar. "But so many weddings have been ushered in with the merriest peal of the bells, and yet turned out unhappily, that I shall hope for better fortune under such different auspices."

"Madam," answered the rector, in great perplexity, "this strange occurrence brings to my mind a marriage sermon of the famous Bishop Taylor, wherein he mingles so many thoughts of mortality and future woe, that, to speak somewhat after his own rich style, he seems to hang the bridal chamber in black, and cut the wedding garment out of a coffin pall. And it has been the custom of diverse nations to infuse something of sadness into their marriage ceremonies; so to keep death in mind, while contracting that engagement which is life's chiefest business. Thus we may draw a sad but profitable moral from this funeral knell."

But, though the clergyman might have given his moral even a keener point, he did not fail to despatch an attendant to inquire into the mystery, and stop those sounds, so dismally appropriate to such a marriage. A brief space elapsed, during which the silence was broken only by whispers, and a few suppressed titterings, among the wedding party and the spectators, who, after the first shock, were disposed to draw an ill natured merriment from the affair. The young have less charity for aged follies, than the old for those of youth. The widow's glance was observed to wander, for an instant, towards a window of the church, as if searching for the time-worn marble that she had dedicated to her first husband; then her eyelids dropt over their faded orbs, and her thoughts were drawn irresistibly to another grave. Two buried men, with a

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voice at her ear and a cry afar off, were calling her to lie down beside them. Perhaps, with momentary truth of feeling, she thought how much happier had been her fate, if after years of bliss, the bell were now tolling for her funeral, and she were followed to the grave by the old affection of her earliest lover, long her husband. But why had she returned to him, when their cold hearts shrank from each other's embrace?

Still the death-bell tolled so mournfully, that the sunshine seemed to fade in the air. A whisper, communicated from those who stood nearest the windows, now spread through the church; a hearse, with a train of several coaches, were creeping along the street, conveying some dead man to the churchyard, while the bride awaited a living one at the altar. Immediately after, the footsteps of the bridegroom and his friends were heard at the door. The widow looked down the aisle, and clenched the arm of one of her bridemaids in her bony hand, with such unconscious violence, that the fair girl trembled.

"You frighten me, my dear madam!" cried she. "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said the widow; then, whispering close to her ear, "There is a foolish fancy, that I cannot get rid of. I am expecting my bridegroom to come into the church, with my two first husbands for groomsmen!"

"Look, look, screamed the bridemaid. "What is here? The funeral!"

As she spoke, a dark procession paced into the church. First came an old man and woman, like chief mourners at a funeral, attired from head to foot in the deepest black, all but their pale features and hoary hair; he leaning on a staff, and supporting her decrepit form with his nerveless arm. Behind, appeared another, and another pair, as aged, as black, and mournful as the first. As they drew near, the widow recognised in every face some trait of former friends, long forgotten, but now returning, as if from their old graves, to warn her to prepare a shroud, or, with purpose almost as unwelcome, to exhibit their wrinkles and infirmity, and claim her as their companion by the tokens of her own decay. Many a merry night had she danced with them, in youth. And now, in joyless age, she felt that some withered partner should request her hand, and all unite in a dance of death, to the music of the funeral bell.

While these aged mourners were passing up the aisle, it was observed, that, from pew to pew, the spectators shuddered with irrepressible awe, as some object, hitherto concealed by the intervening figures, came full in sight. Many turned away their faces; others kept a fixed and rigid stare; and a young girl giggled hysterically, and fainted with the laughter on her lips. When the spectral procession approached the altar, each couple separated, and slowly diverged, till, in the centre, appeared a form, that had been worthily ushered in with all this gloomy pomp, the death-knell, and the funeral. It was the bridegroom in his shroud!

No garb but that of the grave could have befitted such a death-like aspect; the eyes, indeed, had the wild gleam of a sepulchral lamp; all else was fixed in the stern calmness which old men wear in the coffin. The corpse stood motionless, but addressed the widow in accents that seemed to melt into the clang of the bell, which fell heavily on the air while he spoke.

"Come, my bride!" said those pale lips, "The hearse is ready. The sexton stands waiting for us at the door of the tomb. Let us be married; and then to our coffins!"

How shall the widows horror be represented! It gave her the ghastliness of a dead man's bride. Her youthful friends stood apart, shuddering at the mourners, the shrouded bridegroom, and herself; the whole scene expressed, by the strongest imagery, the vain struggle of the gilded vanities of this world, when opposed to age, infirmity, sorrow, and death. The awe-struck silence was first broken by the clergyman.

"Mr. Ellenwood," said he, soothingly, yet with somewhat of authority, "you are not well. Your mind has been agitated by the unusual circumstances in which you are placed. The ceremony must be deferred. As an old friend, let me entreat you to return home."

"Home! yes; but not without my bride," answered he, in the same hollow accents. "You deem this mockery; perhaps madness. Had I bedizened my aged and broken frame with scarlet and embroidery—had I forced my withered lips to smile at my dead heart—that might have been mockery, or madness. But now, let young and old declare, which of us has come hither without a wedding garment, the bridegroom, or the bride!"

He stept forward at a ghostly pace, and stood beside the widow, contrasting the awful simplicity of his shroud with the glare and glitter in which she had arrayed herself for this unhappy scene. None, that beheld them, could deny the terrible strength of the moral which his disordered intellect had contrived to draw.

"Cruel! cruel!" groaned the heart-stricken bride.

"Cruel?" repeated he; then losing his death-like composure in a wild bitterness, —"Heaven judge, which of us has been cruel to the other! In youth, you deprived me of my happiness, my hopes, my aims; you took away all the substance of my life, and made it a dream, without reality enough

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even to grieve at—with only a pervading gloom, through which I walked wearily, and cared not whither. But after forty years, when I have built my tomb, and would not give up the thought of resting there—no, not for such a life as we once pictured—you call me to the altar. At your summons I am here. But other husbands have enjoyed your youth, your beauty, your warmth of heart, and all that could be termed your life. What is there for me but your decay and death? And therefore I have bidden these funeral friends, and bespoken the sexton's deepest knell, and am come, in my shroud, to wed you, as with a burial service, that we may join our hands at the door of the sepulchre, and enter it together."

It was not frenzy; it was not merely the drunkenness of strong emotion, in a heart unused to it, that now wrought upon the bride. The stern lesson of the day had done its work; her worldliness was gone. She seized the bridegroom's hand.

"Yes!" cried she, "Let us wed, even at the door of the sepulchre! My life is gone in vanity and emptiness. But at its close, there is one true feeling. It has made me what I was in youth; it makes me worthy of you. Time is no more for both of us. Let us wed for eternity!"

With a long and deep regard, the bridegroom looked into her eyes, while a tear was gathering in his own. How strange that gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom of a corpse! He wiped away the tear, even with his shroud.

"Beloved of my youth," said he, "I have been wild. The despair of my whole lifetime had returned at once, and maddened me. Forgive; and be forgiven. Yes; it is evening with us now, and we have realized none of our morning dreams of happiness. But let us join our hands before the altar, as lovers, whom adverse circumstances have separated through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it, and find their earthly affection changed into something holy as religion. And what is time, to the married of eternity?"

Amid the tears of many, and a swell of exalted sentiment, in those who felt aright, was solemnized the union of two immortal souls. The train of withered mourners, the hoary bridegroom in his shroud, the pale features of the aged bride, and the death-bell tolling through the whole, till its deep voice overpowered the marriage words, all marked the funeral of earthly hopes. But as the ceremony proceeded, the organ, as if stirred by the sympathies of this impressive scene, poured forth an anthem, first mingling with the dismal knell, then rising to a loftier strain, till the soul looked down upon its woe. And when the awful rite was finished, and with cold hand in cold hand, the Married of Eternity withdrew, the organ's peal of solemn triumph drowned the Wedding Knell.

The Amulet,

Edited by S. C. Hall,

[Is, as usual, an entertaining Miscellany of fact and fancy. Our prose quotation is—"our custom always in the"—Supplement—a tale of fixing interest, by Mrs. Hall:—]

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Duncannon Fort, along that portion of the coast which contracts into the Waterford river, there are a number of scattered cottages, standing either singly or in small clusters along a wild and picturesque sea-shore—more wild, perhaps, than beautiful, although the infinite number of creeks, and bays, and overhanging rocks, vary the prospect at every hundred yards; and I know nothing more delightful than to row during a long, summer evening, from the time when the sun abates his fierceness, until the moon has fairly risen upon the waters, nothing more delightful than to row—now in, now out, now under the hanging rocks, now close upon the silver-sanded bays, where thousands of many-coloured shells form the most beautiful Mosaic beneath the transparent waters.

"And what 'ud ail the boat but to do? Sure she's done, ay, and done a dale for us, this ten years; and as to the hole, Jemmy 'ill plug his hat into it, or stick in a piece of *sail-cloth*, and what 'ud ail her then, but sail,—God bless her!—like a swan or a curlew, as she always does?"

"Dermot—Dermot, darling! listen to me for onc't!"

"Faith!" replied Dermot to his better half, Kate Browne, while his keen, blue eye twinkled with that mixture of wit and humour so truly Irish, "Faith, my dear, I'll accommodate you in any way I can, for I'll listen to you onc't for three speakings—come, out with it, and don't stand twisting your face that was onc't so purty as to win the heart and hand of the handsomest man in the parish, and that is—myself, Dermot Browne at your sarvice, Mistress Kate Browne, madam! Don't keep lengthening your face to the length of a herring net, but out with it!—out with it!—at onc't!"

"Dermot, I've got the box of tools quite convanient; I brought it with me to the shore, and the last time I was in Waterford, I bought all sortings of nails, large and small; and there's plenty of *boord* in the shed—and Dermot, mend the hole, and God bless you!—sure it's the sore heart I'd have when you'd be on the wather, to think that any harm would happen you—it won't take you any thing like an hour—"

"An hour! God bless the woman, why a

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body would think you had never been a fisherman's wife! An hour would turn the tide—and the luck!—an hour! Why the herrings out yonder would miss my company if I waited; and all for what? To go to the trouble of nailing a bit o' boord on a mite of a hole, when it will be just as easy to stop it with a hat!"

"But not as safe, Dermot!"

"Be asy with your safety! You're always touching on that;—ay; will it, and as safe too: hav'n't I done it before?—why, turn up every one of the boats along the shore, and I'll bet you the cod I mean to catch against a branyan that there isn't as sound a boat as my own on the sands; doesn't Harrison's go without a rudder?—doesn't Michan's go without a mast—barring a gag of a gate-post that he pulled out of Lavery's field? I'm sure Michael Murphy's craft is bang full of dowshy holes like a riddle: and a good noggin he won on that, for he betted Lanty Moore that at the present time the keel of his boat had more holes in it than Lanty's English sieve which he had for winnowing corn; and sure enough he won; for the holes in the sieve were all stopped up with the dirt! Lend a hand, old girl, and help me and the boy to shove her off!"—He continued appealing to his wife,—"What!—you won't? Why thin, Kate agra, what ails ye?—I've been your true and faithful husband next Candlemas will be seventeen years, and you never refused me a hand's turn before!"—Still Kate Browne moved not; and her husband, using with his eldest son, considerable exertion to push off the boat, became annoyed at her obstinacy.

Kate saw, but, contrary to her usual habit, heeded it not. She stood, with folded arms and tearful eyes, surveying the proceedings, without possessing the power of putting a stop to preparations, of the termination of which she had a fearful presentiment.

"Why, thin, look at your mother, Benje!" exclaimed Browne to his son, "sure, she's enough to set a man mad, and her's the help that's as good as five—she has such a knowledge of setting every thing straight.—"Kate!" he exclaimed to his wife:—

"Let her alone, father dear," interrupted the boy, "let her alone, and don't vex her more, *don't ye see there's a tear in her eye?*"

"And how can I help that?" expostulated the father, looking kindly towards his wife at the same time; "them women are ever so hard to manage, and manage as ye will, ye can't find 'em out; there's the sun shining above her head, the waters dancing and capering, like jewels, at her feet, the herrings crying, 'Come, catch me,' and Benje, between you and I, as handsome a husband, and as fine, ay, and for the matter of that, as good a boy as a woman's heart could wish, and yet the tears are in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth drawn as far down as if she did nothing but sup sorrow all her life."—Benjamin the fisher's only child, made no reply; and, after a moment's pause, his father looked at him, and said, "Why, boy, you look as much cast down as your mother—stay on shore, and good luck to you!"

"No, father, that I won't! I'll not put more to the throuble she's in, by letting you go by yourself; I wish from my heart the boat was mended, if it would make her easy."

"Don't bother about the boat, boy," replied Browne, "I never meddle or make with her house, or land business; hasn't she got a back-door for the cabin?—a sty for the poor pig?—a *chaney* dish for the pratees, and a white table-cloth for saints' days and bonfire nights?—can't she stay at home and mind them, and let me and the cobble alone?"—Benjamin loved the wild and careless spirit of his father better than the prudence and forethought of his mother; yet did he not forget that the very arrangements and luxuries to which his father alluded, were solely the effects of her care and industry.

"Won't you say, God speed me, Kate?" inquired the fisherman as he pushed off his dangerous craft with a broken oar, "Won't you say, God speed me and the boy?"—The woman clasped her hands suddenly and fervently together, and dropping on her knees without moving from the spot, on which she had been standing, uttered a few, earnest words of supplication for their safety. Benjamin sprang on the shingles, and raising his mother affectionately in his arms, whispered—

"Keep a good heart, we will back with such bouncing fish, before morning, any how; and mother, darling, if you see Statia Byrne, here is the neckerchief she promised to hem for me; tell her not to forget her promise."—The kisses Mrs. Browne bestowed on her son were mingled with tears. She watched the boat until it had dwindled to a small speck on the horizon. As she turned to ascend the cliff, she saw the round, laughing face of Statia Byrne peer from behind a rock, and withdraw itself instantly on being perceived. She called to her; and, after a little time, Statia came blushing, and smiling, and lingering by the way to pluck every sprig of samphire, every root of sea-pink, that grew within her reach.

"I just came down to gather a few bits of herbs for the granny's cures, and a few shells to keep the childre asy," said Statia—pulling her sea-pinks to pieces at the same time.

"And what does the granny cure with these?" inquired Mrs. Browne.

"Sorra a know I know," replied the girl, blushing still more deeply.

"Maybe," continued Mrs. Browne gravely, "maybe, Stacy honey, there's a charm in

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them like the yarrow you put under pillow last Holy-eve night."

"Ah! thin, Mistress Browne, ma'am, let me alone about the yarrow—sure it was only out of innocent mirth I did it, and no harm; and, any way, I've no belief in such things at all, at all."

"And why do you disbelieve them?" inquired the fisherman's wife. Statia made no reply.—"I can tell you," she continued; "because though you neither spoke nor laughed that blessed night, my poor girl, after you placed the yarrow under your pillow —still you did *not* dream of Benje Browne. Stacy, Stacy, I mind the time myself, when, if a spell worked contrary, I'd disbelieve it directly—it's only human natur, darling."

Statia Byrne flung her handful of sea-pinks upon the shingles, and passed the back of her hand across her eyes, for they were filled with tears.

"You have thrown away the granny's pinks," said Kate, pointing to the flowers that the sea-breeze was scattering far and wide.

"Ah, thin, let me alone, Mistress Browne dear!" exclaimed the girl.—"And good by, for the present, ma'am; I'm sure the child 'ill be woke before this, and mother is carding wool, so she'll want me now."

"Good by, Statia—but stop, child: Benje desired me to put you in mind that you promised to hem this handkerchief for him; and tell your mother, jewel, that if she'll let you come down to my cabin to-night, when the *gravols* are all in bed, I'll be for ever obliged to her; Browne and the boy are out to sea, and there's something over me that I don't care to be quite alone this blessed night: so come down a lannan,—and thin you can hem the neckerchief—before morning."

"I will, I will," said the maiden, with whom smiles had already taken the place of tears, for she loved Mrs. Browne's cottage almost better than her own; "I will, and I've learnt a new song; oh, I shall be so happy!" and she danced up the cliffs with all the light gaiety of fifteen.

The fisherman's wife set her house in order, and then commenced mending her husband's nets. It would have been evident to any observer, that her mind was ill at ease; for, instead of pursuing her occupation with her usual steadiness, she frequently suffered the hard meshes to drop from her bony fingers, and the wooden needle to lie idle on her lap. She would rise and peer from her small window, or more frequently still from the open door, into the heavens; but there was no cause for disquiet in their aspect—the moon was in her full, calm glory; and the stars, bright, glittering, and countless, waited round her throne as handmaids silently attending upon their mistress. She could see the reflection of the moonbeams on the far-away waters—but her ear, practised as it was, could hardly catch the murmur of the ocean, so profound was its repose: and yet Kate continued restless and feverish. Benjamin was her only surviving child—although five others had called her mother—and, indeed, while he was absent from her, she felt that undefined, but perfectly natural, dread which steals over a sensitive mind for the welfare of a beloved object, whenever the one is separated from the other.

It was a great relief to her spirits when she heard the light foot of Statia Byrne on her threshold, and she felt new-sprung hope within her heart when she looked into the bright eyes, and observed the full smile of the joyous girl.

"They're all a-bed, and the babby went off to sleep without an *hushow!* and mother says, as you're all alone by yourself, I might stay with you all night, Mrs. Browne; and so I will, if you please—and I've brought my needle, and I'll hem the handkerchief, if you please — and then, maybe — maybe you'd show me how you mend nets—I should so like to mend Mister Browne's herring net; he gave mother, (God bless him!) as many herrings last year as lasted all Lent!—I'm sure we can never forget it to him."

"Pray for him then, Stacy—pray on your bended knees—for Dermot and Benjamin Browne this night."

"Why so I will," rejoined the girl—astonished at the woman's earnestness of manner —"but the night is fine, the sky is blue, the waters clear as chryshtal; they've been out many a night when the winds do be blowing the waves into the sky, and I've wondered to see you heart-easy about them—what, then, ails you to-night?"

"God knows!" replied Kate Browne, with a heavy sigh, "I think I'll go over my *bades* a bit; ough, Stacy darling, it's a fine thing to have the religion to turn to when the heart turns against every thing else."—Kate sprinkled herself with holy water out of a small chalice, and knelt down, with a "decket" of beads in her hands, to "say her prayers;" almost unwittingly, she repeated them aloud, but they had, in a degree, lost their soothing power, and she mingled the anxieties of earth with her petitions, not to heaven but to its inhabitants; her "mingled yarn" ran thus: —"'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us' —Statia, open the door, agra, and listen, myself thinks the wind's rising—'now, and in the hour'—the cat, avourneen, don't you see the cat at the herring tub, bad luck to that cat?—'now, and in the hour of our death!'"—There was a long pause, and she continued murmuring her petitions, and speaking aloud her anxieties, while Statia went on hemming the handkerchief; at last, she looked up at her young companion and

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inquired, "Where did I leave off, my darling, was it at 'Virgin most powerful,' or at 'Queen of Confessors?'"

"I did not hear," replied the industrious maiden.

"Hear what?" exclaimed Kate Browne, starting off her knees.

"Lord defend us, you startle the very life out of me!" ejaculated the girl, devoutly crossing herself.

"But what did you hear, Stacy?"

"Nothing. I told you I did not hear where you left off."

"Ough! ay! ay!" exclaimed Mrs. Browne, "God forgive me, I am a poor, sinful thing; quite full of sin; I must give up the prayers for to-night; I can't steady my heart to them, good nor bad: there! finish your work, and we'll go to bed, jewel—it is, as you say, a beautiful night, thanks be to God for his mercies! and I ought to have more faith."

Long did they both remain awake during that calm moonlight: the fisherman's wife muttering prayers and fears, and raising her eyes to the little window which opened at the foot of her bed, and from which, as she lay, she could catch a view of the distant sea—at last, she fell off into a deep, deep sleep. But Statia, though free from all anxiety as to the fate of the absent, could not close her eyes—poor girl! her young imagination had passed a gulf of years, and she was thinking, that, perhaps, she might be to the young fisher what Kate was to the old; and she thought how good he was, and how handsome; and how happy she should be to mend his nets, and watch the return of his boat from the highest cliff that "toppled o'er the deep." The grey morning was stealing on the night, yet still Kate slept—and still Statia Byrne continued with her eyes fixed on the window, creating—not castles, but—nets, and boats, and cottages in the air; when suddenly, before the window stood Benjamin Browne—she had not seen his shadow pass—she had heard no step, no voice—no sound; nor did she see a figure, but there was his face almost pressed to the glass—his long, uncurled hair hung down either cheek—and his eyes were fixed on her with a cold, unmoving, rayless gaze—she endeavoured to sit up—she felt suddenly paralyzed—she could not move—she tried to speak, to call Mrs. Browne, who still slept heavily, heavier than before—she could make no sound—still her lover gazed—gazed on. And what occurred to her, (for she afterwards declared, she never, for a moment, was deprived of consciousness,) as most strange was, that though the room within was dark, and his head obscured the window, still she could see his features, (to use her own expressive phrase,) "Clear like wax;" while, as he gazed, their beautiful form assumed the long, pale hue of death—by a sudden effort she closed her eyes, but only for a brief, brief moment. When she re-opened them he was gone—and she only looked upon the grey mingling of sea and sky; trembling and terror-stricken she at last succeeded in awakening her companion. Mrs. Browne heard her story with apparent calmness, and putting her lips close to the ear of the fainting girl, whispered—"HE IS DEAD!"

It was long, long before Statia recovered from her swoon, for when she did, the morning sun was shining on her face—and she was alone, quite alone in the fisherman's cottage; at first, she thought she had fearfully dreamed, but the realities around her recalled her to herself; she flew to the same cliff where, the evening before, unconscious of the strong affection which bound her almost childish heart to her young lover, she had watched his departure; and looking down on the beach, her painful vision was too truly realized—Dermot Browne was leading his wife from a group of persons who were bearing the corpse of the young fisherman to the shore; in the distance could be seen the keel of the doomed boat floating upwards, while crowds of sea-birds overhead screamed the youth's funeral dirge!

It might be about two months after this occurrence—which plunged the warm-hearted people of the neighbouring villages into deep sorrow—that Kate Browne visited the cottage of Statia Byrne; it was the first time the bereaved mother had entered any cottage, save her own, since "her trouble." As soon as Statia saw her, she flung herself upon her neck and sobbed as if her heart would break; the fisherman's wife held her from her, and parting her hair from off her brow, said,

"Sorrow has worked with you, and left his mark upon your face, avourneen; and though, my darlint, you did not drame of *him that's gone* last Holy-eve, you've dramed of him often since."

The poor girl wept still more bitterly.

"You must have been very dear, very dear entirely, to him," continued Kate Browne, "for his blessed spirit found it harder quitting you than his own mother, who nursed him a babby at her breast; but whisht, darlint, don't I love you better for that now? Sure every thing—let alone every one that he regarded—that his regard only rested on, is more to me than silver or goold, or the wealth of the whole world! Didn't the bright eyes of his spirit look from the heavens on you, my jewel? And what I'm come here for Mistress Byrne, ma'am, is, that as you have so many childre, (and God keep them to you!) maybe you'd spare Statia to bind *my heart from breaking*, and let her bide entirely with us—we have prosperity enough, for when the Lord takes one thing away, why he gives another—blessed be his holy name! And sure, since the boy's gone, nothing can equal Dermot's

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industry and carefulness, stopping every hole in every fisherman's boat—when he's ashore the hammer and nails is never out of his hand. Let her be to me as my own child, Mistress Byrne, and you'll have a consolation that will never lave you, no! not on your death-bed. Sure you'll see her every day the sun rises—let her bide with me, for I am very desolate!"

The mother, as she looked round upon seven rosy, healthy children, felt, that indeed her neighbour was desolate, and in a voice hoarse with emotion, she said,

"Statia may go, and take our blessing with her, if she likes!"

Many little voices wept aloud in that cottage, although they knew they should see their sister daily; but the maiden was firm in her resolve, and that night greeted, as a father, the father of him whom her young heart had loved with an entireness of affection which the heart can know but once.

Statia is now long past the age of girlhood, and it is pleasant to see how perfectly her simple life is an illustration of the pathetic exclamation of the Jewish damsel, "Thy people, shall be my people, and thy God, my God!" She manages admirably between her "two mothers," as she calls them, so that the one may not be jealous of the other: but though she has had many suitors for her hand, she has never forgotten—the drowned fisherman!

[Among the other prose papers, we have been most pleased with Some Account of Jerbi, and the Tower of Skulls; Castle Treene, a Cornish story, by Mr. Carne; the Squire's Bargain, by Mrs. Hofland; and a circumstantial Narrative of the Insurrection in Trinidad, in 1823; but some of Dr. Walsh's "Shreds and Patches" are old acquaintances, which is no recommendation in an Annual.

Among the poetry are some sweetly touching pieces; as the Hermit's Grave, May Morning, and the Mother's Warning, by L.E.L.; the Brahmin's Prophecy, by Mrs. Godwin; a Hunting Scene, from Miss Mitford's Inez de Castro; and the Lady and the Flower, a ballad, by Mr. James; also,]

MORNING HYMN.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

LAUDED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver,
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
Rule the auphes and elves at will,
That vex the air, or haunt the hill,
And all the fury subject keep,
Of boiling cloud and chafed deep;
I have seen and well I know it,
Thou hast done, and thou wilt do it.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!
I have proved thy wond'rous might,
Through the shadows of the night,
Thou who slumber'st not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
Spirits from the ocean under,
Liquid flame and levelled thunder,
Need not wakeu nor alarm them,—
No; they cannot cannot harm them.
God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity,
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the stars of even,
God of angels, God of heaven,
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever!

Altrive Lake, the longest day, 1835.

TIME PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

By Viscount Strangford.

TIME was—when all was fresh, and fair, and bright,
My heart was bounding with delight,
It knew no pain, it felt no aching;
But o'er it all its airy woes
As lightly passed, or briefly staid,
Like the fleet summer cloud which throws
On sunny lands a moment's shade,
A momentary darkness making.

Time is—when all is drear, and dim, and wild,
And that gay sunny scene which smiled,
With darkest clouds is gloomed and saddened;
When tempest-toss'd on passion's tide,
Reason's frail bark is madly driven,
Nor gleams one ray its course to guide,
From yon o'ercast and frowning heaven,
Till peace is wreck'd and reason maddened.

Time comes—but will it e'er restore,
The peace my bosom felt before,
And sooth again my achiug, tortured breast?
It will, for there is one above,
Who bends on all a Father's eye;
Who hears with all a Father's love
The broken heart's repentant sigh,
Calms the vexed heart, and bids the spirit rest.

[The Illustrations are partly engraved by Finden, Rolls, and Cooke; and among the painters are Harlowe, Bonington, and Inskipp: the accompaniment to the Drowned Fisherman is from Bonington, and reminds one of Collins's excellence in marine painting.]

The Keepsake

[Is this year edited by the Honourable Mrs. Norton, who, strange to say, has enlisted but one peer of the pen, Lord Holland, and but one Member of Parliament, who has contributed three verses of the silliest stamp it has ever been our misfortune to read: indeed, we are surprised at the editing poetess allowing such jingling to pass for music. Among the most striking stories are Orsina Brandini, by Mary Boyle; Moonshine, a humorous sketch, by Captain Marryatt; Count Rodolph's Heir, and the Artist's Love, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; an effective description of a Fire at Sea, by Captain Chamier, very clever; Niluphar, the Hindu Girl, by R. Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.; and Mr. Johnson's Voyage to the Continent, by Leitch Ritchie, (though this is striking as a failure:) we extract a portion of the next,—]

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCOTCH TERRIER.

By the Hon. Captain Phipps.

I WAS born of a most illustrious and ancient family; our pedigree had been traced from generation to generation, with a care that might make Welshmen weep. My earliest hours of infancy were, therefore, tended with the utmost care; and when my eyes first saw daylight, which certainly was not for some days after my birth, I found myself cradled in a basket filled with cotton, and in the corner of a most luxurious dressing-room. My amiable parent (for the kindness of a father, alas! I never knew, nor could exactly ascertain who he was) was tending us with a gentle whine, and seemed in distress of mind; indeed, I had myself a confused recollection of a larger family than I now found surrounding me, for at this time a brother and a sister were my only companions, and I am sure that at least ten or eleven smooth, fat little bodies once contributed to my canine warmth. A few days afterwards, exercising myself in a field behind the house, and going to a pond to quench my thirst, I saw several little terrier corpses floating upon the surface, that bore a sad family likeness to my infant brother M'Pepper, and my sister Chili. I howled a sigh, and dropped a tear; but the sorrows of childhood are short-lived, and I soon dissipated my grief by chasing a feather that was flitting before the wind. I was universally admired for my beauty; and, indeed, I was handsome—black and tan, very long in the back, and very short in the legs; but, as my friend, the French poodle told me, *il faut souffrir pour être beau;* the truth of which I found to my cost; when, a short time after parting with my brother and sister, I was one day taken into the stable by a human executioner (I suppose), who proceeded, in spite of my most piteous cries, to cut off at least four inches of my beautiful tail, and the pendulous loveliness of my ears. Of this I did not subsequently so much complain, when I found that even in human creatures, to render them perfect, it was necessary frequently to inflict torture upon the same part of their persons during youth; and the most charming part of mankind were thought deficient in beauty until an operation was performed upon their ears. A conversation then took place upon the important subject of preventing me from going mad. I suppose there was some hereditary insanity in my family, but it must have been upon my father's side; for my mother, except when excited by a rat, a badger, or some other natural enemy, was as quiet a female dog as ever wagged a tail. It was determined that I should be rendered secure from this dreadful calamity, and my mouth was violently forced open, and a membrane torn from under my tongue, the inflammation from which operation prevented me from lapping water for a week, and nearly put me into a fever. Here, however, I also derived comfort from watching our masters, upon whom, I suppose, in infancy, some similar treatment is carried into effect, as I subsequently invariably observed, that when men were said to be mad, or cracked, it was by the use of their tongue that they were first detected.

It was some time before I collected my puppyish senses sufficiently to recall a glimmering of a former existence, and then I fancied that there had not been so much change in my state, for I had a faint remembrance of having, in my former biped life, been called a puppy; but the word maccaroni also occurred to my mind (for dogs have minds), and that name, together with the very different appearance of everything around, confirmed me that I must have been a native of another country. My master was a remarkably handsome young man, of about eighteen, and certainly very particular in his dress, but he did not wear a quantity of flour in his head, as I fancied I used to do; and a sword, which I am very much mistaken if I had not constantly dangling by my side, seemed now to be the distinctive mark of soldiers. My youth passed, very, very happily. I was caressed, petted, and pampered; and my love for my master became such as dogs only feel; for, as I think I heard some of my master's visiters say—love with man is but the amusement of an hour, to dogs it is the employment of a life.

The only day of grief I felt for nearly a year, was when my respected mother died; she had become rather snappish in her old age, certainly, but then she had no teeth; and when she howled her last howl in the stable, to which she had been banished for some disagreeable quality, I mourned for two days most doggedly; but my spirits being diverted on the third day by a rat-hunt in the barn, I resumed my former liveliness. My master's name was Orlando Arnold, and a kinder or more tender-hearted being never walked upon two legs. Had his nose possessed my power of smelling, his legs my swiftness, and his heart the courage to face a badger, he would have been perfect; but all beings have their weak points. He had a valet of the name of Tongs, to whose care I was specially confided, and whom I soon cordially hated; for, though in the presence of Orlando he pretended the greatest affection for me, and would call "Lue—Lue—Lue," in the most coaxing tones, no sooner were we alone, than all his love seemed to have evaporated, and many was the kick I got from him, calling me a d—d vicious cur. To be sure I did once, in ill-humour, bite the calf of his leg; but I never owed ill-will to the many dogs that bit me during my eventful life. I used to hear my master, in settling his accounts with Tongs, amongst other

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weekly charges, enumerate a considerable sum for my keep; what this meant I never could ascertain, for, except an occasional bone, or piece of cheese-rind from the steward's room table, I never received a morsel of food except from the kind hand of my dear master. All the household called me a cross brute—my temper, as my name foreboded, was, indeed, rather hot, and it was my nature to be cynical; but those who treated me kindly, ever found my "bark was worse than my bite."

I now began to accompany my master in all his walks and rambles, and hence commenced my desire to record the adventures of which I was an unsuspected, but not an unobservant witness.

Orlando's house was situated in a beautiful park, about twelve miles from London. The distance I had good reason to know, as many was the time I had to gallop the whole way there and back by my master's fleet horse, over the hard, stony road, my poor maimed tongue hanging out of my mouth, and hardly time to take a lap at a puddle as I went along. He seemed very happy, for he used to sing and whistle all the way, and would often halloo to me, as if there were some vermin in sight, I believe merely to excite me to a level with his own spirits, for never cat, rat, or even a weazel, could I see. Often as we went along, when I stopped a little way behind to pick up a chance bone, or to say a word to a friend, or snarl at a stranger, often did I hear the women, as they looked back after him over their shoulder, say, "what a handsome man!" It was upon one of these excursions, when I was galloping along in barking spirits, I saw my master suddenly stop, and turn back at a foot's pace. I thought he had dropped something; and, as I had been taught to retrieve, as he called it, I went smelling about in every corner, and under every blade of grass, but not a sniff of anything impregnated with his dear odour could I find. As I went thus pottering about with my nose down upon the ground, I did not observe that he had ridden backwards and forwards before a neat small country-house with a garden before it; and as I looked up into his face for some signal, I saw that his eyes were fixed upon an object well worthy indeed of admiration; for there sat one of the loveliest women I had ever seen, and, for a dog, I was a pretty good judge. She was playing upon the harp, and seemed totally unconscious of the observation she was creating; but as my master's back was turned, I saw that she too followed him with her eyes; and when he again approached her house. I could detect a slight smile flittering over her beautiful lips, like a summer's breeze moving the leaves of the rose. (Be not astonished, gentle reader, at the poetry of my language,—though not exactly a poet, I have been guilty of a good many doggrel lines.) Orlando, however, continued his route to London, and returned with a friend in a tilbury, who was to dine with him. I was comfortably squatted between my master's feet; of course I listened attentively to their conversation. At first they talked about Whigs and Tories, and a number of things that I neither understood nor cared about, except that they occasionally mentioned the word rats, at which I pricked up my ears, and gave a slight growl; but I could not smell any, and therefore curled myself comfortably up again. At last we approached the cottage, which was about three miles from Laurel Hill, my master's place.

"By Jove! Radcliffe," said Orlando, "I saw the most lovely creature to-day I ever beheld,—a perfect angel, my dear fellow!"

"And what heavenly abode does this cherub inhabit?" inquired Radcliffe, a good-looking man, with a quantity of curling hair, and several rings round his fingers, like the collars we wear upon our necks, only smaller, and not so handsome.

"Why, I am not quite such a fool as to tell you that. No, no, Master Radcliffe, I know your character too well. Do you remember telling me that there was no honour between men where a woman was concerned?"

"I say a great many foolish things," said he of the curls; "and, in doing so, am only one degree less weak than those who take them for gospel."

"Weak as I may be," rejoined Orlando, "I will not trust you in this; but she is really beautiful, and, I am sure, as good as she is fair. I never saw so modest a countenance."

By this time we had reached the cottage. There she still was; but now, instead of being employed at the harp, she was watering some flowers on the balcony. My master's eyes were fixed upon her, and I could see that Radcliffe watched the direction of his glance. As the fair lady lifted her head, it appeared to me that something in the appearance either of Orlando or Radcliffe displeased her, for she became very red, and dropping her watering-pot (the water from which deluged a footman who was standing at the door below), she retired precipitately into the house. At the same moment a kind of nervous affection (I suppose such as I have felt twitching up my hind paw when dropping into a light slumber) seized upon Radcliffe's leg, and he gave me a tremendous kick in the jaw, at which I yelled considerably. "D—n the dog," said he, "he has frightened the woman from the window. Have I detected you, Master Arnold; is that your seraph-beauty?"—"Oh, no!" said Orlando, "she was much handsomer than this girl." How mistaken I must have been, thought I, as I curled my tongue to comfort my wound-

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ed mouth, and recover the coolness of my nose. I thought, for certain, this must have been the object of his admiration; but as I heard him once tell Tonga, whom he had detected in one of his many delinquencies, that there was nothing he detested so much as a lie, of course he would not tell one himself. After dinner that day I observed that Orlando and his guest consumed an unusual quantity of that nauseous, beastly compound, called wine. Radcliffe, indeed, seemed the most anxious to continue these, to me, unintelligible potations, and my master to take his share almost unwillingly; indeed, I never could understand why a sensible man, like my master, should go on drinking when he was evidently not thirsty—a folly that no dog but a mongrel would think of. I often heard human creatures declare drinking much water to be a preventive of madness in our species, —a gross mistake upon their part, and one into which they could not be betrayed by their own experience; for it always appeared to me that the more they drink the madder they become. My master, indeed, became quite altered, talked very loud, and even sung a song, though it was nothing to be compared in harmony to the howl of dear Fan, Lady Fatanpet's spaniel. When they arose to go into the other room, my master, I observed, walked like a dog in the distemper; but immediately upon getting to his chair, he called for cards at Radcliffe's request, and they began playing eagerly at a game called *ecarté*. Orlando appeared to be losing, both from his countenance and because the word d—n and d—nation, which before dinner was exclusively used by Radcliffe, became now the sole property of my master; and I believe it is usually a word belonging to an unsuccessful person. One thing I could not understand: I observed that Radcliffe constantly kept a card between himself and his chair, and that in dealing only he managed to take it up, and then I heard him say "*Le roi!*" Once, being less dexterous than usual, perhaps from the wine he had taken, he dropped it upon the floor, and I, having been taught many little pretty tricks in fetching and carrying, thought that this was the cue for me to display my accomplishments, wagged my tail in the most winning manner, picked it up delicately in my mouth, and brought it to my master. "Halloa!" cried Orlando, "what is this?—the king of hearts!—where did you find this, Lue? Are *you* going to mark the king, too? Let me see: twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two:—this pack is perfect; count yours, Tom."—"Thirty, thirty-one," responded Radcliffe: "it must have dropped from this. Lucky I did not deal without it, however. No occasion to throw away a chance; betting six to five, too!" Now this I thought odd, for I had seen him put it down on purpose. I suppose the misfortune was, its dropping on the floor. Shortly afterwards, poor fellow, Mr. Radcliffe was again seized with one of those spasmodic movements of the leg, and as I was within reach, couched under the table, I was again the sufferer. "That dog of yours," said the kicker, "is not the most agreeable neighbour, I can tell you, Orlando."—"Isn't he?" said my master. "Lue, Lue; here, sir!" and I was immediately banished from the drawing-room. I did not wish to quarrel with a friend of my master, but I must, in my own justification, say, a more unfounded accusation never was made in this world. However, I was too well disciplined to rebel, and giving one or two whines through the crevice at the bottom of the door, and one supplicatory scratch upon the panel, which were all disregarded, I trotted down to the rug in the steward's room.

[The Hon. Mrs. Norton has contributed several poetical pieces, *pour l'occasion*, which are very pleasing; as are others by L. E. L., and Mr. G. P. R. James; the appearance of the latter in the *lists* of poetry being, we believe, a novelty of the season. Mr. Rogers has addressed some patriotic lines to Earl Grey, and Mr. Moore has sung]

THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING—A FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

Filled with the wonders I had seen
In Rome's stupendous shrines and halls,
I felt the veil of sleep serene
Come o'er the memory of each scene,
As twilight o'er the landscape falls.
Nor was it slumber sound and deep,
But such as suits a poet's rest—
That sort of thin, transparent sleep,
Through which his night-dreams glimmer best.

Methought upon a plain I stood,
Where certain great magicians, known
To be with wond'rous power endued,
Were coming—each, in turn, alone,
To shed his witcheries o'er the sight,
And call up miracles of light.
The sky, above this lonely place,
Was of that cold, uncertain hue,
Which fills the pallet's lifeless space,
Ere Art's creation dawns to view.

But soon a glimmer from the East
Proclaim'd the first enchantments nigh:*
And, as the feeble light increased,
Strange figures moved across the sky,
With golden glories deck'd, and streaks
Of gold among their garment's dyes;†
And though life's colour tinged their cheeks,
No light of life was in their eyes—
Ev'n as the rose-cheek'd dead one meets
Slow borne through Rome's sepulchral streets.

But soon these figures passed away;
And forms succeeded to their place,
Less rich in gold and gilt array,
But shining with more natural grace,
And it was clear the charming wands
Had pass'd into far nobler hands.‡

* The paintings of those artists of the Middle Ages who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece.

† Margaritone, of Arezzo, who was a pupil and imitator of the Greeks, is said to have invented this art of gilding the ornaments of pictures.

‡ Cimabuo, Giotto, &c.

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Among these visions there was one,*
Fairest of all, on which the sun,
Then half-way risen, a beam let fall,
That through the dusky twilight trembled,
And reach'd, at length, the spot where all
These great magicians stood assembled.
And as they turned their heads, to view
The springing lustre, I could trace
The bright varieties it threw
On each uplifted, studying face; †
While many a voice, with glad acclaim,
Shouted "Masaccio!"—the proud name
Of him th' Enchanter, who had raised
This miracle, on which all gazed.

'Twas daylight now—the sun had risen
From out the dungeon of old night,
Like the Apostle, from his prison
Led by the Angel's hand of light;
And—as the fetters, when that ray
Of glory reach'd them, drop'd away—‡
So fled the clouds at touch of day!

Just then a bearded sage § came forth,
Who oft in thoughtful dream would stand,
To trace upon the dusky earth
Strange, learned figures with his wand;‖
And oft he took the silver lute ¶
His little page behind him bore,
And waked such song as, when 'twas mute,
Left in the soul a thirst for more!

Meanwhile, his pictured spells went on,
And forms and faces, that from out
A depth of shadow mildly shone,
Were in the soft air seen about.
Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd
Yet all like living sisters seem'd,
So close, in every point, resembling
Each other's beauties—from the eyes,
Lucid, as if through crystal trembling,
Yet soft, as if suffused with sighs,
To the long, fawn-like mouth and chin,
Lovelily tapering less and less,—
Till even beauty's self begin,
By grace o'erwrought and quaint excess,
Like virtue on the verge of sin,
To touch the bounds of ugliness.

There look'd, as when they lived, the shades
Of some of Arno's dark-eyed maids—
Such maids as should alone live on
In dreams thus, when their souls are gone—
Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes
A painter for whole years might gaze,**
Nor find, in all his range of dyes,
One that could ev'n approach their blaze!

Here float two lovely shapes††—the one
With her white fingers in the sun
Outspread, as if to ask his ray
Whether it e'er had chanced to play
O'er lilies half so fair as they!
Their nymph, we saw, was Vanity—
While, by her side, another smiled,
In form as beautiful as she,
But with that air, subdued and mild,
That still reserve of purity,
Which is to woman like the haze
Of evening to some sunny view—
Softening the beauties it displays,
And veiling others in that hue,
Which Fancy only can see through!
This gentle nymph, who could she be
But the bright spirit, Modesty?

Long did the learn'd Enchanter stay
Upon the scene—and still there pass'd
As in the lantern's shadowy play,
Group after group, in close array,
Each fairer, grander, than the last.
But the great triumph of his power
Was yet to come, gradual and slow,
(As all that is ordain'd to tower
Among the works of man must grow,)
The sacred vision stole to view—
In that half light, half shadow shown,
Which gives to ev'n the liveliest hue,
A sober'd and half-sadden'd tone.
It was a vision of that last,‡‡
Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd
With his disciples when he said
Mournfully to them—"I shall be
Betray'd by one who here hath fed,
This night at the same board with me."
And though the Saviour, in the dream,
Spoke not these words, we saw them beam
Legibly in his eyes; (so well
The great magician work'd his spell;)
And read in every thoughtful line
Imprinted on that brow Divine,
The meek, the tender nature griev'd,
Not anger'd, to be thus deceiv'd—
Celestial love, requited ill
For all its care, yet loving still—
Deep, deep regret that there should fall
From man's deceit so foul a blight
Upon that parting hour—and all
His spirit must have felt that night,
Who, soon to die for human kind,
Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,
How many a soul was left behind,
For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was this heavenly scene—alas!
That dream so bright so soon should pass!
But pictur'd on the humid air,
Its tints, ere long, grew languid there; §§
And storms came on, which cold and rough,
Scatter'd its gentlest glories all—
As I have seen the winds blow off
The hues that hang o'er Terni's Fall—
Till, one by one, the vision's beams
Faded away, and soon it fled
To join those other vanish'd dreams
That now flit palely 'mong the dead,
Those shadows of Earth's shades that go
To haunt oblivion's lake below!

* * * *

[We ought not, however, to overlook a very pleasant piece of letter-play, by Lord Holland, or, as the noble author would call it, "laborious idleness:" the subject is Eve's Legend, and the point is in each word containing one vowel only, as "men were never perfect," &c.

* The works of Masaccio.—For the character of this powerful and original genius, see Sir Joshua Reynolds's Twelfth Discourse. His celebrated frescoes are in the church of S. Pietro del Carmine, at Florence.

† All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from, Masaccio. Several figures in the cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescoes.

‡ And a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands.—*Acts.*

§ Leonardo da Vinci.

‖ His treatises on Mechanics, Optics, &c. preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

¶ On dit que Léonard parut pour la première fois à la cour de Milen, dans une espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa facon, construite en argent."—*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.*

** He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to his own idea of her beauty.

†† "Vanity and Modesty," in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome.

‡‡ The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci.

§§ Leonardo appears to have used a composition of oil and varnish for this picture, which alone, without the various other causes of its ruin, would have prevented any long duration of its beauties. It is now almost entirely effaced.

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The Illustrations are, mostly good: the Brighton Beauty, from Chalon, is charming; but the Escape of Fenella, by the same artist, is gratuitously flaunting. There are a few subjects delicately engraved in the vignette style; as a Fire at Sea, and the Parliament Fire, at Westminster, after Turner; the Wreck, by the same master; and the Raft, by Vickers. These are novel embellishments here, and alternate successfully with the quiescence, not to say insipidity, of the usual calibre of Annual designs.]

The Picturesque Annual,

Edited by Leitch Ritchie.

[Is a sensibly written Tour to St. Petersburgh and Moscow, with 25 Engravings from designs by A. G. Vickers, engraved under the direction of Charles Heath. The work is, therefore, one of information and description; though the tourist's observant ability, and his pleasant manner of communicating what he saw and heard, enlivens every page, and relieves it from the dulness of commonplace detail. Besides describing the cities, he furnishes some very lively and entertaining sketches of the best society: *e. g.*]

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

In Moscow the emperor is a rarity; in Moscow, which is a Russian city, he is beloved almost to idolatry. "Our little father!" cry the mujiks, looking up into his face with devoted affection as he struggles through them. "Come now, make a little room for me," says the emperor, passing on with his hand raised to his hat, "do, brother, stand out of the way!" The occasion is like a *fête* through the whole town, and the Kremlin, to which everybody has access, is like the scene of a great fair. The palace, defended from the people by no inclosure, is surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children, from morning till night. Sometimes a beautiful little boy, one of the young princes, climbs up to the window to look out, and all heads are instantly uncovered as if he was Nicholas himself. One day the imperial mother of this really fine family was sitting at the window, looking down upon the crowd, when the emperor coming behind her, put his arm round her neck and kissed her. No one unacquainted with the Russian character can conceive the effect of this simple act. The general shout that came from the lips of the people arose from the holiest depths of their heart; and I venture to say, that there was no man of that vast concourse who would not have laid down his life for the Tsar, and no woman who would not have urged her son or husband to do so. * * *

The emperor, who is a very tall and a very handsome man, is naturally of a lively disposition. He is always dressed with great precision, and every one understands that it is necessary to appear before him both well dressed and with a cheerful countenance. He is easy of access, and seems to think an appearance of state almost unnecessary. At St. Petersburgh, however, at each side of the door which leads to the imperial apartments, stands a black man gorgeously dressed in eastern costume. There are twelve of these men, who relieve each other alternately in the duty of opening and shutting the door, and announcing the name of the visiter. After breakfast, the emperor's first care is to go to the nursery to see his children, and ascertain how they have slept. He takes each of them up, kisses them, romps with them—for he is full of frolic, and glad to be a boy again, when the cares of the world will let him. Their majesties dine at three o'clock (the general hour for the upper classes in Russia) with perfect simplicity; and towards the conclusion of the meal, the Grand Duke Alexander and the younger children come in to kiss their parents. When they rise from table, the emperor bestows upon his consort, also, some hearty kisses. He calls her "his wife;" but the empress, who is a Prussian, never alludes to him but as "the emperor." She speaks English extremely well; but Nicholas only indifferently. "The character of the emperor and empress," writes an English friend to me, "is such that it is difficult to speak of them without exciting in strangers a suspicion that the description is overcharged. It is no exaggeration to say, that I never saw a family where more affection and harmony existed, and that I believe the examples to be very rare indeed where so much can be discovered. I have frequently seen these illustrious individuals surrounded by their children, and have partaken of the influence every one receives who witnesses the scene; and I can say, that in their domestic virtues they are worthy of being held forth as a pattern, not only to all sovereigns, but to all mankind." At St. Petersburgh, Nicholas has frequently gone home in a droski when it rained; and once, having no money in his pocket, the isvoschik, ignorant of his quality, detained his cloak till he sent down the fare. A better anecdote, however, is told of the contact he sometimes comes into with the lower classes. One Easter, on coming out of the palace, he addressed the sentry with his usual familiarity, in the form of salutation prescribed for that day—"Christ is risen!" Instead of the usual reply, "He is, indeed!" the fellow answered gravely, "He is *not*, indeed!"—"Hey! how? what is that?" said the emperor; "I said, Christ is risen!"—"And I replied, He is not!"—"Why, who and what, in God's name, are you?"—"I am a Jew."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 753.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1835. [Price 2*d.*

ETHIOPIA.

THE PYRAMIDS OF MEROE.

"The monuments of Egypt, the most wonderful ever reared by human hands, have been described by numerous travellers; though there is still ample room for more full and accurate delineation. Even the antiquities of Lower Nubia have of late been repeatedly visited. But Ethiopia, above the second cataract, (of the Nile.) including the metropolis of the ancient kingdom of Meroe, had been explored by very few Europeans, and only two Englishmen; yet it abounds with monuments rivalling those of Egypt in grandeur and beauty, and possessing, in some respects, a superior interest. According to Heeren, Champollion, Rossellini, and other eminent inquirers whose judgment was confirmed by my own observation, this was the land whence the arts and learning of Egypt, and ultimately of Greece and Rome, derived their origin. In this remarkable country, we behold the earliest efforts of human science and ingenuity."

Such is a prefatory paragraph from Mr. Hoskins's recently published *Travels in Ethiopia*, in every respect, one of the most important works of the season. The author journeyed, in 1833, into the higher parts of Ethiopia, investigating its most important antiquities; and by aid of the *camera lucida* he drew accurate outlines of the monuments, which were finished on the spot by himself, or under his direction. "He had, likewise, the good fortune to engage the services of a very able Italian artist. No spot of any consequence was left till a leisurely and careful delineation had been made of every object of interest which it contained." One of these accredited drawings has furnished the original of the above Engraving.

Mr. Hoskins shows these Pyramids to have been the cemetery of the capital of ancient Ethiopia; that is the ancient city of Meroe, in the state of that name, in the north-easterly part of Africa, upon a fruitful peninsula, surrounded by sandy deserts, and bounded by the Bahr-el-Arzee, or Blue River, the White River, or, properly, the Nile, on the west, and the Artaboras, or Mugrum, on the east. Mr. Hoskins found the Pyramids to be two miles and a-half from the banks of the Nile. "Never," says our traveller, "were my feelings more

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ardently excited than in approaching after so tedious a journey, (across the deserts,) to this magnificent Necropolis. The appearance of the Pyramids in the distance, announced their importance; but I was gratified beyond my most sanguine expectations, when I found myself in the midst of them. The pyramids of Geezah are magnificent, wonderful for their stupendous magnitude; but for picturesque effect and elegance of architectural design, I infinitely prefer those of Meroe. I expected to find few such remains here, and certainly, nothing so imposing, so interesting, as these sepulchres, doubtless, of the kings and queens of Ethiopia. I stood for some time lost in admiration. From every point of view I saw magnificent groups, pyramid rising behind pyramid, while the dilapidated state of many did not render them less interesting, though less beautiful as works of art."

The Engraving represents the principal group; and, as every stone in the original is drawn with the *camera lucida*, the reader may study their construction as well as appreciate their picturesque appearance. The group is arranged nearly in the form of a bow; though no regularity has been maintained in their position. The circumstance of the porticoes generally fronting the east, however, proves a religious observance; but that there was no astronomical object in view, in their porticoes facing the rising sun, is certain from the variation in the directions, and from there being no attempt at mathematical precision. "Although we cannot attribute to them the scientific object conceived by some to have been contemplated in the location of the pyramids of Memphis, still a happier combination of position could not be imagined for producing upon the mind those impressive feelings which the royal cemeteries of kings of an age so distant, and of a nation once so great and powerful, naturally inspire."

The Pyramids are of various sizes; the largest being 60 feet in diameter at the base, and 60 feet high. They are constructed of stones, generally one foot high, and two feet and a half long: most of them can be ascended, but the surfaces of some are quite smooth: there are thirty-one pyramids in the group. The portico, on the eastern side of each, generally consists of one room: the façades are very elegant: in their forms can be clearly traced the origin of the Egyptian propylons. At the extremity of most of these porticoes, opposite the entrance, is the representation of a monolithitic temple, ornamented with sculpture. Attempts have been made to open many of these pyramids: from the appearance of those which have been broken into, there is not the slightest probability that any of them contain galleries. Probably, they are constructed over wells, in which the bodies are deposited. That they are burial places cannot be doubted, from their position, number, and, most particularly, from the subjects of the sculpture on the walls, which Mr. Hoskins minutely describes. One of the porticoes is very curious, the roof being arched, in a regular masonic style, with what is called a keystone. The arch consists of four and five stones alternately; but, notwithstanding this irregularity, the principle is the same, the stones being held together only by lateral pressure. Now, Mr. Hoskins attempts to prove that the arch had its origin in Ethiopia; and, the style of the sculpture in this portico, and the hieroglyphic names of kings on porticoes ornamented in a similar style, are, as Mr. Hoskins also states, much more ancient than any in Egypt, where there is no specimen of a stone arch constructed in so regular a manner. At all events, we must consider such proficiency in architectural knowledge to be a decided proof of the advanced state of the arts, at a very remote period, in this country.

A question which has long engaged the attention of literary men is, whether the Ethiopians derived their knowledge of the arts from the Egyptians, or the latter from the former. One of these hypotheses must be admitted, as the similarity of the style evidently denotes a common origin. These Pyramids, (adds Mr. Hoskins,) evidently belong to the remotest age.

At the extremity of each portico, as before observed, is the representation of a monolithitic temple, above which are the traces of a funeral boat filled with figures. On each side of the boat is a pedestal, on which is the bird with a human face, representing the soul: one has a sphere on its head. Diodorus mentions that some of the Ethiopians preserved the bodies of their relations in glass (probably alabaster) cases, in order to have them always before their eyes. These porticoes may have been used to contain such cases.

The Pyramids are of sandstone, the quarries of which are in the range of hills to the east. The stone is rather softer than the Egyptian, which, added to the great antiquity, may account for the very dilapidated state of most of these ruins; and also for the sculpture and hieroglyphics being so defaced. Time, and the burning rays of a tropical sun, have given them a brownish red tint, in some parts nearly black. As the operation of many ages is required to make this change on a light-coloured sand-stone, a further proof is afforded of the great antiquity of the monuments.

This, then, (continues Mr. Hoskins,) is the Necropolis, or City of the Dead. But where was Meroe, its temples, and palaces? A large space, about 2,000 feet in length, and the same in distance from the river, strewed with some burnt bricks, and with some fragments of walls, and stones similar

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to those used in the erection of the Pyramids, formed, doubtless, part of that celebrated site. The idea that this is the exact situation of the city is strengthened by the remark of Strabo, that the walls of the habitations were built of bricks. These indicate, without doubt, the site of the cradle of those arts, which distinguish a civilized from a barbarous society. Of the birthplace of the arts and sciences, the wild natives of the adjacent villages have made a miserable burying-place: of the city of the learned—its "cloud-capt towers," its "gorgeous palaces," its "solemn temples," there is left "not a rack behind." The sepulchres alone of her departed kings have fulfilled their destination of surviving the habitations which their philosophy taught them to consider but as inns, and are now fast mouldering into dust. As at Memphis, scarcely a trace of a palace or temple is to be seen. In this once populous plain, I saw the timid gazelles fearlessly pasturing. Hyenas and wolves abound in the neighbouring hills. The small villages of Bagromeh, south of the ruins, consist of circular cottages with conical, thatched roofs. The peasants have numerous flocks, which they send to pasture on the plain. On the banks of the river, Mr. Hoskins saw cotton, dourah, and barley. Such is the present state of Meroe. Mr. Hoskins considers it an ample requital for his toilsome journey, to have been the first to bring to England accurate, architectural drawings, &c., of all the remains of the ancient capital of Ethiopia, that city which will ever live in the grateful recollection of those who love the arts.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

JESSE'S GLEANINGS.—THIRD SERIES.

(*Continued from page* 358.)

Plants growing on burnt lands, (p. 202.)—Mr. Jesse notices that Mr. MacGregor, in his work on *British America*, confirms the curious fact that lands that have been fired, and thus had the plants that previously grew on them destroyed, soon become the soil of plants of a different species to any of their predecessors. Mr. MacGregor says that this *always* happens after such an event, and states the produce to be successively raspberries and bramble-bushes, cherry-trees, white birch, silver-firs, and white poplars; but seldom any tree of a genus that previously grew on the spot. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, as cited by Mr. Jesse, also remarks that the banks of the Slave Lake, formerly covered wholly with spruce fir and birch, produced after having been laid waste by fire only poplars. To these two instances in the *Gleanings*, we are enabled to add three more. Pursh, in his *Flora Americæ Septentrionalis*, (p. 142,) speaking of the *Verbascum Thapsus*, or great mullein, says:—"A singular circumstance has frequently struck my attention respecting this plant, as it appears in great abundance in fields newly cleared, and burnt in the most remote part of the country, where, sometimes, not a plant of it is found, within the compass of more than a hundred miles. How the seed is brought there I cannot imagine."—The following particulars relating to the plant called London rocket, we extract from Baxter's *British Flowering Plants*, (p. 146.)—"That celebrated naturalist, the Rev. John Ray, F. R. S., &c., remarks, that after the Great Fire of London, in the year 1667 and 1668, it came up abundantly among the rubbish in the ruins. Dr. Morrison, Professor of Botany at Oxford, who was living at that time, was particularly struck with so singular an appearance, and in his *Præludia Botanica*, has a long dialogue on this very subject, in which he seems to argue, though certainly very unphilosophically, for its production by spontaneous generation from the fixed and volatile salts, sulphur, &c.—A circumstance somewhat analogous to the above occurred, this season, in the Oxford Botanic Garden. During the time the alterations were going on in the Garden last year, (1834,) the rubbish was removed to a piece of ground on the outside of the walls; this rubbish, as it accumulated, was set fire to, from time to time, and was frequently burning for two or three days together, so that, in the course of the season, a considerable quantity of ashes was produced. Having received, in the spring of the present year, (1835,) a valuable collection of cuttings of nearly all the species of British willows, from W. Borrer, Esq., of Henfield, Sussex, this was the only piece of ground which we could appropriate to a *Salicetum*; and, in order to prepare it for the reception of the cuttings, the ashes were spread regularly over the surface, and the whole of it was trenched over; in a short time, the very spot on which the rubbish was burnt, produced an abundant and very luxuriant crop of London rocket, and that on a part of the garden where I never remember to have seen it before."

Sparrow, (p. 204.)—"I believe sparrows are of the greatest utility to the farmer, devouring myriads of insects which would otherwise do him infinite injury."

Bradley, proceeding on actual observation, calculated that a pair of sparrows, when they have a nest of young ones to feed, destroy every week about 33,060 caterpillars.

Blind rats led by rats not blind, (p. 207.)—The Rev. Mr. Ferryman, a clergyman in Sussex, who, notwithstanding his being in his 85th year, is an accurate observer of nature, told Mr. Jesse, that, "some fifty years ago, when the old English rat was numerous, he resided at Quorndon, in Leicestershire. Walking out in the meadows one evening,

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he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw amongst the number an old, blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat laid hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion."—This is not the only anecdote of rats assisting their blind brethren. The following we extract from Brown's *Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*:—"Mr. Purdew, surgeon's mate on board the Lancaster, in the year 1757, relates, that while lying one evening awake, he saw a rat come into his berth, and after surveying the place attentively, retreat with the greatest caution and silence. It returned soon afterwards, leading by the ear another rat, which it left at a small distance from the hole which they entered. A third rat joined this kind conductor. They then searched about, and picked up all the small scraps of biscuit; these they carried to the second rat, which seemed blind, and remained on the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as was brought to it from the remote parts of the floor, by its providers, whom Mr. Purdew supposed were its offspring."

Rats and Dogs giving an alarm of fire, (p. 208.)—Mr. Jesse mentions that a clergyman who had a tame rat was saved from being burnt in his bed by the animal waking him with a sharp bite on his cheek, when only the bed-curtains had caught fire. It is singular that Mr. Jesse does not notice the coincidence of this anecdote with the one he has related of a dog, (p. 16,) saving his master from being burnt in bed, by scratching him violently with his fore-feet, so as to awake him in time to preserve his life and property.

Lady-birds, (p. 228.)—Our author alludes to lady-birds as insects that hybernate. This we do not think to be the case, though we have found, towards the end of summer, some fifty or more huddled up close to one another, on the under side of the leaves, or more correctly speaking, the fronds, of the fern.

The young and giddy maidens of Staffordshire, Mr. Jesse says, used, in his younger days, "to place a lady-bird in their hands, under the idea that it would fly to their future husband; if it remained still the damsel's case was a hopeless one. Gay describes this rustic amusement:—

This lady-fly I take from the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet-red surpass:
Fly, lady-bird! north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.

We have never witnessed this little practice, but we have often seen children place a lady-bird on the top of their finger, and then thus address it:—

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children at home.

As soon as they had concluded these words, they blew on the insect, and jerked it up into the air, when it usually took wing, to fly, *no doubt*, to its home, to save that and its offspring. J. H. F.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SUPERSTITION.

Owen Feltham says:—Though profaneness be much worse in some respects than superstition, yet, this, in divers persons, is a sad discomposure of that life, which, without it, might be smooth and pleasant. He that is profane, seems to know there is a God, but disclaims to pay him homage as he is one; or, what he hath impropriated to himself and worship, he contemptuously debases to secular and common uses; and sometimes mocks at that, which, for his relation to the Deity, and his service, should never be looked upon but with reverence: so that, though both be blamable, yet, superstition is the less complainable. A religion misguided only in some circumstance, is better far than to have none at all: and a man shall less offend by fearing God too much, than wickedly to jest at, and despise, him. An open slighting of so immense a goodness and greatness as God is, is worse than mistaking him to be too severe and strict. To exceed this way, produces, sometimes, a good effect; it makes a man careful not to offend: and if we injure not God by making him severer than he is, or by placing more in accidents and the creature, than religion allows that we should give, we cannot be too wary in offending. Two things there are which commonly abuse men into superstition; namely, fear and ignorance. Fear presents what is not, as well as what is; terror horrids the apprehension, and gives a hideous vizard to a handsome face; it sees as did the new-recovered, blind man in the Gospel, that which is a man appears a tree; it creates evils that never were, and magnifies those that be. But that which is good, it dwindles to nothing; and believes, or suggests, that God cannot help at need; and so dishonours him into imbecility, lessening his goodness and his power, and aspersing both with defect. And this, for the most part, is begotten out of guilt; for courage and innocence usually dwell together. Nor is ignorance behind in helping to increase the simple; for, not seeing either the chain of Providence, or the arm of power, we are apt to faint, and accuse unjustly that which, if we knew, we should adore and rest upon. And as fear is begot out of guilt, so is ignorance out of sloth and the want of industry;

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and this surely, is the reason, why we find superstition more in women, and soft natures, than in the more audacious constitution of man: and where we do find it in men, it is commonly in such as are low in their parts, either naturally, or through neglect. A memorable example whereof we find in the first of the Annals: when the three legions in Hungaria and Austria, that were under Junius Blesus, in their mad mutiny, had menaced the guards, stoned Lentulus, and upbraided Drusus, that was sent from Rome by Tiberius to appease them; on a sudden, their superstition made them tame and crest-fallen; for, in a clear night, the moon being eclipsed, and before the eclipse was fully spent, the sky covered with clouds; being ignorant of the natural cause, and suspicious of their own misbehaviour, they thought the goddess frowned upon them for their wickedness, and that it presaged their troubles would never have an end; by which casual accident and unskilful opinion, they were again reduced to order and the discipline of arms. What consternation have I seen in some, at spilling of the salt against them. Their blood has deeper dyed their frightened face; a trembling fear has struck them through the heart, as if from some incensed triumvir they had received a proscription; all which I take only to be ignorance of what at first made it held to be ominous; and has since, by a long succession, continued the vanity to us. Salt among the ancients was accounted as the symbol of friendship, because it both preserves from corrupting and unites into more solidity: and being used to season all things, it was not only first set upon the table, but was held a kind of consecration of it: and merely from this estimation of salt, it was held ominous if it should be spilt, as if it had presaged some jar or breach of friendship among some of the guests or company; so that, in truth, the unluckiness of it, is but a construction made by ourselves, without a cause. For, otherwise, seeing the old Egyptians did so abominate it, that even in bread it was abandoned by them; for they, affecting purity of living, held it as the incitator of lust, and the wakener of carnality: why then should it not as well from this, be avoided, as from the other, find a sacration? But, only blind custom, as in other things, so in this, hath led us along in the error. While the Star-chamber was in being, I remember, at a dinner there, the server overturned the salt against a person of honour, who startled, sputtered, and blushed, as if one had given him a stab, concluding it a prodigy, and ominous; to which Edward, Earl of Dorset, (of a nobler frame and genius,) handsomely replied, that for the salt to be thrown down, was not strange at all; but if it should not have fallen when it was thrown down, it had been a prodigy indeed. To make observations of accidents for our own instruction, without either dishonour to God, or disturbance to ourselves, I hold to be part of a wise man; but to fear danger where none is, or to be secure where danger may be, is to change properties with one of those simple birds, that either stoops at a barn-door, or thrusting his head into a hole, thinks none of the rest of his body can be visible.

W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

(*Concluded from page 376.*)

The Road.

All the other requisite arrangements for the high rate of speed being supposed to be attained, it still remains to consider the nature and structure of the road, on which such extraordinary motion is intended to be produced. The effect of unevennesses and asperities of the road's surface, is always proportionate to the speed, with which they are encountered; and it is clear, therefore, that, as the speed of transport is increased. so, in proportion, must the road's surface be brought to perfection. The surface of the best-constructed stone road, whether formed by pavement, or with broken stone, ground down to an even surface by the wheels of carriages, is subject, from its very nature, to inequalities, which are utterly incompatible with a very high rate of speed. On such roads, it is possible, that speeds of twenty miles an hour may be attained, but not without considerable danger. Of all contrivances for the formation of roads, which have yet been suggested, the edge rail alone can be safely used with those high speeds. On these roads, the wheels roll upon smooth bars of iron, to which they are confined by a flange, or ledge, raised upon the inside of the tire of each wheel. Any tendency of the carriage to pass off the rail on either side, would be resisted by the pressure of these flanges against the inside of the rail. Nevertheless, even these roads, nearly as they attain perfect smoothness, are subject to inequalities at the joints of the rails, which, with high velocities, produce sensible jolts or shocks. Each rail is about fifteen feet long, and the successive rails are joined end to end, so that their surfaces should be perfectly flush, and always are so, when the railroad is first constructed. After it has been worked for some time, the rails become more or less uneven at the joints; and, consequently, a shock is produced by the carriages rolling over the joints from rail to rail. Great progress has, however, been made in the improvement of the methods of laying the rails, so that it may reasonably be expected that these effects, which have been attended with some inconvenience and injury on the Manchester railroad, will be, in a great

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degree, diminished on the various railroads which are now in progress.

If smoothness of the road's surface be necessary for the prevention of jolts and shocks, its hardness is not less essential, where facility of draught is required. In this respect, also, the iron railroad has eminently the advantage over stone roads, and more especially over that class of stone roads, which are called Macadamized roads. However smooth the surface of a road may be, if it possess not the quality of hardness, the wheel of the carriage, as it passes over it, causes a momentary depression, into which it sinks, and out of which the drawing power is constantly endeavouring to lift it. This causes a considerably increased force of draft; and whatever be the moving power, it will impose a narrow limit, either on the amount of the load, or on the rate of speed, or on both of these elements of locomotion. Even a rough surface, if hard, will frequently offer a greater facility of draft, than a smoother surface, which is soft and yielding; and, paradoxical as it may appear, the road, which is easiest to the passengers, is often the most severe upon the drawing power. A smooth Macadamized road, and still more, the even gravel roads, which are constructed through pleasure grounds, are far more severe upon horses than the pavement of the London streets. This is a fact, which is not merely the result of theory, but which has been brought to the immediate test of experiment. To draw a ton weight along the pavement of Fleet-street and the Strand, was found to require a pull amounting to thirty-two pounds, while the best constructed Macadamized road, formed upon a paved foundation, required forty-three pounds, and on a gravel road one hundred and fifty pounds. The same load of one ton may, however, be transported upon a level railroad with a drawing power of only nine pounds.

If a road were perfectly smooth, perfectly hard, and perfectly level, a carriage would move along it by a first impulse, without any continued drawing power. It would, in fact, offer no resistance, and the load put in motion at one extremity of it, would spontaneously proceed to the other extremity. This may be regarded as the ideal limit, to which it is the business of the road-maker to approximate, and to which the nearer he approaches, the more perfectly will the road fulfil its purposes. From what we have just stated, it will be perceived, that iron railroads possess, in a very high degree, the two first of the above-mentioned qualities, *viz.* smoothness and hardness.

Prospective Advantages of Railways.

The great extension, which the application of steam, to the purpose of inland transport, is about to receive, from the numerous railroads, which are already in progress, and from a still greater number of others, which are hourly projected, impart to these subjects of inquiry considerable interest. Neither the wisdom of the philosopher, nor the skill of the statistician, nor the foresight of the statesman, is sufficient to determine the important consequences, by which the realization of these schemes must affect the progress of the human race. How much the spread of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of taste, and the refinement of habits and manners, depend upon the easy and rapid intermixture of the constituent elements of society, it is needless to point out. Whilst population exists in detached and independent masses, incapable of transfusion amongst each other, their dormant affinities are never called into action, and the most precious qualities of each are never imparted to the other. Like solids in physics, they are slow to form combinations; but when the quality of fluidity has been imparted to them, when their constituent atoms are loosened by fusion, and the particles of each flow freely through and among those of the other, then the affinities are awakened, new combinations are formed, a mutual interchange of qualities takes place, and compounds of value, far exceeding those of the original elements, are produced. Extreme facility of intercourse is the fluidity and fusion of the social masses, from whence such an activity of the affinities results, and from whence such an inestimable interchange of precious qualities must follow. We have, accordingly, observed, that the advancement in civilization, and the promotion of intercourse between distant masses of people, have ever gone on with contemporaneous progress, each appearing occasionally to be the cause, or the consequence, of the other. Hence it is, that the Urban population is ever in advance of the rural, in its intellectual character. But without sacrificing the peculiar advantages of either, the benefits of intercourse may be extended to both, by the extraordinary facilities, which must be the consequence of the locomotive projects now in progress. The intercourse between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool, exclusive of the travellers from intermediate places, already amount to 1,400 persons daily, the number being tripled, since the establishment of the rail-road. By the great line of railroad, which is in progress from London to Birmingham, the expense of passing between these places will probably be halved, and the quantity of intercourse at least quadrupled, if we consider only the direct transit between the terminal points of the line; but if the innumerable tributary streams, which will flow from every adjacent point, be considered, we have no analogies, on which to build a calculation, of the enormous increase of intercommunication, which must ensue.

Perishable vegetable productions, necessary

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for the wants of towns, must at present be raised in their immediate suburbs; these, however, where they can be transported with a perfectly smooth motion, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, will be supplied by the agricultural labourer of more distant points. The population engaged in towns, no longer limited to their narrow streets, and piled story over story, in confined habitations, will be free to reside at distances, which would now place them far beyond reach of their daily occupations. Thus the advantages of the country will be conferred upon the town, and the refinement and civilization of the town will spread their benefits among the rural population.

Speed on Railways.

Much as has been said on the important effects of the economy of time, which has been consequent upon the increased speed on railroads, the extent, to which that benefit is capable of being carried, even at present, has been but imperfectly estimated. In the only cases, in which railroads, adapted to a large intercourse of passengers, have yet been constructed, their length has been extremely limited. The longest, we believe, has been that between Liverpool and Manchester; that journey of thirty miles is performed in an hour and a half, and ten strings of carriages, or *trains*, as they are called, pass, daily, between these places. There is also a post for letters three times a day. It is obvious, that any greater speed than this, in so short a distance, would be quite needless, and, consequently, no attempt at an increase of expedition has been made. The case, however, will be otherwise, when longer lines of road have been completed: the dispatch of mails, especially will demand attention.

The powers, as to speed, of the present engines, supposing no improvement to take place, greatly exceed the rate of motion, maintained upon the Manchester railroad. The full trains of passengers, usually transported upon that road by a single engine, weigh about fifty tons gross: with a lighter load, a lighter and far more expeditious engine might be used; the expense of transport would be somewhat, though not seriously, increased; but there would be no mechanical difficulty whatever in its accomplishment. When, therefore, London has been connected with Birmingham and Liverpool by a line of railroad, the commercial interests of these places will naturally direct attention to the attainment of the greatest possible expedition of intercommunication. For the transmission of the mails, doubtless, peculiar engines will be built, adapted to light loads, and fitted for great speed. With such engines, the mails, together with a very limited number of passengers, will be dispatched; and setting aside any possible improvement, which locomotive steam engines may, and we may add must, receive; and confining our views to the actual state of the locomotive engines, as they exist at present, we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that such a load can be transported at the rate of from sixty to seventy miles an hour. If we would express expectations of what *may* be hereafter (the probable improvements of the steam engine being duly considered), instead of a conviction of what *can* be, the engine being in its present state, we should say, that even double that velocity is quite within the bounds of mechanical probability. We only await the completion of the line of railway from the metropolis to Liverpool, to witness the transport of mails and passengers between these points, in the short space of three hours. There will be, probably, three posts a day between these places. The necessary consequences, with respect to intermediate places, are so obvious, that we shall not enlarge upon them.

The Sketch Book.

THE VAUDOIS CHURCH.

On the eastern side of the Cottian chain of Alps, between Mount Viso and Mount Genevre, is a little community which forms the connecting link between the Primitive and Reformed churches; a community which has remained true to the faith introduced by the first missionaries into those regions, and which, notwithstanding all the means that have been employed to root it out, still invincibly retains its mountain hold; the little lamp burning steadily in the dark ages of Romish usurpation and bigotry, until it merged in the clear day of the great Reformation.

The term Vaudois, in French, signifies "Men of the Vallies;" and as the valleys of Piedmont had the honour of producing this race of people, who have remained faithful to the primitive creed, the synonyms, *Vaudois*, *Valdese*, and *Waldenses*, have been adopted as the distinguishing names of a religious community, free from the corruptions of the Church of Rome.

Long before the Roman Church stretched forth its arms, the ancestors of the Waldenses were worshipping God in the hill countries of Piedmont, as their posterity now worship him. "With the dawn of history," says Sir James Mackintosh, "we discover some simple Christians in the valleys of the Alps, where they still exist under the ancient name—Vaudois, who, by the light of the New Testament saw the extraordinary contrast between the purity of primitive times, and the vices of the gorgeous and imperial hierarchy which surrounded them. They were not so much distinguished from others

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by opinions, as by the pursuit of a more innocent and severe life."

The few Waldensian documents prove the antiquity of the church and its purity. Of these, the "Nobla Leyçon, a poem of the date A.D. 1100, presents the following proof of the opinions which the Waldenses of that early period entertained of the antiquity of their church:—

"Now after the Apostles, were certain teachers, who went on teaching the way of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Some of whom are found at this present day, but they are known to very few."—Having described the life and conversation of such teachers, the poem proceeds: "Such an one is called a Vaudois," (Vaudés.)—A manuscript treatise of the same date, speaks of the Waldenses as having maintained the like doctrines "from time immemorial, in continued descent from father to son, even from the times of the Apostles."—The originals of these treatises were deposited in the library of the University of Cambridge, by Samuel Morland, after his return from the valleys of Piedmont in 1658.

In 1535, Robert Olivetan, a native of the valleys, translated the Bible into French, and addressed his book to the Vaudois Church, in these terms:—"It is to thee I present and dedicate this precious treasure, in the name of friends and brethren, who ever since they were blessed and enriched therewith by the apostles and ambassadors of Christ, have still enjoyed and possessed the same."—"The men of the valleys," observes the Rev. Mr. Gilly, the author of *Waldensian Researches*,* and who visited this interesting spot twice, and from whose important work we have taken the liberty of extracting our materials, "have a claim upon our interest, not merely as descendants of the ancient Waldenses, but as borderers and occupiers of some of the most important Alpine passes between France and Italy, on the chain that connects Mont Cenis and Mont Viso; and what is more, as maintaining the extraordinary position of a frontier Church, and a primitive Church, upon the very point where, as beacons and signal stations, they may be of the greatest use. The faith of the first centuries, and the forms of early Christianity, like visions of departed loveliness, have lingered here among these mountaineers, when they fled from other regions. And this is the spot from which it is likely that the great Sower will again cast his seed, when it shall please him to permit the pure Church of Christ to resume her seat in those Italian states, from which pontifical intrigues have dislodged her."

An hospital and schools have been founded and endowed here by funds raised in the Protestant countries of Europe, principally in England. The hospital, comprising the establishment in chief, is situated at La Torre, in the valley of Lucerne, and the dispensary, at Pomaret, in the valley of Perouse. A noble proof was displayed of the benevolent and upright feelings prevailing among the Vaudois, when the British Government, at the intercession of the London Vaudois Committee, restored the royal stipend, in the year 1827, after more than twenty years' suspension: two hundred and seventy-seven pounds being thus ordered to be remitted annually, to be divided between the thirteen pastors of the Waldensian church. They met in synod on the receipt of this communication, and came to the resolution, that of the 523 francs each would receive, they would only accept of 300; and the remainder, amounting in all to 2,900 francs, was devoted towards the maintenance of incapacitated pastors and their widows.

The character of the inhabitants is that of a warm, frank-hearted people:—"I have no hesitation in saying," says Mr. Jackson, "that I think the Vaudois, even in their present circumstances, the most moral people in Europe."—"In principles and habits," says Mr. Bridge, "they approach more nearly to the primitive professors of Christianity, than any other community of Christians now living."—On his second visit to these scenes, Mr. Gilly says: "I cannot adequately describe my feelings as I approached the well-remembered spots, which are almost as dear to me as my native soil. As the mountains neared upon us, after travelling the long plain and straight line of road which extends from Turin to Penerolo, it was more like the sensation of returning home than of going to renew old acquaintanceship. But when Casteluzzo broke upon my view, and the church of San Giovanni, the first Protestant village, rose before me; and when a little afterwards, the bridge of La Torre came in sight, my emotions were such as any one on earth might envy. I had one by my side who understood and participated in the feelings of the moment. If pure and unmixed happiness was ever felt, it was on that evening, when I found myself within the sacred limits of Palize and Cluzone, the seat of Christ's church from the primitive times to the present."—Further on he observes: "I was impatient for the first Sunday in the valleys, and was desirous of observing in what respect the Vaudois appear to have abided by, or departed from, the customs of the Primitive churches, in their manner of keeping the Lord's day, both in the place of public worship and otherwise. The nominal hour for the church service to begin was nine o'clock; but there did not seem to be great punctuality as to time,"—in consequence of

* Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont, &c. By William Stephen Gilly, M.A., Prebendary of Durham. 1831.

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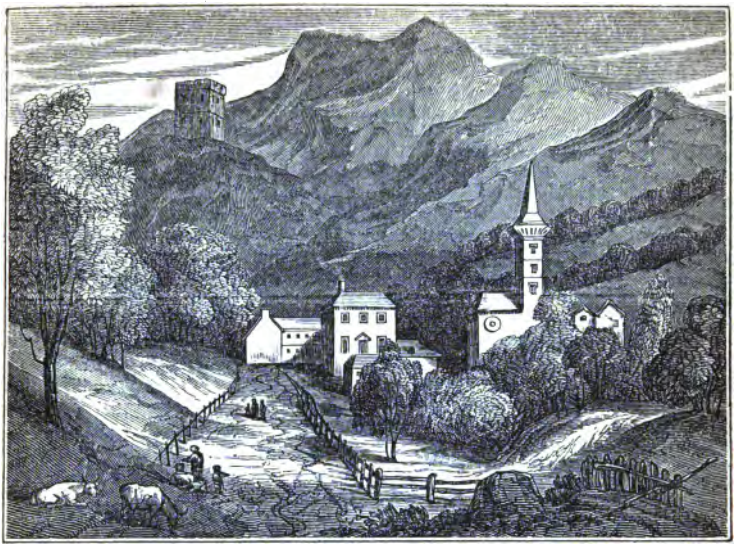

(Entrance to La Torre: the Vaudois Church.)

the distance many had to come. The master of a school was reading a chapter of the Bible to those congregated: at the conclusion of two chapters the regent arrived, when the order of the service proceeded, and consisted of—

1. A short exhortation to confession.
2. A form of supplication and confession combined.
3. A psalm sung.
4. Prayer before the sermon, extempore or precomposed.
5. The sermon preached from memory.
6. A long form of prayer for all orders of men, for persons in authority especially.
7. The Lord's prayer.
8. The Apostles' Creed.
9. A psalm sung.
10. A benedictory address, and exhortation to alms-giving.
11. The final benediction.

Such is the Waldensian church, which the reverend author, whose account we have quoted, anticipates will become—

Totius Italiæ Lumen.

On the subject of the above Engraving, it may be observed that, after crossing its bridge, a new country presents itself to the traveller. Leaving behind him the rich plains of Piedmont, mountains inclose on every side, and walls of rock and cliff erect themselves as he advances. There is no longer the undulating landscape, where abundant corn and grass attest the bounty of nature; but there is the abrupt and broken ground, there is rock contending with soil, and the elements with man. The earth still pours forth her riches in places, but it is only in places: the field, or ridge waving with grain, is immediately contiguous to a mass of crags torn from the crest that breaks the clouds, or to a bed of sand or stones brought down by the waters. These features increase and become more marked as you ascend this or any Alpine valley: patches of cultivation become thinner; the vine, the walnut, and the chestnut give way to the pine—this too, at last, disappears; and a wilderness of cliff, assuming a thousand formidable or grotesque forms, proclaims that such wild places are only for the occasional retreat, and not for the habitation, of man. H. Innes.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE TOWER OF SKULLS AT JERBI.

(*By a recent Visiter.*)

I was much struck with the island, and as much so with the natives, who seem unadulterated Arabs. In every new scene, some points may forcibly strike one person's fancy, whilst others may catch another; but there is an object in this little island which can hardly fail to call the attention of even a casual visiter, and which must arrest the attention of every one who takes a deeper interest in the fate and history of those who have preceded us on the surface of a globe which, even in its most desert spots, presents mementos fraught with moral instruction in the history of ages passed away; this is no other than a pyramidal monument of human skulls,

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embedded in masonry, situated at the usual landing-place on the sea-shore.

As to its history I was for a time quite at a loss, but trusted some local tradition might be brought to light, which would put me on the track of discovering it. True it is, I was aware of the island having been the scene of more than one sanguinary contest betwixt the "true believers" and the "dogs of Christians," as the Turks are wont to express themselves; and, although fairly acquainted with the details of these combats, yet I could in no wise tax my memory with having either read or heard of the building of such a barbarous monument. Amongst the various trophies of victory, or vengeance, to be met with in the wide world, this one is, I believe, solitary. In the flush of victory, barbarian conquerors have caused piles of slaughtered enemies' heads to be erected at the very entrances of their tents, in order that their eyes might feast on the "bloody and gory harvest;" but I feel sure that a solid, compact monument of "heads," bedded in masonry, like the present, exists no where but in the little known, and less frequented, island of Jerbi. In shape, the aforesaid monument may be most aptly compared to one of the great Senegal ants' nests; conical, but not coming to an abrupt point, from 30 to 35 feet high, and 25 in diameter at its base. The whole consists, or is formed, of human heads, in layers, supported on thigh-bones. It appears, that in the first instance, these were simply filled up without any other material, but afterwards emplastered with cement to preserve the whole from the sea-spray. This is obvious; as, on the side facing the sea, the cement has, in part, given way, and the skeleton heads are for a considerable space exposed to view. I have now in my possession some teeth, extracted in my presence by one of our sailors, who climbed to the top of the tower, using irreverently many an empty mouth with his foot as the steps of a ladder. I learned from our Arab pilot that the tower was called Burj-er-Roos, and that it was formed of Christian heads; but as to anything more, he seemed to think it of no earthly consequence. I had first addressed myself to him in particular, as he was a native of the island. I then tried many other persons, but with no better success; so that I was half-inclined to despair of ever finding out the real history of this extraordinary construction.

At Tunis, by permission, we visited the Powder Manufactory: it so happened that it took place after our having been presented to the Bey, so that we were in uniform, and, to make the matter worse, cavalry uniform. On entering the Manufactory, we were rather surprised at finding part of the guard quietly enjoying their pipes under the archway, within a few yards only of many cwts. of powder drying on frames. One spark, carried by a sudden gust of wind, would have sent them, us, and the fabrique, Heaven knows where. This is not all. We went through the place with our sabres on, not to name spurs. Some of the mules, too, working at the mill, were shod, and very little attention seemed to be paid as to whether or not there were flints on the ground. And yet, who ever heard of an explosion of a Turkish powder-mill! At Tunis, at least, the thing was never dreamt of as probable, or possible; and I was informed, never had in the memory of the inhabitants occurred. Go into an English store-room, and behold list shoes, &c. And yet, where has Dartford, &c., been more than once.—*The Amulet.*

A RUSSIAN MERCHANT'S DINNER.

THE dinner is absolutely the same as that which you meet with at the tables of the nobility. It is prepared by French artists hired for the occasion, and the glass, earthenware, plate, knives and forks, &c. are all obtained in the same way. The table is decorated besides with gilded temples crowned with artificial flowers, and bronze candelabras.

When the guests are seated, the two hostile lines facing each other, the master and mistress of the feast remain standing. It is their business to attend to the wants of the company themselves, and to see that the servants do their duty. Nothing can escape their observation. Your plate does not remain a moment empty, nor your glass a moment either empty or full. At length a toast is proposed. It is "The Emperor!" At that instant a door flies open, and a burst of music sweeps in from the next room, the guests joining their acclamations to the sound. The new national hymn follows, "God save the Emperor;" and receives additional power from the practised ears and voices of the company. Other toasts speedily follow, such as "The Ladies"—"The Gentlemen," and are done honour to in flowing bumpers of champagne. Many other French wines are on the table, as also madeira, which is much esteemed by the Russians, and a bottle of port set down expressly for the Englishman.

Soon, however, the wine appears to grow distasteful; and one of the company, with a knowing look to his compeers, declares that he thinks it wants sweetening. At this signal the master and mistress of the feast exchange a hearty kiss, and the drink goes down as before. But in a few minutes another malcontent raises his voice, and thus the complaint passes from one to the other —"This wine is not sweet enough!"—the host and hostess kissing each time, till they are ready to faint.

The lady, however, takes her revenge. She fixes an inveterate eye upon the glasses

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which must be emptied within a given time, and filled as soon as emptied. The lights at length begin to misconduct themselves. They twinkle, if they do not absolutely hop. As for you, you are no doubt deadly sober; but willing to remain so, are desirous of making your escape. You seize the opportunity of the hostess' back being turned, and vanish from the room; but, alas! you are caught on the middle of the stairs, and conducted back a prisoner.

At her own time she gives the signal, and all get up from the table. The ladies must have been conquerors in the pitched battle, for in the march to the drawing-room, they again take precedence of the lords of the creation. The latter, indeed, show some little symptoms of the confusion of defeat; but these are completely dissipated by the refreshment of a cup of coffee. In fine, the company take their leave with abundance of bows, kisses, and thanks.—*Picturesque.*

New Books.

MARGARET RAVENSCROFT: OR, SECOND LOVE.

By James Augustus St. John, Esq.

[EVERY chapter of this work bears evidence of a cultivated mind, and talent of a very high order; though it does not equally possess the *unities* requisite in a first-rate novel. The story is simply that of an amiable and accomplished young man, Percy Montague, whose political prospects being blighted in this country, travels on the continent, and locates himself in the capital of Sicily. On the journey thither, he becomes acquainted with an English family of fortune,—the Ravenscrofts; the eldest daughter is the heroine, who discards a lover to whom she is betrothed for the sake of Montague; and then, in a fit of jealousy, destroys herself. Next is Constance, the daughter of an Italian priest, whom Montague rejects, in retiring to Leghorn to brood over the tomb of his first love. The *second love* and minor characters must not be added. But, we should not omit to mention that,—as a relief to the monotonous character of Montague, we have a *compagnon de voyage*, Semler, a young German poet, whose enthusiasm and romantic sentiment, though uttered in broken English, assist in carrying on the narrative, and form the staple of some very interesting conversations and trains of thought, a favourite species of writing with the author. The work abounds with vivid descriptions, especially in the sketches of the hero's tour: this has a few scenes of terrific details, one of which, of really dramatic force and grouping, we present to the reader, though somewhat shorn of its incidents.]

As his countrymen, in the interior of the island (Sicily), enjoy and appear to deserve the reputation of considerable laxity in the matter of mine and thine, Malaspina (the friend of Montague), on his departure from Palermo, gladly joined a little knot of travellers, who, journeying in the same direction, associated together for mutual safety. The party consisted of a respectable farmer, two raw youths, law-students from Palermo, who were returning home after completing their legal discipline, and a Jew, resembling in exterior one of those industrious renovators of ancient garments, whose hawk-eye peruses the threadbare pedestrian that hurries along the narrow pavement of Holywell-street. He was somewhere about fifty years of age, and was as fat as an abbot, and in complexion rubicund and jovial.

The young law-students, tall and ungainly, with snub noses, and broad unmeaning faces, looked unintellectual as their mules; but the farmer, who had in his youth been a soldier, and profited by his experience of the world, bore a sedate but scrutinizing countenance, indicating habits of thought and penetration.

With this worshipful company, Paolo,—known among his travelling companions as the padre, or priest,—set out from Palermo, the whole party mounted on mules, except the Jew, who, considering his natural and adscititious weight,—for he had bags about him,—discreetly selected for himself a powerful stallion, which promised to wear well on the road.

As each beast belonged to a different owner, and no one would trust his neighbour with the bringing back of his property, the number of the muleteers equalled that of the travellers. Contrary to what might have been wished, for the sake of effect, they were not at all like bandits. Their eye-brows were not shaggy, nor their looks scowling; and if they carried knives, it was in order to eat their dinners with them. Two were regular members of the hemionic, or mulish, profession; the others were a tailor, a shoemaker, and a baker, who, to obtain a respite from the board, the stall, and the oven,—by which, however, they seemed to flourish,—purchased so many beasts, and occasionally followed them as muleteers; a practice which may be recommended to the members of the same callings in other countries.

For some time the travellers enjoyed the benefit of the high road; but in the course of the day, they quitted it for a more direct route across the mountains, where, in many places, the muleteers, like the Arabs of the desert, seemed to be guided in their course by the sun. Elsewhere, they followed the winding banks of the streams, or skirted round vast piles of rocks, barren and inaccessible. Here and there, where the stream had, in the lapse of ages, deposited a bed of alluvial soil, a miniature Tempe presented

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itself, beautiful with scattered groves, slips of green meadow, circular recesses between encircling rocks, and limpid waters murmuring and flashing in the sun. There was every where, indeed, a lack of villages and farm-houses. Instead of traversing an European kingdom, supposed to be peopled and civilized, they appeared transported into some of those primitive lands in the boundless archipelagoes of the Pacific, where nature still reigns in solitude; but Paolo, who at bottom was somewhat poetical, enjoyed the stillness and wildness of the scene, which so strikingly contrasted with some of those landscapes he had recently beheld, and admired also.

One inconvenience, however, resulted from this paucity of inhabitants: they could not put up for the night, where the lateness of the hour rendered it prudent; but were compelled, even in places of the most sinister aspect, to advance until a halting-place presented itself. As the twilight began to thicken, Abednego, the Jew, quickening his pace, for he had hitherto ridden somewhat in the rear of the party, brought his beast alongside of Malaspina, and began to set on foot a conversation, the object of which was to discover whether the priest, whom he supposed to be the most timid of his companions, entertained any violent apprehensions of robbery or murder.

"What, ho! Cristofo," added he, calling aloud to the baker, who lagged a little behind with the sumpter mule, "are we to be wandering here all night?"

"Patience, signor!" replied Cristofo, "we shall reach the mill anon."

"Mill!" exclaimed the Jew. "What, is there no osteria on the road, that we are to put up at a mill!"

"Santa Maria! You are a traveller, and know not Ambrogio's mill! It lies but a few miles out of the road, and by taking the fifth of the seven ravines which occur between this and Monte Nero, we may reach it before midnight."

"But we may lose our way, Cristofo."

"Not on such a night as this. Behold, the stars shine so brightly, I can see my own shadow on the ground."

"Nevertheless, the hour is already growing late; and methought I but now saw a light twinkling among the rocks on the clift. Why cannot we put up there for the night?"

"Il Salvatore moi!" exclaimed the baker, in a low voice, "where did you perceive a light?"

"Yonder, friend; at the foot of that overhanging cliff. But why do you seem alarmed?"

"Because it is clear we are dogged by banditti. Here, Buonaventuro, we will outwit them. Let us turn aside into this narrow valley, leading by a steep circuitous track to the mill. They will plant themselves at the Ponte Croce, where every inch of ground has been drenched with blood; and there they may wait for us till morning."

The older of the two regular muleteers, whom Cristofo thus addressed, immediately turned the head of his beast up the glen.

It soon appeared, however, that whether the track they had quitted abounded more in dangers or not, nothing could be more hostile to easy movements than the one they now pursued. The mules, almost at every step, found it necessary to mount or descend, now turning the sharp angle of a rock, now groping up the bed of a mountain torrent, here obstructed by piles of loose stones, there by broken, slippery ledges, where no animals but themselves could have found a secure footing. In fact, poor Abednego's charger, spirited and powerful as he was, soon felt his inferiority to the barren race; and, after stumbling repeatedly, at length came down on his haunches in the stream, plunging backward his rider into the water; but with the aid of Cristofo, the Jew, with drenched garments and chattering teeth, after counting the bags at his girdle, was remounted, and followed his companions with deep groans.

As they attained a greater elevation, the night air, sweeping over the bleak heights in fitful gusts, grew bitingly cold; and voluminous black clouds, rising from the quarter of the scirocco, spread themselves rapidly over the sky, obscuring the stars, and shedding a pitchy darkness on the earth. The muleteers saw what was approaching. They spoke not, however, to the travellers, but hurried forward, anxious to reach some sheltered spot, where they might abide the passing of the storm. But they were now moving along the acme of a rocky crest, exposed on all sides to the winds, unfurnished with a single tree, destitute of grot or cavern, hard, gravelly, ungrateful, where even the coney would have found it difficult to hide its head during rough weather. Presently they were startled by a bright flash of lightning, which, kindling their forms as it passed, showed them like so many pallid phantoms to each other. This was immediately succeeded by the roar of the distant thunder, issuing from among the mountains, booming from height to height, multiplied and prolonged by the mocking of the echoes. The whole party, as if by instinct, stood still, for all men have some admiration to bestow on the grandeur of nature; and looking towards the south, the cradle of the storm, soon beheld the aërial pinnacles of the mountains kindled by the lightning, which brought out their features, and clothed them with a momentary glow, as a torch, suddenly presented before the face of a man in the dark, seems to cast a glory over his countenance. At the same

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instant the glare, penetrating the rifts of the superincumbent clouds, caused them to show like a ruined arch, hanging in shattered fragments over the earth. Never did the eye rest on a scene more severely beautiful. Flash after flash, in rapid succession, lighted up the aspiring crags, towering in all their fantastic forms towards the sky; and with instantaneous brilliance rendered visible the lowest depths of the valleys, which, beheld by so strangely vivid a light, resembled more those sunny lands which the fancy shapes in its dreams, than any possible combination of the grosser elements. Paolo beheld it with religious awe; and the faces of his companions, rendered luminous by each successive flash, recalled to his mind the vision that rolled away the stone from Christ's sepulchre, whose face was as the lightning, and its garments white as the light. Each thunderclap approached nearer and nearer towards the zenith. The earth, as if rocked by an earthquake, appeared unsteady under their feet, as the fearful sound went rolling, with multiplied reverberations, through the invisible hollows and abysses that encompassed them. In a few minutes large drops of rain began to fall, and these first sprinklings of the tempest were quickly succeeded by drenching showers, such as the traveller sometimes encounters on the vast plains of the tropics.

There was no choice but to abide where they stood. All they could was to alight, and crouch under the bellies of the mules, where, by suspending their cloaks from the saddles, they obtained some trifling shelter. In this condition they remained a considerable time; but, at length, two or three bright stars appeared above the mountains towards the south-east, sparkling with redoubled brilliance beneath the black overhanging skirts of the storm, as if the showers, which cleared the atmosphere, had also cleansed them and restored their lustre.

The whole party pressed forward in sullen silence, as men generally do when they want their breakfast. The greater part of the night had been passed in scrambling up the mountains, and waiting the termination of the storm; and the cold, always on the increase towards morning, pierced their wet limbs and empty stomachs, augmenting that sense of utter discomfort which want of sleep, weariness, and a ravenous appetite, create in the benighted traveller.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Public Journals.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK-WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE first act by which Frederick-William manifested the rigorous spirit of his domestic economy, was the diminution of the number of court attendants. The crowd of lords in waiting, chamberlains, and pages, so completely thronged the ante-chamber of the apartment in which his father had just expired, that the king had great difficulty in making his way through them, in order to receive the first homage of his brothers, who, with their children, embraced his knees. After indulging his grief for some time in his private apartment, he sent for the steward of the household, Mr. Von Printzen, desiring that he would bring with him the list of the royal household. The king glanced at the paper—called for a pen, and made a cross over the whole list. He then returned it to the steward, saying that by this act he had cancelled and abolished all the court officers of his father, but that none of the household should quit the palace till after the funeral of the deceased king.

The king retained in his service only one chamberlain, two pages, two valets, several grooms, two cooks, a steward of the household, and a butler. The establishment of the queen and princesses was in the same manner limited to one lady in waiting and a few maids of honour. He allowed the queen an annual income of 80,000 dollars, with which she had to defray not only her own private expenses, but also the charges of the court, to provide the table and other linen, as well as clothes and linen for the king and princesses. As an extraordinary item, the king required her to furnish the powder and ball for partridge shooting, in return for which he granted her the profits of the sale of all the feathered game that was not consumed at the royal table. Every year the king made her majesty a present of a winter dress, and generally, also, some handsome gift on Christmas Day;—for instance, in 1735 he gave her a gold hearth-broom valued at 1,600 dollars. The king took much pleasure in joining family parties; he frequently attended christenings and weddings, and sometimes invited himself.

When the king had invited himself as a guest, he had at times to pay the reckoning. One of his generals, who was noted for his parsimony, having declined the honour of a royal visit under the plea that he had no establishment of his own, his majesty desired him to order a dinner at the Hotel of the King of Portugal. This of course could not be evaded; the king was invited, but came with twice the number of attendants the general expected. The very best, however, that the cellar or kitchen could afford was produced in the greatest abundance, and the king expressed his entire satisfaction. The general sent for the landlord, and inquired the price per head. "One florin, without the wine."—"Well, then, here is one florin for myself and another for his majesty; the other gentlemen, whom I did not invite, will pay for themselves."—

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"That is clever," cried the king, "I thought to take in the general, and he has taken me in"—upon which he paid the whole bill.

The king expected every body who spoke to him to look him full in the face, for he thought that he could read in every ones' eyes whether the story he told was true or not. He was therefore very angry when persons who saw him coming endeavoured to avoid him. A poor dancing-master one day tried to escape the usual compliments by scampering as fast as possible into a neighbouring house. The king perceived him, and sent one of his pages to fetch him back; and, in order to be quite sure that he was what he represented himself to be, the king obliged him on the spot to dance a sarabande. A still harder sentence was pronounced on another French dancing-master, who met the king on horseback in the public road, and set off at a gallop without paying any attention to the king's desire that he should stop. The king despatched a page after him, who at length found him secreted in a hay-loft. When brought before the king, he passed himself off as a travelling agent of a commercial house at Marseilles; but, this story having turned out to be false, the king sentenced him to cart rubbish for one month at the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church. A Jew boy, who, in order to avoid meeting him in a very narrow street, endeavoured to get away as fast as possible, was overtaken by the king. "Why do you run away?" said he to him.—"Because I am afraid," replied the trembling Jew.—"You should not be afraid of me, you ought to love me," rejoined the king, at the same time letting him feel the weight of his cane.

Persons, however, who knew how to return an answer, often made their fortune. The king one day stopped in the street a young student in theology, and finding that he was a native of Berlin, said, "Ah, the Berlin people are good for nothing!"—"That may be true in the main," answered the student, but I know two natives of Berlin who are exceptions to this rule."—"And who are they?" asked the king.—"Your majesty and myself," replied the student. The king desired him to call at the palace the next day, and having passed a very favourable examination, he was immediately appointed to a vacant living.

When the king was prevented from riding either by the weather or by attacks of the gout, to which he had been subject since 1729, he generally drove out in an open chaise, attended by two or three officers. When, however, the weather was too unfavourable, or the attacks of the gout too painful, the king used to amuse himself after dinner with painting—an occupation which he considered as promoting digestion. Though there were several eminent painters belonging to the academy, the king generally employed one Master Hänchen Adelfing, who used to prepare his colours and paint portraits of tall grenadiers, servants, and peasants. Hans was paid an annual salary of a hundred dollars, and a florin for every day on which he gave a lesson; but he received more blows than florins: for every touch of the brush in which the king did not succeed, he was sure of feeling the cane. A second assistant, the bombardier Fuhrmann, who understood something of painting, was now and then called in; but when the king wished to paint some portrait particularly well, he sent for the court-painter, Weidemann. As we may imagine, there was nothing extraordinary in any of these performances. A picture-dealer named Schütz, however, offered the king a louis-d'or for every picture. His majesty one day sent for him to ascertain how much he could earn by his profession, and, as it took him five days to paint a portrait, he was satisfied that he should at least be able to support himself by painting, as he calculated that he could live on a dollar a day. Some of the members of the Smoking Club having expressed their doubts as to whether his majesty could maintain himself by his painting, he sent for a well-known picture-dealer, and offered to sell him some of his pictures. As the dealer could not refuse such an offer, he agreed to take them at 100 dollars each; and accordingly displayed them in a conspicuous part of the shop with this notice:—"painted by His Majesty!" This public exhibition was not agreeable to the king, who returned the money, and begged to have the pictures back. To this the dealer would not consent, saying that it was impossible for him to part with such valuable painting for the very low cost price; and the king was obliged to allow him a considerable profit. One of his castellans, a Dutchman, in giving his opinion of a hunting piece which the king had just finished, assured him it was quite in the manner of a famous Dutch painter, Bas Clas, who used, however, to distinguish each figure by a letter, and to write at the bottom—"*a* is a dog, *b* a hare—Painted by Bas Clas. Several of his majesty's pictures have been preserved. Under some, which appear to have been done while suffering from violent attacks of the gout, he has added, in his own hand—"*In tormentis pinxit* F. W.

According to the usual order for the business of the day, the king went, in summer at seven o'clock and in winter at five, into the evening company, which, under the names of the "Tabaks-collegium" and "Tabagie," has become so celebrated, that it deserves a place in the Prussian history. Such smoking clubs had been introduced by Frederick I. but court etiquette was most scrupulously

observed in them; whereas it was entirely banished from that of Frederick-William. Every evening, when he was well, and not otherwise engaged, he had a party of six or eight persons, mostly generals and staff officers; but captains who were men of information, foreign travellers, and men of learning eminent for their writing, were also invited. The old Prince of Dessau, who did not smoke, was obliged to hold an unlighted pipe in his mouth, and so was Count Seckendorf, the imperial ambassador, who, to conform to the king's regulation, puffed and blew so as to have the appearance of a capital smoker. The tobacco was not of the finest quality, and the king was displeased if any of the company brought better of his own. At seven o'clock, bread, butter, and cheese, were brought in, and sometimes a ham and roast veal. Now and then the king treated his guests with a dish of fish and a salad, which he dressed with his own royal hands. It is not to be imagined that the time was spent only in smoking; the king was very desirous of having some persons present who were versed in history, geography, politics, &c. French, Dutch, and German journals were on the table, which afforded subjects for discussion, and the king especially desired those articles to be pointed out to him which contained criticisms on his government, or personal attacks on himself, against which he often defended himself with much wit. The Dutch Courant, a paper much read at that time, having stated that "a sergeant of the tall grenadiers had died at Potsdam, on opening whose body there were found two capacious stomachs, but no heart," he desired the editor to be informed that the statement was correct as far as it went, but he should have added that the deceased was a Dutchman. Sometimes the king allowed chess or backgammon, but no cards. On these occasions he used to play a game with General von Flauss, a rough Pomeranian nobleman. The king once observing to him that it was not becoming that they should play for nothing, and that in future he would not play but for a penny a game, the general answered, "I shall take care to leave that alone; your majesty almost throws the dice at my head now that we play for nothing; what would you do if we played for money?"

The king seldom visited the theatre, which, in truth, was in a wretched state. At the beginning of his reign, he issued several severe prohibitions against players; but he indulged the citizens of Berlin, at their request. The Italian Opera and the Royal Chapel were abolished, as too expensive. Of the musicians of the chapel he retained only Gottfried Pepusch, whom he appointed leader of the band of oboe players of the grenadier regiment in Potsdam. He was fond of Handel's music, especially the operas—the airs and chorusses of which he had performed by the wind instruments, but not sung.

On occasion of some circumstance that occurred in the king's smoking club, Pepusch took it into his head to compose a piece in six parts for six bassoons, which were called porco primo, porco secundo, and the king was much surprised at this music, had it performed several times, and always laughed heartily at it. The crown-prince came just at this time to Potsdam; and, as he disliked bass instruments, (the flute being his favourite,) and as he and his companions had a more refined taste in music, there were many jokes at his court about this piece. One day, Pepusch crossing the parade while the crown-prince was exercising his regiment, the latter called him, and said, with feigned seriousness, he had heard that he had composed a fine piece of music in six parts, and begged him to have it performed that afternoon in his apartments. Pepusch would have excused himself, saying it was a trifle, but the prince would take no denial. In the afternoon a large company was assembled at the prince's, to hear the music and to laugh at the composer. Pepusch came with six oboe players. He with great gravity spread his music on the desks, and when all six were full, he looked about the room, holding a roll of music in his hand. The prince said, "Are you looking for anything?"—"There is a desk wanting." — "I thought," said the prince, smiling, "there were only *six hogs* in your music."—"Quite right," replied Pepusch, "but *a sucking-pig* has been added, *Flauto solo*." Frederick told this story to Quanz, and added, "The old fellow took me in, and I was obliged to give him fair words not to produce the sucking-pig before my father."

It is well known that Frederick-William was a determined sportsman, and went regularly every year, on the 28th of August, to his favourite hunting seat, Wusterhausen, of which the Margravine of Baireuth, his daughter, gives a very uninviting description:—"At Berlin," says she, "I had to endure only the pains of purgatory, but in Wusterhausen the torments of hell."

We have heard in England complaints of the damage done by the game to the cornfields in the neighbourhood of preserves, but can have no idea of the ravages committed by it in the Prussian dominions, in the time of Frederick-William I. This was especially the case in Pomerania and the Mark of Brandenburg, where the black game increased in such a manner, that in the year 1729 no fewer than 3,600 wild boars were killed in these provinces; many of them were of enormous size, so that in the records of the hunting parties mention is often made of wild boars weighing five or six hundred pounds. Nearly 4,000 of these animals being thus killed in a

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few weeks, it may be asked what became of them.

"The king, who was a good manager, knew, when the pleasure was over, how to sell the produce of the chase to advantage, which was done indeed in a manner that accords but ill with our present notions of propriety and justice. 'It is the custom,' says Fassman, 'to send the boars that have been killed to certain persons, with a note stating how much they are to pay for them; this is especially done at Berlin. First the king takes what is wanted for the use of his own domestic establishment, where a great quantity of hams and wild boars' heads, smoked, is consumed. Then his majesty makes presents of many to his cousins and other illustrious relations, also to his generals, ministers of state, &c. The remainder are sent to his majesty's privy councillors and secretaries in the several offices; also to many citizens, booksellers, merchants, innkeepers, brewers, &c. who pay, according to the size, from three to six dollars for each. It is true, they are very useful in a family. The Jews in Berlin are the worst off; for they too are compelled to take a certain number of wild boars, which they pay for immediately without making any objection, and send them to the workhouses and hospitals.'"

With respect to partridge shooting, the king killed on an average about 4,000 birds every autumn, and often fired above 600 shot in a day. As the queen had to furnish the powder for partridge shooting, the expense to her was considerable; but then she had, as has been above mentioned, the profits of the sale of all the birds not used at the royal table, and the king was so conscientious in fulfilling his contract with the queen, that, when he was confined by illness, he sent General Flauss, who was reputed to be the best marksman, to shoot partridges for him. —*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

Statistics of the Fine Arts in France.—France possesses 82 museums and 160 schools of fine arts. The total number of her artists who sent works to the last annual exhibition, was 2,231: of these, 1,096 are painters, 150 sculptors and statuaries, 113 engravers, 263 architects, and 309 draughtsmen. Paris alone has 35 schools of fine arts, 20 museums, and 1,385 artists; of which 773 are painters, 106 sculptors, 102 engravers, 195 architects, and 209 draughtsmen.

A Cinderella Pumpkin.—The extraordinary dearth of the summer season seems to have brought vegetables this year to a great state of perfection in France. In a garden near Lisle was lately gathered a colossal pumpkin, measuring seven feet in circumference, weighing 161 French pounds; and enormous potatoes have been seen near Cambray, weighing fifteen French pounds.

The Ukrainian peasants are remarkably expert in the use of the axe. I purchased (says a recent traveller) a very handsome snuff-box from one of them, which had been cut with a hatchet commonly used for felling timber. W. G. C.

Source of the Thames.—After a long ascent, (says a recent writer,) you come to some solitary grassy hills; on the top of these, under the shade of two or three alders, is a little group of plashy springs, which trickle away, forming, as far as the eye can follow them, an insignificant brook. Such is the infant modesty of the proud Thames. I felt a tide of poetry come over my mind, as I thought how but a few hours ago, and a few miles hence, I had seen these same waters covered with a thousand vessels; but this glorious stream, in its short course, bears on its bosom more ships, more treasures, and more human beings than any of its colossal brethren; how the capital of the world lies on its banks, and, by her omnipotent commerce, may be almost said to rule the four quarters of the globe.

Whenever a Festa, or religious ceremony takes place at Madrid, (says a recent writer,) the promenade of the Prado is thronged with a long line of vehicles of all shapes and character, trying to rival each other in the swiftness of their movements; but at the close of day, when twilight comes on, the bells of some adjoining church are heard calling the faithful to prayers; on which announcement all the pedestrians, horses, and mules, stop, conversation is at an end, heads are uncovered, every one is on his knees, upon the spot where the signal happens to meet his ear, and prayer commences. This is only of short duration; for when the last dying sounds of the chimes have melted into air, and the last prayer has been addressed to the Eternal, all rise up, the promenade begins again, and the vehicles set off in defiance of all interruption. W. G. C.

In a part of Bosnia, (says the Rev. R. Walpole,) young girls of the Mahometan faith are permitted to walk about in the daytime with their faces uncovered. Any man of the place, who is inclined to matrimony, if he happens to be pleased with any of these girls, whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief on her head or neck. If he have not a handkerchief, any other part of his dress answers the same purpose. The girl then retires home, regards herself as betrothed, and appears no more in public.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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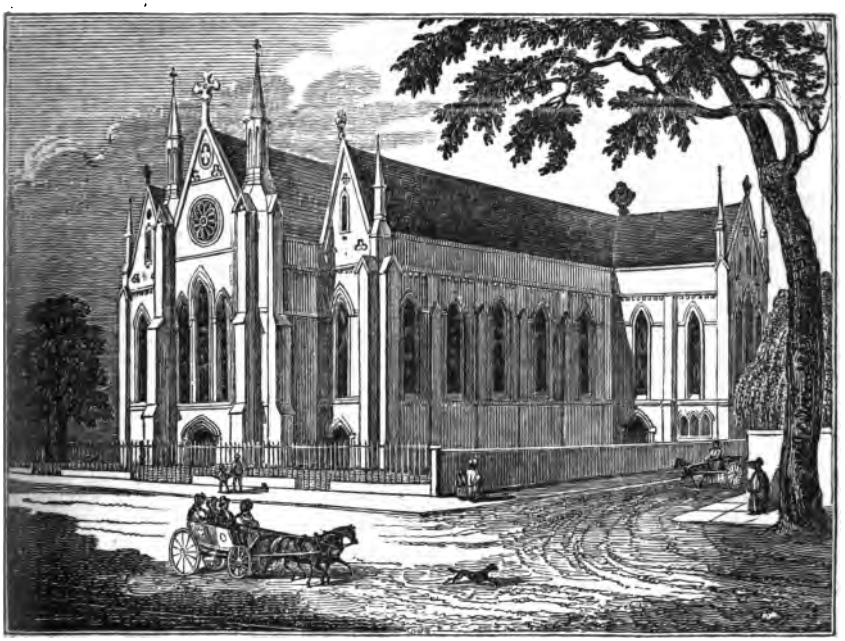

CATHOLIC NEW CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

This really handsome and interesting edifice has been built and endowed with funds for its maintenance, and for the maintenance and support of a clerical establishment in connexion with it, by two ladies (the Misses Gallini). It is situated on the west side of the Grove End Road, fronting to it, and between the St. John's Wood and the Lodge Roads, to both of which its flanks present themselves respectively. The above view presents the west or entrance front, and the south flank and transept.

The fact that the ground upon which the church is built formerly belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (whence the name, *St. John's* Wood), whose predecessors, the Knights Templars, had held the same estates, and built the well-known Temple Church, seems to have suggested to the architect the form of this structure as a prototype, though he has availed himself also of some of the features of the Lady Chapel, of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in composing the new edifice.

The western and principal front of this edifice is divided into three compartments, in conformity with the style of the cited examples, which is that of the first period of pointed architecture, whose date is the thirteenth century. The central compartment, fronting the nave, projects about 10 feet, and is flanked, or terminated laterally, by octagonal pinnacled turrets, which run up to a height of 60 feet, and is itself surmounted by a gable, the acroterium of which is formed by a cross, similar to the cross at the east end of Salisbury Cathedral. The grand entrance door is in this compartment of the front, and above it there is a triple, lancet-headed window, whilst the lower part of the gable is occupied by a circular or Catherine wheel window, above which is a panel with a monogram of the founders immediately under the acroteral cross. The middle bay of the triple window rises above the other two, and thus adapts itself better to the arched and groined ceiling within. The outer compartments of the front, being the front of the aisles, have doors opening into them, and single lancet windows, and their gables are surmounted by

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peculiarly formed ornamented crosses, taken from a rare example of the thirteenth century found in Normandy, and smaller pinnacled turrets rise out of the buttresses on their outer angles.

It is not too much to say of this front, that it is one of the best modern adaptations of the materials furnished by our ancient ecclesiastical architecture that London presents, and that whilst the style is strictly adhered to, the composition is original, though the materials are for the most part taken from existing examples.

Returning eastward, the flanks of the aisles are divided into bays by bold canopied buttresses, with lofty and narrow lancet-headed windows between them, and the slightly overhanging parapet is supported by corbels of varied forms. This last arrangement is carried into the returning flanks of the transepts, with slight modifications in the basement to fit these parts for the purpose to which they are devoted internally; and their ends, or the north and south fronts, partake of the character of the central compartment of the western front, with the smaller turrets of the outer angles repeated, whilst canopied niches, containing sculptured groups of the Madonna and Child, form the acroteria of the gables. The rear, or east front, of the edifice, is generally similar to the western, but without any projection of the central compartment, and without angle turrets. The exterior facing is of fine, white brick, with Bath stone for the decorations and dressings.

Although the building externally presents a cruciform appearance, the body of the church consists of nave and aisles alone, the transepts being arranged as dwellings, one of them forming a house for the founders, and the other a residence for the clergy; the separation is, however, very well masked on the inside of the church by private or choral galleries, before which curtains are drawn. The transepts may, nevertheless, at any future time, should an increasing congregation require it, be thrown into the church, and at a very trifling expense.

The aisles are formed, on either side of the nave, by moulded piers with slender detached cylindrical shafts, or columns, on their angles, to complete the composition; and from the heads of these the acutely arched and groined ceiling springs, and forms a triple series, those of the aisles resting their outer legs on semi-piers, against the walls. The groinings are ribbed, and rich bosses cover the intersections of the ribs.

The high altar is in the transeptal compartment of the nave, raised on a platform, to which a flight of steps give access, and it is backed by a rich oaken screen, which incloses the rearmost bay or compartment below, in the manner of the ancient presbytery, but in this case yielding rooms for sacristies and vestries.

The principal window of the east end runs its central compartment high above the others, as before described, to occupy the otherwise blank end of the arched ceiling of the nave. The whole of this window is to be filled with stained glass bearing various devices.

Over the entrance-lobby is the organ-loft; and a slightly projecting gallery, within the body of the church, before the organ, will be appropriated to the choir.

The length of the church within the nave is 110 ft., that of the aisles is 99 ft. 6 in., the difference being in the projection of the central compartment of the western front. The extreme transverse length, within the walls, is 113 ft.; the breadth of the body of the church 43 ft. 6 in., the nave being 20 ft. wide to the centre of the pillars, or columned piers, and the aisles of course each 11 ft. 9 in. to the same line. The groined ceiling springs from the walls and pillars at a height of 20 ft. from the floor; and the height from the floor to the intersection at the apex, over the nave, is 34 feet; the engraving at page 424 shows the interior, eastward. The architect, to whom the design and execution of the work was intrusted, is Mr. Scoles.*

* From the Companion to the Almanac for 1835.

Anecdote Gallery.

LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERY.

This lady was grandmother to the late Lord Macdonald, (of the Isles,) who used to relate of her the following anecdote, which we are not aware has yet been published:—

Lady M. Montgomery was far advanced in years, when the Scottish civil wars took place in behalf of the Pretender:—she even ventured to shelter under her roof, the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, who was one day sitting with her, when the house was surrounded on a sudden by the English soldiers sent in search of him. The venerable lady, with admirable courage and presence of mind, bade the Prince come under the gown, or fardingale, which she wore; he crept close to her feet; she spread its ample folds over him, and undauntedly awaited the entrance of the soldiers, who, in place of a prisoner, only beheld a majestic, old lady, looking extremely awful, and ensconced in a barricade of petticoat. Lady Margaret demanded sternly what they wanted, adding:—"But weel, weel do I ken:—search the hoose then, gentlemen—search the hoose an ye will; but tak' tent o' harrying an auld body like me, o' the verge o' the grave.—Deed! and I'd be gleg ta see, wha'd daur be meddlin' wi' me!"—The officer commanding the party assured Lady Margaret that her rank, sex, and years protected her from all

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personal molestation; that whilst he and his men searched her house, she might remain undisturbed where she was, and that, in the exercise of his unpleasant duty, the safety of her property should be regarded. The venerable lady bowed her thanks with an air, which gave them to understand, nevertheless, that she was little pleased by their intrusion, and still less by the suspicion which attached to her of harbouring the royal fugitive. The soldiers proceeded to discharge their duty; nothing in the mansion induced an idea of the presence there of the young Pretender,—and, when they had departed, he emerged from his singular hiding-place, in no fear of another surprise.

M. DUFIEF AND MADEMOISELLE MARS.

THE late M. Dufief was a wag in his way, and one of his stories in proof of it, we will endeavour to give; though, indeed, the cream of the jest lay in his manner of relating it.

Speaking one day of Mlle. Mars, the celebrated actress:—"I have the honour," said he, "of being personally acquainted with her. When introduced to her, a *leetle* story I then told her—a story of interest, that was, in part, *nothing* at all but a *story*, and which made her regard me favourably. You have heard, *sans doute*, of the Upas-tree of Java, and that the Javanese poison their *creese*, or arrows with its juices:—well, a Javanese prince presented a friend of mine with half a dozen of these poisoned darts; they were beautifully wrought, but highly dangerous; I was present at some experiments made with them upon animals, and when I told her what effect they produced on rabbits and fowls, I saw she looked pale, and grieved: so I said,—but it was not true, only a *leetle ruse* of mine for *theatrical effect*—'At last, it came to the turn of the most beautiful, little dog you ever did see, to be poisoned: the physician took it up in his arms, and the operator approached it with the arrow'—(here Mlle. Mars looked ready to faint, and in an agony of horror; so I went on thus:)—'But *I* could not permit the pretty, little dog to be murdered, and throwing myself between it and destruction, I begged his life, and obtained it.'—Upon hearing this, Mlle. Mars actually flew to me, and violently shaking the hand of so great a *hero*, (hah! hah! ha! ha!) asked me to dinner, which invitation, as I did not deserve it, I could not then accept. Talma introduced me to her—Talma, my great friend, who embraced me warmly when he first saw me, and said many handsome things of my works.—I did not tell you that Mlle. Mars embraced me, because you English don't understand the thing; but she did, for it is the custom of our country, and, therefore, as we say—*N'importe.*"

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

THE well at Carisbrook Castle is extremely deep, and unusually large; the bucket-beam very low, and the roofing of rock which hangs over the latter, droops down very near it, so that, to leap across the well was always reckoned impracticable; because to pass over or under the beam, rendered almost inevitable a fracture of the skull against it or the rock. Nevertheless, this hazardous feat was actually performed, above thirty years ago, by an officer, (we believe the present active General Mackinnon, but are not certain; it was one of his name,) who was at Carisbrook. Suddenly, whilst looking at the well, it came into his head to leap across it, which he did, without previously consulting his alarmed guide; and landed safely on the other side. But, when made sensible of the danger he had wantonly incurred, and providentially escaped, Colonel Mackinnon was terror-struck; and he gazed upon the beam and rock above, and into the "deep profound" below, with sensations which, had they pervaded his mind when he performed one of the most extraordinary feats of agility on record, would have effectually precluded him from accomplishing it in safety. Under Providence, his preservation, like that of the unconscious somnambulist, was owing to his ignorance of the terrible risk he incurred.

M. L. B.

The Naturalist.

THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

THE following extract from an officer's journal, relating the manner of taking the caoutchou or milk from the India-rubber tree, is from the *Nautical Magazine*:—

The India-rubber tree abounds in the province of Para, on the north coast of Brazil. It would be difficult to get a correct notion of the quantity of milk which might be obtained, or of the space occupied by the forests; but there are certainly from nine to ten thousand Indians always employed in taking it. The trees which I saw were about sixty feet high, and from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, and entirely free from branches, or even knots, until near the top, when they branched out, and produced a fruit. They were growing indiscriminately among trees of all sorts: in fact, they were in the midst of a dense forest, and near swampy ground. For a long time after the milk was brought into general use for manufacturing purposes, the trees were cut down to procure it, for the Indians were not aware that by the process of bleeding or tapping them, they might be made to render as much milk, and that this might be repeated yearly. Indeed, this operation, to a certain extent, is said to be wholesome or necessary to the tree, which, if

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left untouched for a long time, refuses to yield milk.

The manner of procuring it is as follows:—Taking a quantity of soft clay with them, and each man being provided with a sword not very unlike a ship's cutlas, a party of Indians proceed to the woods. They make cuts in several places on each seranga or India-rubber tree they come to, and form the clay they have with them into little cups round each wound in the tree, the milk of which immediately begins to appear, oozing out faster or slower according to its worth. The party go on in this way searching for trees, leaving some of their number occasionally behind, who collect the milk from the small ones into larger clay bowls. In general, the moulds to which the caoutchou is to be applied, are carried out with them; at all events, it must be used within twenty-four hours after it has been procured, otherwise it becomes dry and hard. The process of modelling is performed by dipping; when the substance is dry, the models, which are of clay like the cups, are broken and shaken away from the inside. Thus, do we want a pair of shoes to fit feet for which nature has not done much? We repair to the Hoby of Para, who models a lump, or two lumps of clay, to represent our unfortunate bumps or instep; he sends these unsightly structures by his trusty servants, to the forest; they are dipped some three or four times, at intervals of about five minutes, and brought home again, where they hang up at the shop-door from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, until in short, they acquire a sufficient hardness, when they are handed over to their happy purchaser, at the rate of from eighteen pence to half-a-crown the pair; an illustration of how art may overcome nature.

The common use for which the caoutchou is applied, is for shoes, great quantities of which are taken to the American market, the inhabitants of some provinces of the Union being very partial to them. They are always worn over leathern ones in this country, but I believe not in America. The town of Para, which contains a population of about 30,000 souls, is only curious from the appearance which the India-rubber shops make in it. The shoes may be seen strung together by thousands, and of hues varying from the dingy yellow to the jet black, according to the goodness of the material or the length of time they have been hanging up. Here and there also may be seen droll figures of monkeys, or other animals, formed in the same manner, and made as playthings for children.

The caoutchou is also used to render cotton garments impervious to wet, and as such finds a great demand in England. Rope is also manufactured with it, instead of tar, the flax being the tender leaf of the plantain tree.

In all its different shapes, Para perhaps exports nearly 1,500 tons of Indian-rubber annually.

There is no doubt that much more advantage might be derived from it than is at present, if an easy and cheap way of keeping it in a liquid state could be discovered. The expense of using it in England arises solely from this cause. The largest manufactory in this country, where it is used in making rope, and for other manufacturing purposes, is said to be at Grimsby, under the superintendence of Captain Harris, of the Navy.

It may be not irrelevant to observe, so great is the present consumption of caoutchou, that several thousand tons of it have been imported during the few early months of the current year, while, five or six years ago, it scarcely formed a noticeable entry in our books of customs; and, half a century back, its existence was scarcely known. The first public mention of caoutchou, or as it was then called, India-rubber, which name it still retains, although it is now but seldom used by artists, is in a note, added by Dr. Priestley to the Preface of his "Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Perspective," dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and published in 1770. He says, "Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practise drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, mathematical instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of half an inch for three shillings, and he says it will last for several years."—Now it is imported by tons, and sells at from 2*d.* to 6*d.* per lb.

LARGE TREES.

Professor Burnett observes in his *Outlines of Botany*:—"Few persons, indeed, save those to whom habit has rendered it familiar, form any thing like just estimates of the actual size of trees. The situations in which they commonly are seen, harmonizing with the illimitable expanse of heaven, and the wide extent of forest scenery or of mountain heights, lessen ideally their apparent bulk; nor is it till singled from the surrounding landscape, nor even then, until the theodolite and rule proclaim their sums, that we become persuaded of their vast extent. Nay, figures themselves, to the generality of the world, convey but very imperfect conceptions of length, and breadth, and height, and girth: some more familiar representations are wanted to prove that a majestic tree, which is only in moderate proportion as an ornament to nature in the country, is really an enormous mass, and would be esteemed a large and glorious structure amongst the dwellings and

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palaces of men, in town. It is by comparing these forest-kings with more homely objects, that we alone become acquainted with their correct capacity. When seeing an oak seven feet in diameter, its size arrests not our attention; we even pass with little thought such as hold ten or twelve feet across, or more, although the smallest of these has a width as great as the carriage-way of Fetter-lane, near Temple-bar, or of Bedford-street, in the Strand. Oaks could be named which would suffer two broad-wheeled wagons to pass each other on the kerf; the stub of one has been described on which two men could thresh, without incommoding each other; and this was not one of the largest size. The chapel-oak of Allouville, not half so large as our Cowthorpe tree, is of equal size with the famous Greendale oak, the trunk of which is pierced by a road, over which it forms a triumphal arch, higher by several inches than the entrance to Westminster Abbey, (the Poets' Postern,) and under which men on horseback pass, and through which carriages have been driven

"The area occupied by the Cowthorpe oak,* where the trunk enters the soil, exceeds the groundplot of that majesic column, of which an oak is confessed to have been the prototype, viz., Smeaton's Eddystone light-house. Sections of the stem of the one would, at several heights, nearly correspond with sections of the curved and cylindrical portions of the other. A chamber of equal extent, or larger than either of those in the lighthouse, might be hollowed out of its trunk; the natural caverns in Damery's and other oaks, were larger than the chambers alluded to; and tranverse slices of the stem would be considerably too large to floor any of them. Arthur's round table, which is a plank from such an oak, would form for it an entire roof, or projecting capital: indeed, upon this table there might be built a round church, as large as that of St. Lawrence before referred to, and space to spare; so that, if the extent of the sapwood were added, or the groundplot of the Cowthorpe oak were substituted for the table, there would be plenty of room, not only to build the parish-church, but also to allow enough for a small cemetery beside. Indeed, with reference to this last-named oak, and also the tree-castles and tree-chapel, it may be observed, that St. Bartholomew's, in the hamlet of Kingsland, between London and Hackney, which, besides the ordinary furniture of a place of religious worship, viz. desks for the minister and clerk, altar, staircase, stove, &c., has pews and seats for one hundred and twenty persons; upwards of one hundred have been in it at the same time; and some months since, myself made one of a congregation there assembled of nearly eighty persons, (seventy-six or seventy-seven were counted,) when the pews were by no means crowded, and plenty of room left vacant. Still this chapel is nearly nine feet less in width, and only seventeen inches more in length, than the groundplot of the Cowthorpe oak: in fact, the tree occupies upwards of thirty square feet surface more than does the chapel. Or, to take another illustration, in Little White Lion-street, Long-acre, the inspectors of a district visiting society found, some months ago, a house, the internal area of which is only twelve feet by twenty-four, (not half that of the Cowthorpe oak, which is twenty-six feet in diameter,) containing nine small rooms, in which there dwelt—i. e. eat, drank, and slept, and did all that poor mortality requires,—no less than eleven men, thirteen women, and sixty-nine children, making a total of ninety-three human beings, who have been crowded into less space than is enjoyed by a single tree, (Amœnitates Quernes.)"

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xxv., p. 24.

Spirit of Discovery.

SPINNING YARN.

The following are the processes of spinning worsted and lambs' wool—worsted yarn being spun from what is called long wool, which is produced exclusively in England: lambs' wool yarn is spun from short wool, and also from the refuse of the long wool after it has passed through the hands of the combers. Long wool is first washed and dried; the washing is performed by men, boys attend them to convey the wool to the drying-room, where it is spread out upon the floor. This room is kept at a very high temperature, but the boys remain in it a very inconsiderable time. The wool is then removed to the *plucker*, an instrument by which its fibres are straightened to prepare it for the card. For some descriptions of work it is combed instead of carded; combing is performed by manual labour, in close, hot rooms, for stoves are necessary to keep the combs hot; it is a very laborious employment. Cards, however, are gaining ground upon the combs. The cards are worked by machinery; and are tended by children, who are either *feeders*, to supply the washed wool, or *doffers*, who receive the wool from the drawing head in the shape of a loose, untwisted rope or sliver This part of the work is that in which employment is generally found for the youngest children in the worsted factories. The wool is then removed to the *bobbin-frame*, where it receives its first twist; and, from this point, the principle of the machinery remains the same, to the finest thread that can be drawn. The untwisted rope of wool, technically called *open drawing*, is introduced by its end between two pairs of rollers, the second pair revolving faster than the first; the conse-

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quence of which is, that the thread is necessarily drawn out, and a greater or less degree of twist, according to the stage of the manufacture. The business of the attendant on the bobbin-frame, is to join the beginning of one open drawing to the end of the preceding, and to remove the spindles when full. After this process has been repeated four times, the drawings are called *rovings*, and from the roving frame, the thread is removed to the *spinning* frames, which, though distinguished by a separate name, do not differ essentially from the drawing and roving frames. The spinning frames, however, require more care; they are attended by girls of between sixteen and twenty, who earn, (in Leicester,) from nine to ten shillings per week. The others are paid from six to seven shillings per week, according to their proficiency.

The process we have described belongs to long wool, where it is of importance to straighten the fibres; in short wool, on the contrary, it is necessary to break the fibres, and, for this purpose, the wool is exposed to the action of spikes revolving in a box with great rapidity. This machine, called the *Shakewilly*, appears very formidable to a stranger, and the workmen vulgarly term it the *Devil*. Wool is introduced into the Shakewilly while the machine is in motion; and several serious accidents have occurred from want of caution.

The wool is then placed on the *scribbler*, a machine by which it is oiled and carded; thence it passes to the *carding machine*, which is so contrived that the wool is finally doffed in disconnected layers. These layers pass under a fluted roller, which rolls each up into a cylindrical form, in which state they are called *cardings*.

The cardings, as they fall from the machine, are collected by children called *piecers*, whose business it is to piece or join the cardings together, for the purpose of being drawn into a continuous thread. The frame at which this is done is called a *slubbering billy*, and the man who performs it a *slubber*. There is nothing similar to the process of slubbing in the worsted and cotton manufactories, and it is necessary to bear this in mind, for it will presently appear that in this process, children are more liable to be overworked and cruelly treated than in any other species of factory employment.

The billy is not worked by machinery; the speed and continuance of its labour are entirely at the option of the slubber. There are generally sixty spindles, one slubber and four piecers belonging to each billy. The little piecers take the cardings, and place them on a low, sloping board, called the billy-board, joining the ends together by rolling them with the palms of their hands, each child bringing fifteen cardings at a time. The billy has an oscillating motion through a space called the *billy-gate*; it is set going by a fly-wheel, which the slubber turns with his right hand while he governs the frame with his left. If the work goes on regularly, the children have ample time to piece their fifteen ends; but if this be done incompletely, defects called *flies* are produced on the slubbing; and if any end be left unjoined, the ends are said to be *let up*, which, of course, causes delay. The slubber is provided with a strap to punish the piecers in case of neglect, but he not unfrequently uses the billy-roller, which is easily detached, and inflicts a very severe blow. If the slubber be disposed to leave his work, as many do for an hour together, the cardings accumulate with great rapidity, and are piled by the children in stacks. When the slubber returns, he sets to work more violently than common, in order to overtake the card; the children have to continue piling the cardings, constantly thrown off by the machine, and, at the same time, to piecen their ends with double rapidity. On these occasions, the labour of the children becomes very severe, and their unavoidable faults incur cruel punishment.*

From the slubber, the yarn goes to the *spinner*, who works at a frame called a *jenny*, by which the yarn is spun finer. The spinners are usually men.

The dressing and finishing of cloth is a business totally distinct from the manufacture of woollen yarn: the power-loom is scarcely known in the cloth trade, and when used, it is for the coarse description of goods. There is no uniformity in the employment of hand-weavers: in some factories they weave, dress, and finish cloth from all the yarn they spin; others sell their yarn, or give it out to the weavers; others manufacture nothing themselves, but purchase the cloth ready woven to dress and finish.

No female children are employed in finishing cloth, and very few little boys. The boys are principally employed in *carping*, that is, preparing teazles for the workmen, and pressing, that is, cleaning and drying the teazle rods and handles. The teazles are fixed to rods inserted in large cylinders, called *gigs*; these, as they revolve, raise a nap on the cloth, which is made to pass over them. A constant jet of water is kept on the cloth during this process, and the rooms in which it is carried on, are, consequently, wet and disagreeable. There is no need of describing processes so generally known as weaving, scouring, dyeing, and cutting.

The only branches of cloth-finishing in

* Dr. Ure informs us that a slubbing machine has been invented, by which the piecers will be emancipated from the capricious tyranny of the slubbers. We hope it will succeed.

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which females are employed, are *brushing* and *burling*. Brushing needs no explanation. Burling is the removal, by hand, of any extraneous substance, or roughness, either left by the weaver, or introduced into the cloth during any subsequent operation. The brushers and burlers are generally young women from seventeen to eighteen or upwards.*

* Athenæum Review of Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures.

Manners and Customs.

CHRISTMAS.

The Lord of Misrule—Mumming.

In the fifth year of Edward VI., at Christmas time, George Ferrars, who was a lawyer, a poet, and an historian, was appointed by the council to the office of Lord of Misrule. This gentleman, (says Holinshed,) being of better calling than commonly his predecessors had been before, received all his commissions and warrants, by the name of Master of the King's Pastimes; and he so well supplied his office, both of show and sundry sights, and dances, and rare inventions, and in divers interludes and matters of pastime, played by persons, as not only to satisfy the common sort, but also very well liked and allowed by the council, and others of skill in like pastimes, but best by the young king himself, as appeared by his princely liberality in rewarding that service.

This master of merry disports was not confined to the court, nor to the houses of the opulent; he was selected in various parishes, where his reign seems to have been of shorter date. A writer who lived in the sixteenth century, gives the following description of this whimsical person and his followers:—"'First of all the wild heads of the parish flocking together, choose them a grand Captain of Mischief, whom they innoble with the title of Lord of Misrule: and then they crown him with great solemnity, and adopt him for their king. This king annointed, chooseth forth twenty, forty, threescore, or an hundred lusty bellies like himself, to wait upon his lord's majesty, and to guard his noble person. Then every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of green, yellow, or some other light colour, and as though they were not gaudy enough, they then bedeck themselves with scarffs, ribbons, and laces, hung all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells, have rich handkerchiefs in their hands, and some laid across over their shoulders and necks. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their pipers and drummers. Then march this company towards the church, their pipers and drummers playing, their feet dancing, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses, and other monsters, skirmishing among the throng; and in this sort they go to church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dancing and singing, with such a confused noise, that no man can hear his own voice. Then the foolish people, they look, they stare, they laugh, they fleer, and mount upon the forms and pews to see the goodly pageants solemnized. Then, after this, about they go again and again, and so forth into the churchyard, where they have commonly their summer halls, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and dance all that day, and, peradventure, all that night too. And for the further innobling of this honourable Lord of Misrule and his complices, some of the people give bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custards, some cracknels, some cakes, some flauns, some tarts, some cream, some meat, some one thing, and some another."

The practice of mumming is still kept up on Christmas-eve in the counties of Wilts and Somerset, where the mummers go round to the houses of the neighbouring gentlemen. The characters of their drama are five, which are performed by four men and a boy. The former wear grotesque dresses, and sometimes masks; while the latter is stuffed so as to appear to be humpbacked, and probably was intended to represent a dwarf. All five carry wooden swords. The performance begins by the entry of old Father Christmas, who recites some appropriate verses as he keeps walking in a circle; after which the character of Mince-pie enters, saying how essential he is to the approaching festivity. Then a Soldier is introduced, who having recited some verses of not a very pacific kind, begins to fight with Mince-pie. They combat with their wooden swords with considerable spirit, until the soldier being killed, falls flat on his back, when the fourth character, the Doctor, enters and restores him to life: then the four march in a circle, and the Dwarf, with three dolls strapped at his back, introduces himself, and informs the company that he is Little Jack, with his wife and family at his back. The five performers then sing a hymn, and having received the accustomed largess, they depart.

The Society belonging to Lincoln's Inn, had anciently an officer chosen at this season, who was honoured with the title of King of Christmas-day, because he presided in the hall upon that day; and this temporary potentate had a marshal and a steward to attend upon him. The marshal, in the absence of the monarch, was permitted to assume his state; and upon New Year's Day he sat as king in the hall, when the master of the revels, during the time of dining, supplied the marshal's place.

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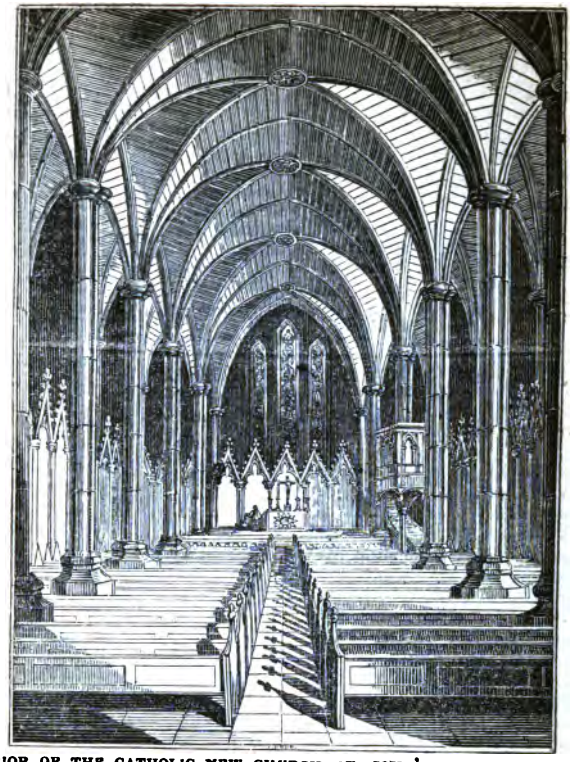

INTERIOR OF THE CATHOLIC NEW CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD: *see page* 417.

In the island of Scilly, at this season, the young people exercise a kind of gallantry, called goose-dancing, when the maidens are dressed up for young men, and the young men for maidens. Thus disguised, they visit their neighbours in companies, where they dance and are jocose upon what has happened in the island; by which sport, according to yearly custom and toleration, there is a spirit of wit and drollery kept up among the people. When the music and dancing cease, they regale themselves, and proceed to the next house of entertainment.

Wassailing.

There cannot be the smallest doubt, (says Mr. Douce,) that the term Wassail is to be sought for in the well-known story of Vortigern and Rowena, or Ronix, the daughter of Hengist; the earliest authority for which is that of Walter Calenius, who supplied the materials for Geoffrey of Monmouth's history. He relates, that on Vortigern's first interview with the lady, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said to him—"Lord King, *wacht heil;*" or in purer Saxon, *wes hæl*, literally be health, or health to you. As the king was unacquainted with the Saxon language, he inquired the meaning of these words, and being told that they wished him health, and that he should answer them by saying "*drinc heil,*" he did so, and commanded Rowena to drink. Then taking the cup from her hand, he kissed the damsel and pledged her. The historian adds, that from that time to his own, the custom remained in Britain, that whoever drank to another at a feast, said, *wacht heil*, and he that immediately after received the cup, answered *drinc heil.* Robert of Brunne, in translating this part of Geoffrey of Monmouth, has preserved a curious addition to it: he states that Vortigern, not comprehending the words of Rowena, demanded their meaning from one of his Britons, who immediately explained to him the Saxoncustom as follows:

This is ther custom and ther gest,
Whan thei are at the ale or fest,
Ilk man that loves qware him think,
Sall say *Wosseille*, and to him drink.
He that bids, sall say *Wassaile;*
The tother sall say again *Drinkhaille.*
That said *Wosseille* drinkes of the cup,
Kissand his felow he gives it up;
Drinkheille, he said, and drinkes thereof,
Kissand him in bourd and skof.
The King said as the knight gan ken
Drinkheille, smiland on Rouwen,
Rouwen drink as hire list,
And gave the King, sine him kist.

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Ther was the first wassaile in dede,
And that first of fame yede;
Of that wassaille men told grete tale,
And wassaille whan thei were at ale;
And drinkeille to them that drank:
Thus was wassaile tane to thank.

It is not improbable, but the story of Vortigern has furnished the origin of the words *wæs hæl* and *drinc hæl*, as used at convivial meetings in this country; for whatever may have been said or imagined concerning any previous custom of health-drinking among the Saxons, or other German nations, it is certain that no equivalent term with our wassail is to be found in any of the Teutonic dialects.

Evergreens—Mistletoe—Waits—Carols.

Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, vacation from business, merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played, served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every act conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter.

"The custom of Christians decorating churches and houses with evergreens appears to have been copied from the Pagans. It is related, (says Dr. Chandler,) that when Druidism prevailed, the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the Sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abode."—"Against the feast of Christmas, (says Stow), every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holme and ivy, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished."—"The custom of adorning windows at Christmas with bay and laurel, (says Bourn), is but seldom used in the north; but in the south, particularly the universities, it is very common, not only to deck the common windows of the town, but also the chapels of the colleges with branches of laurel, which was used by the ancient Romans as the emblems of peace, joy, and victory. In the Christian sense, it may be applied to the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of Christ."

"The misletoe, (says Brand), never entered sacred edifices but by mistake, or ignorance of the sextons; it being the heathenish and profane plant, which was in such distinction in the Pagan rites of Druidism. It had its place assigned it in the kitchens, where it was hung up in great state, with its pearl-like berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young men present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." This custom is continued to the present day in Shropshire. Sir John Coldbatch, in his dissertation on the mistletoe, which he strongly recommends as a medicine very likely to subdue, not only the epilepsy, but all other convulsive disorders, observes, "that this beautiful plant must have been designed by the Almighty for further and more noble purposes than barely to feed thrushes, or hang up superstitiously in houses to drive away evil spirits." The high veneration in which the Druids were anciently held by people of all ranks, proceeded in a great degree from the cures they wrought by means of the mistletoe of the oak, this tree being sacred to them, but none so that had not the mistletoe upon it. "At this season of the year, (says Stukeley,) was the most respectable festival of our Druids, called Yuletide; when mistletoe, which they called all-heal, was carried in their hands and laid on their altars, as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah. The mistletoe they cut off the trees with their upright hatchets of brass, called celts, put upon the ends of their staffs, which they carried in their hands. Innumerable are these instruments found all over the British isles."

"From the following extract from a late number of the York Herald, for which we are indebted to Mr. Jabez Allies, it is not improbable that the mistletoe was used by the Druids in the rites of sepulture; an opinion which, perhaps, derives some support from a passage in the Æneid of Virgil. It appears that a tumulus had been opened at Gristhorpe, in which some human bones were found. 'Since the opening of the tumulus at Gristhorpe, the human bones found in the coffin have been articulated by two medical men in Scarborough, and now form a superb skeleton, about six feet in height, and, except two or three of the smallest phalanges, perfect in all its parts. Near the entrance into the museum, a sarcophagus has been erected for the protection of the rude coffin. Some of the substance found in the coffin, resembling decomposed rushes, has been macerated, and when expanded, presents the long lanceolate leaf of the mistletoe, which has doubtless been placed there in observance of some religious custom. There is every reason to suppose that the person was a hunting chieftain of the powerful tribe of the Brigantes, before the invasion of the Romans drove them from their peaceful mode of life.'

"The mistletoe was considered by the Druids to be a remedy for all diseases. Its virtues as a medicine were no less celebrated in later times, (see Ray,) and it has been variously

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employed in epilepsy, in apoplexy, in giddiness, and other diseases. For these purposes the mistletoe of the oak was the most esteemed; and when this could not be obtained, that of the hazel.* In modern times, however, its medical reputation has dwindled into insignificance; and the only real use to which it has been applied is the making of bird-lime. In this process the berries are boiled in a small portion of vegetable oil, and their glutinous properties render them well adapted to the purpose."

"Its chief employment, however, in the present day, is in conjunction with the evergreen and scarlet-berried holly, to decorate the houses during the winter months,—a custom which, as it appears from traditional accounts, has arisen from an old superstition that over the threshold where the holly and the mistletoe are found, there no evil spirit dares to tread. We need not remind the society that, in the halls of many an ancient mansion, and in the kitchens of our yeomanry, nay sometimes also in the drawing-rooms of the learned and the wise, the mistletoe bush is still hung up to grace the festivities of a season in which families and friends are accustomed to unite around the social hearth. As a harbinger of this period of kindly intercourse, now that all superstitious feeling has long since gone by, we cannot hesitate to say

"Welcome here!
Bring the hallow'd Misseltoe,
Shake aloft the holly bough,
Bid the wood fire brighter glow;
Hail new year."†

Waits at Christmas are derived from those choirs of angels that attended the birth of Christ; in imitation of which, the shepherds in ancient times used to usher in Christmas with music and carols: the pastorals, or rural music, performed by the Calabrian shepherds on bagpipes, are of this nature.

"The practice of singing canticles, or carols, in the vulgar tongue, on Christmas-eve, and thence called *nöels*, in the country churches of France, (says Dr. Burney,) had its origin about the time that the common people ceased to understand Latin." The word *nöel* is derived from *natalis*, and signified, originally, a cry of joy.

At Ripon, in Yorkshire, on Christmas-day, the singing-boys come into the church with large baskets full of red apples, with a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, which they present to the congregation, and are rewarded with a small sum of money.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an independent gentleman, of three hundred pounds a year, never played at cards but at Christmas, when the family pack was produced from the mantel-piece. His chief drink, the year round, was generally ale, except at Christmas time, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. In the corner of his hall, by the fire-side, stood a large, wooden, two-armed chair, with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. There, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs; and, while the joy of all was in continual circulation, told and heard the traditionary tales of the village.

W. G. C.

* Raii Syn. † Analyst, No. vi.

New Books.

MARGARET RAVENSCROFT.

(*Concluded from page* 413.)

Murder by Banditti.

It was near noon when the travellers reached their halting-place, a low, grey, solitary building, in a sheltered hollow, on the banks of a mountain stream. The aspect of the surrounding country was rude and melancholy, but destitute of grandeur. Precipices and forests there were none; nor was the valley fertile, or the pastures green. Steep, shingly slopes conducted the eye to heights bleak and bare, suggesting ideas of coldness and discomfort,—there was the barrenness, without the sublimity of the desert,—it seemed not as if nature were dead,—for there is terror in death,—but worn out, decrepit, hobbling on her last legs. There was nothing to dread, or to admire, or to be pleased with; and Ambrogio's mill, as if to be in harmony with the rest of the landscape, presented the same characteristics. Corn was no longer ground here. The mill-pond, choked up with mud and gravel, brought down in winter by torrents from the mountains, was covered with aquatic plants, and patches of that green crust which mantles the standing pool. Nor did the mill itself exhibit marks of greater care. The wheels were decayed, black, overgrown with dank moss, and the water, which still flowed through the rotten trough, came splashing down through rents in their sides; and, instead of a mealy floor, cheerful-looking flour-sacks, and jolly faces powdered like the ranunculus, there was a snake's nest in the bin, and spotted toads rolled forth from under the millstone.

On entering the house, however, where Ambrogio met them at the door, Paolo observed appearances of something like wealth. The miller himself, who seemed to be a descendant of the pygmies, looked like a thriving man, both in face and costume; his cheeks being full and rosy, and his garments, though somewhat original in make, such as a man of warm purse might be supposed to wear on a holiday. He had on, a short-skirted coat, and breeches of coarse black velvet, tricked out with mother-of-pearl buttons large as half-crown pieces; a red plush

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waistcoat, an English silk handkerchief about his neck, and a watch like a mariner's compass in his fob. The son, a lad of about twelve years old, was arrayed in precisely the same style.

The party clustered round the kitchen fire, but Abednego insisted on having his baggage conveyed into a little room, where, there being no lock to the door, he remained shivering over his wealth, while the priest and his companions were clustering around the blazing chimney, talking and laughing over the adventures of the night. Paolo, concerned at the unhappy avarice of the Jew, now observed to the farmer, who stood silent and thoughtful in the chimney-corner, that it were best, perhaps, to press him further, and assure him there was nothing to fear.

"Let the misbelieving miser alone," he replied. "His room is better than his company."

"But you will eat with us?" said Paolo, "for you stand in need of refreshment."

"You are kind," answered Abednego, "to take so much interest in one of my religion. But our travelling companions share not your sentiments. They behold me with an evil eye,—more particularly that old soldier, who calls himself a farmer; and therefore I will eat my morsel alone."

Abednego is, however, over-persuaded, and joins the party at supper, after which all retire.

It was the design of the muleteers, who lay in the straw beside their mules, to remain at the mill till towards morning, when, both themselves and their cattle being refreshed, they purposed renewing their journey. Some time, late in the night, Buonaventuro awaking, opened the stable-door, and went forth to discover, by the position of the Great Bear, whether it were yet time to depart. He walked round by the old mill-pond, scrutinizing with a practised eye the appearance of the heavens, where cold ragged clouds drove rapidly along, alternately obscuring and revealing the stars. The wind, sweeping in fitful gusts down the valley, whirled about the fallen leaves, or moaned among the walls of the dilapidated mill. There was something dismal in the whole scene. Buonaventuro felt an involuntary dread creep over him, as he gazed around, and, invoking his patron saint, was about to return to the stable, when something like a whisper, issuing from the mill, smote upon his ear. He paused to listen. Unintermittingly the water splashed through the broken wheels, and fell, with a melancholy sound, into the black trough below, where, even by day, the eye was unable to discover the bottom; but, mingling with this murmur, by which it was sometimes drowned, he could ever and anon distinguish the hum of many voices engaged in earnest discourse. What could they be doing there? Fear came upon him; he looked around, to observe whether the way was clear, and was about to fly; but, might it not import him to know who and what they could be, and for what purpose assembled? His curiosity was roused, and on tiptoe, with beating heart, and eyes and ears vigilantly addressed to their several functions, he approached the ruin, where, through a rent in the gable, he caught something of their conversation.

"I say there is no time to be lost," observed one, "for they will be stirring presently, and we shall then have to deal with the whole."

"And what then?" inquired one of his companions, in a scornful tone.

"Why, we shall have to shed more blood than is necessary," answered the other.

"Hark! did you hear the screech-owl? She will wake them presently," said a third voice, which Buonaventuro recognised to be that of the farmer, their fellow-traveller; "and I see no reason for taking off more than one. The rest are worth nothing. And, in fact, by participating in their manifestations of alarm, and joining in their outcries, I can complete my journey home in their company, and escape suspicion."

"That is all you care for, Giuseppe!" exclaimed one of the assassins. "Every bloody business falls to our share. We kill and rob, and risk a yellow jacket and fifteen pounds of iron at our heels, while you enjoy the reputation of an honest man, and yet get most of the blunt. But, come; dip your fingers in the claret for once. Let us make clear work with them, muleteers and all; and afterwards set fire to the kennel."

"You are a headstrong fool, Francesco," answered the farmer coolly. "But do as you like. I am willing to be guided by you, provided our comrades are of the same mind."

"I tell you what," interposed a third speaker, "we shall waste the whole night in wrangling, and suffer the prize to slip out of our hands. Let two of us enter the stable, with lantern and dagger, and if any of the muleteers are stirring, despatch them: if not, let them sleep. Old Ambrogio is not worth killing; and, besides, what he has is ours whenever we please. The padre I should not like to touch. Our only proper prey is the Jew; and, if we can get at his *rhino* without letting blood, it were best leave the old misbeliever to find his way home with an empty pocket."

"But the two lawyers?" said Francesco.

"They are not worth powder and shot," answered Giuseppe. "But, hush! methought I heard a rustling in yonder wall."

"Here is fine foolery," interposed one of the gang. "Come, Giuseppe; lead the way into the house. I will go with thee,

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and our comrades can proceed on the look-out, some to the stables, and others round about the mill."

Buonaventuro, trembling for his life, squeezed himself cautiously into the rent in the wall, while the remaining murderers came forth, and stood talking in the shelter of the mill. His blood appeared to run cold as he listened. His heart thumped against his breast, his knees smote against each other, and the breath came in short, broken, fluttering gasps to his lips. Their very language, intermingled with jests and oaths, seemed to be dripping with gore. Gladly would he have fled, had the way of flight lain through fire; gladly would he have given the alarm, and, if possible, have rescued the Jew from their daggers; but he was too closely hemmed in; ready poniards lay on every side; he felt as if already annihilated, and dreaded lest the drawing of his breath, or the beating of his heart, should betray him.

"How long they are!" exclaimed Francesco, returning from the stables. "Go, one of you, listen under the window. Perhaps the old Jew dies hard."

"And how did you find the fellows in the straw, Francesco?"

"Fast asleep, all that there were of them. But did not Giuseppe tell us there were five?"

"I think he did."

"Then one of them is missing."

"By Saint Dominic!"

"By any saint you please," muttered Francesco. "I hope the villain is not prowling about the premises. But, what is that? Per dio santo! they are bearing forth the Jew's carrion. Come, let us to them. Nay, if they will bring it hither, we may remain where we are."

Buonaventuro was now so overcome with terror that, had they retired but a few yards, he was determined, at all hazards, to have attempted his escape. The murderers, however, continued on the spot, and in a few seconds Giuseppe and his companion came up, bringing along with them the Jew, who, he could perceive, from their placing him on his feet, was still alive, though he spoke not. One of the bandits, taking a dark lantern from under his cloak, and withdrawing the screen, now threw a sudden stream of light on the face of Abednego, which was pale and bloody.

"Now, before we ungag thee," said Giuseppe, "attend to what I say. Answer whatever questions I may put, honestly, and in a low voice. Mind, we will have no quibbling; and if thou attempt to cry out, behold what awaits thee. Taste it, and try whether it be to thy liking."

And he thrust the point of a dagger into his cheek, once and again; while the wretched victim strained his bleeding mouth to cry for mercy, but, finding he could not speak, bowed the head in token of obedience. They then gathered round him in a circle, to the number of twelve, one holding the lantern, the light of which streamed on their ferocious countenances and glittering daggers. Giuseppe then proceeded to ungag the Jew, and, this done, commenced his interrogations.

"Confess the truth," said he. "These bags of gold are the least part of thy ill-gotten wealth. Thou hast jewels concealed about thy person?"

"Have mercy on me," answered the Jew. "What you see is all I have, and it was not ill-gotten. I have toiled for it, sojourning in a strange land, for thirty years. Bereave me not entirely, I beseech you, before God! Spare me a little. At home I have many children, young and helpless, who, with their mother, look to these my hard earnings for bread. Let me not return to them pennyless, and without hope; for the days of my labour, as you see, are nearly over."

"Cease thy prating," said Francesco, impatiently, "and let us see thy jewels."

"I have no jewels," answered the Jew.

"Unbelieving dog!" exclaimed Francesco, who appeared to be the most ferocious of the gang, "wilt thou palter with us? Canst thou not perceive we mean to spare thee, unless provoked by thy own wilfulness? We know the tricks of thy race. Even in your rags, in the plaits of your boots, in your hair, in your stomachs, there are concealed gems. Be quick, therefore, and turn out thy hoards!"

"By your heads!" replied Abednego, "spare me! I have nothing but what you see—"

"Hark! dost thou hear the screech-owl?" interrupted one of the murderers. "He is tolling thy knell from yonder ruin, and the demons are flitting around ready to receive thy soul. Canst thou not discern their faces, glaring upon thee out of the thick darkness?"

Abednego looked around him and shuddered.

"Quick, villain!" said Giuseppe, striking him on the mouth; "out with thy hoards. The dawn already begins to streak the clouds with grey above yonder mountain, and we must be off. By all the saints, therefore, if thou delayest us longer, we will kill thee, and thy blood be on thy own head!"

Abednego now fell on his knees before them, and in the most moving expressions, turning now to one, now to another, besought each to have mercy on him.

"Spare the days of a wretched old man!" exclaimed he. "You have already taken from me all my substance,—I have nothing hidden: you may search my garments, and

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slay me if I lie. But, have mercy on my life. I am a husband and a father: by the souls of your children let me go! Let me share the bread of poverty with my little ones; let them close my eyes, that my dust may be mingled with that of my Miriam, in the land of my forefathers."

"Hang the old tadpole! let him go. Perhaps he has nothing more about him," said one of the bandits.

"May thy days be many!" exclaimed Abednego; "there is mercy in thy soul. I would that something were left me to bestow on thee. But, hold! here is my cloak. Wear it for my sake."

"Thy cloak, villain," said Francesco, laying hands on him, "why, thy very skin is ours; and darest thou talk of giving it to that numskull, the greatest milksop in the band? Give me thy cloak, and this thy gaberdine also."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy!—help! help!" exclaimed the old man, forgetting their menacing injunctions.

"What! thou wouldst betray us, wouldst thou?" said Francesco, seizing him by the throat, and plunging his dagger into his side.

"Hold, villain!" roared forth one of his companions, intercepting the second blow Francesco was aiming at his victim. "Wherefore should his blood be upon us? He has nothing. Let him pursue his way in peace."

But it was too late. The stiletto had passed through his heart, and, sinking with a groan upon the grass, the old man struggled for a moment, and then lay still. Buonaventuro, whose eyes were riveted on the scene, observed that this sudden catastrophe produced a momentary sensation of horror in the whole circle of murderers, who gazed with a blank, subdued look on the blood-stained garments and palled features of the Jew. The shock, however, was of brief duration. For, perceiving that the grey of the morning was advancing, they hastened to take up the corpse, and, retreating into the mill, cast it into the deep channel beneath the great wheel. They then divided the gold between them; after which all the others departed, and Giuseppe, washing his hands, and concealing his plunder about his person, cautiously crept into the house, and resumed his station in the corner where he had lain down in the evening.

Perceiving that all was again still, Buonaventuro now ventured forth from his hiding-place, and, looking wildly about, his imagination converting every inanimate object he saw into a murderer, made his way trembling back to the stable, where his companions were still asleep. Here he sat down, to calm his troubled thoughts, and determine in what manner he should act on the ensuing day's journey, so as not to rouse prematurely the suspicions of Giuseppe, whom he designed to deliver into the hands of justice at the first town they should reach.

Spirit of the Annuals.

SCRAWING.

Miss Edgeworth justly remarks, in her "Essay on Irish Bulls," that, even in the slang of the common Irish, there is a figurative form of expression which that of the common English wants; and to prove it, she exhibits a specimen of both. That of the latter is unintelligible nonsense, where a word of uncouth sound, but utterly of unmeaning import, is substituted as a name for a thing well known; while that of the former is a string of metaphors and ingenious associations. So it is with Irish legends; there is a sense in their extravagance, a meaning or illusion of a very serious and solemn kind, mixed up with some of their wildest fictions, I attended, on one occasion, a funeral in Ireland, and an odd circumstance interrupted the service:—A cow followed the procession for a considerable distance along the road, and when the corpse was about to be interred, rushed in among the people, and attempted to toss the coffin on her horns; and it was with some difficulty she was driven away by the spades and shovels of the sexton. On our return we talked of the extraordinary impression made upon the senses of the animal, whether of sight, or sound, or smell, that had occasioned such an unusual excitement; but one of the company at once accounted for it by confidently asserting that the cow had not been scrawed. On asking him to explain what he meant by the expression, he did so in the following words: "There are three weeks," said he, "before and after Whitsuntide, that are called Trinity-weeks, and three days out of these are called cross-days; for if any thing, whether man or beast, be born on one of those days, it will surely have the blood of some person on it before it dies, barring it's scraw'd. Now, no one can tell which are the three cross-days of the Trinity; so whenever a child is born, or a calf is yeaned, about Whitsuntide, they lay it on the ground, and cut three scraws or sods, which are placed on it, so as that it is buried like, as soon as it comes into the world. After that, it becomes a new thing, and the evil of its ould life is destroyed. A brother's son of my own was born on a Whitsun-Monday, which, they say, is the crossest day in the year, so they thought it right to put the charm on him, and what do you think, but he died before the end of the year."—"Then the charm did him no service, it seems," said I.—"I ax your pardon, sir," said he, "it was all God's doing; he died before he had the blood of a

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Christian on him, which God saw would happen to him if he did not in his mercy take him out of the way. My uncle's widow had a cow which calved on a Whitsun-Tuesday, so the neighbours said the calf ought to be scrawed; but the widow was a woman that got an edication up in Dublin, and she said it was all old woman's stories, and she would not have it done. One said she was right, and another said she was wrong, and at last it was agreed to ask the priest, and be said, as was proper, by his advice. Father Tom had a power of book-larning, surely, and a good man he was, but he had a prejudice like against the customs of the country, and was for setting his face against them; so when he came, he said it was a superstitious folly and the like, and he kicked the scraws into the gripe which they had just cut for the calf. Well, sir, the calf grew to be a cow, and a wicked cow she turned out. The widow's daughter, a slip of a girl about fourteen, was crossing the bawn one morning where she was milking, and the cow suddenly made at her, and she had just time only to clap the half-door of the biar after her, when the cow was upon her, and nearly broke the door to pieces trying to get at her. The mother, after this, repented that she would not suffer the evil thing to be taken out of the cow; but she made the best of a bad bargain, and sould her to a Quaker gentleman, who put her to graze on the hill of Rathcool. A farmer's wife, who lived near the hill, went out one day to buy huckstries, but it was a lone place, and she had far to go before she came to the shop. She was great with child, and near the down-lying, and she left seven more behind her on the floor. When she bought the little things she wanted, she put them in the tail of her petticoat, and turned it over her head, and was returning home over the hill. The cow let her pass till she got to the top, and turned down at the other side, and then she was seen like mad by some labourers digging potatoes, running up the hill after nobody, for the woman had disappeared at the other side. Well, sir, the woman's husband thought it long she was staying from the children, so he set out to look for her, and there he found her at the bottom of the hill quite dead; she was ripped up by the cow, and the twins that she was carrying lying beside her on the grass, and the cow, with her bloody horns, grazing near them."—"That's a sad story," said I.—"It surely is, sir," said the man, "but there's more of it yet. The creatures were brought home on a door, and put into the same coffin, and when they were waking, the cow came from the hill and ran bellowing about the house all night. And the next day, when they were brought to be buried, she followed the funeral to Rathcool churchyard, and when the coffin was laid down, ran in among the people, like the cow to-day, and smelled to it, and it was as much as they could do with the spades and shovels to drive her away, and let the corpses be quietly buried."—"What was done with the cow at last?" said I.—"The neighhours," said he, "saw she was not right, and surely she was possessed by some bad thing on the cross-day, which was never charmed out of her. The woman's husband got a gun, and went to the gentleman that owned her, and insisted on shooting and burying her. The gentleman at first said again it. 'But,' says the man, 'if a Christian is put to death for killing another, why should not a beast, who sent not one but three persons to face their God without any preparation?' So he shot the cow out of hand, and then they dug a hole on the spot and buried her at last under the scraws, which they ought to have done at first, and so prevented all the mischief."—What became of the cow that disturbed our funeral I had no opportunity afterwards of knowing. It is highly probable she was put to death, and buried as possessed of some evil thing. It struck me, however, that regenerating the animal by scrawing, burying the old bad thing supposed to be in it, and so bringing a new creature to life, had its origin in a distorted and figurative view of a solemn religious impression. I found on inquiry, that a mischievons cow had actually done as the man had reported, and the vivid fancy of the people had accounted for it as he said, and treated the beast accordingly.—*The Amulet.*

The Public Journals.

THE FOREST LORD.—A TALE FOR A CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By Mary Howitt.

Now, listen, all ye children dear,
To the tale that I shall tell—
A gentle tale of wondrous things,
That once in France befell.

PART I.

The Brother and Sister.

The brother to the sister spake:—
"There are none who for us care:
Let us go out into the world,
And seek our fortunes there.

"The world is large, I've heard them say,
And wide as it can be;
There must be room, my sister dear,
In it, for thee and me!"

The sister to the brother spake:—
"Oh, brother, dear," she cried,
"We never have known a happy day
Since our sweet mother died.

"Our father lies within the wood,
Beneath the elmin five;—
'Twas a noble life we led i' th' wood,
When the father was alive!

"Our mother lies beneath the sod,
All under the white-rose tree;
And, in all the world, there is never a one
To care for thee and me!"

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Now they have neither house nor land,
Nor gold, nor silver fair;
And none will give a single groat
Unto the lonely pair.

Said one—"Your father lived i' th' wood—
A hunter wild was he;
The while I delved, he shot the deer:—
Ye shall have naught from me!"

Said one—"Your mother pinned her hair
All with a golden pin;
I wore a cureh of linen cloth:—
Ye naught from me shall win."

All angry grew the brother's soul,
But never a word he said,
But he took his sister by the hand,
And to the wood they sped.

And many and many a day they went,
Through the lonesome wood;
And none were there to pity them,
Or give them counsel good.

No house was there that sheltered them—
No kindly hand that fed;
They ate the forest-berries crude,
And the forest was their bed.

And weary, weary grew they both,
As hand in hand they went;
Yet neither to the other told
How they were travel-spent.

At length they saw a noble hart
Fly past them like the wind;
Nor were they aware of hunters strong,
A-riding up behind.

Said the brother, with a merry laugh—
"I'll kill that noble deer,
And make a fire, as we were wont,
And dress the venison here!"

With that he slung a forest-stone,
Like an arrow from a bow—
The flying deer he made a bound,
Then on the turf lay low.

With that uprose a furious cry,
From the hunters fierce and brown;
And each man from his panting steed
Leaped in a moment down.

They seized the brother by the arm—
The sister pale with fear—
And swore that he should die that day,
For killing of the deer.

All with their heavy bows of steel,
The noble boy they beat;
And spurned the sister as she knelt
To pray for mercy sweet.

Then up they took the bleeding deer,
From the greensward where it lay;
And springing to their pawing steeds,
They galloped thence away.

PART II.

The Hall of the Elmin Trees.

Upon a little bed of moss,
The brother pale is sleeping;
And o'er him bends his sister dear—
But she has done with weeping.

"He will not die," she whispers low;
"He looks not like our mother,
Nor like our father when he died—
I shall not lose my brother!"

And then from off the bushes green,
Within the forest woody,
She gathered beeries many a one,
All juicy, ripe, and ruddy.

And honey from the wild-bees' nest—
She knew he loved it dearest;
And roots that had a healing power,
And water of the clearest.

She twined the leafy branches round—
A greenwood chamber making;

Then sate she down among the moss,
To wait for his awaking.

All day he slept; but with the eve
He woke, and laugh'd outright;
For his cruel pains had left him then,
And he was healed quite.

"Now," said the little sister dear,
"About this spot we'll bide;
The savage hunters come not here,
A-riding in their pride."

Then her brother turned him round about,
And "Sister dear," quoth he,
"I'll make those savage hunters yet
To have a fear of me!"

Then he took his sister by the hand,
And onward did they go,
Until they came to the elmins five,
That over the grave did grow;

Until they came to the white-rose tree
That blossom'd all the year:
Then spoke the brother, stern and strong,
Unto the sister dear—

"Five wands from off the elmin trees"—
And he cut them while he spake—
"Five wands from off the elmin trees
My forest-hall shall make.

"And a rose from off the white-rose tree"—
And he plucked the while a flower—
"One rose from off the white-rose tree
Shall make for thee a bower.

"The Duke is lord in Burgundy,
The King o'er France doth reign—
But I'll be lord of the forest wide,
And lead a gallant train!"

Then he took his sister by the hand,
And back again did go,
Unto the quiet place that lay
Within the forest low.

And the five wands of the elmin trees
He stuck into the ground;
And the leaves from off the white rose
He scattered all around.

And aye they grew, and aye they thruv;
And a wonder 'twas to see
The five dry wands of elmin wood,
Each shot into a tree.

And every leaf of that white rose
It sprang into a flower:
And the flowers all into trees did grow,
And made a lady's bower.

And the five tops of the elmin trees
He tied into a dome:
"And this," the noble brother spake,
"Shall be our forest-home."

PART III.

The Forest Lord.

"Now, who is it that rules this land?"
A holy hermit cried;—
"Who is the lord of this green wood;
For here I would abide?"

"'Tis a noble boy," the people said,
"Who now doth rule the wood:
Thou mayst scoop thy cell, and bless thy well,
For he will do thee good!"

"Now, who is he that rules this land?"
A peasant-man did cry;
"For our liege lord is stern and bad,
And hither I would fly!"

"'Tis a noble youth," the people spake;
"Thou need'st not be afraid,
For all oppressed and injured men
Fly unto him for aid.

"And he hath a band of merry men,
Who under the branches fare—
'Tis a pleasant life that he and his men
Lead in the forest there!"

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"Now, where is one shall do me right?"
A widow pale she cried:
"Oh, where is one to take my part,
Against a man of pride!"

"Come down with us to the forest green,
To the hall of the elmin tree;
Come down with us!" the people cried,
"And a champion thou shalt see!"

All down in the forest green and still
What joy it was to go;
And to see all round, among the trees,
A hamlet still and low!

To see the women at their doors,
A-spinning in the sun,
And the brawny peasants wrestling,
When the daily work was done!

What joy to hear the hermit's hymn
Come from his mossy cell;
And to see the bending traveller
Drink at the wayside well!

What joy to hear the happy voice
Of children at their play;
Or the quiet low of peaceful herds
That in the forest stray!

But a greater joy it was to see,
All clothed in forest-green,
The sister dear so beautiful,
That was fit to be a queen.

But the greatest joy of all it was,
The noble boy to see,
Who thus his pleasant dwelling made
Within the forest free!

The savage hunters fear him now,
Who were so fierce afore;
For sternly thus the boy he spoke—
"These men shall hunt no more!

"Now go ye down, my fellows brave,
And out these hunters seek;
For not again these cruel men
Shall lord it o'er the weak!"

They took those hunters in their den—
Those cruel men of blood;
And trembling, pale, and terrified,
Before the boy they stood.

"We did not know, indeed," said they,
"That thou wouldst be a king;
We did not know, or else, be sure,
We had not done this thing!"

The noble boy grew darkly red—
"Now shame upon you fall!"
Said he, "for that ye have misused
The feeble and the small!

"Ye shall be men of power no more,
As ye were wont to be—
Ye shall be poor and weak yourselves,
And subject unto me!"

He made them plough the forest bower;
The wood he made them fell;
And, for the feeble and the poor,
Fetch water from the well.

The Duke was lord of Burgundy
The King in France did reign;
But the Boy he was the forest-lord,
And led a gallant train!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Gatherer.

Wine and Water. — A water-drinking squire would fain have persuaded some of his brother squires to adopt his specific, as the only certain preventive of gout; but in this he met with poor success. I was once witness to his reducing one of them by degrees to half a pint of sherry, and he began to flatter himself the victory was gained. But approaching him one morning with a very hypochondriac countenance, his refractory patient thus addressed him: "I really think, my good friend, I am too far gone for all this." And so he was; for that very evening he returned to his bottle, the next to two bottles, and in a very few years to the dust from whence he sprang.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The late Major Cartwright.—The monument erected in Finchley churchyard, over the remains of Major Cartwright, has recently been pulled down, and a much more splendid one substituted. It bears the following inscription:—"In this place are deposited the remains of John Cartwright, the son of William and Ann Cartwright, Commander in the Royal Navy, and many years Major in the Nottingham Militia. He was the author of various works on legislation; the earliest, most strenuous, and disinterested Reformer of his time; the intrepid advocate of liberty, whose labours for the public good terminated only with his life, on the 23rd of September, 1834; aged 84. Also the remains of his beloved wife, Anne Catherine Cartwright, who died on the 21st of December, 1834."

M. Hersart de la Villemarque, a student of the *Ecole des Chartes*, has lately discovered in the sacristan of the parish of the Montagnes-Noires, the precious Ossianic poems of the bard Guin-Clen, supposed to have been the famous Merlin, so celebrated in legendary romance. M. Guizot intends to have those valuable relics translated and published.

The Stuarts were a wrong-headed race or had to rule a vicious people. James I. was assassinated; James II. was killed by accident; James III. was murdered; James IV. was killed at Flodden; James V. died of grief; Henry, Lord Darnley, was murdered; his wife, Queen Mary, was beheaded by Elizabeth; Charles I. was beheaded; James II. died in exile; the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded.

An engineer of Brest has just invented a piece of mechanism to propel ships, and which will be concealed under water.

Since the establishment of Temperance Societies in America, 1,500,000 individuals have been incorporated in those societies; 12,000 noted drunkards have reformed; 4,000 distilleries have been suppressed; 8,000 dealers in spirits have taken down their signboards, and 1,200 trading vessels have abstained from taking in cargoes of spirits.—*Paris Advertiser.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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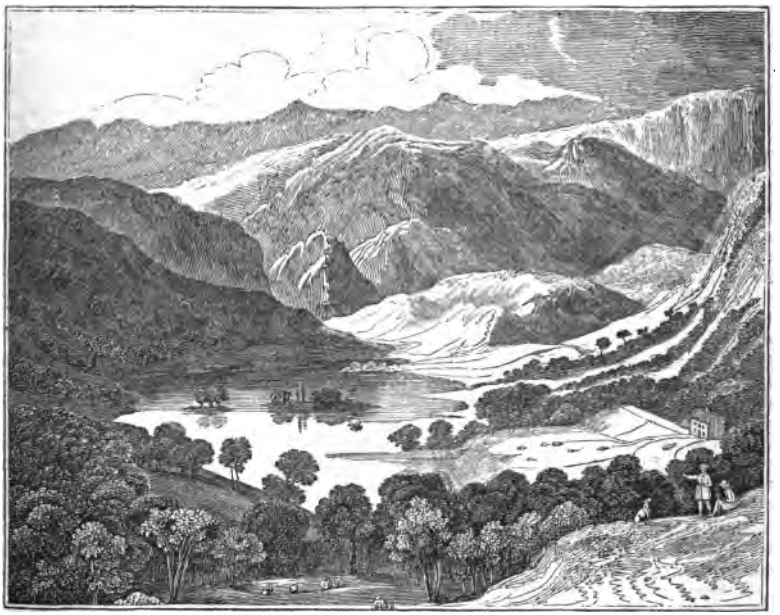

RYDAL LAKE,
AND RESIDENCE OF THE POET WORDSWORTH,

WESTMORELAND.

The eye of this picturesque elysium is Rydal Lake, with its gracefully indented boundary-line, and its pair of clustered islets. Though small, this is in many respects, one of the most interesting lakes in the north of England; for, its comparatively small size is favourable to the production of variegated landscape. It lies, like the eye, or window, of this lovely scene: its form appears to be that of the perfect lake, when it least resembles that of a river;—when being looked at from any given point, where the whole may be seen at once, the width of it bears such a proportion to the length, that, however the outline may be diversified by far-shooting bays, it never assumes the shape of a river; and is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling which belongs peculiarly to the lake—as a body of still water under the influence of no current; reflecting, therefore, the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also, and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds—

> The visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
> Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
> Into the bosom of the *steady* lake.

Rydal Lake almost to a certainty will attract the eye of the traveller, when about a mile and a half from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick. The water is principally fed by the river Rotha,* flowing from Grasmere Lake on the west, which makes its exit on the opposite side, and falls into Windermere.

At the foot of Rydal Mount, on the right of our Engraving, has Wordsworth, the poet of nature, fixed his abode for several years past. Rydal Head, the summit of the mountain, is of great height, its craggy peaks being intermixed with small trees and bushes;

* Wordsworth has sung a sonnet to this river:—

"Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood," &c.

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lower down, thick copse-wood clothes the sides, which are studded with small ivied cottages. The hills on the opposite side of the lake are less lofty, but equally variegated in their forms and tints; their bases being thickly covered with dark wood, and stretching to the water's edge.

But, the beauties of this portion will be better told in Wordsworth's own poetic prose:—

The form of the mountains are endlessly diversified, sweeping easily or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but, in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and their colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general surface of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. Sometimes the turf, as in the neighbourhood of Newlands, is little broken, the whole covering being soft and downy pasturage. In other places rocks predominate; the soil is laid bare by torrents and burstings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains; and occasionally their perpendicular sides are seamed by ravines (formed also by rains and torrents) which, meeting in angular points, intrench and scar over the surface with numerous figures like the letters W and Y.

The mountains are composed of the stone, by mineralogists, termed schist, which, as you approach the plain country, gives place to lime-stone and free-stone; but schist being the substance of the mountains, the predominant colour of their rocky parts is bluish, or hoary grey—the general tint of the lichens with which the bare stone is incrusted. With this blue or grey colour is frequently intermixed a red tinge, proceeding from the iron that interveins the stone, and impregnates the soil. The iron is the principle of decomposition in these rocks; and hence, when they become pulverized, the elementary particles crumbling down overspread in many places the steep and almost precipitous sides of the mountains with an intermixture of colours, like the compound hues of a dove's neck. When, in the heat of advancing summer, the fresh green tint of the herbage has somewhat faded, it is again revived by the appearance of the fern profusely spread every where; and, upon this plant, more than upon anything else, do the changes which the seasons make in the colouring of the mountains depend. About the first week in October, the rich green, which prevailed through the whole summer is usually passed away. The brilliant and various colours of the fern are then in harmony with the autumnal woods; bright yellow or lemon colour, at the base of the mountains, melting gradually, through orange, to a dark russet brown towards the summits, where the plant being more exposed to the weather, is in a more advanced state of decay. Neither heath nor furze are generally found upon the sides of these mountains, though in some places they are richly adorned by them. We may add, that the mountains are of height sufficient to have the surface towards the summits softened by distance, and to imbibe the finest aëriel hues. In common also with other mountains, their apparent forms and colours are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect, indeed, of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic. I have seen six or seven rigdes rising above each other, all created in a moment by the vapours upon the side of a mountain, which, in its ordinary appearance, showed not a projecting point to furnish even a hint for such an operation.*

How congenial must such scenery be to the poet who, as Mr. Hazlitt says, "has made nature a kind of home, and may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart: no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years.—

"To him the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eye as an old acquaintance: the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early youth not to be expressed: a linnet's nest startles him with boyish delight: an old, withered thorn is weighed down with a heap of recollections: a grey cloak, seen on some wild moor, torn by the wind, or drenched in the rain, afterwards becomes an object of imagination to him: even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way, and with an intensity of feeling, that no one else had done before him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is, in this sense, the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared; for they have no substitute elsewhere. * * * There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity, infused into his pastoral vein. Remote from the passions and events of the great world, he has communicated interest and dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and ingrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts of hinds and shepherds. Nursed amidst the grandeur of mountain scenery, he has stooped to have a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or plucked a branch of white-thorn from the

* Description of the Country of the Lakes, appended to the River Duddon Sonnets.

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spray: but in describing it, his mind seems imbued with the majesty and solemnity of the objects around him—the tall rock lifts its head in the erectness of his spirit; the cataract roars in the sound of his verse; and in its dim and mysterious meaning, the mists seem to gather in the hollows of Helvellyn, and the forked Skiddaw hovers in the distance. There is little mention of mountainous scenery in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but by internal evidence one might be almost sure that it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness, and its depth!"

We could quote further to the purpose, but must reserve for our Notice of the Poet's Life, to accompany a Portrait of Mr. Wordsworth, which forms the Frontispiece to the present volume. Meanwhile, the prefixed view of the Poet's Retreat will, doubtless, be acceptable to all lovers of poetry and the picturesque. The original is one of Mr. Westall's admirable *Views of Great Britain.*

THE NIGER.

The following interesting letter on the subject of the Niger, from a medical officer on board his Majesty's ship Dryad, to a gentleman in Arbroath, appeared some time since, in the *Montrose Review*:—"The river Nunn, you will perceive on examining the map, is situated among a cluster of other rivers, a little to the eastward of Cape Formosa, which forms the eastern boundary of the Bight of Benin. From some circumstances which occurred, I was induced to make a few inquiries concerning the termination of these rivers, and I have ascertained, by the most unquestionable evidence, that all the streams which fall into the sea, from Cape Formosa to the old Calabar river inclusive, are united together by cross branches and intermediate streams, at no great distance from the sea, and that consequently, they may all be said to be mouths of the Niger. Such a fact is interesting, and the following are some of my proofs:—The extreme flatness of the country, and the numerous streams which may be seen to intersect it in all directions, even by ships landing close to the shore; the frequent and well-known arrival at the river Bonny of canoes from Duke Ephraim, (a chief of the old Calabar river,) by some inland branch, without even seeing the ocean; the frequent arrival also of canoes from the Nunn at the Bonny by similar means; and the statements of some of the most intelligent natives, who assure me that there is a great inland trade in slaves, ivory, palm-oil, and British manufactures, carried on through the medium of these streams uniting the principal rivers."

W. G. C.

NOTES FROM RECENT TOURS.

COLOGNE AND BONN.

In Cologne there is much to amuse during a short sojourn; to say nothing of the cathedral and the numerous and interesting churches of various dates, their pictures and their relics,—the many remaining monuments of the industry of its original possessors, the Romans, offer subjects for investigation to the inquiring traveller of no common interest, and afford matter for much and wholesome reflection; Cologne is not, however, a clean town; the open drains, by which the streets are everywhere traversed, fill the air with a multitude of offensive odours, and though I cannot to the letter verify the words of Coleridge, who says

> In Koeln, a town of monks and bones,
> And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
> And hags, and rags, and dirty wenches,
> I counted two and seventy stenches.

I did most certainly define and clearly identify from twenty-five to thirty.

Nothing, perhaps, appears more singular to the stranger, on entering the town, than the number of establishments for the sale of that, according to their account, universal panacea, and not-to-be-too-much-valued menstruum—*Eau de Cologne*; each professing to have no connexion with the other, but all conducted under one name—that of the renowned and apparently everywhere present *Jean Marie Farina*. Some are undoubtedly branches of the parent tree—chips of the old block—but many, ay the greater part, have not the least relationship. The way in which the imposition is, with some show of justice, maintained, is this:—when a new speculator purposes to open a *boutique* for the sale of this water, knowing that under any other cognomen failure would be certain, he sends to a particular district in Italy, where the name of *Farina* is common, and thence obtains a child from parents who bear it, mostly in extreme poverty, under whose title the establishment is conducted.

A ride of two hours brings you to Bonn, with its cathedral, its museum, its school, and scholars. Bonn scholars!—what a host of strange forms are conjured up to recollection by the words: figure to yourself, gentle reader, a stalwart youth, of twenty-two or thereabouts, encased by a coat of velveteen with many and oddly situated pockets; his cheeks and eyes but indistinctly seen through the dark and curling hair with which his face and neck, discovered by his loosely-tied cravat, are covered; and on his head, a hat of straw with long and pointed crown, around the sides of which, flowers of divers hue are wound fantastically. In one hand place a pipe from three to four feet long, in the other a portfolio, and on his heels spurs of curious make; figure to yourself, I say, a being thus accoutred, ofttimes followed by a *bull dog* of

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monstrous size, and you will have a generally correct notion of a Bonn student. A skull-cap, of ordinary make, in some cases takes the place of the beflowered hat, but in all other points the description will universally apply. In their thoughts and habits they are as strange as in their dress: they travel much on foot and, habited as I have said, with knapsack on their backs and pipe in their mouths, may be met hundreds of miles from their college, seeking information and *beer;* in which latter they mostly so indulge, that by 100 students who went, during my stay amongst them, for a day's excursion on the mountains, no less than *a thousand* bottles of beer were drunk. With them, whatever *is*, is wrong! their amusements, their modes of study, are not as others—they are by themselves, and henceforth I will divide humanity into men, women, and Bonn students.

Immediately at the back of the town is the mountain of Kreuzberg, from which is obtained a view most varied and superb; and under the chapel on its summit is the often-mentioned cave, containing bodies of deceased monks (once thereto appertaining), which are in perfect preservation: of this, however, anon. G. G. Jun.

Darmstadt.

SUNSET ON THE LAKE LEMAN.

. . . . Leaving Lausanne in the afternoon, we passed slowly, (Voituriers are not remarkable for speed) along the margin of the Lake. The air was cool and pleasant—the scenery most enlivening: the waters of the Lake were gently ruffled by the zephyr which skimmed over its surface; on the opposite shore rose towering to the skies the snow-clad members of the gigantic Alps—most appropriate scenery for the display of that magnificence which the two rulers of day and night put forth on that evening.

At the extremity of the Lake toward Geneva, the sun was setting, arrayed in glory, behind the Alps, whose bold outline was finely penciled on a sky of deepening red. The Lake below glittered with gold in the broad line of light, which the declining luminary threw across its waters.

At the other extremity the moon was rising behind mountains, whose dark and mysterious forms were dimly shadowed out in the gloom. Here a broad belt of glistening silver seemed to gird the Lake, as its waters gently rippled in the moonbeam.

No description, much less the imperfect one here presented, can possibly give an adequate idea of the magnificence of the scene.

E. C.

SUNRISE ON THE RIGI.

From the village of Art, accompanied by a guide and furnished with poles, we set out on our expedition to the summit of the Rigi, some of our party being on horseback and others on foot.

Arriving at the foot of the mountain, we began our ascent by a steep and precipitous path through wooded scenery, which became more and more wild and interesting as we proceeded. The advance of our cavalcade, (consisting of ladies, the lively colours of whose shawls and dresses mingled very agreeably with the green luxuriance of the trees,) as it wound slowly up the steep ascent above our heads, not a little added to the romantic appearance of the scene. Half way up we stopped to refresh ourselves and our horses at a chalêt, and after night-fall arrived at the Hospice, (an establishment somewhat resembling the celebrated one of St. Bernard's,) where we procured lights, and thence continued our journey along the ridge, which forms a gradual ascent to the Rigi Culm, or summit of the Rigi. In traversing this ridge the pedestrians of our party, ignorant of course of the road, were in no small danger of falling down a precipice which bounds one side of it. They were obliged to feel their way with the poles, since the lantern carried by the guide, afforded barely light sufficient to show the danger, without enabling us to avoid it. We arrived late at the inn which is built on the highest point of the Rigi—5,676 feet above the level of the sea, and 4,356 above the Lake of Zug.

The next morning, while wrapt in a slumber rendered doubly sound by the fatigues of the previous day, we were suddenly roused by a cry of "The sun is rising! the sun is rising!" Eager to behold the sight we all rushed out upon the platform at the side of the inn. We there beheld a singularly magnificent spectacle: above was a clear, blue sky—below rolled the clouds, resembling a vast and troubled ocean, out of which rose, like precipitous and barren islets, the summits of Mount Pilate, the Simplon chain, and other giants of the Alpine family; the country below was concealed from our view—we seemed, indeed, to stand in another world. Upon this chaotic scene rose the sun in all its splendour, tinging with a roseate hue, the distant summits of the snow-capped Alps. After the sun had risen about an hour, a rainbow appeared in the clouds beneath, leaving to us above merely the form of a small arch.

The clouds dispersing, revealed the country beneath, which was spread out like a map before us. At our feet was the Lake of Lucerne, or rather the Lake of the Four Cantons. The eye wandering over an immense tract of country, took in at one view the Lakes of Brieng, Thun, and many others, (we counted at least eight), which were here and there spread upon the face of a landscape, undulated with green valleys, dotted with towns

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and villages, and intersected with innumerable streams.

In the course of the morning we descended the Rigi by a path far more precipitous than that by which we had ascended the mountain, to Kusnach, passing, on our way, a chapel built on the spot where the hero of Switzerland shot Gesler. E. C.

The Naturalist.

SNAKES—BY WATERTON.

It often happens that a man turns round and runs away when he has come suddenly upon a snake, "retroque pedem cum voce repressit;" while the disturbed snake itself is obliged, through necessity, (as I shall show by and by,) to glide in the same path which the man has taken. The man, seeing this, runs away at double speed, fancying that he is pursued by the snake. If he would only have the courage to stand still, and would step sideways on the snake's coming up to him, he might rest secure that it would not attack him, provided that he, on his part, abstained from provoking it. I once laid hold of a serpent's tail as it was crossing the path before me; and then, as might be expected, it immediately raised itself and came at me, and I had to fight it for my pains; but, until I had seized its tail, it showed no inclination whatever either to chase me or to attack me. Had I been ignorant of the habits of snakes, I should certainly have taken myself off as soon as I perceived that it was approaching the place where I was standing; and then I should have told every body that I had been pursued by a serpent, and had had to run for my life. This snake was ten feet long.

In 1820, on my way to the interior of Guiana, I accompanied Mr. President Rough to the hospitable house of Archibald Edmonstone, Esq., in Hobbabba Creek, which falls into the river Demerara. We had just sat down to breakfast. I was in the act of apologizing for appearing barefoot, and in a check shirt, alleging, by way of excuse, that we were now in the forest, when a negro came running up from the swamp, and informed us that a large snake had just seized a tame Muscovy duck. My lance, which was an old bayonet on the end of a long stick, being luckily in a corner of the room, I laid hold of it in passing, and immediately ran down to the morass. The president and his son followed; and I think that Mr. Edmonstone, and his late lamented brother joined them. As the scene of action was within a few yards of the ground on which they stood, they had a full view of all that passed, from the commencement of the fray up to its final close. A number of trees had been felled in the swamp, and the snake had retreated among them. I walked on their boles, and stepped from branch to branch, every now and then getting an imperfect sight of the snake. Sometimes I headed him, and sometimes I was behind him, as he rose and sank, and lurked in the muddy water. During all this time, he never once attempted to spring at me, because I took care to manœuvre in a way not to alarm him. At last, having observed a favourable opportunity, I made a thrust at him with the lance; but I did it in a bungling manner, for I only gave him a slight wound. I had no sooner done this, than he instantly sprang at my left buttock, seized the Russia sheeting trousers with his teeth, and coiled his tail round my right arm. All this was the work of a moment. Thus accoutred, I made my way out of the swamp, while the serpent kept his hold of my arm and trousers with the tenacity of a bull-dog.

As many travellers are now going up and down the world in quest of zoological adventures, I could wish to persuade them that they run no manner of risk in being seized ferociously by an American racer snake, provided they be not the aggressors: neither need they fear of being called to an account for intruding upon the amours of the rattlesnake. The racer's exploits must evidently have been invented long ago, by some anxious, old grandmother, in the back woods of the United States, to deter her grandchildren from straying into the wilds. The account of the rattlesnake's amours is an idle fabrication as old as the hills. When I was a lad, it was said, how that, in the plains of Cayenne, quantities of snakes were to be seen knotted together, and how that, on the approach of man, they would immediately dissolve company, and make the rash intruder pay for his curiosity far more severely than Diana of old made Actæon pay for an ill-timed peep. She merely changed the hunter into a stag: they chased the man, and barbarously stung him to death.

When a man is ranging the forest, and sees a serpent gliding towards him, (which is a very rare occurrence,) he has only to take off in a side direction, and he may be perfectly assured that it will not follow him. Should the man, however, stand still, and should the snake be one of those overgrown monsters capable of making a meal of a man, in these cases, the snake would pursue its course; and, when it got sufficiently near to the place where the man was standing, would raise the fore part of its body in a retiring attitude, and then dart at him, and seize him. A man may pass within a yard of rattlesnakes with safety, provided he goes quietly; but, should he irritate a rattlesnake, or tread incautiously upon it, he would infallibly receive a wound from its fang; though, by the by, with the point of that fang curved downwards, not upwards. Should I ever be chased by a snake, I should really be inclined

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to suspect that it was some slippery emissary of Beelzebub; for I will forfeit my ears, if any of old Dame Nature's snakes are ever seen to chase either man or beast. They know better than to play pranks, which the dame has peremptorily forbidden.

In the village of Walton there is a cross road known by the name of Blind Lane. One summer's evening, as an old woman, named Molly Mokeson, was passing up the causeway in this lane, a man, by name Wilson, saw a snake gliding onwards in the same direction.—"Molly," said he, "look! there's a snake running after you."—She turned her head to see what was the matter; and, on observing the snake approaching, fear "seized her withered veins." After getting some twenty yards further up the causeway, she took refuge in a neighbour's house, and sat down in silent apprehension, not having breath enough to tell her troubles. In the meantime, Wilson had followed up the snake, and being without a stick, he had tried repeatedly to kick it, but had always missed his mark. All of a sudden, the snake totally disappeared. Now, the true solution of this chase is nothing more or less than that the snake had been disturbed by the old woman, and had taken its departure for some other place, but, on seeing a man coming up from behind, it had glided harmlessly along the path which the old woman had taken; and then, to save its life, it had slipped into the weeds in the hedge-bottom.

Nothing was talked of in the village, but how that Molly Mokeson had been chased by the devil; for, the good people of Walton, wiser in their generation than the sages of Philadelphia, never dreamed of taking this animal for a real snake; knowing full well that snakes are not in the habit of chasing men or women. I was consulted on the important affair; and I remarked, with great gravity, that there was something very strange and awful in it.—"If," said I, "Molly has unfortunately been interfering with any other woman's witchcraft; or if she has been writing words with her own blood; or, above all, if there was a strong smell of brimstone in the lane at the time of the chase, then, and in that case, there is too much reason to fear that the thing which Wilson took for a snake was an imp from the bottomless pit, sent up here, no doubt, by the king of sulphur, on some wicked and mischievous errand."—Poor old Molly is still alive, but nature is almost done within her; and she is now rarely seen on the cold side of the threshold. Many a time have I bantered old Molly on this serpentine apparition; but she would only shake her head and say, she wished she had been at home that evening, instead of going up Blind Lane.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Manners and Customs.

THE ARABS IN ETHIOPIA.

Dongolah, or more properly New Dongolah, is, on many accounts, the most interesting province of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia. Approaching it by the Nile, some of the islands in the district are very rich. Mr. Hoskins, in his recent Travels, remarked, on one, numerous sugar-canes; and, in several, a mode of irrigating the land unknown in Egypt, and displaying more skill than is usual in the Pacha's dominions. The ground near the Persian wheels is often very uneven, and cannot be levelled without considerable labour: the natives, therefore, form aqueducts with stakes or pieces of wood, and place them on the conduit, which is made of earth. These aqueducts are extremely picturesque, as well as ingenious, being, in general, neatly constructed, and covered with grass. All the water-courses in the country are carefully kept. The peasants are invariably well clothed, and appear in easy circumstances: they may be occasionally seen assembled in the evening under palm-trees, smoking, and sometimes drinking a cup of Abyssinian coffee, their greatest luxury.

The population of Dongolah is estimated at 50,000 persons. The chief town has far more the appearance of a capital, than any place Mr. Hoskins has seen in Ethiopia. The citadel is fortified with walls and towers sufficient to defend it from the attacks of the Arabs, but not long against an European army. There are a few pieces of cannon, and there is generally a garrison of from 300 to 800 men, but most commonly from invalid regiments, that have suffered by the more unhealthy climates of Kordofan, Khartoun, and Sennaar, and are sent here as unfit for any other service. A hospital has been in part built; there are several *cafés* in the town; one is very handsome, large, airy, and furnished with a divan covered with carpets. Here the lazy Turks kill the day: smoking, seeing the people pass by, playing draughts and other games, and drinking coffee and sherbet.

The bazaar of Dongolah is well stocked; the articles for sale consisting of stuffs, silk, linen, and cotton; red Turkish caps, shoes, glassware, cures for ophthalmia; and a variety of pipes, from the handsome Persian anguilles and long Turkish pipes, with their amber mouthpieces, worth two or three pounds each, to the humble pipe of the peasant, value threepence; coarse thread and common needles; salt, clear as crystal; cases for amulets, such as the women wear round their necks, and the men on their arms; coffee from Mocha and Abyssinia; loaf sugar, white and brown; tamarinds, from Sennaar and Kordofan; and a variety of arms, sabres,

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lances, daggers, and pistols; in every shop are on sale, spices and ginger, cloves, coriander seed, sandal-wood, and a kind of kernels, seemingly of cherries, said to be brought from Italy; the natives extracting oil from them. With the spices they make ointment for the skin; with which Mr. Hoskins saw persons smeared, as if they had been dipped in butter. He likewise saw Arabs of the desert place two or three pounds of mutton fat on their heads, and walk on till the sun had melted it, when not only the head and face were covered with the liquid grease, but it flowed in streams down their backs. They consider their ointments conducive to health, especially after fatigue. There is an old custom still kept up in the country:—when an Arab or Turk arrives in a village after a fatiguing day's journey, he generally gets a slave to rub him for half an hour all over with ointment. It is pleasant and refreshing, cooling, and softening to the skin, which has been burnt and dried up by the scorching winds of the desert.

Mr. Hoskins also saw in the bazaar, common looking-glasses, and glass and other beads. There are several separate markets for slaves, men, women, boys, girls, and eunuchs.

Our traveller observed a custom which is peculiar to this district: the peasant girls and the men bring from the country small quantities of grain and other produce, which they exchange for perfumes, and spices for their hair and persons. This is conformable to our European idea of remote and uncivilized people carrying on commerce simply by barter. In the bazaar, however, Mr. Hoskins was shown some rudely shaped pieces of iron, said to be the money of Darfour. In one of the shops, he saw a shabbily dressed fellow, squatted on the ground, with a few, miserable tools before him on a board. He imagined him to be a joiner, but was surprised to find him the first of the goldsmiths in Dongolah; he told Mr. Hoskins his watch was not gold, for he had never seen gold so dark-coloured. He could not work European gold; but generally employed the gold of Sennaar, which is of a superior quality, and pliable and malleable, like lead.

Most of the houses of the Arab peasants of Dongolah are of mud, that is, the alluvial soil of the Nile mixed with cow and horse-manure; the latter is much used: straw is rarely added. Many of the houses in the country, built of dourah straw, are extremely picturesque. The two annexed views, from Mr. Hoskins's plates, will give the reader a good idea of their construction, and also their inhabitants. The lordly Turk is smoking on the only angouzeeb in the house; one man is grinding on a stone, for his lazy wife, whose business it is considered to be, merely as much dourah as will suffice for their mid-day and evening meal; and others are occupied in making and drinking their favourite beverage, the bouza.

The wives are generally virtuous and gay; their greatest delight is listening to the tales of the country, which, though simple, are full of imagery, and have, in the Arab language, a peculiar charm. Mr. Hoskins has translated one of these stories, which he heard related by a little Ababde girl of thirteen; and even at an earlier age, their memories are stored with similar narratives, which, if any one had the disposition and the leisure to collect them, would form an interesting supplement to the celebrated One Thousand and One Nights.

A Tale of Dongolah.

Amnah was the most lovely of the daughters of the Nile: fair as the sand of the desert, the gazelle was not more elegant in form, or more graceful in its movements. Her bust was beautiful, and her skin soft and pliant to the touch. Her face was as the light of day: her eyes were bright as the stars; her teeth whiter than the polished ivory; and a lovely and ever-constant smile illumined her countenance. Nature had done her utmost: Fortune equalled her rival in loading her with its favours. Her necklaces were numerous, and of the finest gold; and great was the weight of gold on her wrists and ankles. Her hair was beautifully plaited, and decorated with the largest and rarest pearls, and broad plates of gold above her forehead; and two large and most precious ornaments set with diamonds hung gracefully from her ears. Her rat (cincture) presented every variety of colour; the skin of the hippopotamus was never cut so fine; it was ornamented with the most curious shells and pieces of gold and silver, attached coquettishly in the most becoming manner; and the border of the rat around her waist consisted of coral and pearls. From her waist to her knees, only, this graceful ornament skreened her form; and there was not one of the youths of the village and of the neighbourhood, who had ever seen Amnah, who did not sigh, and regret bitterly his being unworthy that her rat should be broken for him.—"The houris of the paradise of the prophet cannot," said they, "be more enchanting, endowed with such ravishing beauty, or such extraordinary talents."—She was, at the same time, the gayest of the gay, and also acquainted with all the learning of her tribe. Her father and other travellers had related to her the history and customs of other countries, and from them she had learned the traditions and wars of her native land. Every passage of the Koran was familiar to her; and it was whispered she had devoted herself secretly to the study of astrology, (el ahlem el felek,) and the more hidden sciences of the Arabians. At midnight, she was often seen alone, gazing

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(Exterior of an Ethiopian Cottage.)

at the heavens; and for this reason the homage she received for her beauty and understanding was blended with a certain feeling almost approaching to fear. Too beautiful, pure, and learned to be of this world, she was considered by the ignorant peasants more as an angel of light, (melik e' nour,) than a frail inhabitant of earth. At the death of her father, after she had accompanied his remains to the grave, and for some time had lamented his loss, Amnah, weary of the constraint to which her sex subjected her, and anxious to visit those scenes which she had so often heard described, left her native village. The morning after her departure, at the entrance of a small town, she observed an old man covered with vermin.—"My father!" said she, "let me free you from those tormentors;" and she began killing the animals, until suddenly the man fell dead at her feet.—"It is the will of God!" she exclaimed, and immediately dressed herself in his clothes, and pursued her journey. Thus disguised, and safe by the power of magic from detection, she procured a dromedary swift as the wind, and visited the different regions she had heard described; sometimes joining one caravan, and sometimes another. The immense treasures on her person were little diminished by this expense; when, one day, the people of the caravan with which she travelled perceived a cloud of sand approaching them, and shortly afterwards distinguised a troop of horsemen at full gallop. Amnah and her companions urged on their camels, but, finally, finding flight useless, they endeavoured to hide themselves in a large well, which the heat of the summer had dried up. But the horsemen had seen them enter, and delighted to have their prey secured, they offered to the young leader of their band his choice, whether he would have for his portion the first or the last of the persons whom they should find in the well. Their chief, named Mustapha, was only twenty-one years of age, but renowned for his skill in the use of the matchlock, the sabre, and the lance. His shield, of the hide of the hippopotamus, was almost useless; for, with his sabre he parried the blows of his enemies; with a slanting cut of his Damascus blade, which his father, who had travelled far towards the north, had brought him, he separated the limbs of his foes, and even severed the iron chain. At the shake of his lance all fled before him; and never was a matchlock in more skilful hands. In form, he was the perfection of manly beauty and vigour, and his mind was richly endowed, displaying a judgment beyond his years, and greater presence of mind in danger than the oldest warrior. The Koran he knew by heart and his chief delight was in listening to the traditions of his country. Young and generous, he could never repress his indignation at the recital, of the evil deeds of the tyrants who had reigned over the land; his eyes kindled with enthusiasm, and his cheeks glowed with pleasure and emulation, when they told him of the valorous exploits of his ancestors, their generosity and hospitality. Like the rest of his race, much of his time was spent in excursions against the tribes with whom they were at war. Perceiving where the caravan had taken refuge, Mustapha, having the first choice allowed to him, said, "I will take for my share the captive at the extremity of the well: he who has most to lose will have fled the furthest."—His companions cast lots for their portions. Some had young women; others, young, active, male slaves: all with some treasure. None were apparently so unfortunate as Mustapha

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(Interior of an Ethiopian Cottage.)

who found, at the extremity of the well, Amnah, disguised as an old man, miserably clad, the picture of poverty. His companions, with the freedom of friends, rallied him on the wisdom of his choice, in the following lines, which one of them sang, and the others joined in chorus:—

"Our chief, what wisdom he has shown,
God has blessed him with great judgment.
O, what a prize he has gained!
So young and so active a slave;
So splendid and costly his dress;
So sweet the scent of his body!
Our chief, &c.

"He will lead your horse to the field;
Give you your lances in battle,
And ward off the treacherous blow.
Our chief, what wisdom he has shown!
God has blessed him with great judgment.
O, what a prize he has gained!"

Mustapha bore good-naturedly the jests of his companions, and not wishing to appear to despise the gift of Providence, although apparently useless, he led to his castle, as prisoner, the disguised Amnah. On his arrival, he asked her what she could do:—"Can you cut wood?" said he.—"No," replied Amnah, "I have no strength: see you not that my arm is shrivelled up with age?"—"Can you carry it?" said the chief.—"No," she said, "my back is already double; I should sink under the lightest weight."—"Can you guard the cows or sheep?"—"Alas, no!" replied Amnah; "they walk too fast and far for me."—"Can you clean the horses?"—"I know not how."—"Can you wash the sand for gold-dust?"—"My eyes are not good enough."—"You are too dirty to make bread. Can you attend the geese?"—"I think I can," said Amnah; "at all events, I will try."—Mustapha gave her for a companion a dumb youth, called Yabebe. After some days, when Yabebe was bathing in the river, Amnah took off her disguise, and showed herself to the astonished peasant, as the perfection of beauty, covered with gold and precious stones, her hair ornamented with fine pearls and plates of gold, and her earrings studded with diamonds: laughing, she sang to him the following lines:—

"Open your eyes, Yabebe:
See! I am young and lovely,
Covered with gold all over;
My necklace of gold,
My earrings of gold,
My bracelets of gold,
And gold round my arms,
And gold round my legs,
Gold on my forehead,
And gold on my rat;
Pearls and silver also.
Open your eyes, Yabebe;
See, I am young and lovely,
Covered with gold all over!"

The astonished peasant left the river, and Amnah, laughing, resumed her disguise. On his return to the castle, the dumb youth made signs to his chief that Amnah was a woman, beautiful, and covered with gold. They surveyed her, and not finding out her disguise, beat the boy for his improbable falsehood. The day afterwards they were at the same river: Amnah threw aside her disguise, put her ornaments together, and bathed herself, with the lad, in the shaded stream. The peasant went first out of the water, and unobservedly stole one of her rings. Amnah having counted them, found one missing. Yabebe denied having taken it. Amnah beat him, but still he denied, and, escaping from her, fled to his master, and gave him the ring, describing by signs that she had similar ones on all her fingers, and was covered with gold and precious stones; that she was a woman, and that her beauty was as the mid-day sun, (jemeel mittel e' shamps fel dohr,) too powerful to

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gaze at. Mustapha sent for Amnah, and flying suddenly upon her, tore open the rags that covered her, but fell senseless at the sight of such exquisite beauty. Great was the fête of the marriage, countless the camels and sheep that were killed. The music was incessant for seven days and seven nights, and they danced until they could dance no more. None, for many years, saw the brilliancy of her face, being ever in her harem, or closely veiled when occasionally she appeared in public. The fame of her beauty, knowledge, and goodness, was spread through all lands; the learned were anxious to converse with her; but none, except her husband, had seen her face. One day, her dearest son fell from a tree that he was climbing. His cries reached the ears of his anxious mother. Without a veil, without a garment, she rushed forth. The crowd, on seeing her, fell as dead. They knew not if the effect was produced by magic, or by the power of her exquisite beauty. At her touch her son was restored; and having clothed herself with a gourbab, and thrown a veil over her head, the crowd recovered: but the tree withered from that day; the branches decayed fast; the leaves fell on the ground, and it no longer afforded shade.

The Public Journals.

BOYHOOD.

Boyhood! what is the abstract idea of it? Does the word convey an individual portrait, or a compound of the imagination. What is its age? When does it commence? When depart? It has several stages. The beau-ideal of boyhood is somewhere between eight and twelve—though it exists before and after that age—but when within those years, is invested with its greatest charm. Then is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye and the ear creates its due wonder. Then the feelings are tender, and there is yet just so much sweet natural helplessness as serves to keep ever warm and active our affection, by demand upon our care, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

Boys are gregarious creatures, and when in troops, having confidence in themselves and in each other, they are all noise and sport.

> "Turning to mirth all things of earth,
> As only boyhood can."

But when quite alone, even in their most delightful idleness, sauntering and loitering, by green lanes or village hedge-rows, they show no signs of mirth. Watch them unseen, and you will find the lips apart, the eye inquiring; there is then a look that might be mistaken for pensive, but it is not that, nor is it easy to define; it is, however, singularly expressive of happiness, the result of sensibility and intuitive perception.

If you would know what a boy is, find him alone, win his confidence. There is a depth in him worth your studying; and if he hath been well brought up to love all creatures, and hath not fallen into birds' nesting, the thrush and blackbird will not shun him, the little wren will come out from her hiding-place to look at him for his eye hath not yet acquired the look of command or cruelty, that any living thing should fly from it. He bears about him much of the sanctity of purity that Adam had when all the creatures of the earth came to him for their names. If you are a naturalist, where is a nobler object for your scrutiny? You know not what you yourself were—you cannot recall, with any exactness, your feelings, your tastes, your impressions, your desires, your affections. Childhood to grown man is in much a sealed book; and if the grave be "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," childhood is not unlike it, for once passed, it becomes a period for speculation, more than of knowledge—the memory furnishing but a few glimpses and slight pictures of that state. Children, boys particularly, in masses, we seldom notice, though we doubt not their being then interesting objects; but when alone, if they have not been early spoiled, they excite our wonder, admiration, and love. What a fair index of the mind within is "the shining morning face." Shakspeare was the best of portrait painters here. While we are now writing there sits beside us our own dear boy, ætatis suæ 10. Oh, what an attitude for painter or sculptor! It is neither sitting nor lying, but rounded as a ball, folded up, body and mind, with an enviable flexibility; and there are some who would show their envy by a thump on the back, and would drill the happy lounger into his bolt upright attention. Attention! is there not attention here? Look at the half open mouth, the earnest eye, quick, as if gifted with a double action of looking and conveying intelligence within. "And what, dear boy, are you reading?"—"The Seven Champions of Christendom"—"And who is now your Champion?"—"St. George of England."—"And how would you like to be St. George?"—"Not at all."—"And why?"—"Because he's in prison for seven years." Could a more rational answer be given? In your most mature age could you find a better? Here is a glorious love of liberty. Is the boy, then, an incipient liberal? Oh no, Heaven forbid—for he is cheerful in his obedience, and reverences all the laws he wots of.

"Well, boy, where are you now? would you like now to be St. George?"—"That I should, papa, very much indeed."—"And why?"—"Because he has killed the dragon;

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and rescued a beautiful princess, the King of Egypt's daughter, and is going to marry her." It would be difficult to find a better reason for wishing one's self St. George. O, happy, enviable age!—and so is it that dear boyhood is drinking into his thirsty soul, through eye and ear, the fine essences of the virtues, that by growth within him, under God's blessing, will become perennial fountains of love and magnanimity in manhood.

Beautiful boyhood—that link uniting in itself and to itself both parents—half feminine in feature, form, mind, and affection; yet how decidedly masculine in adventurous spirit, that springs at the touch to instant action, and sparkling in the eyes changes all that was feminine into masculine energy; and again, at the voice of love and sympathy, melting all that was masculine into tears of gentlest, most feminine tenderness. Beautiful boyhood, sporting in every wind, tossing his sun-lit locks into the darkness of the stormiest skies, and bearing his breast to every element—fearless, beautiful boyhood! beloved of nature, who like a kind schoolmistress, sits upon the hills, and claps her hands in joy at his pastime, giving him the earth, with all its landscapes, at once for his school and his play ground—and then the rocks and woods re-echo his mirth; and then in thoughtful liberty wandering away, the quiet nooks inclose him in their greenness, making companions of every thing, animate and inanimate—endowed with beauty, searching with a worshipping curiosity into every leaf and flower about his path, while the boughs bend to him, and touch him with their sunshine; picking up lessons for present delight and future wisdom, by rivers' sides, by brooks, in glens and in the fields, inhaling, in every breath he draws, intelligence and health.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

CORSICAN VENGEANCE.

THE Corsicans are or were as famous for their horsemanship as for indomitable courage, love of country, hardihood, and a fierce, vindictive spirit. At different periods, different nations may have claimed allegiance obtained by conquest; but, the hardy Corsicans, united by a spirit of clanship, and confiding in the strong-holds of their island, have set at defiance laws promulgated by an usurping power.

The occurrence, which I am about to relate, happened in the early part of the sixteenth century. Tonino, a humble member of the family of Guitera, the head of which was his feudal lord, was betrothed to a young shepherdess, named Maria, whom he treated with more kindness than the Corsicans generally bestowed upon their females, who, having often suffered from the effects of the ferocious jealousy of the males, regarded them with terror, and always approached them with misgivings. One day, Tonino, as he climbed the precipitous sides of the mountains, in search of his beloved, suddenly encountered his kinsman, the lord of Guitera. The humble retainer, as he sprang forward to greet the *seigneur*, was struck with the sinister expression of his countenance, in which a malicious smile seemed to be contending with a look of confusion. He hastily inquired for his betrothed. "I have not seen her," replied the noble; "but I forget not that she is to be thy bride. Hold! I do not offer this purse and this diamond bauble as a dowry, but as a remembrance. No thanks! I wish you a good day's sport, and joy of your conquest." As he sprang down the rocks, he cast back a look of such dark malignity at Tonino, that the latter, almost instinctively, unslung the big gun that hung at his back. He hastened, however, with the gifts of the noble, to the presence of his mistress. She was reclining in her favorite seat; but, her staff had fallen from her hand, and her little dog was stretched dead at her feet. Her dress was in wild disorder; and, as her lover sought to embrace her, she fled from his arms, with a loud shriek. He laid the purse and the diamond cross on the ground before her. "You have seen him," she cried. "I have," replied the bewildered Tonino; "and these gifts"—"Are the price of my dishonour!" she cried, in a voice of horror. As she uttered these words, standing on the edge of a precipice, she touched the gold with her foot, and it rolled into the deep chasm. "It is an emblem of my fate—I follow it!" cried the unhappy girl, and she flung herself from the rocky parapet, while Tonino stood, rooted to the spot, as immovable as if he had been hewn from the rock itself. An instant afterwards, he regained his senses; he rushed forward to the edge of the gulf, and wildly waved his arms, as if preparing to follow Maria, when the glittering cross attracted his eye, and he stooped to pick it up. Raising it high in the air, he breathed a vow of vengeance. * * *

The next day was the annual festival, at which half-wild horses were caught by the lasso, tamed and ridden by the adventurous Corsicans. The scene of the sports was a green *plateau*, among the mountains, in the centre of which stood the rustic pavilion of the lord of Guitera, surmounted by a standard emblazoned with his arms. It was the custom of the *seigneur* to reward the victor in the games, by presenting him with a richly-ornamented gun. While all eyes were fixed upon the horses, dashing round the arena in wild freedom, snorting, throwing the foam from their mouths, and tossing their ragged manes in the air, Tonino, pale, haggard, and scowling, suddenly appeared.

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He held in his hand the formidable *lasso*—a rope, furnished with a noose—and, suddenly dashing into the centre of the plateau, he threw it around the legs of a strong horse, and pulled him to the ground. Ere the animal could recover himself, the victor had bitted and saddled him; and when he arose furiously to his legs, he was forced to obedience by the sharpness of the curb. Dashing around the circle, at full speed, Tonino was hailed with acclamations, as the winner of the prize; but his dusky lips betrayed no smile of triumph, as he approached the pavilion to receive the gun.

Reining in his steed, with a suddenness that almost threw him upon his haunches, the fierce Corsican awaited the approach of his enemy, who slowly descended from the platform, on which his pavilion stood, and, having gained the level ground, without daring to look the victor in the face, extended the prize gun, a beautiful piece of workmanship, inlaid with silver. Tonino seized the weapon by the muzzle, and cast it from him. The lord of Guitera laid his hand upon his poignard, and bent a furtive glance upon his guards, as if anxious, yet afraid, to bid them advance. But now, the eyes of Tonino almost emitted gleams of fire—and, rising in his stirrups, he threw his right arm aloft, and whirled his fatal lasso thrice around his head. At the third revolution of the rope, it descended over the body of the feudal chieftain—and, an instant after, he was writhing in the strict embrace of the noose. The attack was so sudden, that the guards were paralyzed; and the avenger, taking advantage of their panic, plunged his rowels, to the heels, in the flanks of his wild steed, and the tortured animal launched forth in fleet career, dragging the body of the noble at his heels. The wild horse rushed to the verge of the plateau, where the hue of the vegetation brightened into a more vivid tint, marking the boundary of the dangerous morasses. Here, as if instinctively aware of peril, the horse recoiled; but a heavy plunge of the spur, sent him into the treacherous waste. Here he floundered for a moment, and the Corsicans beheld their lord, rising, in an agony of fear, and clinging to the stirrup of Tonino. The latter spurned him from his side, and, urging his horse forward, uttered one fierce shout of exultation, ere he sank with his victim—and the treacherous morass closed over them for ever.—*New England Magazine.*

New Books.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

By Montgomery Martin, Esq.

[The following entertaining canto is selected from the fifth and concluding volume of the above laborious work, an acquaintance with the contents of which is indispensable for an estimate of the vast resources of the British empire.]

Siege of Gibraltar.

On the morning of the 8th of September, 1782, an almost simultaneous attack was made on all sides; *nine* line of battle ships passed along the garrison, discharging several broadsides at the works; 15 gun and mortar boats approached the town, and 170 pieces of ordnance, all of large calibre, opened into one magnificent discharge from the Spanish lines. The enemy kept up this tremendous fire on the 9th, resumed it at gun-fire on the 10th, and at 7 A.M. had discharged (including the expenditure on the 8th) 5,527 shot, and 2,302 shells, exclusive of the number fired by the men-of-war and mortar boats. The bombardment continued at the rate of 4,000 shots in the 24 hours, when, on the morning of the 12th of September, the combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to seven three-deckers, 31 ships of two decks, three frigates, and a number of xebeques, bomb ketches, and hospital ships, entered the bay, and in the afternoon were all at anchor between the Orange Grove and Algesiras. It required stout British hearts not to quail before this formidable armament; 47 sail of the line, 10 battering ships, deemed perfect in design, and esteemed invincible, carrying 212 guns, innumerable frigates, xebeques, bomb ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and disembarking craft, were then assembled in Gibraltar Bay; on the land side were the most stupendous batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, protected by an army of 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general, in the immediate presence of two princes of the blood royal of France, and many of the highest nobility of both countries, the *coup d'œil* affording a grand military spectacle such as the annals of war had never before, and never since, presented. The Spaniards and French deemed success certain; our noble little band of Britons hoped for the best; and as the danger thickened around, instead of yielding to despair, their courage and presence of mind rose with the emergency; indeed it is impossible, even at this distance of time, to reflect without enthusiasm on the conduct of those men who, on so eventful an occasion, raised higher than it had ever yet been—the true nobility of Britons. The batteries from the Spanish lines, which had continued their formidable fire, opened on the morning of the 13th of September, 1782, and were soon sustained by the battering ships, which moved to the attack in admirable order, actually mooring within 900 yards of the king's bastion, and in a few minutes *four hundred pieces* of the heaviest artillery were playing

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at the same moment from the garrison and their assailants. After some hours, the battering ships were found to be no less formidable than they were represented; our heaviest shells often rebounded off their sloped summits, whilst 32 lb. shot seemed incapable of making an impression on their dense sides. Frequently the besieged flattered themselves that these floating masses of destruction were on fire, but by application of fire-engines from within, the incipient conflagration was speedily extinguished. About noon, the enemy's cannon, which had been previously too much elevated, became very destructive, and we then commenced what our troops had long looked forward to with a prospect of success—the firing of *red hot balls*. The fury of the British troops was now roused to an almost superhuman pitch; the whole of the gigantic energies were directed towards the battering ships; they disregarded in a great measure the land batteries, and our guns absolutely vomited forth fire in the shape of red hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every description. For some hours the fierce conflict continued with doubtful success; but towards evening the incredible labour of the English troops began to be crowned with success: the admiral's ship was in flames, the second in command was soon in the same awful condition, and by 8 P.M. the firing had almost entirely ceased from the attacking squadron. Our firing was continued throughout the night, and the cries, shrieks, and moans of the dying told a truly piteous tale, which the morning's dawn painfully verified. About two o'clock on the morning of the 14th, one of the battering ships was a terrific blaze from stem to stern; another to the southward was in a similar state, and the horrid lure threw a vivid light over the scene of desolation around, which was heightened by six others of the battering ships being on fire between 3 and 4 A.M.

Hatching Chickens at Gibraltar.

During the extreme scarcity of provisions, where the Spaniards vigorously prosecuted the siege, a singular mode of hatching chickens was practised by the Hanoverians. The eggs were placed with some cotton, wool, or other warm substance, in a tin case of such construction as to be heated either by a lamp or hot water; and, by a proper attention to the temperature of heat, the eggs were commonly hatched in the usual time of a hen's sitting. A *capon* was then taught to rear them: the feathers were plucked from his breast and belly; he was then scourged with a bunch of nettles, and placed upon the young hatch, whose downy warmth afforded such comfort to the bare and smarting parts, that he from that period reared them up with equal care and tenderness as though they had been his own offspring.

The Poor at Gibraltar.

There is much poverty among the poorer classes at Gibraltar, especially among the aliens; the lower order of Moors and Jews have a filthy appearance; they wear a sort of frock composed of flimsy blanketing, with a hood and sleeves for wet weather; loose cotton drawers, open at the knees, the legs bare, the feet in clumsy slippers, and scull cap of greasy woollen; this garb is frequently worn night and day until it drops to pieces. The chief dish of the lower orders is called *gespacho*, and is composed of water, vinegar, oil, capsicums, garlic, and salt, into which bread is broken; all the family sit round the bowl, each person helping himself with a wooden spoon.

Government Pawnbroking.

A singular institution exists at Malta, termed the Monte di Pietà, which was established there in the year 1597; and, like all institutions of the sort in other parts of Europe, particularly at Rome, with the object of affording pecuniary relief to the distressed at reasonable interest, thereby preventing them from having recourse to usurous contracts. Any sum of money, however small, is advanced to the applicants on the security of property given in pawn,—such as gold, silver, and other precious articles, or wearing apparel, whether worn or new. The period of the loan is for three years on pawns of the first description, and never more than two on those of the latter, renewable at the option of the parties, who are also at liberty to redeem their pawns at any time within the period on payment of interest in proportion. The unclaimed pawns, at the expiration of the period, are sold by public auction, and the residue of the proceeds, after deducting the sum due to the institution, is payable to the person producing the ticket. Of the accommodation thus afforded by the Monte, not unfrequently persons in better circumstances have availed themselves for any monetary exigency, and in this way considerable sums have been advanced.

The Lord's Prayer in the Maltese Language.

Missierna li inti fis meuiet jitkaddes ismech, tigi saltnatech icun li trit int chif fis sema hegda flart. Hhobsna ta culium atina illum u Ahhfrilna dnubietna chif ahhna nahhfru lil min hhata ghalina u laddahhanna fittigrif ta tentazzioni isda ehhlisna middeni. Amen.

Tar Wells at Zante.

Zante possesses petroleum and tar springs, somewhat similar to those of Trinidad. The springs are situated on the edge of a marshy spot about a quarter of a league from the sea, near the shore of Chieri Bay. The largest is on the south side of the morass, of a circular

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form, paved with stone, about 50 feet in circumference, and about one deep, to the surface of the tar. The two others are smaller; they are situated on the northern side of the morass, at the distance of 200 paces. The petroleum, or mineral tar, lies on the bottom and sides of the pool, from which it is collected to the amount of about 50 or 60 barrels annually, and is applied to the purposes of smearing boats and out-of-door work, as railings, &c. It is said to cement stones together with singular cohesiveness. It has been attempted to employ it for cordage, but it is said not to answer the purpose, as it rots the hemp, and renders the cables friable. The surface of the water which lies above the tar, is iridescent in clear weather, occasioned probably by a minute portion of naphtha, or the finer parts of tar floating on it. The body of the water is limpid, and by those who have tasted it, is said to be by no means unpleasant, although sensibly impregnated with the bituminous matter. The tar is thrown up, as it were, in the act of boiling, but the superincumbent water remains at rest; both the water and the tar are quite cool, even in the hottest weather. The bottom of these springs has never been sounded, and any buoyant substance sunk by art in them is found floating on the surface of the sea shortly afterwards.

The fierce Siroc.

The walls of houses, stone floors, and pavements, invariably become moist when the sirocco blows. But although the sirocco is so charged with moisture,—vegetables, especially that part of them exposed to it for any length of time, appear quite shrivelled and burnt up, and very frequently they are destroyed altogether. Wine bottled in a sirocco is greatly injured, and often destroyed. Meat taints astonishingly soon during its prevalence. 'No prudent housekeeper ever salts meat at this time; for it either taints at once, not taking the salt, or else it keeps very badly. No carpenter uses glue in a sirocco, for it does not adhere. No painter willingly works during its prevalence, for his paint will not dry. The natives assert, that if paint, applied during a sirocco, does happen to dry by intense heat, and a change of wind, it always oozes again on the return of the sirocco. Bakers diminish the quantity of their leaven during the sirocco, as dough is found to ferment sufficiently without it.

VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA, DAMASCUS, AND JERUSALEM.

By Edward Hogg, M. D.

[This lively and entertaining journal is from the pen of an intelligent observer, who neither overlooks the wrecks of past ages nor the influences of his own time—the past glory of Balbec and Jerusalem—or the present political position of Egypt, and the other countries through which our traveller journeyed. Of the architectural antiquities of his route he presents us with several finished pictures: of Balbec, especially, there is a highly interesting description, even in comparison with Lamartine's elaborate details, already quoted in our pages: of Jerusalem, the historical and descriptive notices are likewise copious; but the main importance of Dr. Hogg's journal lies in the value of his pictures of society and manners in Syria, as the results of the liberal policy of Muhammed Ali, its present ruler; of the various political and commercial relations of this country too, Dr. Hogg has been enabled to present more extended views than previous travellers have done, from his increased facilities and advantages.

As our extracts from Lamartine's *Pilgrimage*, through a portion of Dr. Hogg's route, have been somewhat copious in the present volume, we must be content with chary quotation from the work before us; though the pleasant and attractive style in which the information is conveyed would otherwise warrant the transfer of several pages to our columns. Our extract relates to a natural wonder as yet comparatively little known:—]

The Sapphire Grot, at Capri.

The most attractive object is the Sapphire Grot, at the northern extremity of the island, which, having only been recently re-discovered, of course, excites considerable attention. The sole entrance to this remarkable cavern is a small semicircular opening, close to the edge of the water, at the base of an almost perpendicular cliff, which here dips from a great height into the sea. In form it closely resembles the mouth of an oven, which it exceeds but little in size; yet, immediately within, it enlarges into a grotto of considerable dimensions, with an arched roof that spans like a dome a placid expanse of water, of the deepest azure. A signal being made, a long, narrow boat, specially constructed to convey visiters within the cave, pushes from the shore; but the entrance can only be effected when the weather is perfectly calm, and at the favourable moment of the reflux of the waves. The visiter now places himself below the edge of the boat, which two guides adroitly and speedily conduct through the narrow passage. He then finds himself in a spacious, circular cavern, into which the direct rays of light only penetrate through the aperture by which he has entered; and this not being more than four feet either in height or breadth, the space within would be a mere gloomy and obscure recess, were it not distinguished from all other known caverns by the peculiarity which has conferred upon it the name of the Sapphire Grot. To

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understand this it must be remembered, that the entrance to this singular cave is to be considered as the apex of a subaqueous arch, springing on one side from the bottom of the sea, and on the other from a ledge of rock near the surface of the water. Thus the greater part of the light within is derived from the rays that pass through the blue waters of the surrounding ocean. By this denser medium some of these rays are intercepted and absorbed, while the remainder refracted by passing through the water, and then reflected upwards from the bottom, diffuse a rich blue colour over the roof and sides of this beautiful grotto, which is finely varied in appearance by the direct rays that pass through the entrance, as they fall on the undulating surface of the waves within.

The singular effect of light, thus passing through an aqueous medium, is here further illustrated by the shadow of the boat being thrown upon the roof of the cave, as well as by an experiment, easily made, of closing entirely the entrance of the grot, which increases the intensity of the rich cerulean tints that so conspicuously distinguish it. That portion of the cave which is filled by the sea does not possess a width of perhaps more than seventy or eighty feet, yet the imagination is so powerfully aided by the blue aerial perspective, that it requires a positive exertion of the reasoning faculty to form a correct estimate of its real dimensions.

At the farthest extremity of the cavern, a wide and shelving portion of rock affords a convenient landing-place, beyond which are some vestiges of steps. These appear to lead to the termination of a subterraneous entrance from the island, now obstructed with rubbish, and hitherto unexplored. It cannot be supposed that the present opening to this remarkable grotto escaped the notice of the ancients, or that the imperial voluptuary, who sought with such avidity new sources of enjoyment, neglected, during his long residence here, the advantages presented by a cavern, apparently designed by nature to contribute to royal luxury. This favoured spot may well be imagined, during the oppressive heat of summer, to have been often the joyous scene of imperial revels,—its sides, perhaps, gemmed with the varied spoils of the depths beneath, and its retired recesses converted into coral bowers. Here a mimic Venus, in her pearly car, drawn by dolphins, and surrounded by Cupids and Graces, may have floated luxuriously on the azure waves; and Neptune, wielding his trident, may here have assembled his tritons, and other fabled monsters of the deep, to dissipate, by their antic gambols, the listless languor of the imperial recluse.

Notes of a Reader.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By L. E. L.

THERE is no change upon the air,
No record in the sky;
No pall-like storm comes forth to shroud
The year about to die.

A few light clouds are on the heaven,
A few far stars are bright;
And the pale moon shines as she shines
On many a common night.

Ah, not in heaven, but upon earth,
Are signs of change express'd;
The closing year has left its mark
On human brow and breast.

How much goes with it to the grave
Of life's most precious things;
Methinks each year dies on a pyre,
Like the Assyrian kings.

Affections, friendships, confidence,—
There's not a year hath died
But all these treasures of the heart
Lie with it side by side.

The wheels of time work heavily;
We marvel day by day
To see how from the chain of life
The gilding wears away.

Sad the mere change of fortune's chance
And sad the friend unkind;
But what has sadness like the change
That in ourselves we find?

I've wept my castle in the dust,
Wept o'er an altered brow;
'Tis far worse murmuring o'er those tears,
"Would I could weep them now!"

Oh, for mine early confidence,
Which, like that graceful tree,
Bent cordial, as if each approach
Could but in kindness be!

Then was the time the fairy Hope
My future fortune told,
Or Youth, the alchemist, that turn'd
Whate'er he touch'd to gold.

But Hope's sweet words can never be
What they have been of yore:
I am grown wiser, and believe
In fairy tales no more.

And Youth has spent his wealth, and bought
The knowledge he would fain
Change for forgetfulness, and live
His dreaming life again.

I'm weary, weary: day-dreams, years,
I've seen alike depart,
And sullen Care and Discontent
Hang brooding o'er my heart.

Another year, another year,—
Alas! and must it be
That Time's most dark and weary wheel
Must turn again for me?

In vain I seek from out the past
Some cherish'd wreck to save;
Affection, feeling, hope, are dead,—
My heart is its own grave!

The Gatherer.

Quid pro Quo.—A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier; "it did

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not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a *Napoleon*."

On a Welsh parson applying to the Bishop of St. Asaph, the late Dr. Luxmore, to give him a living, the following dialogue took place between them at his lordship's palace. *Loquitur sacerdos:*

"I have waited upon your lordship to ask you to give me a living."

"Your claim, sir?"

"Nearly twenty years a curate in your diocese; and no man, my lord, can say a word against my character."

"Good—I'll think of you; you certainly have a claim upon me." (*Subauditur*—if all this be true.)

"The curate bowed and retired; but, almost immediately returning, the dialogue was resumed.

"I beg pardon, my lord; but I have a further favour to request."

"Name it."

"It is that your lordship will not send me into the mountains."

The fact was, the supplicant, in addition to some hereditary property, and a small extra-episcopal benefice, had married a banker's widow in Shropshire, just within the diocese, where he had long been living on the fat of the land.

"The mountains, sir!" said his somewhat startled diocesan. "Why, were you not born in the mountains?"

"Yes, my lord; but my wife don't speak Welsh."

"Your wife, sir!—*she* does not *preach*, does she?"

"No, my lord, she only *lectures*."

The bishop, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and a better tempered man never breathed, took the joke in good part; and finding, on inquiry, that the character the curate had given of himself was, in the main, a true one—that is to say, that he had not more than about his share of human infirmities—gave him a rectory in the very depth of the mountains, which, oddly enough, his father had been the incumbent of before him; and where he only died a few months back, having drunk, I should think, as much Welsh ale as any one of his predecessors, and that is saying enough.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Massacre.—It is related that when Conan, with 11,000 British warriors, founded the kingdom of Armorica, or Brittany, in the fourth century, Dionotus, King of Cornwall, despatched his daughter, Ursula, with 11,000 British virgins to be their wives. The fair adventurers being cast ashore by a tempest among the Picts, and declining their addresses, were massacred by the barbarians.

Royal Wit.—When the King of Denmark was about to quit the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander observed, "Your Majesty carries away all our hearts." Upon which, the king, who had not profited by the general scramble for the provinces, wittily replied, "Yes, Sire, but not a single soul."

The following appeared a short time since in an American paper;—"I, Jean de Merion, bein oblige trou necessite, to teach de langue Francaise a tous de peuple, I be glad you send your childs a moi. Je demure a toder ind of Second-street. Oh, I ave forgot to say I mak sausages a vendre, et I have four dollars a month pour teach the plus polite langue d'Europe." W. G. C.

Building.—Some years since, a Mr. T. Barnes, a builder, remarkable for his wealth, parsimony, and meanness of appearance, was erecting several rows of small houses in Stepney fields, and being examined before a committee of the House of Commons, in regard to a projected water company, he was asked how many houses he had in the neighbourhood: he replied that he knew how many he had when he came out in the morning, but that he could not tell, within fifty, how many he should have when he returned.

Very True.—That excessive diffidence, that insurmountable shyness, which is so apt to freeze the current of conversation in England, has been very correctly accounted for by Cowper, who says:—

"Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute."

An Ear for Music.—When one of the Sandwich Island princes was in this country, he was present at a royal entertainment, at which the band from one of the regiments of guards performed some very scientific and composite pieces of music; the Sandwich Islander was observed to listen most intently, and being asked by one of the company whether he was pleased with the music, he answered that he had been greatly delighted with the *drum*.

Translation of the lines written with a pencil by Lucien Buonaparte on the wall of Shakspeare's house, at Stratford-upon-Avon:—

"The eye of genius glistens to admire
How memory hails the sounds of Shakspeare's lyre;
One tear I shed to form a crystal shrine
To all that's grand, immortal, and divine."

VOL. XXVI. OF THE MIRROR,

With a Steel-plate Portrait and a Memoir of the Poet Wordsworth, Sixty-five Engravings, and upwards of 460 pages, price 5*s.* 6*d.* is now publishing.

Part 173, price 8*d.*, and Part 174, price 6*d.*, completing the volume, are also ready.

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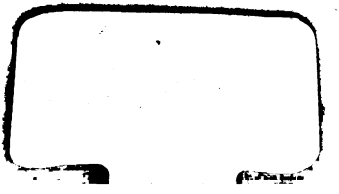

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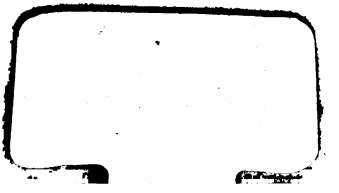

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